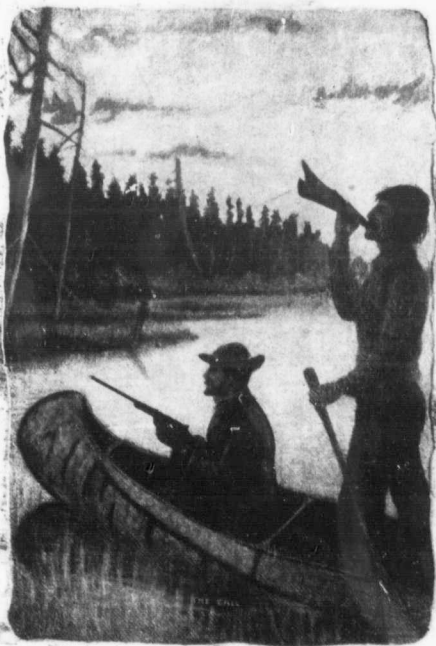
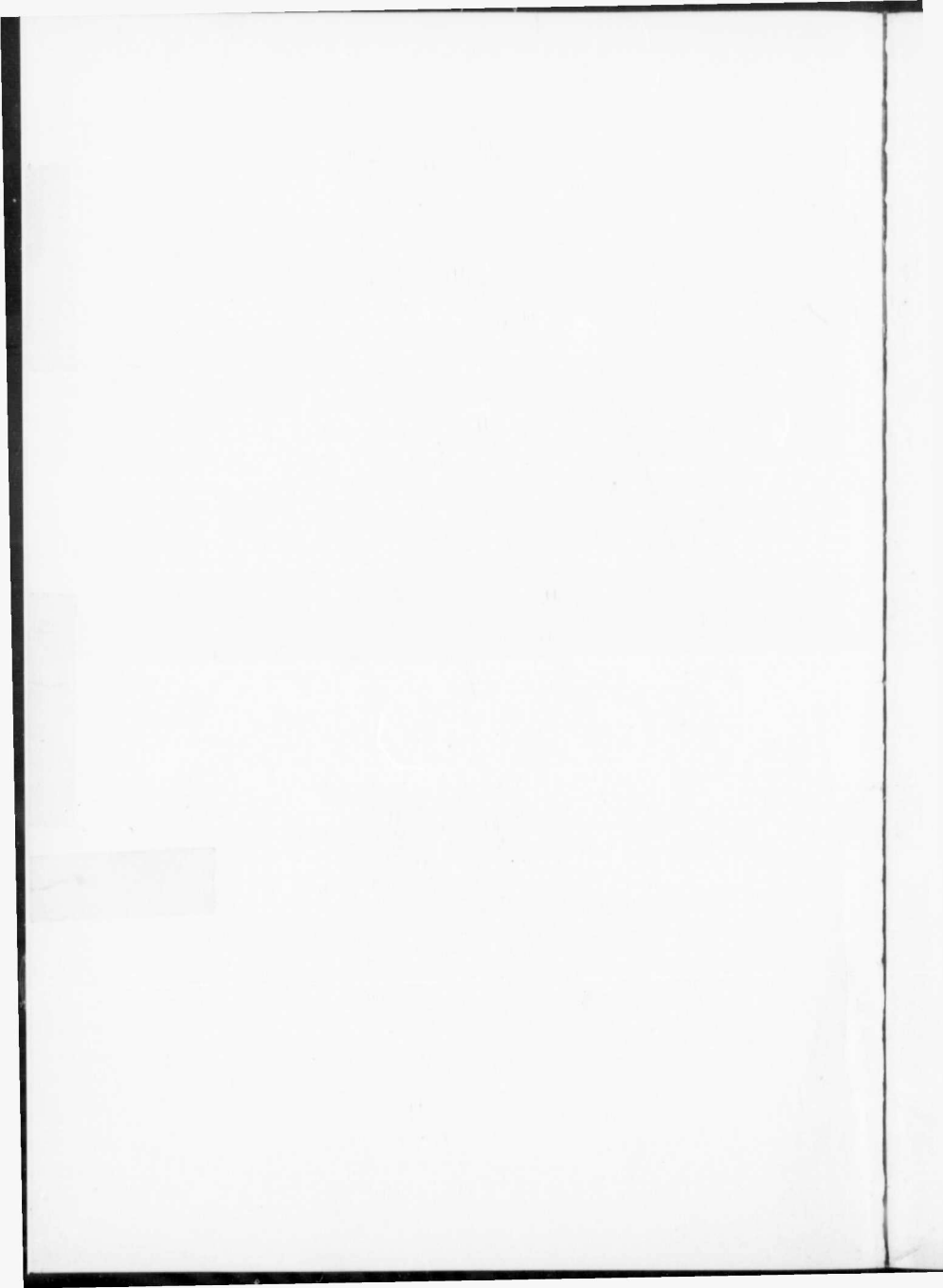


# MOOSE IN THE MICMAC COUNTRY



THE CALL

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY  
CANADA.



# Moose

in the

# Micmac Country



NEW BRUNSWICK RECORD MOOSE, 1907  
Spread of Antlers 68½ inches

See page 31

Issued by the Intercolonial Railway and Prince Edward Island Railway of  
Canada, May, 1908



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## MOOSE IN THE MICMAC COUNTRY



### THE MICMAC TRIBE.

**W**HEN that brave and energetic voyager Jacques Cartier entered the beautiful Baie de Chaleur in the Spring of 1534 the Micmacs were a large tribe inhabiting the whole of the adjoining country. Cartier's letters inform us that he met members of the tribe, and the old Sachem Memberton told the French at Port Royal, many years afterwards, that he had met the great French Captain and talked to him, and described the ships very minutely. The Indians called the Baie de Chaleur "Ecketnen Nemaachi," or Sea of Fish, a very appropriate name if less musical than its present one.

The first reliable information about the habits of the Micmacs is derived from the famous "Relations" of the Jesuit missionaries who labored so long and faithfully among them. As early as 1620 we find the Recollet fathers established in a mission at the Island of Miscou, where they made their headquarters for about twenty years. They could not have selected a more exposed position for their mission, and it is not to be wondered that many of them died during the severe winters. From Miscou they removed to the Basin of the Nipisiguit and Father Leclerc writes most enthusiastically of their new home. He describes this Basin as one of the most beautiful he had ever seen, and it is a lovely sheet of water. Their Chapel and other buildings stood on what was known as Pointe au Pere near the mouth of the Tetagouche river, and the missionaries write that here was the headquarters of the tribe of savages, which no doubt was one of the principal reasons the fathers chose it.

The French missionaries found the Micmacs a numerous and hardy tribe, living in a country abounding with game and fish, and

yet like all savages they had no idea of providing for a bad season, as it is related by Pere Lallemand that during the winter of 1664 the snow fall was so light that it did not obstruct the animals and the savages could not kill them, consequently they suffered severely for food. The missionaries were obliged to assist them as much as possible out of their own scanty stores. Up to this time the savages had retained the cruel custom of killing or abandoning the old and helpless people and incurables who could not accompany them in the chase, and now the fathers took advantage of the gratitude of the Indians and during the season of suffering they proposed building "Cabins of Charity" for the unfortunates. This they were enabled to do by the fact that some generous friends in France sent them assistance for the purpose and in time this mission at the Nepisiguit became a most important and successful one. From here they extended to "Miramichy," "Richibuctow," Gaspé and other points. It might be mentioned that up to a short time ago remains of the existence of the old Mission buildings could be seen.

Owning and hunting over such a large territory the Micmacs continued for many years to be a large and formidable tribe. They were closely allied to the Malicites of the River St. John and the Madawaska country, as is proved by many facts, one of the most interesting stories being told by M. Taché in his "Légendes de Mon Pays" in connection with the massacre at L'Islet au Massacre, in the St. Lawrence, an account of which will be found in "Forest, Stream and Seashore," published by the Intercolonial Railway.

Interesting particulars regarding the Indians have been gathered from many sources. It is said their belief in a Great Spirit was similar to that of the western tribes, and like them they had also their more familiar spirits or deities, the residences of which were placed by them in different parts of the territory. In fact they had a mythology of their own. For instance, they told the early French visitors that they should not allow their ships to approach too near the Island of Miscou, for on that Island there dwelt a bad spirit named Gow-gow who was as tall as a ship's masts and who would carry off the sailors in a sack to be devoured at leisure. Sieur Prevert de Saint Malo writes of this to Champlain. Their best beloved deity was the famous Clotescaurpe whose dwelling place was supposed to be in the interior of the country, among the lakes and mountains. Clotescaurpe performed all good actions for his people, and it was confidently hoped that he would one day return to the earth, for it had been a sorry place for the Indians since he departed. During his residence among them his constant

aim was to improve their conditions and make them live better lives. He also kept off evil spirits when appealed to. The Moon, for instance, had been a very troublesome spirit; but once, when it was particularly so, Clotescaurpe struck it between the eyes with his staff and it retreated to its present position and never afterwards troubled the people. The manner of Clotescaurpe's departure and his reasons for going have been told by the older Indians. They said that in the course of time his efforts to improve his children appear to have been unheeded, both men and beasts constantly disobeying his commands, mankind being particularly disobedient, and after many entreaties, demands and lastly threats, his patience became exhausted and he sent them a command to meet him for a last council at a certain lake among the mountains, supposed to have been Lake Nictor at the foot of the "Sagammok." Mankind had by this time become altogether vile and the men were afraid to come, but the beasts arrived at the rendezvous in large numbers. Clotescaurpe in due time came and with him was his uncle, "The Great Turtle." The deity at once commanded a great feast to be prepared and after all had partaken of the food he spoke to them long and very sorrowfully, reminding them of his efforts on their behalf and on behalf of men, and of their great disobedience, and lastly announcing his departure. It was with grief and fear that the beasts heard him, and when the sun was going down he and his uncle, "The Great Turtle," got into a canoe and went away toward the setting sun. The beasts were left standing on the beach of the lake "and Clotescaurpe sang and the great Turtle sang and they disappeared into the setting sun and were seen no more." And for a long time the beasts remained on the shore, and when they began to depart a strange thing was noticed, for while before this they could all understand each other now they could do so no longer, and found that they all spoke with different speech, and they fled apart in fear and never since have they met in council. And the hunting dogs of Clotescaurpe were left behind, and at times they range the mountains seeking him, and men hear them calling in the night.

