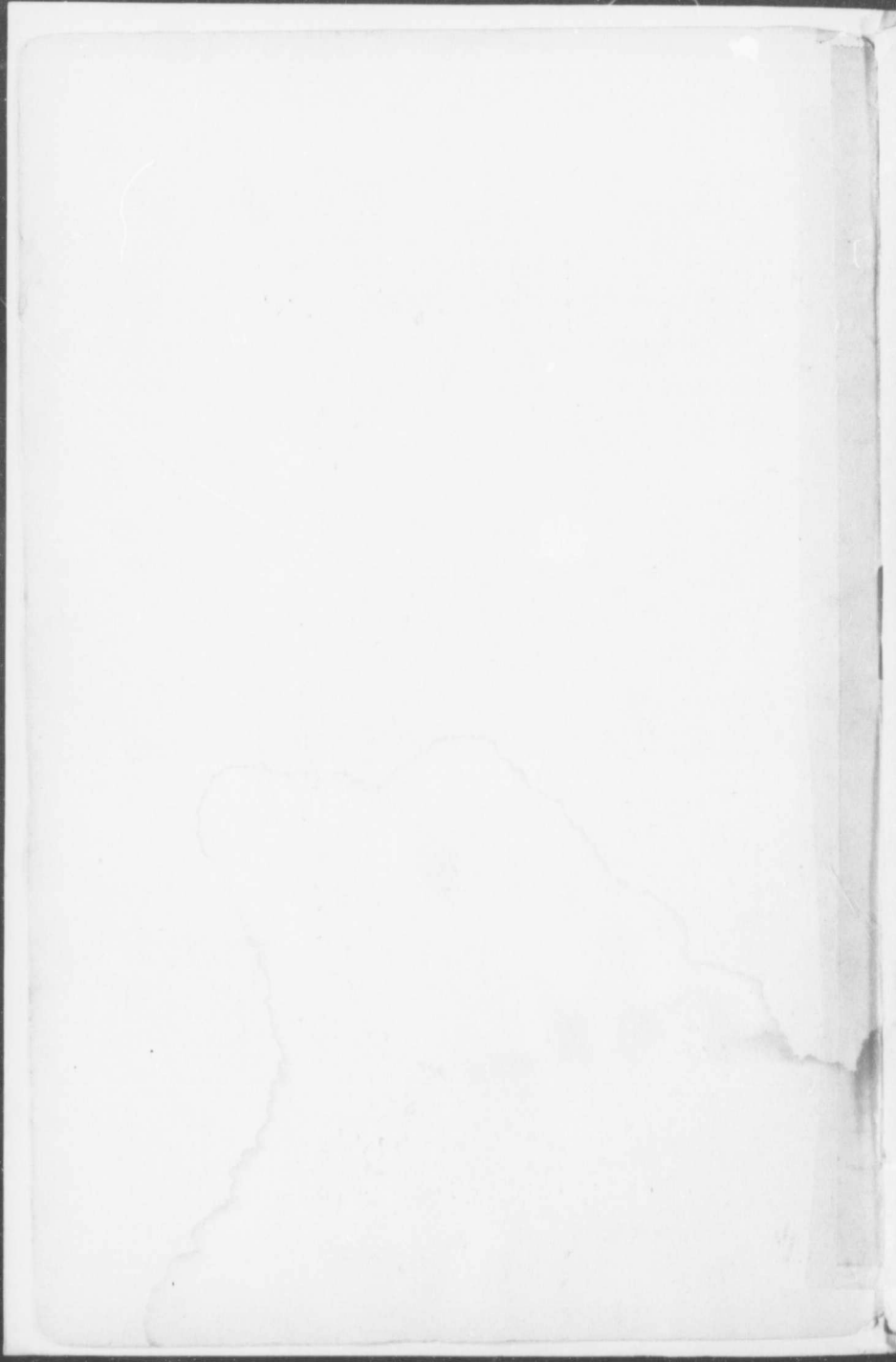


HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK



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A FULL QUOTA FROM NEW BRUNSWICK

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Hunting in New Brunswick



IF the Intercolonial Railway serve no other purpose, its existence would be justified in that it penetrates the finest hunting country in Eastern Canada. It might be said that New Brunswick is the greatest sporting Province in the whole of Canada, and so it is if British Columbia be omitted from the list, for New Brunswick furnishes more moose and caribou each year than does the western Province, and the only advantage the latter holds is that sheep, goat and grizzly bear are found within its borders, animals that do not dwell east of the Prairies.

The man who wants moose, caribou, black bear and deer will, if he is wise, go to New Brunswick first, last and all the time, and by far the finest hunting grounds in the Province are those to which the Intercolonial leads. Moose and deer are found everywhere, and it would be no feat to boast of were one to undertake to get off the train anywhere east of Rimouski and to return to the rails again, within a week, with a moose head. This happy state of affairs did not always exist. Probably a hundred years ago moose were as plentiful as they are to-day, though one doubts if as much game ever existed as at the moment. Then came the period of the uncontrolled settler and lumberman who slaughtered game at every opportunity and all seasons of the year, till, in the Miramichi country, some twenty years ago, one of the leading guides tells the writer that a whole camp of lumbermen would turn out and walk a mile just to *see* a moose *track*. This ruthless slaughter was stopped in time by a wise government enacting protective legislation, but it is doubtful whether laws alone could have produced the good results had not the residents learned that it *pays* better to protect game as an attraction to visitors, who leave a silver trail behind them, than to convert the wild animals into mere butcher's meat. To-day the whole of New

Brunswick, once the dwellings of mankind are left behind, is absolutely overrun with game, and every settler on the outskirts of towns and villages suffers each year from the depredations of moose and deer on his oat and turnip crops. In October, 1912, the writer went all through the district where those lumbermen had marvelled at a single moose track and the whole region was alive with game, seventy-eight moose, twenty-six deer, one hundred and eleven caribou and twelve bear being seen in the space of two weeks. The lumbermen are now friendly to game, which good happening is possibly due to the fact that many of the guides spend their winters in the camps, and although two moose are allowed to be killed by the occupants of each camp it is very seldom that this privilege is taken advantage of.