Father Leclerq relates an interesting story of the belief which he found among the savages of the Miramichi concerning the efficacy of the cross to keep away disease and other harm. They each carried a small wooden cross, and the old men told him that once when the tribe had been ravaged by a peculiar epidemic an angel in white had appeared to an old man and told him to wear the cross and no disease could hurt him. The talisman proved so

effective that the savage had constantly worn it as instructed by the heavenly visitor.

During the wars between the English and the French for the possession of Canada the Micmacs were generally to be found on the side of the French. The consequence was that the first English settlers at such places as Miramichi and the Baie de Chaleur had a difficult time. A number of Acadian refugees, exasperated by their misfortunes, joined the war party raised by Boishebert (whose name is perpetuated in the island called "Beaubear's Island" at the junction of the North West and South West Miramichi) in 1755, and these were reinforced by Indians, the combined party attacking the English, and both sides resorting to the savagery of Indian warfare. Happily the general peace which oc-



A NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE

Intercolonial Route

curred shortly afterwards put an end to strife and the savages were quiet until the American war of Independence, when one John Allen, of Michias, who was an Indian trader and possessed some influence with the tribes, tried hard to induce them to join the American standard. He almost succeeded, but the savages held a council and the wiser heads among them were against the movement. They replied to Allen " We do not comprehend what all this quarrelling " is about. How comes it that Old England and New England " should come to blows ? That father should fight with son is " terrible. Old France and New France never did that, and we will

"not think of fighting ourselves till we know who is right and who is wrong."

But as the war progressed they became very restless and committed many outrages. Fortunately this was the last trouble the people of the Lower Provinces had with the Indians. They settled down and became what they are now, quite harmless.

Although many bands are living in New Brunswick and Eastern Quebec, the principal settlement is at Cross Point, opposite Campbellton, where they have a large reservation, a well-built village and many farms, as well as their own church and clergyman, schools, etc. They hunt and fish also and make excellent guides for hunters and fishermen.

### "THE MICMAC COUNTRY."

Where the Micmacs and Malicites hunted of old, in Eastern Quebec, the Gaspé Peninsula and Northern New Brunswick, is yet the great game preserve of the Eastern Provinces.

All this magnificent hunting territory can now be reached by the Intercolonial Railway and its connections. A glance at the map will show that the railway after leaving Little Metis swings south and east through the mountainous Gaspé Peninsula, the hills of which form the northern extremity of the great Appalachian range.

Before the white men came the trail used by the Indians to reach the Baie de Chaleur country from the St. Lawrence led up the Metis river and across the hills to a branch of the Matapedia, down the Matapedia to the Restigouche and thence to the Bay. For a long time this old trail was used by both French and English traders and even as a military portage, and "down by the Metis" was a familiar expression in the old days.

If the sportsman who comes into this country should be short of time and does not wish to go further he may leave the train anywhere between Little Metis and Matapedia and be reasonably sure of obtaining all the fishing or hunting his heart may desire.

The famous Temiscouata territory may be visited, or the head of the Causapsal and Matapedia rivers where moose and caribou abound. The interior of the counties of Bonaventure and Gaspé is full of lakes and rivers, and excellent trout fishing may be combined with hunting. It is rough country but quite accessible and has not been hunted to any great extent.

The sportsman can get into the Gaspé country in several

ways. He may leave the Intercolonial Railway at Matapedia and take the Atlantic & Lake Superior Railway which will land him at any of the towns as far down as New Carlisle, or he may continue on to Campbellton and from there take the steamer to any of the towns along the north shore of the Baie de Chaleur. Good hotels will be found in all these places and guides can be hired. Elsewhere will be found a list of the best people to write to for information, and if the sportsman is a stranger it is an excellent plan to write in advance and have all arrangements made.

### THE RESTIGOUCHE TERRITORY.

If the tourist or sportsman, who is almost invariably a lover of nature is not already bound for the Restigouche it will pay him to get off at Campbellton and spend a few days in the vicinity. Several lovely portions of the Restigouche and Matapedia are to be seen within a few miles of the town, and where the two rivers meet, in a vast amphitheatre, set with groves of splendid maples, birches and elms, the scene will linger in the memory. High and steep mountains edge the valley on every side except where the Matapedia enters through a peculiar break in the north, and where in the west the majestic Restigouche splits the range and forms the powerful rapids. Seen from the summit of Sugar Loaf, one of the highest hills, the two rivers appear to embroider the valley, winding and doubling and recoiling in sinuous bands of azure, and appearing as if they were trying to avoid each other.

The Restigouche territory is an immense hunting country in itself. Getting off the train at Campbellton the hunter has a number of excellent places to choose from.

As the map shows, the Restigouche river and its tributaries extend far into the Provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec, and as they are without obstructions in the shape of dams or falls, boats can be taken to the very head waters. Some of the boats used by the hunters on these rivers are in the shape of scows, and contain stoves, bunks and other conveniences, and carry all supplies so that the hunters can live in them. They can be hired and several are owned by guides. On the other hand if the sportsman chooses to seek his favorite territory by land, there are good portage roads, which have been used by the lumbermen for many years for the purpose of sending their supplies into the interior of the country. These roads as a rule follow the banks of the rivers and there is good trout fishing to be had as the sportsman proceeds. One of

these extends from Campbellton to the mouth of the Kedgewick about sixty miles, and between the Matapedia and the Kedgewick one of the best hunting stretches in the country is found. Then for a long distance above the mouth of the Kedgewick there are fine moose grounds.

Another fine stretch of territory is what is known as the old Tobique Road, and the hunting begins on this about twenty miles from Campbellton, where the sportsman can commence and extend in every direction. On the Stillwater region of the upper Restigouche a party of gentlemen killed their full quota of animals, moose, caribou and deer, besides several bears last autumn, and it is nothing unusual to get the first moose a few hours after reaching camp here. This ground can be reached by the river as already explained, but one can also go by land from Matapedia Station, from which place it is about forty miles.

The Upsalquitch is the great southern tributary of the Restigouche, and there is splendid hunting on the headwaters of this river. It can be reached from several directions. A team can be driven from Campbellton for a distance of about twenty-five miles to what is called the Popologan Camp, on the brook of that name, and from that point for about twenty-five miles further the country affords excellent hunting. There is also good trout fishing all along the river and in the large lake at its head. It might also be mentioned that part of the Upsalquitch may be reached from Charlo Station on the Intercolonial Railway. What is known as "The Meadow" lies south-east of the Upsalquitch; and to the eastern part of the "Meadow" it is only about four miles from Charlo Station by a good waggon road part of the way and thence by cart. This is a good place for deer and caribou and many moose have been shot here. The place might be recommended to any sportsman with a limited time at his disposal. During the autumn of 1907 the Restigouche was visited by a number of sportsmen and we have yet to learn of any one who went away without game, and generally they get all the law allows.

Antinourie lake, which can be reached from Jacquet river Station on the Intercolonial by a direct road, is a fine place for big game. A gentleman who went back there to fish trout reports having seen fifteen moose in the lake during one warm day.

There are lakes at the head of the Jacquet, Belledune, Elmtree and Nigadoo rivers on the way between Campbellton and Bathurst, and at almost any time during the hunting season a sportsman may go to any one of them and shoot a moose, caribou, or deer.



## THE NIPISIGUIT COUNTRY.

Bathurst is a very beautifully situated town, with good hotels, livery stables, and all conveniences for the tourist and sportsman. The Basin is a lovely sheet of water. The rivers, four of which empty into the Basin, are very swift and have many falls on them which are well worth visiting. There are fine shaded drives in the



GOING INTO THE WOODS

Intercolonial Route

vicinity of the town and three miles away there is a village of cottages which are kept up in the summer by visitors who come here for the excellent sea bathing. The beach is hard and there is just surf enough to add a zest to the bathing. Taking it altogether

there are few places which can boast of more attractions than Bathurst.

As mentioned before, the old trail used by the Indians to reach the Saint John waters from what is now the Baie de Chaleur, was up the Nipisiguit and down the Tobique, there being a short portage between the two rivers. The country around the heads of these rivers and about the Nipisiguit and Nictor lake, the feeder of the Tobique, was also their favorite hunting and trapping grounds, and the principal encampment of the tribe was around the beautiful Basin at the mouth of the Nipisiguit.

From Bathurst, on the Intercolonial Railway, the famous Bald Mountain district, which is at the head waters of the rivers, Nipisiguit, Miramichi and southern branches of the Restigouche, and also of the Tobique, a large tributary of the Saint John, can be reached. This is supposed to be the greatest moose district in the world. During the past few years a good waggoning road, for rough waggons, with substantial bridges across the streams, has been cut straight across country from Bathurst to what is known as the Indian Falls Bear House, at the falls of the Nipisiguit of that name. Here there is a depot camp used for many years by lumbermen. This road lands the sportsman fifty-two miles up the river, but the road is not nearly that long, and the tiresome canoe journey by river is thus cut off. The Indian Falls and vicinity are also famous for trout fishing, trout of six pounds weight often being taken there on the fly. From this centre the sportsman can branch out in several directions, and perhaps the most satisfactory is into the Bald Mountains mentioned before, which begins quite near.

By sending the canoes and guides with the provisions ahead, either by the road or by the river, a saving of time is made. The Intercolonial Railway trains arrive at Bathurst from Montreal in the morning and by having everything ready to start on arrival the sportsman may reach the Indian Falls the same night, certainly the next day, thus avoiding a long journey by the river which took up the best part of a week. If, on the other hand, he should come to Bathurst from St. John, in the evening, he can make an early start the next morning, and very little time is lost.

At the head of the Nipisiguit are several large and beautiful lakes. The largest is Bathurst, or Nipisiguit Lake, of which Mr. Frederick Irland, in an article in Scribners' magazine, says: "There are few places in North America as beautiful as Bathurst Lake. In every direction there is a wilderness of low mountain peaks covered with unbroken forest. A number of small streams pour

"into the lake, and in August the trout gather in the cooler water "opposite the mouths of these rivulets."

These lakes are joined together by the river, and after leaving the last lake the sportsman can portage over a well-worn trail, the "old trail of the Micmacs" to Lake Nictor, the feeder, as mentioned above, of the Tobique. Nothing that can be written can give the reader the faintest idea of the beauty of this region. It has been compared to the Adirondacks and Switzerland on a small scale, but many travellers have said they have never seen anything to compare with it. This is the home of the large moose, and on the slopes of the mountains surrounding the lakes, they are always found. It is also an ideal place for trout fishing, and lately some of the guides have constructed comfortable camps at Bathurst Lake where anglers and hunters may remain as long as they wish, and even ladies find enjoyable sport with comfort.

Mr. Irland says:

"Two fine streams, the Tobique gliding westward, and the Nipisiguit tumbling toward the east, are cradled in lakes which are only three miles apart, and the neck of land between them has been an Indian portage from immemorial time.

"The eastern woodland Indian sticks to the water. The idea some people have that he goes through the forest as a crow flies through the air, in a straight line, is entirely incorrect. If there is one thing the Indian knows better than another it is that in the woods a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points. His idea of woodcraft is to go up one river and down another whenever he can; and nobody knows how many hundred years ago the Micmacs and Malicites of New Brunswick taking the Otter trails for their guidance, cleared the bushes off the paths leading from one watershed to another."

Besides the Bald Mountain district and the lakes there are several favorite camping grounds all along the river. The Gordon Meadows, near the Grand Falls of the Nipisiguit, another grandly beautiful scene, is quite a good place to go, and seldom has a camp been made on Gordon brook, that the party did not get all the game the law allows them to kill. Middle Landing, sixteen miles from Bathurst, Nine Mile Brook, further up, Austin Brook just above the Grand Falls, are a few of the places which are counted sure camping grounds for big game. In fact any place on the Nipisiguit from the Pabineau Falls, eight miles from Bathurst to the head of the river is moose country. All along the river the moose find the alder and popple trees on which they feed, and in all the small lakes

and ponds are found the lily roots and bulbs for which they will travel many miles. At the heads of the Pabineau, Nine Mile Brook, and nearly every tributary of the Nipisiguit, and in the interior, between the rivers, there are good sized lakes, many of which are not mapped. All these lakes contain trout of good size, and are the resort of moose, caribou and deer.

One of the greatest caribou districts in Canada is that to the eastward of Bathurst and Newcastle known as the Tabusintac barrens. One hundred caribou have been seen here in a day and it is a very unusual thing for a sportsman to go there and come back without game, and generally he gets all he wants. The old Bathurst and Newcastle road, which was the coaching road before the railway



PABINEAU FALLS, NIPISIGUIT RIVER

Intercolonial Route

was built, crosses the Tabusintac half-way between the two towns, or twenty-five miles from either, and the barrens can be easily reached from the road. Another way is to go down the Caraquet Railway to Burnsville, drive to Paquetville, and cross over to the Pockmouche and the Tracadie by what is known as the St. Isadore road. From the Tracadie the barrens can be reached in a few hours.

The following cutting from the Boston Sunday Globe of February 2nd, 1908, speaks for itself. This is a territory easily reached and a trip does not require much outfitting.

### Days in the Wilds with a New Brunswick Guide.

"Cesaire Bondreau is a New Brunswick guide whose hunting grounds are anywhere in the big timber upstanding on the more than 700,000 acres of untamed, ungranted land in Gloucester county. That wilderness adjoins the famous Restigouche region, and through its hushed, half-light solitude runs the Nipisiguit, Caraquet and other rivers known for the excellence of their salmon and trout fishing.

"During the last moose season Cesaire made six successful big game hunting trips into the wilds near the upper waters of the Pockmouche river, in the Paquetville region, one of them with a Boston sportsman, a guest of Rev. Alfred J. Trudell, of Paquetville, who thought until he heard Cesaire *parlez vous* in moose through a horn of bark that he had listened to some skilled callers, and was beginning to jolly himself with the false assurance that the trick was easy.

"One day in early October—and the season then was a bit late for calling—the Boston man with Cesaire and a business man of Paquetville, a quiet little town not many hours from the haunts of big game, started in an eighteen-foot canoe up the Pockmouche river to a likely place which Cesaire had noted while on another and earlier trip in that region. The stream is a shallow, quick-running stretch of water, and all the way to the point where the Boston man heard the first realistic calling that ever smote his ear, the guide was compelled to use the setting pole. The water was not deep enough for paddling.

"Cesaire has notions of his own regarding moose hunting, and one of them is to first try to find out if there is game in the immediate vicinity of the place selected for camping. Before an axe is swung for firewood, or a fire or pipe kindled, Cesaire insists on sending out a mock cow moose entreaty for company through his birchen horn. And there is pathos in that wilderness cry—pathos and a touch of nature sure to make any big-antlered animal whose ear it strikes, stand at attention with head high and ears at the charge bayonets in the direction of the sound.

"After poling two hours up against the protest of the current, Cesaire shoved the craft ashore at a place where the land was flat and, for a considerable distance back from the water, devoid of trees. Here the grass was high—a good place for ducks, thought the Boston man. But as Cesaire, who was stepping stealthily from the canoe, motioned for silence, the thought did not materialize in words.

"With extreme care Cesaire examined the ground between the shore and the woods. He scrutinized the shrubs and grass, parted the brush growth for a look at the ground, and in twenty minutes was back again, but with nothing in his eyes or the expression of his weather-bronzed face to wireless any intelligence of moose signs. With a whisper for those in the canoe to preserve dumb silence, the romantic-looking fabric of bark was pushed away, and progress up stream was once more begun.

"Another mile and Cesaire saw a boggy place that looked familiar. It was good moose ground, and at the point where the canoe was checked a growth of alders approached almost to the water's edge. Silently depositing his pole on the dunnage, Cesaire adjusted the horn to his lips and sounded a minor note with pleadings in it. The Boston man had never heard anything quite like it before and as there was a dead hush in the woods, the call carried to the hills, and was echoed back with double mournfulness.

"To the listeners in the canoe the silence after that first call was of the kind that gets on the nerves. There was no reply, but that it had been heard, the subsequent call made evident. This time Cesaire varied the music, imparting to it a sort of tremolo quality by waving the horn as he sounded the call. Scarcely had the echoes completed the task of flinging back the appeal when a savage grunt and a noise like a locomotive running off the track in the timber was heard. This riot of sound was seemingly not more than seventy-five yards away, and it ceased with the same suddenness of its beginning.

"Cesaire turned to look at the others in canoe, and as he did so, a wide smile bared a small quarry of gleaming teeth. 'He's listening,' he whispered, and that he was a bit suspicious Cesaire didn't doubt. Knowing moose and their ways Cesaire remained silent, and made no further attempt at cozening the big animal until sounds were heard which, to his acute ear, bespoke a retreat.

"That was Cesaire's cue. With an expression which seemed to say, 'Now we'll get you, old fellow,' he throated a plaint so replete with poutings and chidings that it must have made the big antlered one ashamed of himself for even thinking of going away and leaving a lady moose all alone in such a dismal place. That cry went through the big bull's ears to the heart of him, and right gallantly did he wheel and plung through the tree growth to within fifteen yards of the moored canoe.

"Thinking he was coming aboard the Boston man shut his mouth just in time to prevent his heart making a jump for it. The

Paquetville citizen, who was also badly jolted by the suddenness of the rush and the nearness of the glinting eyes and big spread of formidable-looking antler, pulled himself together in time for a snap shot. He caught the big fellow just as he was turning for a dash away from the danger to which he had been lured.

"After the kill Cesaire immediately cast about for a good camping place, and while the two sportsmen were making tent and other arrangements the guide got busy with skinning the game. That first night out was one long to be remembered. The sky was without clouds, the stars remarkably bright, the air crisp, cool, invigorating, as it always is in the October woods, and while the owls were hooting Cesaire made known the good medicine it was to always try for game before warning everything in the woods, with talk, axe chonk, the clatter of cooking tins and the smell of wood smoke, of your presence.

"'Moose,' said Cesaire, pushing a strip of canoe bark into the red lick of the campfire blaze for a pipe light, 'are among the wariest and most suspicious of all big game animals. While there is no difficulty in getting within easy range of them in the summer months, when they are protected by the close season, they are as keenly on the alert as foxes when the shooting begins. They seem to know when they are safe and when it is best for their well-being to keep away from the touch of lead.'

"The first moose killed by Cesaire and his party weighed about 600 pounds and had an antler spread of thirty-eight inches. The killer expressing regret that the horns were not large, Cesaire remarked that the moose with young trees on their heads were not as abundant as they used to be. Many sportsmen let animals with inferior antlers pass unmolested, and persevere in hunting until an animal is found with an eye-compelling head adornment.

"In three instances during the past open season Cesaire got his moose within twenty-four hours after leaving Paquetville. The season opens Sept. 15 and closes Nov. 30, and for calling the time from the beginning of the season until Oct. 1 is the best. Later in the autumn still hunting is the method employed to gather in meat and trophies, and if there be snow the sport is excellent."

By getting on the Intercolonial at nearly any station between Bathurst and Newcastle a few hours' walk will land the sportsman in the midst of the caribou or moose grounds. There are lakes, called the Bass River lakes, about five miles from Red Pine Station, for instance, and this is a favorite place to go, and almost a certain place to get a moose. The same may be said of Bartibogue and

Beaver Brook stations, trails from which lead to the head waters of the Bartibogue river, a splendid place for caribou, and one of the best trout streams in the Province.

The Tetagouche lakes a short distance from Bathurst, toward the north, is another favorite place. There are good camps on the lakes, built by the guides, who have also canoes there, and some of the largest heads brought out of this district have been got there. One of sixty inch spread was secured by Mr. Clarence Adams, of New York, a couple of years ago.

A good feature in connection with the hunting in this district is the trout fishing already mentioned, as the trout on the upper



A HUNTING PARTY

Intercolonial Route

part of the Nipisiguit and other places are just as good eating during the hunting season in September, as at any other time of the year.