Each non-resident sportsman must be accompanied by a registered guide when he goes into the woods, and if he chooses any man whose name appears later in this book there is not the faintest chance of failing to obtain a trophy, if only the shooting is straight. (Dare any other Province make such a bold assertion?) The legal allowance that may be shot is one bull moose, one bull caribou, two deer, with no limit on bear. Of course, it is only in a few places where all this game can be killed during one trip. Moose and deer can be had almost anywhere, but to get caribou and bear the innermost country must be penetrated. It stands to reason that the farther one goes away from settlements the greater the quantity of game that will be seen, but if moose and deer only will satisfy the visitor he will find that he can be sure of getting his game for a very reasonable expenditure of time and money.

New Brunswick has one of the longest "open seasons" of any Province. Shooting starts on the 15th of September and does not close till the end of November. This allows the sportsman to select the time best suited to his needs and to choose the kind of hunting he prefers. The hunting in New Brunswick may, as far as moose are concerned, be divided into two classes, "calling" and "still-hunting." For the benefit of the uninitiated we will here digress for a moment to explain briefly these two kinds of hunting—the experienced and seasoned hunter may skip a few lines.

"Calling" consists in the guide imitating the love notes of the cow moose in order to attract the bull. The calling or rutting season is governed by the phases of the moon, generally com-

mencing just before the full of the September moon and it may continue till full moon in October, though this is exceptional. Calling may be said to be at its best for about three weeks, and during those weeks it is hardly possible to visit any lake in the evening or early morning without hearing (and generally seeing) some love sick lady moose bewailing her lonely state. Often the amorous swain will be in the neighborhood, possibly already a trifle tired of his first love. Your guide will put the birchbark horn to his mouth and emit his false love call. Soon after, you will hear the grunting of a bull, and, if you are lucky, a cracking of branches will be followed by the appearance of the King of the Forest. It is then "up-to-you" to decide whether this moose carries a pair of antlers that satisfies your ambition. Sometimes it is difficult to bring a bull within shooting range, especially if he has not already tired of his first love, so that many guides choose some old beaver meadow to do their calling, for a moose will come to any place where he thinks his love awaits him, and there is little to choose between the two kinds of places, except that there is a greater probability of moose being within hearing distance of a lake than some spot not so generally frequented. The remark is often heard: "Oh, I never go for the calling season. I can't see any sport in sitting by a lake and potting a thing as large as a house." Should such a remark reach any reader's ears he may be sure that the speaker never tried the form of sport he decries, at any rate in New Brunswick where moose are plentiful. An attempt may have been made to call up a moose, where moose were not, and the speaker may have imagined that he would have potted the house had it appeared, but no one ever wearied of moose calling in New Brunswick. There are few more nerve-racking moments than those that are spent between the answering grunt of a bull and his appearance in the open. Even the most seasoned hunter will find his rifle inclined to "wobble" and feel his heart beating in his throat when a majestic bull looms up before him. A guide, who has followed his calling for many years, remarked:—"I have yet to see the man who does not lose color and shake a trifle when the time comes to get into action." And his words are true. It is moments like these that are the salt of life, the sort of moments one can live over and over again when sitting before the fireside and looking at the mounted head over the mantel. One great advantage of hunting in the calling season is that one can pick and choose as to heads, for, in a good

country, a guide will have little difficulty in attracting two or three beasts each day, if the weather is suitable. Still, clear days are the best for calling. As to "potting a thing as large as a house," well, the idea of size is all right, but there are many who manage to score misses through that disease known as buck fever. A guide pointed out a place this year where nine empty cartridges lay on the ground; these were all fired at a moose not twenty-five yards away and not a hair on its body was disturbed, though the man who fired the gun had shot tigers and leopard in India. Lots of others have done the same thing, and it is one matter to hit a target in practice and cold blood and quite another to put a bullet in the right place when game appears.

"Still-hunting," or tracking moose, comes on later in the season and has certain advantages over "calling." It is hardly necessary to state that a fall of snow helps matters wonderfully, for, though some guides can pick out a track on bare ground, even the best of them can seldom keep such a track till the quarry is sighted. Snow also makes the woods silent and enables the hunter to move about without being heard. Large moose generally carry fine heads and large moose have large feet; again, the toes of a bull are more rounded than those of a cow, possibly through the amount of travelling they do during the rutting season, so that there is little difficulty in picking out a track which promises wide-spreading antlers when its maker is reached. The guide, by feeling the impressions, can tell whether the track is old or new, in fact, they can almost name the hour when the foot was put down. From the moment a track is picked out, which it seems advisable to experiment upon, until one arrives in sight of the game, every second is exciting. The moose may be lying down not a hundred yards away, and again he may have kept on travelling several miles before taking a rest, so that one must be ready to get into action at any moment. Is there a man whose pulse will beat steady and true once he gets on the line of his game? No, and if tracking a moose does not produce all the thrills that a man goes hunting to experience, nothing will. As stated, snow is almost essential for successful still-hunting, it therefore follows that for this kind of sport the latter half of the season must be selected for the trip.