**Abstract from an article by Charles D. Joslyn in the "Detroit Tribune."**

"Those who have poled a canoe up Michigan streams have very little notion of the hard labor in going up a stream which



comes from the mountains of New Brunswick. . . . Going up one of these streams is in truth up-hill work. Very seldom was there a stretch of river ahead where you could see a quarter of a mile. The scenery grew daily more wild and mountainous but withal beautiful. At last one day we came out on Nictor Lake with startling suddenness. It is a lake among the mountains, which when we first saw it, were mirrored in the water with surprising distinctness. We camped here for several days. Directly opposite us, coming down to the other shore, three-quarters of a mile away, was Sagamook Mountain, 2600 ft. high. Away to the south and in plain sight was Mount Carleton, still higher. To the north of us was Mount Gordon. Between Gordon and Sagamook rose Mount Bernardin in the distance. Behind us were more mountains and reflecting them all was the glassy lake, its edges darkened by the forests surrounding it. It was a sight worth coming twelve hundred miles to see. The next morning it rained; but the view of old Sagamook, with the clouds rolling over its top and down its sides was worth the price of admission. When we broke camp we paddled up the lake, which is about four miles long, to the beginning of the portage, between Nictor and Bathurst Lakes.

"Before I went to Bathurst Lake if anyone had told me the truth about the trout fishing I would not have believed it, so if those who happen to read this refuse to believe my story of New Brunswick fishing I shall not be offended. I shall only feel sorry that they have not tried it themselves.

"We got to our camp about the middle of the afternoon. The guide told me that if I would take my rod and cast out into the lake where a little cold stream came in I would soon have enough trout for supper. I tried it. Standing within fifty feet of the cabin door I caught fourteen as rapidly as I could take them in. They weighed altogether a little over ten pounds. The next day when the guides went back after our provisions and baggage the two girls caught enough trout to fill a big dish-pan heaping full, eight or ten of them weighing over a pound and none less than half a pound."

"Although there were altogether nine persons in the party and all of them had their appetites along with them, it would not take over half an hour for two persons to catch all the trout needed for the day. We regretfully left Bathurst Lake after a stay of three days and started for the sea via Nipisiguit River. We were told we would find fishing on the river that would make that which we were leaving seem very tame. At four o'clock in the afternoon we came to a place where the river ran swiftly between two large

boulders. One of the girls was told to cast over the white water. She did so. Like a flash a two pound trout took the fly. The young lady had business for twenty minutes. We took half a dozen out of that place and had sport and trout enough for one day. It would be but a repetition to tell of the fishing in the pools by the sides of which we camped. I will tell you only one more fish story. We floated down the river to a place called Lyman's Hole, which Armstrong (the guide) said was the best on the river. It was certainly the best I ever saw. These big trout did not rise with every cast as they did in Bathurst Lake, but five or ten minutes was sure to bring a big fish. After killing four or five weighing from three to four and three-quarter pounds each, we still kept on fishing, but after catching and weighing them we put them back. I have no idea ~~how~~ many we put back, we simply did it until we were tired. I have no doubt whatever that each of us could have caught 100 pounds of trout each day had we been so inclined. Before leaving next day three fish were taken that weighed over 18 pounds in the aggregate.

"While we were going up the Tobique we saw many fresh moose and deer tracks but never got sight of the animals. Every one familiar with the sound of a setting pole as it strikes the gravel bed of a river knows that it can be heard a long distance. The wary moose knows instinctively that the sound means danger to him and immediately starts out for pastures new without waiting to see who or what is making the noise. But when we came out on water where we used the paddle it was different. On Mud Lake, which is a small arm of Nictor, we saw a cow (moose) in the middle of it swimming across. We surrounded her with our five canoes and closed in so that we could get a close camera shot. We succeeded in getting within a few feet of her just as she came out on a point which extended quite a distance into the lake. We used the last film in the camera on her. Ten minutes later, as we rounded the point, we were very much chagrined to find we had wasted a film on a cow. There stood a magnificent bull, with his palmated antlers, just out of the velvet. He stood for a second with his head high in the air, but, long before new films could be put into the camera, his awkward but deceiving lope had taken him out of sight. Floating down the Nipisiguit where there were many long reaches which we ran steering with the paddle and making no sound, I think I am safe in saying there was no day while going down the river that we did not see moose or deer. . . . .

"From the time we left the Tobique club-house we had not

met a single human being. For three weeks we had held communion with the visible forms of nature and she alone had spoken to us. In the mountains she thundered at us and her tones echoed and reverberated and rolled away in the distance. She had sung to us at night through the forest leaves. We had slept on her bosom and often awakened to see

'The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn.'

The country on the south of the Baie de Chaleur is very beautiful in the glorious summer weather, and is as well a sportsman's paradise.

There are large trout and salmon in the large rivers, brook trout by the thousands in the smaller ones, sea trout in all the estuaries and many rivers, and hundreds of lakes, many of which have never been fished, are simply alive with beautiful lake trout.

#### WILD FOWL SHOOTING.

At Miscou Island, Tabusintac and Pockmouche gullies, and all along the coast of the Baie de Chaleur from Caraquet, to Miscou, and the Gulf of Saint Lawrence from Miscou to Miramichi river, there is some of the finest wild fowl shooting to be obtained in the world. Very little attention has been paid to this feature by visiting sportsmen and the lover of the gun is perfectly certain to obtain all the sport he will care for if he arrives at this district in the proper season.

This territory may be reached from Chatham or Bathurst. From Chatham a stage runs daily to Tracadie on the mouth of the river of the same name, and from Bathurst the Caraquet Railway runs to the same place. The sportsman may take the Railway to Shippegan and cross to Miscou by boat. Any fishermen who own stout boats will ferry him over. On the other hand he can continue on the Railway to Tracadie and be sure of good shooting at either place and half a dozen other places between them. Wild geese, brant and ducks of all descriptions that frequent the Atlantic Coast abound here. There are good hotels at Shippegan, Caraquet, Pockmouche and Tracadie, and a sportsman can be sure of good lodging and excellent food at any of them.

A good person to write to concerning this shooting is Mr. Henry Bishop, Chief Game Warden at Bathurst, or to Mr. Geo. Windsor, of Miscou Island, or Mr. John Ward, Miscou Island.

## THE GREAT MIRAMICHI.

Coming down the line of the Intercolonial Railway from Montreal and Quebec, and after leaving the Nipisiguit country recently mentioned, we enter the great County of Northumberland, commonly called "The Miramichi," at or about Bartibogue station, and the train presently draws up at the pretty town of Newcastle.

For historical references to this very interesting portion of New Brunswick see "Forest, Stream and Seashore," published by the Intercolonial Railway.

Sportsmen assert, and there appears to be only one opinion about the matter, that the magnificent Miramichi River, with its



MOOSE RESTING

Intercolonial Route

tributaries and the country watered by the same, afford inducements to the sportsman unsurpassed in Canada. The county is the largest in the province, having an area of 2,756,000 acres. The northern portion, much of which is unexplored, is a great forest, and at least two millions of acres are open to the hunters of big game, and contain moose, caribou and deer in abundance, while the rivers and lakes are well stocked with fish. A glance at the map will show the reader that the country is splendidly watered by the beautiful river and its branches, assisted by the southern

tributaries of the Nipisiguit ; and thousands of fine lakes, many of which are yet unmapped, nestle in virgin loveliness at the feet of the mountains in the north-western portion of the county, and feed the various streams which help to make up a series of waterways to delight the traveller who can appreciate such natural beauties.

The two principal towns on the Miramichi are Newcastle and Chatham, and at either the sportsman will find ample opportunities to fit out for a trip into the wilderness in search of game, health or pleasure. The north-west district is best reached from Newcastle, and it is certainly a good place to go. A waggon road leads to what is known as " Ways," about twenty-five miles from town, after which the " good going " in the local parlance of the term ceases and travelling is a bit rougher. One can get along, however, in a strong waggon to the well known Camp Adams and Camp Crawford, but after these places are reached the guides prefer either the canoe or the " tote road " into the hunting grounds, which may be as extensive as the hunter wishes.

It seldom happens that moose, caribou and deer are not found within a day's journey of the end of the waggon road. On the Tomogonops and Portage River district, about forty-five miles from Newcastle, thirty-eight of which may be done by team, the sportsman will almost certainly find game ; and to the westward of these, what is known as the Little River and Mountain Brook camping ground is considered one of the best in the county. (See newspaper note of the experience of Mr. R. G. Redington, of Holyoke, Mass., in the Little River district, page 39.) Further on, until he reaches the foot of the Bald Mountains, mentioned on page 11, there are endless opportunities of satisfying the hunter, but the fact is he generally exhausts his licensed privilege before he has a chance to see that much of the country.

To the south and west of Newcastle is the territory known as " The South-West Miramichi," and the Fredericton division of the Intercolonial Railway runs almost directly through it. It may be reached from either Chatham or Newcastle, and many of the best hunting camps can easily be found within driving distance of several of the villages along the line of railway. This district includes on the south the famous Cains River region, noted for its fishing as well as the hunting (which in fact might be said of all the great Miramichi country), the Sabbies and several other good sized streams, while on the north of the railway are the splendid stretches of country through which flow the Dungarven, Renous, Bartholomew, Big

Hole Brook and other tributaries of the stately South-West Miramichi. All this country is more level than the North-West, and as part of it was burned over many years ago much of the new growth along the banks of the brooks consists of young birch and maple and the red alders on which the moose feed, thus providing an ideal hunting ground, while mossy levels bordering many of the lakes which dot the map of this part of the country are the haunts of thousands of caribou.

The North Branch of the Renous, which intersects a splendid moose and deer ground, and the caribou barrens of the North Pole Brook, can be conveniently reached from Derby on the Indiantown branch or by way of Blackville.

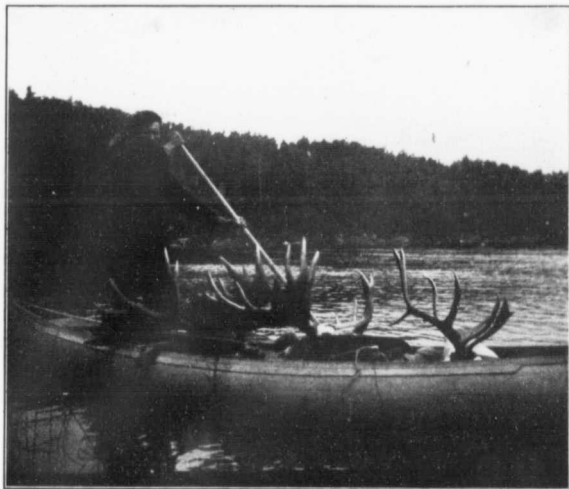
Another fine territory for moose, deer and bear, lies between Taxis River and the Southwest Miramichi, to the north of the village of Stanley. Cross Creek Station, fifteen miles from Boiestown, is the point of disembarkation. Stanley, five miles distance, is reached by the York & Carleton Railway.

Mr. Fred Ireland, of Washington, D.C., one of the best known Americans to visit New Brunswick in quest of moose, made the following statement bearing on this subject to the writer a short time ago: " My first hunting trip to New Brunswick was made in the early nineties. We hunted every day for thirty-nine days and I succeeded in getting a small moose, the only one I saw. In the fall of 1904 I hunted on the same territory with the same guide and shot a splendid moose on the second day out from camp. I remained in the woods three weeks and in that time saw over fifty moose, the majority of them being good sized bulls. The Province of New Brunswick is the best game country in all Canada which is at all easy of access. The reasons for this are various. The network of mountains, lakes and swamps, and the great barrens form a natural home for moose and caribou. By going to Newfoundland you can equal the caribou shooting of New Brunswick. By going to northern British Columbia you may equal New Brunswick's moose. But nowhere that I know of can both be found so plentiful and so close together. Then, the fine thing about it all, is that a man who visits New Brunswick is sure of meeting people who treat him well, and when he goes away feels that he has made friends whom he will want to see again. Government officials and guides, railway employees and teamsters all take a friendly interest. Every year that I fail to get my fall hunt in New Brunswick I count as a year lost ; and in looking back at the things I most love to think about, the years I have spent in the New Bruns-

wick woods are always foremost in my mind." Mr. Irland's statement is that of a keen, broad-minded and well informed sportsman and is amply borne out by the opinion of many other good fellows from the United States who have made hunting trips to the New Brunswick woods.

What has been said of the moose will apply with equal force to caribou and deer. Caribou roam in large numbers on the great barrens, particularly in the northern part of the province. They herd during the early part of November, and it is not a difficult matter for a sportsman to select an animal with a good head.

The Bartibogue and Tabusintac regions, through which runs an immense barren, or series of barrens, and which can be reached



BRINGING HOME THE GAME

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from Chatham or Newcastle, combine one of the greatest caribou districts in Canada, hunters asserting that they have counted as many as two hundred of these beautiful animals in a herd at one time.

A good point for hunters of caribou to remember is that these animals will generally be found where there has been a large number of trees broken and blown down by heavy wind storms. The

moss which accumulates on the tall fir trees forms the principal food of the caribou for many months of the year, and as much of this moss cannot be reached by the animals while the trees are standing, a big wind fall provides a feast. It is wonderful how they ascertain where the greatest number of fallen trees are, and how they communicate the good news to each other. Hunters assert that they have seen the tracks and followed herd after herd of caribou making for a certain forest, and have found hundreds of them gathered there feeding on the moss of the fallen trees after such a storm.

No hunting ground in the province has more in the way of scenic attractions, and none is so easy of access from the line of railway. It is possible for a sportsman to leave Montreal, by Canada's Famous Train, the Maritime Express, at noon, and be encamped in good hunting ground on the banks of the Miramichi, or some of its tributaries, before sundown on the following day. Whether he shall do his hunting close to or far from civilization, is entirely a matter of choice to the sportsman. Experience has shown that his chances are not materially improved by a fifty mile trip over a portage road into the heart of the woods, although a jaunt of that kind is not without its advantages. Just here it might be well to state that the largest moose killed in New Brunswick during the season of 1906, was called to the horn, less than ten miles from a settlement. Should a sportsman's time be limited to ten days or a fortnight, he will find it greatly to his interest to select territory that can be reached in one day from the line of railway.

As mentioned, guides and supplies may be secured at either Chatham or Newcastle, but it is an admirable plan to write ahead to some reliable person to have the necessary arrangements made. This course often saves delay and expense.

Hon. Frank G. Harris, formerly State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, whose contribution to this pamphlet in 1906 was read with much interest has sent us the following extract from "Forest and Stream," of November 23rd, 1907. His description of the hunting under unusual conditions as regards the weather is said to voice the experience of nearly all the sportsmen who were in the New Brunswick woods last season. It must be remembered, however, that such bad weather for hunting has been unknown for at least twenty years previously, and it speaks well for the territory from a sportsman's standpoint that even with such a handicap in the shape of weather conditions to contend against, the hunters were generally successful.



### Ten Days on the Miramichi.

" Clearfield, Pa., Nov. 9.—Editor 'Forest and Stream':—In September, 1904, I had my first hunt on the Miramichi, New Brunswick. I was satisfied then when a splendid bull moose fell to my .32 calibre rifle, and I made but little effort to secure either a caribou or a deer.

" In 1905, I went down the Woman's River from Winnibego Siding, in Ontario. I came out with a magnificent head, but the dreadful snow storm that struck us in that dreary waste, freezing the river over and causing us untold suffering, led me to seek a milder climate for my future hunts. September, 1906, again found me in New Brunswick.

" That was an ideal hunting trip. The weather has much to do with the pleasure and the success of the chase, and then the days were dry, cool and crisp. The roads and trails were at their best. The moon was just right for moose calling, the trout in Clearwater Lake rose beautifully to a fly, and without any special effort my companion and I each secured our limit of moose, caribou and deer, and, in addition, the camp was well supplied with partridges and delicious brook trout. It is rarely, even in New Brunswick, the land of big game, that one succeeds in killing his limit, and I longed for another trip to Clearwater Lake and Bersing's new caribou camp on the slopes of Bald Mountain.

" My companion this year was Mr. Leslie Stewart, our county treasurer. Like Mr. Row, who accompanied me in 1906, he had never seen either a bull moose or a caribou; but I assured him that, if he did not get rattled, he would be successful. Some months in advance, I secured my old guide, Bersing, for Oct. 2; Sept. 15, the opening of the season having been taken by three Harrisburg friends.

" After a study of different routes proposed, we concluded to go via Rochester and Utica to Montreal, and thence to Newcastle, N.B., where we left the railroad for camp. Unlike most of our American railways, the one we travelled over owns and operates its dining and sleeping cars, up-to-date in every respect. An eighteen-hour ride down the beautiful Saint Lawrence valley landed us early in the morning of the next day at Newcastle, ready and strong for the long, hard trip that lay before us.

" John Robinson, Jr., the very efficient and gentlemanly chief game warden, met us at the hotel, furnished us our hunting licenses and assisted us in many ways to get an early start. It is a pleasure

to deal with such an official. Mrs. Robinson, the accomplished wife of the warden, is an enthusiastic hunter, and in their cozy home may be seen two beautiful caribou heads and a bear rug that fell to her rifle.

"On the evening of Sept. 29 we landed at Bersing's New Home Camp, forty miles from Newcastle and the end of the wagon road. From there everything had to be packed on our backs ten miles to Clearwater camp and ten miles further to Bald Mountain. At Home camp we met Ray, Hershey and Oenslager, of Harrisburg, coming out with our guides. They had secured two moose heads and reported conditions generally unfavorable. The weather had been very wet and stormy, the roads and trails in terrible condition, and the game hidden away and hard to find.

"Monday, Sept. 30, we hit the trail for Clearwater, where we landed at 3.30 in a rainstorm. The next day it rained until noon, and Jack, one of our guides, taught Stewart, the old log cabin game of "45," at which he soon became very proficient. In the afternoon the sun came out and we concluded to do some hunting. Jack and I went to the lake, but we saw no game and caught no fish.

"Bersing took Stewart in charge and went to the ridges west of camp for a still-hunt. When they returned they were feeling jubilant, for Stewart had killed a splendid bull moose. They had hunted for several hours without any success, when Bersing suggested that he call before going to camp, as they were in splendid territory with plenty of signs all around. To their utter surprise, a bull answered. He had been lying in an alder swamp within a short distance of the hunters, and in response to their call came straight for them, passed them within forty feet, circled to the left and fell within sixty yards, riddled with .30-30 bullets from Stewart's gun. Bersing reported that in many years of moose hunting he had never called a moose under similar circumstances. The next morning we went out, photographed the moose, and brought to camp the head and the best of the meat. I do not know how often Stewart hit the bull, but for several days Jerry, the cook, said that every time he cut a moose steak to cook, he cut out a bullet.

"The afternoon and evening we spent at the lake, calling for moose and fishing for trout. We caught no trout, and all the game we saw was a fisher or blackcat, feeding on the carcass of a large moose that had been killed by a bear in the edge of the lake. Bersing attempted to paddle me up within range of the fisher, but he left before I could get a shot.

" On Oct. 3, Bersing, Stewart and I started early for a still-hunt. We went down the creek five miles to Ritchie's old camp, where we found lots of bear signs. Old Bruin had attempted to undermine the storehouse, in contempt of chains and other irons that were hung round to keep him away. We spent the day in a careful still-hunt, and walked about fifteen miles without seeing any game, though we saw much sign of bear, moose and deer. Up to this time I had seen a fisher and one duck at the lake, and a beaver at Ray's Pond.

" The next day was Friday. Bersing took his horn and axe, I took my .32 calibre rifle, and we started for the ridges west of camp for a still-hunt. I think Bersing felt that his reputation as a successful guide was at stake, and I was fearful that I might go back



IN CAMP

Intercolonial Route

home empty handed. I still had confidence in my guide, and my gun, bearing notches calling for moose, caribou, deer and bear, had never failed me. We saw abundant signs of big moose. We were in a new territory, and the discarded antlers certainly indicated that some giants had recently been there. We followed several trails without success. Finally we came upon the bed of a big bull, so fresh that it almost smoked. We followed his tracks up the ridge, through the heavy timber, until we could see the brow of the ridge; then we saw him get up, turn round and face us, looking down the hill. I shot, intending to catch him between the eyes, but just as I touched the trigger, he raised his head and I caught him in the nose,

making only a slight wound; in a moment he was going at full speed down the ridge and away from us. If he had gone on he would have been safe, as I missed him two shots running, but something induced him to stop, turn round and look back; when a second standing shot caught him in the top of shoulders, broke his back and he was mine. This bull carried a fine set of antlers and a 14-inch bell. We carried his head to camp, and my moose hunt for 1907 was ended.