The sound of the word snow must be the reason why three-quarters of those who go to the woods to get game choose the calling season, for there is no other reason for such a choice. Cold?

No, it is *not* cold in the woods in November. Certainly, there are men who could not stand, or, at any rate, would not enjoy themselves, during the months of January and February, for



WHERE GUIDE AND COOK MEET

in the first two months of the year it is really cold, but November is another matter. It is a safe bet that every man will put on more clothing than is comfortable when he sets out for his first tramp, and it is seldom that there is a day in any November when

even a sweater is necessary, it being more often a case of leaving the coat in camp. The question of cold no more enters into the equation in November than it does in September and, if they only knew it, many of the men who "call" each year would prefer the exercise of still-hunting to the prolonged waits at lakes and meadows. A word here to the wise. Guides have far fewer enquiries for November than September, consequently the selection of camps and country is more open, and it is more than possible that, towards the end of the season, rates will be modified. The man who has never been in the woods when the first fall of snow comes down has missed one of the greatest delights of life. There is no more lovely sight than our Canadian woods when their winter mantle covers them, and their white carpet is infinitely more interesting than the green or brown one of summer or early autumn. In the autumn one may walk through the woods for hours and never realize how many living things make their home therein, but when the snow comes it is another matter. After snowfall it is hardly possible to travel fifty yards in any direction without seeing the tell-tale footprints of the denizens of the forest. Near to camp the first marks will probably be those of a squirrel or weasel. Walk a few yards farther and you will see where some partridge has taken a morning parade. Rabbit tracks will be everywhere, and crossing them will be seen the pad marks of a fox or possibly a lynx, which, if followed, will lead to the scene of a woodland tragedy. Suddenly the guide will bend down and press his fingers into the track of a moose. At once you are eager to know what he thinks of it. To your inexperienced eyes it will seem very large, so possibly you will feel a short pang of disappointment when you hear the words: "No good, too small;" but this will be forgotten when the guide, once more examining a track, remarks "Fresh, and by all tokens a good head. Think we will go and have a look at that gentleman." It needs no writer to describe how you feel now. The next minutes or hours will be lived as you would wish to live all your life had you the choice. When finally your guide stops as if turned to stone, silently pointing ahead, and a noble moose forms the centre of the picture, do you want to change that moment for any other? No, not even for the moment when She said "Yes." Possibly that moose satisfies your ambitions, possibly you do not think the head good enough (when you are in New Brunswick you can be particular for there are big heads for the patient and many of

them) but even when you have filled your moose allowance you have lots of other game to go after.

So much for moose and the methods of hunting them. As to deer, these animals are multiplying exceedingly fast and are to be found to-day in many parts of New Brunswick where they were unheard of twenty years ago. Unlike most other game, they seem to welcome the advent of man and are more in evidence around settlements than in remote country. Deer are exceedingly fond of young grass and root crops of all kinds, and every New Brunswick farmer, whose land abuts on woodland, will see deer feeding in his fields any morning or evening during the fall months. Deer are not to be despised by the man out for big game for it requires careful and cunning work to connect with them. Unlike moose, which may travel many miles without a stop once they have been started, deer seldom move beyond the radius of a mile, if so far, so that once a deer has been "jumped" or a fresh track sighted the game is never far away. Constant watchfulness and silent stalking will lead to results, but the injudicious snapping of some branch will probably be followed by the sound of the animal bounding away without showing more than a glimpse of his "flag," for deer never stand except where they are concealed and can get away without being seen by their pursuer, moreover, they always watch their "back track." A snowfall helps in deer hunting as the fresh tracks not only denote game in the near vicinity but warn one to move silently, which is far more easy of accomplishment on snow than on bare ground strewn with branches. In the early fall deer will seldom be seen in the woods, unless a gale be blowing to deaden the noise of pursuit, so that meadows or open hillsides must be watched in the early morning or just before sundown. Ground near to woods, where blueberries grow, is a likely place to see deer. That deer feed on blueberries was a fact unknown to the writer and all others whom he has consulted on the subject, but two fine bucks which fell to his rifle in New Brunswick this season proved, upon examination, to be literally crammed with both fruit and leaves. The epicure may imagine how good blueberry-fed venison tastes when it comes to the table. Ground where lumber has been cut the previous year is almost sure to hold deer, for here they find grass and young tree shoots which spring up as soon as the trees are cut down. It is difficult to creep onto deer in such country in calm weather, unless there be snow to deaden footfalls, but when

a wind is blowing or after snow such localities should be inspected by the man who wants deer.