"Saturday, we turned our faces toward Bald Mountain camp, ten miles to the northwest over a trail that would break your heart. To make matters worse, the beavers had built a dam that flooded our path for half a mile, requiring us to cut a trail round it. We reached the upper camp at 3.30, and after a supper of cold biscuits and butter, onions and tea, we turned in for the night. Sunday was a day of rest. We did, however, take a walk up to the mountain, but saw no caribou and but few signs.

"We hunted faithfully until 3 o'clock on Monday, and went to camp with seven partridges, which furnished us a pot-pie for supper, after which Bersing, Stewart and I took a little stroll over the ridge above the camp, where we killed a splendid bull caribou. All told, we saw but three caribou, and but one bull, the one we killed. We put in next day faithfully hunting for caribou, but without success. That night one of those New Brunswick rainstorms came up, and it rained all night. Wednesday morning the cook informed us that our grub was reduced to cold biscuits, tea and caribou meat, and we packed our duffle and returned to Clearwater camp. For four hours we tramped through one of the worst rainstorms I ever saw; and when we walked into Clearwater camp there was not a dry thread on our backs.

"On Thursday we packed our heads and duffle to the home camp, and on Friday tried in vain for grilse or trout on the Miramichi.

"Saturday evening, Oct. 12, we landed in Newcastle with our trophies and boarded the train for Montreal.

"The rigid enforcement of the game laws in New Brunswick has led to the increase in the supply of game. The beaver have come back to their old haunts, moose and deer are on the increase, and on this continent there is scarcely a section so accessible that offers the inducements to the hunter for big game that are offered by New Brunswick to-day.

"In some respects, our hunt was not what we had anticipated. The condition of the weather was very much against us, but this

may not occur again in many years. Over and against this, however, there are many compensations. Ten October days amid the spruces, the balsams, the poplars, the maples and the birches of the Miramichi ridges, with their endless variety of greens, yellows, oranges and reds, can never be forgotten. Nowhere else, in all the world does the autumn foliage present such a picture as in New Brunswick.

"To the tired and wornout business man, a fortnight in that vast wilderness, with the hard tramps, its splendid water, and bracing air, free from colds and epidemics, and its balsam beds, are better than doctors and drugs. After a few days with their long tramps, and the excitement of the chase, you get an appetite and a digestion



BRINGING OUT THE HEAD

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like a log driver, and you come back home to take up the labor and toil of life stronger and better prepared, because of the days spent on the Miramichi.

FRANK G. HARRIS."

(From the Providence "Sunday Journal," December 22nd, 1907.)

"(To shoot a moose is the goal of many a sportsman's ambition. but to shoot a moose which in spread of antlers and other dimensions

breaks the records of the great moose-producing province of New Brunswick is a feat the importance of which only sportsmen can properly estimate. Dr. Walter L. Munro, of 189 Waterman street, who achieved this distinction a few weeks ago, has consented to tell the story for the benefit of the "Sunday Journal" readers.)

"It goes without saying that we were after a record head. What thorough-going, true-blooded "sport" ever dreams of anything less, at all events during the early days of his hunting season?

"We were in the very heart of moosedom, the chosen hunting ground of the Micmacs of old, the forests, lakes and rivers about the headquarters of the Tobique, Nipisiguit and Restigouche. There is no finer moose country on the continent.

"For a week we had, in leap-year fashion, been wooing the lordly monarchs of the northern forests about the Bathurst lakes. Charlie Cremin, my guide, had poured forth his soul through the birch-bark horn in a wealth of amorous suggestiveness which would have made the fortune of a soubrette. We had seen many moose as well as caribou and deer, but only one worth shooting at, and that not good enough to satisfy us.

"At the beginning of the second week Charlie and I poled and paddled down the Nipisiguit to the little shack at Gooseneck bend. Its dimensions were about 6 x 9, with a roof about five feet at the peak, and a door less than four feet high. There was just room enough for one of us to lie down on either side of the little sheet-iron tent stove in the middle. The Nipisiguit at this point bends almost at a right angle, allowing a clear view both up and down the river, while upstream a projecting tongue of land makes a bog or dead water, called Goose Pond. It was an ideal calling place.

"Two days were spent in calling and hunting the old tote roads. The tracks were numerous and large and everywhere were fresh evidences of moose work. Partridges were abundant. Returning to the camp the second day we saw eight birds in an hour's time, and Charlie shot six of them with my Stevens target pistol.

"Night and morning we called and got answers from the hills at a distance. On the morning of the third day Charlie turned out before daybreak and called once. Immediately after he saw two large moose come around the bend of the river about 500 yards below us. It was too dark to tell what they were, but he spoke to me and I was out of the shack in a moment.

"The moose came up the stream about 300 yards and entered the alders upon the bank. Charlie now had an opportunity to show his generalship. Believing that they would cross the pond at the

bend and enter Goose Pond above, we slipped noiselessly into the canoe and paddled out to a station which commanded their probable exit from the alders, Charlie keeping the bow pointed always directly toward it.

"We had only to wait a few minutes when the cow stepped into the water and, a moment later, the bull. They had traversed about 250 yards of densely growing alders and only once had we heard the slightest rattle.

"Both stood looking directly at us. They were evidently in doubt. Moose do not seem able to size up a canoe seen bow on, while they will take alarm at once if you show the broadside.

"Without taking his paddle from the water Charlie forced the canoe noiselessly toward them until we had covered half the intervening distance. Meanwhile I cautiously took out my glasses and studied the head in the dim half light.

"Satisfied with my inspection, when about 125 yards away I took up my rifle and fired. The bull was standing in water up to his middle, but when struck leaped completely out with a tremendous spattering and made for the farther bank of the river. Dreading from dearly bought experience a long trail through the swamp, I fired again, breaking his hip. It was still too dark to see clearly without the glasses. During all of this time the cow had stood in the bog, an interested spectator.

"When we landed the bull was lying down not 15 feet from us, but moved away, when a final shot brought him to the ground about 50 yards from the river.

"The spread of his antlers was enormous. It was evident we had captured a prize, but it was only when we applied the tape that we realized the New Brunswick record was broken. Then we shook hands.

"There were only 17 points, but the horns were massive, with a spread of  $68\frac{1}{2}$  inches and a blade 16 inches wide. The measurement around the burr was 12 inches. The best previous record was  $67\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

"After breakfast I photographed the moose and we dressed the carcass. We returned to the Home Camp so heavily laden that Charlie was obliged to wade and drag the canoe through the thoroughfare.

"A few days later we met Mr. E. C. Russell, of London, Eng., who was hunting with Dave Cremin at Upsalquitch Lake, the extreme limit of Charlie's territory.

"He had taken a magnificent head with a spread of  $58\frac{3}{4}$  inches

and 29 points. Mr. Robert P. Allen, the Secretary of the Licensed Guides' Association, assures us that this, too, is a record head as far as English sportsmen in New Brunswick are concerned.

"Our homeward journey was a triumphal progress. It was necessary to lay the moose head lengthwise of the canoe, where the prongs furnished excellent brackets for the pole when not in use.

"We took the head around to Emack Brothers, at Fredericton, to be mounted, and were heartily congratulated by Uncle Henry Braithwaite, the dean of New Brunswick guides, and a host of other friends. We had secured the record head of which we had dreamed, and this was the more noteworthy as it is the first time in the annals of New Brunswick sport that the honor has fallen to a sportsman from without the province."



SOME MIRAMICHI GUIDES—Braithwaite at the right

Intercolonial Route

### CHAT WITH A VETERAN.

#### A Master of Woodcraft Tells of His Experience on the Miramichi.

The Grand Old Man of the Miramichi and the dean of the faculty of New Brunswick guides, is Mr. Henry Braithwaite, whose



home is somewhere near the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi, but whose post office address is Fredericton. Mr. Braithwaite is sixty-five years of age, but is as active on foot and as keen intellectually as he ever was. For fifty-three years he has earned his living in the woods, lumbering, trapping and hunting, and it is doubtful if there is a man on this continent to-day who possesses a more extensive practical knowledge of woodcraft. "Uncle Henry," as he is familiarly called, was the first white man to guide a non-resident sportsman to the Miramichi country, and he is in reality the father of the guiding business as it is carried on in New Brunswick to-day. Some of the best guides of the Miramichi served their apprenticeship with Mr. Braithwaite, and have found the knowledge acquired under his tuition of great value to them. Rickety little shacks were considered good enough for the accommodation of sportsmen when Mr. Braithwaite took his first hunting party out twenty-five years ago, but quite a revolution has been brought about in the guiding business since then. Sportsmen nowadays are willing to pay for good service and the guide who fails to provide it is not likely to be very much in demand.

In the course of an interesting chat which the writer had with Mr. Braithwaite a short time ago, he declared most emphatically that the moose had increased wonderfully during the past fifteen years. "I am on the go a great deal," said he, "and I think I am in a good position to give an opinion on this subject. I am almost inclined to think that moose are too plentiful in the Miramichi country for the amount of feed available for them. I have counted as many as twenty in a small lake at one time, feeding on lily roots, which is their principal food in warm weather. They stir up the mud so that it is actually killing off the trout in some of the lakes.

"Are you in favor of prohibiting the hunting of moose during the calling season, Mr. Braithwaite?"

"Well, no, I can't say that I am. The number of moose killed by the aid of the birch bark horn, is not nearly so great as many people suppose. I actually believe that for one moose successfully called, a dozen are frightened away. As a rule, the full grown bull is too old and foxy to be caught in that way, but the 'spike horn' is less cautious, and you know sportsmen do not want that kind of game. I myself have done very little calling for several years, because I have not found it necessary.

"I spend seven-eighths of my time in the woods, and every year I get to like it better. There is much that is both interesting and instructive to be learned about the habits of wild animals.

Some guides and some sporting men 'know it all' after they have a few trips to the woods and perhaps killed a moose or two, but I pick up something new every trip. I suppose it is because I am old and stupid.

"If I didn't have something to learn each trip, the business would soon lose its charm for me."

"Do you regard bears as destructive to moose, Mr. Braithwaite?"