Caribou are a mystery. At one time they were common all over New Brunswick, but, to-day, they have practically disappeared from the southern portion of the Province whence the residents assert the red deer have ejected them. This may or may not be true. It certainly seems peculiar that an animal less suitably equipped for fighting should be able to conquer his better armed adversary; still, the caribou is of a peace-loving and retiring disposition compared to the deer who is pugnacious in the extreme. Where the New Brunswick caribou spend the summer months is still an unsolved question. Every guide swears that they are not to be found in the woods at this time of the year, though, as guides and lumbermen are not in the woods to any extent during the summer, the animals may be there. The probability is that caribou migrate northwards in the early spring to the Gaspé Peninsula of Quebec and return south again in the early fall. Certain it is that caribou show up first in the extreme north of the Province and gradually work south. The man who is after caribou and must time his visit for September or October had better choose a guide whose hunting camps are situated in the region of the Bald Mountains, which means starting from Newcastle, Bathurst, Campbellton or adjacent towns. By November, except in the extreme south of the Province, caribou will be found everywhere where lichen (the food on which caribou mainly subsist) grows. Should a guide, in answer to enquiry, state that there has been a big "windfall" in his section you may employ him in the sure hope that caribou will be seen, for these animals love the moss that grows on most of the coniferous trees and are never far away when Providence brings that moss within reach of their lips. How caribou know where these windfalls are to be found and how they communicate the news to their fellows is another of the mysteries connected with the species, but the trees will not be on the ground many days, wherever it be, before they arrive. A big windstorm has been the cause of attracting caribou to a section where they have never been seen before or from which they have been absent many years. Who tells them of the new feeding ground?

It is not certain what the summer diet of caribou consists of, probably they browse on leaves, the young shoots of trees and certain of the mosses to be found in the woods. They generally



CARELESS CONFIDENCE

stay in the heavy timber till a frost comes to destroy the foregoing source of supply and then move out onto the open mountains, remaining there throughout the winter where they can be sure of reaching food at almost any spot where they paw down through the snow. Another reason for caribou preferring the hill tops in winter is that the wind blows the snow therefrom, thus making their digging operations less strenuous.

Speaking generally, the Bald Mountain country is the best and most certain for caribou in New Brunswick, for here they will be found at the commencement of the season and they never leave it till the winter is over. It is about October 20th before large numbers will be seen in the open, but it is seldom that any day in the season will be spent on the hills without sighting two or three animals. Caribou mate about the same time as moose, at which time the bulls travel over the hills from valley to valley in search of a mate; by watching the crossing points one is almost certain to see a good head even in September, still the selection is far greater after the middle of October. Many guides aver that the biggest bulls seldom come out of the woods till after they have dropped their antlers, and some credence may be attached to such opinions since many of the extra large heads have been secured in thick timber. Be that as it may, he will be a hard man to please—one might almost say a crank—who cannot find a head to satisfy him on the Bald Mountains at any time.

Caribou commence to shed their antlers, one at a time, about the middle of November, the large heads being the first to give way. It certainly is annoying, at the end of a stalk, to find an old bull still carrying one splendid antler who has been careless enough to mislay the other, but this "is all in the game." Many bulls carry their head ornaments till after the snow goes. Why some lose their horns and others retain them is one more mystery. Again, quite a third of the cows carry antlers though their sisters have not the slightest sign of same. Why? Another mystery.

Caribou are most interesting animals to hunt and at the same time, it must be confessed, most irritating and perplexing. A herd may be spied quietly feeding, and without a moment's warning they will all start away at a rapid trot though they cannot possibly have got your wind or been disturbed by anything a human being can think of. If a moose, deer, or bear be seen feeding, it is reasonably certain that they will keep on in a given direction, not so with caribou. You may watch a band of caribou

feed northward for two or three hundred yards and without rhyme or reason they will suddenly turn off in a totally different direction. This is where irritation comes in, for, after making a long detour to intercept the brutes and avoid giving them your scent, it certainly is liable to call forth unparliamentary language, when, emerging at the desired spot, no game is anywhere in view. Once more, if a moose or deer be sighted about to cross some wooded valley, it is fairly easy to select a point near to where the game will emerge on the other side, for such animals choose the path of least resistance. A caribou seems to prefer the most awkward and difficult ascent and descent, so that it is simple folly to anticipate where the beast may come out. Probably he will reappear on the same side he went in. At times caribou are the most stupid of animals, at others they seem endowed with supernatural gifts of avoiding danger; on occasions they will stand and look at the sportsman like a flock of sheep and the next band sighted (you may be sure there is a record head among this lot) will move off long before they are within shot. One thing, and one thing only, is certain about caribou, they have as keen a nose as any other game and never hesitate about making themselves scarce the moment the air is tainted by human scent. Caribou are loth to believe the evidence of their eyes and ears at times but they *never* ignore any message conveyed by their nose. If caribou get their pursuer's wind they go off at a gallop and may be seen moving away for miles at top speed. One never tires of hunting caribou. The very uncertainty of the game is an attraction in itself, and to spend a day on the mountains looking over the hills and flats with a pair of glasses, working carefully up to some herd, to see what kind of heads the bulls carry, possibly trying to get near enough to use the camera, is reward enough even if it be decided to defer the rifle part of the business for a few hours.