"Yes, I am sure they are. They have a habit of following the cows about in the spring, and while as a rule they are too cowardly to attack the mother, they will await until her back is turned and pounce upon the newly born calf. I have even known cases where bears have attacked full grown bull moose. I remember one time being out in the month of April cruising for lumber on the Miramichi. There had been a considerable fall of snow the night before and I was not long in striking the trail of two large bull moose. I followed it and soon came upon the tracks of two bears going in the same direction. After travelling about half an hour I came to where the moose had parted company, and I was not long in discovering that the bears had done likewise, one going after each moose. The tracks were all fresh, and I began to get very much interested. I did not have to pursue one of the trails very far until I came to where the bear and moose had been engaged in a terrific battle, and the signs went to show that the bear had come off second best. The snow was dyed red with blood in many places, patches of moose hair were scattered about and the bark was partly torn from a number of trees, in fact it looked as if a small cyclone had travelled in that direction. A little Sherlock Holmes work satisfied me that the bear had started the row by leaping upon the moose's back, taking it completely by surprise. I don't know just what happened next, but from the rumpus kicked up I should say the battle must have raged at least an hour. I have read of Mexican bull fights, and should judge that they were very tame in comparison with the performance put on the boards by that bear and moose. The combat was certainly a fierce one, but the moose finally succeeded in unloading the bear, and compelled it to seek safety in a tree top. I saw the marks the bear made in shinning the tree, and concluded the old fellow must have been pressed for time. The moose got away all right, and although a blood trail was left behind I don't think the animal was 'all in' by any means. I felt like presenting that moose with a feed of oats."

"Did you ever see a bear and a moose in a fight, Mr. Braithwaite?"

"Yes I did once, but the row had a different ending than the one I just told you about. It was in the fall of 1880, I think, and I was following a tote road on my way out of the woods. I had a pack on my back and was carrying a single shot 44 calibre rifle of the old style. I had just come on to a small barren, when my attention was attracted by a slight noise off to one side, and looking in that direction I saw a moose and a bear. The bear had the moose down and was biting savagely at its neck and shoulders. I took in the situation at a glance, and dropping the pack I brought up my rifle and let drive at the bear. The animal never stopped to see where the shot came from, but leaving its prey it bolted for a thicket, and was out of sight in an instant. The bullet had taken effect all right, but not in a vital part, and although there was a blood trail, I did not follow it far, for the reason that I had only one cartridge left, and didn't care to get into close quarters with a wounded bear under those conditions. When I got back to the moose it had passed in its checks. It proved to be a young bull, probably not more than eighteen months old."

"Did you ever get a real scare in the woods, Mr. Braithwaite?" was asked.

"Only once," was the reply. "And I am not likely to forget it as long as I live. I was out cruising for lumber one spring, and in getting over a windfall I almost landed on an old she-bear and three cubs. She was suckling the cubs when I arrived upon the scene, and I don't know which of us was the most surprised. I began to back away on the instant, and the bear sprang up and with a snarl, started at me. Only a few feet of space separated us and I looked her squarely in the eye. You can imagine what my thoughts were at that moment. To add to the horror of the situation, I felt in my pocket and discovered I did not even have a jack-knife to defend myself with. There was nothing for me to do but to bluff it out with my face to the foe, as I knew it would be a bad plan on my part to turn and run for it. She followed me for about twenty rods or until I had stepped out into a patch of burnt land, when to my great delight she turned about and ambled back to her cubs. You can bet I didn't try to stop her, nor did I do any more cruising that day. I have shot and trapped many bears in my time, but I never before or since had one give me such a scare as that old she-bear did."

Mr. Braithwaite's hunting territory is located near the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi, and is reached from Boiestown, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway. He is the owner of twenty-three camps, all of which are equipped for the accommodation of sportsmen.

The black bear is very plentiful in the country traversed by the Fredericton and Loggieville section of the Intercolonial, and furnishes excellent sport, and is valuable for its fur. The guides of New Brunswick are well equipped to handle sportsmen who wish to hunt this kind of game, and guarantee them a pleasant outing and no lack of excitement. There are always plenty of opportunities for excellent trout fishing when on a trip of this kind.



A MIRAMICHI BEAR

Intercolonial Route

"Newcastle, N.B., Advocate," October 2, 1908.

"Messrs. Abner and W. R. McPheter, Oldtown, Me.; W. C. Coleman, Cambridge, Mass.; C. N. Hinckley and T. D. Leonard, New York, came out from the Little Sevogle on Friday with two moose, a deer and a caribou. They registered at the Miramichi and went home on Saturday.

"Messrs. E. L. Bateson and G. G. Dominick, of New York, left on Saturday for home, each with the head of a moose, and the latter having a caribou shot on the Little Southwest Miramichi. They formed part of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson.

They registered at the Miramichi Hotel. Their guide was Miles Hunter.

"Colonel S. Y. Leyburn, of Detroit, shot a large moose on the Southwest Miramichi last week, and Mr. A. H. Tweedie, of Chat-ham, secured one at McKay Meadows.

"Dr. A. W. Morris, of Boston, went into the Miramichi woods last week in search of the antlered monarch.

"Some fine moose, deer and caribou heads arrived Wednesday. A fair sized moose head from an animal shot by Mr. Albert Filt, of New York, who went into the Miramichi woods with R. Moore-house as guide, was among the lot, and also a small deer head taken by the same gentleman. Mr. T. N. Vincent has sent in the head of animal shot at Gordon Brook, Nipisiguit, and another head taken at the same place belongs to Mr. M. Weldon. Two fine caribou heads in the lot attracted a great deal of attention.

"Messrs. Leslie Stewart and Frank G. Harris, of Clearfield, Penn., registered at the Waverley Saturday, and with Carl Bersing as guide, went after moose and deer.

"Messrs. R. B. Nelson and J. H. Vernet, of Chambersburg, Penn., and James U. Jackson, of Augusta, Georgia, came out from Bald Mountain on Saturday with three moose.

"Messrs. J. I. McGurk and L. D. Connelly, of New York city, under the guidance of John Wamboldt, came out from Guagus Lake, with one moose each, and went home on Monday.

"Messrs. O. L. Alexander, of Bluefields, W.Va., and A. H. Moore, of War Eagle, in the same state, returned on Monday this week from Bay du Vin, bringing a moose each and lots of duck and partridge. Their guide was Donald Fraser, of Bay du Vin.

"Messrs. J. J. Hanlon, J. Desso and A. G. Senecal, of Plattsburg, N.Y., came out on Monday, having bagged three moose and a deer. Samuel Kingston was their guide. They registered at the Miramichi and went home yesterday.

"Messrs. E. C. Tinsmith and J. A. Pierce, of Philadelphia, each got a moose. John Connell was their guide.

"Jas. Sullivan, of Newcastle, with Martin Fox as guide, secured a good specimen of moose.

"Messrs. C. W. Wheelock, H. B. and Vaughan Gilbert, and S. W. Small, of New York; B. F. Edgerly, of Bangor; W. F. Hodgkins, of Lambert Lake, Me., came out of the woods on Monday evening. The latter party shot three moose and two caribou.

"The private car, Plymouth Rock, occupied by Alfred G. Vanderbilt and party, and the private car, Miniola, occupied by

August Belmont, the New York traction king, and party, arrived at Amqui a few days ago. The New Yorkers are after big game.

"Other gentlemen from the neighboring Republic and elsewhere, who are hunting in the Miramichi and Nipisiguit territory, are Carl Runguis, artist, New York; John Wilson, Providence, R.I.; A. and R. McPheter, Oldtown; L. D. Leonard and S. N. Hinkley, of New York, and W. C. Coleman, of Louisville, Ky.; N. C. Nash, and N. C. Nash, Jr., of Boston; R. T. Fisher, Wm. James, Jr., of Cambridge, Mass.; H. W. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Feldman and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Seamen, Pittsburg, Pa.; G. A. Kerger and Wm. J. Ailitz, Hoboken, N.J."

From the "Moncton Transcript," 30th July, 1907.

"An I. C. Railway freight conductor says he saw over a dozen moose while coming from Campbellton to Moncton last week."

#### RECORD HUNTING TRIP.

Oct. 20th, 1907.

"Mr. R. G. Redington, of Holyoke, Mass., returned last evening from a week's hunting trip to Little River, Miramichi and Nipisiguit waters, after having bagged more game than any other non-resident sportsman who has visited the province this season. His total was one moose, two bears and two deer, all fair specimens of their kind. Mr. Redington, accompanied by his guide, old reliable Lorenzo Savage, left here last Wednesday morning, and that night was encamped on Fork Brook, a tributary of Little River. They found the conditions very unfavorable for hunting, but luck was with them from the start. They got the bears first, then the deer and lastly the moose. Mr. Redington has hunted in Maine, but this is his first trip to New Brunswick, and is naturally very much elated over his success."

#### TOURISTS' AND SPORTSMEN'S OUTFITS.

##### Canadian Customs Regulations.

The articles which may be brought into Canada (in addition to wearing apparel, on which no duty is levied) as tourists' outfits, comprise guns, fishing rods, canoes, tents, camp equipment, cooking utensils, musical instruments, kodaks, etc., etc.

A deposit of duty on the appraised value of the articles imported must be made with the nearest Collector on arrival in

Canada, which deposit will be returned in full, provided the articles are exported from Canada within six months.

The nearest ports of entry for sportsmen who are going into the New Brunswick Woods from the United States, via the Intercolonial Railway, are Montreal, St. John, N.B., or Halifax, N.S.

## THE HUNTER'S EQUIPMENT

### Should Carry Only What is Necessary.

What hunters require when going into the woods after big game, is an important matter for consideration. It is essential that they be properly clothed and fully equipped, for once in the heart of the wilderness, it is impossible to rectify any lack of accoutrement, as they will be several miles from the town where supplies may be obtained. It is safer to take too much, rather than too little clothing into the woods, as a surplus can be readily laid aside, while a lack of essentials cannot easily be remedied. But there should be a limit. Only clothing of a necessary kind should be taken, and as much as possible carried on the person. Many of the so-called "hunting costumes" are made up of a fabric that is utterly unsuited to "still hunting." It is better to wear coat and trousers made of some soft woollen material, a sweater, or knitted jacket, flannel shirt, woollen underwear, with woollen leggings and moccasins or lumbermen's overshoes. Extra underwear, shirts, socks, and plenty of handkerchiefs, will be found convenient. Duck and canvas suits are noisy, and corduroy is heavy and easily soaked by rain. Rubber boots should have no place in a hunter's outfit, as they draw the feet, and induce perspiration which condenses and makes the pedal extremities clammy and damp. The guides are partial to oil tanned moccasins, which are soft and warm on the feet, and enable them to move noiselessly among the twigs and brush. Long hunting boots, such as are worn elsewhere, have the disadvantage of having stiff soles, which are apt to be noisy in the stillness of the forest. There is a moccasin with an extra sole but no heel, that is greatly commended by guides and experienced hunters. Knit woollen socks, such as may be purchased at any country store, are the best kind to wear with the moccasins. The hunter should plan his outfit so as to make the greatest saving in weight and bulk. Baggage is never too light when it has to be carried through the woods; and all that is not required should be

left at home. Of course much difficulty is obviated by the hunter visiting the woods in New Brunswick, as the trains of the Intercolonial Railway carry the sportsmen right to the hunting territory, and to reach more remote sections where the game is more abundant, teams can be secured to carry the party and supplies directly to the camp. Nevertheless it is sometimes necessary to do some hard tramping, for in moose hunting it is more often a case of Mahomet going to the Mountain than the Mountain coming to Mahomet. Regarding rifles there is much diversity of opinion. Hunters have individual opinions, and many have fads. There was for a time a feeling in favor of lighter weapons, which are sufficiently deadly when a soft nose bullet is used, but most hunters consider the heavier bore more reliable. Not very many hunters of big game take the trouble to carry a shot gun, although there are abundant chances for wild fowl shooting in the same territory in which the moose are found. Revolvers are frequently carried, but are seldom used, although one might prove very useful in an extreme case, such as that of a sportsman last season, who was treed by a vicious bull moose. A good strong hunting knife is a prime essential, but the guides can generally furnish these to their patrons. There is no occasion for a large stock of ammunition. The average hunter will not use twenty cartridges in a fortnight, unless practising at a target. Almost everything required can be procured at any of the towns along the lines of railway. The stores in towns nearest the woods make hunters' outfits a specialty. The guides will look after all details and can furnish cooking utensils, canoes, etc. Experienced hunters generally write the game wardens or the guides in advance, and by the time they reach the nearest point of departure for the forest everything is ready, and all arrangements are made.

No visiting sportsman should think of trying to hunt in the New Brunswick Woods without a guide. Such an attempt would in all probability meet with failure and disappointment. What, to the visitor, is a trackless forest or impenetrable jungle, is an easy proposition to the practised woodsman. The New Brunswick guides have no superiors. They know the woods and know the habits of the animals. They are practised in the art of "calling." They know the mystery of the "still hunt." They are a good class of men, who know their work thoroughly and as a rule are agreeable companions. New Brunswick guides are all licensed by the Crown Lands Department.



## PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

(Open Season)

### HUNTING.

**Big Game**—Moose, caribou, deer or red deer, September 15th to November 30th.

Cow moose and cow caribou of any age and calf moose under the age of two (2) years, are protected at all times.

No person shall kill or take more than one bull moose, one bull caribou and two deer during any one year.

Moose, caribou and deer are not to be hunted with dogs, or to be caught by means of traps or snares.

No person shall hunt, take, hurt, injure, shoot, wound, kill or destroy any moose or caribou in the night time, i.e., between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise.

**Other Game**—Beaver protected until July 1st, 1910.

Mink, fisher or sable, otter, protected.

Muskrat, in Kings, Queens and Sunbury Counties, March 10th to June 10th.

**Game Birds**—Partridge, may be taken between September 15th and November 30th.

Woodcock and snipe, from September 2nd to November 30th.

Wild geese, brant, teal, wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, September 2nd to November 30th.

Wild geese, brant, teal, wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, shall not be hunted with artificial light, nor with swivel or punt guns, nor trapped or netted at any time.

Sea-gulls, pheasants, song-birds and insectivorous birds, entirely protected.

Sunday shooting is prohibited.

### HUNTING LICENSES.

**Guides and Camp Help** must take a license for that business costing one dollar, and are not allowed to shoot big game when acting as such. Non-resident guides are prohibited from acting as guides in the province. Non-resident hunters must not hunt without a qualified guide. A gun may not be carried in a moose and caribou country between 30th November and 15th September without first obtaining a permit from a game warden.

**Non-Residents** must not kill any moose, caribou or deer with-

out having obtained a license from the Crown Lands Office, Fredericton, N.B., or from the Chief Game Commissioner, or any county or special game warden, by payment of a fee of \$50; license to be in force for one open season. License will give the right to kill one bull moose, one bull caribou and two (2) deer. License must be had to shoot deer as well as moose and caribou, and a separate license for deer shooting may be procured by non-residents for \$10.00.

Resident's License for moose, caribou and deer, \$2.00.

#### TRANSPORTATION.

Every corporation, railway, express company, or other common carrier, or person acting as a common carrier, shall be guilty of an offence and liable to the penalty hereinafter provided, who, at any time or season hereafter in any part of the province:

- (a) Carries or transports from place to place any live moose, caribou or deer, or the carcass or any portion thereof, or the green hide of such game, unless the same be accompanied by the owner thereof, and be open to view and tagged or labelled with the owner's name and address;
- (b) Carries or transports without the province any live game, or the carcass or any portion thereof, or the green hide or pelt of any game. Nothing herein shall apply to game transported or exported on the special permit of the Surveyor-General under the provisions of Section 44, or to the transportation of heads or hides of moose, caribou or deer, shipped or delivered to any **bona fide** taxidermist within the province.

#### FISHING.

Bass may be caught with hook and line at all times of year.

Lake trout, May 1st to September 30th.

Land-locked salmon, April 1st to September 30th.

Speckled trout, April 1st to September 30th.

Salmon, February 1st to August 15th.

The use of explosive materials to catch or kill fish is illegal.

#### Export of Certain Kinds of Trout Prohibited.

No one shall receive, ship, transport or have in possession for the purpose of shipping or transporting out of the Dominion of Canada any speckled trout, river trout or sea trout, taken or caught

in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; provided,—

(a) Any person may so ship such trout caught by him for sport, to the extent of 25 lbs. in weight, if the shipment is accompanied by a certificate to that effect from either the local fishery officer in whose district the fish were caught or from the local station agent adjacent to the locality in which they were caught, or is accompanied by copy of the official license or permit issued to the person making the shipment.

(b) No single package of such trout shall exceed 25 lbs. in weight, nor shall any person be permitted to ship more than one package during the season.

### REGISTERED GUIDES OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

#### Gloucester County.

Lawrence Doucette.....	Belledune River
Samuel Gammon, Jr.....	Bathurst
William Getty.....	"
John Landry .....	"
Robert McEwan .....	"
William Gray .....	"

#### Madawaska County.

Allan W. Emmerson .....	Edmundston
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#### Northumberland County.

Daniel A. Doak .....	Doaktown
John J. Foran .....	Halcomb
James Manderville and sons .....	Millerton
Ed. Menzies .....	Strathadam
Daniel F. Munn .....	Boiestown
John Murphy, Jr. ....	Ludlow
J. Roland McDonald .....	Blackville
Edward Way .....	Trout Brook
James D. Way .....	"
John White .....	Sillikea
Joseph White and sons.....	Lyttleton
Thomas A. Fowlie .....	Canaan Forks
John Connell .....	Bartibogue

Michael Tucker .....	Grainfield
William Tucker .....	"
Frank Russell .....	Doaktown
Thomas Weaver .....	"

**Queens County.**

Elijah Keirstead .....	Cole's Island
Asa F. Ryder .....	Cherry Vale
James H. Ryder .....	Brookvale
George S. Lacy .....	Clarendon

**Victoria County.**

Fred. C. Armstrong .....	Perth Centre
George E. Armstrong .....	Perth
Stephen M. Campbell .....	Arthurette
Percy B. Falding .....	Kilburn
Amos Gaunce .....	Riley Brook
John Johnson .....	Oxbow
H. W. Lewis .....	Perth Centre
Asa D. Marsten .....	Sisson Ridge
James McGinn .....	Three Brooks
William McInnis .....	Arthurette
Alexander Ogilvey, Jr. ....	South Tiley
David Ogilvey .....	"
Duncan V. Reed .....	St. Almo
Fred. H. Reed .....	"
Duncan D. Wright .....	Arthurette
Norman Wright .....	Plaster Rock
Thomas S. Wright .....	"
George Price .....	Grand Falls
Charles Wright .....	Three Brook

**York County.**

W. H. Allen .....	Penniac
Robert Barr .....	Mactnaquac
H. Braithwaite .....	Fredericton
Arthur H. Evans .....	Taymouth
Richard Evans .....	"
William H. Griffin, Sr. ....	Cross Creek
William Griffin, Jr. ....	"

Edward James .....	Tweedside
Adam Moore .....	Scotch Lake
Burton Moore .....	"
John N. Murray .....	Dumfries
Benaiah Norrad .....	Bloomfield Ridge
Arthur Pringle .....	Stanley
Thomas H. Pringle .....	"
Lorenzo D. Savage .....	Penniac
Sidney B. Thomas .....	Marysville
Charles P. Love .....	Keswick Ridge
John Moore .....	Scotch Lake
Charles Cremin .....	"
Jamse Somerville .....	Taymouth

#### Restigouche County.

C. B. Gray .....	Campbellton
Thomas Dawns .....	"
Thomas Charette .....	"
James Keene .....	"
Louis Michel .....	Mission Point
Joseph Bernard .....	"
John Myers .....	Robinsonville
Fred. Myers .....	"
Peter Gray .....	Campbellton
Jeff. Morrison .....	"
Lewis Marshall .....	"
Geo. Dawson .....	"

#### Carleton County.

Chas. F. Jones .....	Cloverdale
Dr. H. A. Greene .....	Centreville

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General Traffic Manager,	Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.,
Moncton, N.B.	Moncton, N.B.
H. A. PRICE,	J. B. LAMBKIN,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,	Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,
Montreal, P.Q.	Halifax, N.S.

#### CITY PASSENGER AGENCIES.

Halifax, N.S.....	Sackville and Hollis Streets
Montreal, P.Q. (St. Lawrence Hall).....	141 St. James St.
Quebec .....	{ 7 Dufort St.
	{ 22 Dalhousie St.
	{ 349 St. Paul St.
St. John, N.B.....	3 King St.
Toronto, Ont. ....	51 King St.

#### UNITED STATES AGENCIES.

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Chicago, 249 Clark St., cor. Jackson Boulevard.....	J. H. Burgis
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