We now come to the question of bear. The pelt of the black bear forms as handsome a trophy as any man could wish for, and many men there are who have obtained moose but never a bear. The man who wants a bear in the fall needs only to book his ticket by the Intercolonial and the prize will be his if he can shoot straight. There are mighty few places where a shot at a bear can be guaranteed and the Intercolonial country has practically a monopoly in them. Of all the game in Eastern Canada bear are the hardest to get, not because their birth rate is declining, but because these wary animals can seldom be persuaded to move

out of the thick timber, and in most places the only way to get a specimen is by resort to the trap. As a matter of fact, practically all the bear that are killed in the spring are trapped for sportsmen to shoot, and though the fur is certainly longer and silkier in the spring there can be little sport in going the round of traps to put out of its misery a poor creature that has not even a fighting chance for its life. If you wish to kill a bear by fair hunting visit our old friends, the Bald Mountains. As soon as blueberries are ripe bear come out to feed thereon, and you cannot travel over the hillsides for long without seeing bear "sign" galore. Under ordinary circumstances bear are nocturnal feeders, but they seem to prefer the period between midday and sunset for their berry meal. Bear are easy to see on open country as the glossy black coat is most conspicuous, and a guide has been known to spot one over three miles away. True, Luke Keating had the most marvellous eyesight, but with a good pair of glasses and careful examination the average man will have no difficulty in seeing any bear that may be out for a stroll. There is no difficulty in seeing bear but it is another matter to get within shooting range. Let us suppose that from some high point of land, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, a bear can be seen feeding. To start with, unless a strong wind be blowing there is not the slightest chance to get near enough for a shot. Telephones would scarcely be necessary if men had the aural perfection of bears. Granted the wind plays its part, and in mountainous country the fates are generally kind in this respect, the first consideration is the point of the compass from which the attack is to be made. Every time some rise in the ground allows one to take a peep at the game advantage must be taken of the opportunity, for, though bear will stay within a radius of a quarter of a mile for hours at a time, they rush about from berry patch to berry patch, and it is absolutely necessary to keep out of their sight during the whole of a stalk. As a guide remarked: "They have mighty small optics but they make precious good use of them." When getting to close quarters it is necessary to stop instantly and stand perfectly motionless whenever the bear raises its head, working up gradually while it is engaged in feeding. Once let a bear have the slightest suspicion that trouble is brewing and the speed at which it can depart will astonish the man who has never seen a bear run. When the time comes to raise the rifle and get into action he must be a unique specimen of humanity



THE ANSWER TO THE CALL

who does not have some difficulty in controlling his nerves to the extent of holding the sights true. Why so many men miss bear must be explained by themselves, for they are a large mark even if they are lower geared than other game. In some cases men cannot get rid of the idea that was instilled into most of our childish brains, that bear should be classed among the dangerous animals; other men will tell you that bear are absolutely harmless. Both attitudes are true and both false. Normally, bear present not the slightest danger; but one that is wounded can be an ugly proposition and extreme care should be exercised in following a stricken animal into thick timber, for one stroke of their mighty arms that gets home will save the object it hits from any further worry in this world. Even though such a blow only resulted in a flesh wound the chances are that blood poisoning would result, since the claws are hollowed underneath and are apt to secrete fragments of putrid flesh from some carcass on which they have been feeding. Talking about carcasses, it would seem that bear might easily be bagged by watching over some dead animal in the evening. The "higher" the game the more toothsome it appears to be for a bear, and the remains of any moose will be surrounded by evidence. Probably most bears only visit dead animals at night, but a careful watch about sundown would probably be rewarded by the sight of some early arrival at the supper table. Anyway, the experiment is worth trying—it works in British Columbia—but you will have some difficulty in persuading your guide that it is not labor lost.

In the spring bear seem to lose their fear of human beings and when pressed for food have been known to enter camps even when occupied. This luck never happens when a sportsman is present. In the spring, also, a she bear may turn ugly if she thinks any harm is threatening her offspring, but in the fall, except in the case of wounds, there is not the slightest chance of trouble from bears, the only trouble will be getting near them. Even though the chase lead up to an old bear with cubs the mother won't stay a second to defend them but will make tracks at the sound of the first shot. If you happen to kill the mother, the cubs are yours for they will climb a tree if there is one handy or at any rate will remain somewhere near at hand.

The best way to get bear is to be on the hills about the end of the first week in September. This will allow you to spend the week before moose hunting is allowed in getting a pelt or two,

and certainly you will see more bear than later, as bruin does not appear so venturesome when he has heard the sound of a rifle once or twice. Some bear will visit the open to get fruit as long as the berries remain, and one has a good chance of getting a shot till the end of October, but the chances are doubled in September. Of course the fur improves every day till denning up time, so there are two sides to the question—more bear likely to be seen in September, better pelts in October. A man who visited Guide Menzies' country for two weeks in September, 1912, was taken up within a range of eleven bear. True, he did not kill one,



NEW BRUNSWICK TRIPLETS

but that was not the fault of the country or the guide. Menzies' name is mentioned as he does no spring trapping in his country, preferring to leave the game for sportsmen, and thereby sacrifices a certain source of income—bear pelts run into big figures these days—but he will reap his reward in increased patronage from hunters. At the moment it is to be feared that there are few other guides who can resist the profit to be made from trapping, and truth to tell there seems to be no dearth of bear, but if all guides would throw away their traps there could not fail to be still more game to shoot at, and there are hundreds of sportsmen

who would pay almost any price to be certain of getting two or three chances at bear during their fall hunt. The superabundance of partridge throughout New Brunswick provides an added attraction to a trip into the Province. Not only does their presence supply an exceedingly dainty addition to the menus but ensures many hours of fun that might otherwise be wasted. After a rainy day, when it clears up too late to make it worth while setting out after larger game, or when the guide must be occupied in cleaning out heads and salting hides and scalps, what better than to take the .22 and bring back a dozen plump birds.

One great advantage of hunting in New Brunswick is the amount of comfort that can be obtained. One often hears the remark: "Oh, I want the real wilds and I like roughing it." Such words imply that the speaker has done little roughing it or knows no better. Men who have been to the uttermost parts of our Continent, who will endure any amount of hardship and inconvenience where it cannot be avoided, know better than to seek troubles for their own sake. The wise man and the man of experience looks for the maximum of comfort on any trip, all other conditions being equal. The other conditions applying to a hunting trip are quantity and quality of game. Such conditions are not equal all over the American Continent for New Brunswick surpasses nine out of ten. When it comes to a question of comfort New Brunswick is easily first. Guides have comfortable log-built cabins in which to house their guests, and every man who has had any experience of the woods appreciates the advantage of wood over canvas as a dwelling place. Then, again, there is the man who says: "All I want is some flour and bacon." He may say it, but he does not mean it; at any rate, such a one, be he honest, will admit that such fare is pleasanter when contemplated from the home fireside than when consumed day after day on the hunting trip. Experienced guides know that a man well fed is a man well pleased. Any one goes to bed in a more contented frame of mind when outside a good meal of the kind he gets at home, and a really good breakfast starts the day off wonderfully well. Guides who include provisioning in their rates wisely keep their charges slightly above the irreducible minimum and thereby are in a position to, and do, send out a great variety of foodstuffs with each party. The most fastidious will have no complaint at the way they will be fed by a New Brunswick guide. They will never get better food anywhere in the woods, in fact, most men

are not as well catered for by their wives; and as for the man who lives in rooms——.

"I want the real wilds." "You will get the real wilds as wild as anywhere in Canada." It is quite a mistake to imagine that, because guides have taken up nearly all the good hunting grounds and built camps thereon, the nature of the surroundings has been changed. The game of New Brunswick is as unmolested as ever it was, and as the camps are only occupied during the hunting season, the fact that buildings are to be found, with roads or trails leading to them, does not affect the situation any more than if one cut one's own way in and pitched a tent. As a matter of fact, permanent camps mean less disturbance of game since animals get used to their presence; a tent suddenly appearing in their midst, to say nothing of the sound of the axe if a way has to be cut in through thick country, would be a much more disturbing feature.

THE PLACE FOR LADIES.

The man who means to take his wife into the woods has no right to contemplate any place outside the boundaries of New Brunswick. If it be her first trip she will learn to love wild country and insist upon returning every year, to the great benefit of her health and nerves, whereas a trip taken under the conditions that must be faced in most other parts of America may kill the desire for real out-of-doors even if the one expedition does not have serious results.

Perfect privacy is obtained in the kind of camps put up by the best guides. The plan usually adopted is to build two rooms, each about 16 feet square, six feet apart, the space between each having merely a back and roof and yclept, The Dingle. The Dingle serves as a storehouse where potatoes, meat, vegetables, coal oil and other bulky articles can be kept cool, and the space it occupies prevents conversation or other sounds penetrating from one part of the camp to the other. One of these rooms is used as the kitchen-dining room, the other is reserved solely for the visitors. The guest room usually has bunks built into one side which are thickly strewn with balsam boughs, surely the most restful and healthful mattress extant. (Some camps have modern beds and mattresses.) Two tables and a couple of easy chairs comprise the furniture. In the corner of the room

will be a wood stove with a good supply of dry wood heaped near it, so that every comfort is obtainable. Along the front of the whole building, that is to say joining the guest room and dining room, a plank walk is laid down which is sheltered by a broad veranda so that there is no necessity to wrap up or put on heavy boots to go in to breakfast. When the first wet day arrives how you will appreciate that veranda. Baggage need not be limited to the point of discomfort, as the camps can nearly always be reached by waggon. This does not mean that a lady should take all that she possesses into the woods, but there is not the slightest need to omit anything that will add to her pleasure through fear of exceeding the weight limit. Many ladies, most in fact, wish to vie with their male escorts in obtaining trophies. In such case they will have their own guide and be charged at the same rate as a man, but where a lady does not wish to use the rifle, \$2.00 per day is the utmost that will be asked for her board and lodging, and there is no need to go to the expense of taking out a game license. Let it be stated that ladies from all over the world have hunted in New Brunswick. Men there are—constitutional kickers—who have had imaginary grievances, but never a lady who has not gone home charmed and enthusiastic about her outing in New Brunswick. The only possible difficulty any lady will experience when going to the woods is the trip into camp, if it be one of those far from the railway. Roads are rough and waggons jolt, still the escort who will not spare an extra day for going in is a poor gallant, and if the journey is done in easy stages no undue fatigue will be experienced. Once in camp any lady can please herself as to how far or how fast she travels each day, and when the time comes to return home it is safe to say that she is in as good walking fettle as any man in the party.

OUTFIT.

As previously stated, owing to nearly every hunting camp in New Brunswick being reached by a road over which horses can travel, there is no need to cut things down to the finest point in the way of baggage. This counts for a lot. No man should take articles he does not need or will probably never use, but there is no necessity to stint one's self unduly. It is better to pack all clothing in duffle bags, though no teamster will object to handling even a tin trunk. No attempt will be made here to



THE WHITE DEER

give an exact list of articles that must be taken, every man has his own ideas, but just a few hints as to some indispensable adjuncts may not be out of place. A good woollen suit of fairly stout texture cannot be beaten for outside clothing; it will turn any ordinary shower, is not easily torn by snags, and, most important of all, branches and twigs brushing against it make no noise. To be able to move silently amongst timber has as much to do with success in hunting as anything else, therefore, avoid canvas or any other garments that have a hard surface. A couple of neutral colored shirts are all that are needed in this line. Do not take white, black or light colored shirts, as your coat will be discarded on warm days, and shirts that contrast strongly with foliage are quickly detected by wild animals. For footgear, nothing is better than the oil tanned moccasin or larrigan (two sizes larger than the ordinary walking boot) which should be purchased in New Brunswick. The larrigans bought in a city may look smarter, but never compare with the kind that are supplied to lumbermen and guides as far as water-resisting and non-ripping quality is concerned. Inside the larrigan a felt or cork insole should be worn and the footwear should be completed with two pair of heavy socks. Take plenty of socks, for the oftener these are changed the greater the comfort. A pair of heavy boots, which have been broken into shape previously, are the right things to wear on the road since the sudden absence of heels may strain a muscle if a long walk be attempted the first day in larrigans. Larrigans should always be worn when hunting in timber, nothing else is so quiet. The foregoing applies to early hunting, but when snow is on the ground ordinary shooting boots can be used, or, better still, the semi-larrigan, semi-boot, with leather uppers and rubber bottoms. A pair of buckskin moccasins are useful for indoors. Wear wool next the skin and take three pairs of medium heavy weight. A slouch hat and a couple of sweaters, one light the other heavy, complete the list of all that will be needed out of doors. Any old clothes will do for wearing in camp and there is no need to be specific on this point.

With regard to bedding, some guides supply blankets, others expect the sportsman to bring his own, and it is best to clear this point up with the guide before the start. In any case, it is wise to take a heavy pair of one's own, as the city dweller needs more warmth than the woodsman and the normal allowance may not be sufficient. Sleeping bags are not necessary, but they are nice.

When making headquarters in a camp, there is no need to take furlined bags, and by far the best are those which are filled with, say, two pair of heavy and two pair of light blankets. According to the temperature it can be decided into which compartment to slip, and how much of the covering shall be above the sleeper and how much below (the more blankets underneath the softer the couch). When a sleeping bag is omitted a large rubber sheet should be included in the kit; this prevents any chance of rheumatism if the boughs be new or damp. If an oblong slit be cut in the centre of this rubber sheet, through which to slip the head, it will keep the wearer dry when driving to or from camp on a rainy day.

A small supply of simple medicines should be included in every outfit and the following will look after most cases that are likely to arise:—Cascara sagrada, chlorodyne, antiseptic solution or tablets, roll of surgeon's plaster, bandages. Probably not one of these articles will be needed, but when they are they are wanted badly. A compass, waterproof matchbox, small belt axe and a first-class hunting knife are also indispensables.

RIFLES AND AMMUNITION.

With regard to rifles and ammunition, pages might be written and no good purpose served. Each man has his own particular fancy as to make and calibre and is likely to do better with a gun he believes in than any other. It should, however, be borne in mind that moose are heavy boned brutes and that a rifle with bone-smashing qualities will make more certain of a kill and save many a weary walk after wounded game. The main thing, in fact it is **THE MOST IMPORTANT**, to be impressed on the novice, is that he must thoroughly understand the mechanism of his arms and be perfectly familiar with their use. Actions like the Winchester are practically fool-proof, but other makes, though absolutely trustworthy in the hands of an expert, or one who has taken the trouble to get instruction, may jam or get out of order when operated by a novice. Sit down and think for a moment what it feels like to be in a game country with a useless firearm. If you give the matter a second's thought there is no chance of your taking a rifle into the woods till you have tried it several times, cleaned and adjusted matters yourself, under the guidance of a specialist. Dozens of rifles break down

every year through no fault in the mechanism, but solely through ignorance on the part of the owner. While on the subject of rifles, remember to clean them *every evening* and never take a loaded weapon inside a camp unless you wish to lose the respect, if not make an enemy, of the other occupants. "Loaden or unloaden, she's dangerous" is a Scotch maxim that no one can afford to ignore. Don't fire your rifle for practice around camp. All sighting and practising should be performed before arriving on the shooting grounds, and the less noise around camp the more game will stay near it.

There is no need to buy a shopful of ammunition, sixty shells for big game will be amply sufficient to fill your license. A .22



GOOD-BYE TO CAMP

calibre rifle should always be taken for partridge and small game, and as the shells for same weigh but little, are inexpensive, and make but little noise, there is no need to be stingy in the allowance. When hunting in the early part of the season a fishing rod and flies are in order. There are lakes or streams near every camp that hold trout, and fish make a fine change of diet. Another article that must never be forgotten, especially if caribou and bear are the quest, is a pair of good field glasses, and even if it be intended to spend the whole time looking for moose, glasses are important, since one can *make certain* as to the head that offers with their aid. Mistakes as to size and formation have resulted from trusting to the unaided human eye.

The Hunting Trip of a Lifetime

C. F. LANE



IT IS said that a man possesses one good horse and one good dog in a lifetime. Perhaps he has one particular hunting trip that stands out above all others, if so, I have had mine. It is with extreme diffidence that an attempt is made to give an account of same, for written words, even from the pen of an artist (which the writer is not, as will become self-evident to any one patient enough to read the following lines), could never convey any idea of the complete perfection of the outing.

A visit to New Brunswick in search of big game had been in contemplation for several years. Every scrap of writing about sport in that Province had been eagerly read and yet time after time something prevented the fulfilment of the desire. At last in 1912 the opportunity came. Fate had been kind in providing a trifle more money than was needed for household expenses and the month of October held no pressing engagements. The original idea had been to take a trip during September for "calling," or in November, after the snow was on the ground, for "still-hunting," but business ties said "No." October seemed to be a betwixt and between season, but if there is better sport to be had in the other months it is too good for human beings and only fit for gods.

Knowing full well that arrangements should be made well in advance, all was fixed up before the start. Head guide Menzies had given assurance that Luke Keating should be my personal attendant, Harold Robinson, the cook, and the Home Camp reserved for my comfort. It was with dreams of filling the license that I at last fell asleep on the Ocean Limited as it speeded its way eastward on the evening of September 30th. Whether the dreams were true or false will appear later. It was not very encouraging to find heavy snow falling on looking through the car windows next morning, and while dressing all sorts of mis-

givings arose as to the suitability of the outfit. However, a good breakfast, discussed in company with a fellow traveller also starting on a hunting expedition, made one regard matters through more rosy spectacles, and when Newcastle was eventually reached the sun was shining and the weather becoming warmer every moment. A typical woodsman came up and, introducing himself as Ed. Menzies, relieved me of hand baggage, made arrangements for the duffle bag to be delivered in due course and escorted me to the Miramichi Hotel. Over lunch Menzies had to go through a fire of questions, the same questions, I suppose, that he had answered hundreds of times; but his patience was wonderful till he tactfully got himself out of the witness box by remarking: "Well, everything is ready for a start when you are." These words had the magical effect of hastening the visitor's steps bedroomwards where city clothes were quickly exchanged for the dear old hunting rig-out. It took but a few minutes to purchase a pair of oil tanned moccasins, plus a few minor articles that had been forgotten, and on re-entering the hotel there stood the waggon at the door, heavily loaded with provisions, and perched on the top, Luke, the guide, and Harold, the cook. A place was reserved for the guest beside Bill, the teamster, one of the best fellows that ever breathed and a grand companion with whom to spend the journey into camp. We were off at once on the seventeen mile drive to the head of the settlement on the North West Miramichi, and after about three hours we pulled up in Ned Way's farmyard. In one of the outbuildings hung a goodly deer which showed that even thus early we were in the haunts of big game. Mrs. Way soon had a splendid dinner on the table and the visiting quartette were waited on by her charming niece Maggie, whose rosy cheeks and bonny smile lent an extra relish to a meal that needed no adventitious aid to appetite. After a pipe all hands turned in early, for the orders were to be up and off by daylight next morning in order to make the Depot Camp, twenty-nine miles distant, by sundown.

Next morning, before the sun had risen, a breakfast, the dimensions of which would have satisfied the writer for a week at home, had been consumed, thanks and farewells to the ladies spoken, and once more the waggon rolled off towards the wilds. What a lovely morning it was! Just a touch of frost in the air, but giving promise of a warm and glorious day for travelling. Soon we crossed the lovely Miramichi, where, in the pool below



CAUGHT NAPPING

the bridge, salmon could be seen lurking, and as we swung sharply to the left Luke remarked: "There's the last field you will see till we come out of the woods." There was still a day and a half's travelling before the Home Camp would be reached, so one really felt that this time one was getting into country where game was not likely to have been troubled much by its enemy man. The route was now over a lumber road but seldom used, and a mile or two of jolting over boulders seemed to suggest that the passenger would be more comfortable and the horses thankful if his weight were transferred to his own legs. At the end of four hours, walking where the road was bad and driving when the motion did not threaten seasickness, we reached Stony Brook, about twelve miles on our journey. Here we outspanned for an hour, baited the horses, and had our first al-fresco meal by the side of a purring brook with a bright sun filtering through the trees from above. All too soon it was time to move on. During the first mile, having seen two or three partridges along the roadside, I decided to unpack the .22 and walk ahead of the team. Why did I not take Luke's advice and carry the 38.55, for we had scarcely gone another mile when a deer walked out not twenty yards in front of us? It was a doe, but the thought of liver and onions for supper would probably have sealed her fate had the proper weapon been handy. However, as you will learn, if you have patience to read to the end, a good angel was guarding my interests. In the course of an hour six plump birds were dangling from Luke's hands, and, making the excuse that there was no need for carrying dead weight when the waggon could perform the task, we sat by the roadside till the team arrived. As I got aboard that waggon when it did appear, my readers can judge for themselves whether consideration for Luke's arms or my own legs had called the halt. During the wait Luke regaled me with an amusing account of how two sportsmen had nearly shot their team on the selfsame road. It appeared that these two adventurers had sighted some moose which had moved off the road ahead of them. Cautiously the hunters followed into the timber, and, arriving at the point where they expected to sight their game, glanced anxiously around. Suddenly, they saw an animal approaching and the younger raised the rifle to his shoulder. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, these words came echoing to their ears: "Ged up, Frank, old hoss." It was the team, and seen through the trees the nimrod had mistaken the hames for

horns, and the road being grassy no noise had heralded the approach. A catastrophe was averted by the driver happening to encourage his horse, but a good story was spoiled.

Just before dusk the Depot camp was reached, the light twinkling from the little window being a welcome sight. Allan Menzies met us at the door, and whether our smiles were an answer to his, or called up by the sight of a steaming pot of venison, which he held, let those who have just completed a twenty-seven mile jaunt, judge.

As daylight crept in the next morning, no one was awake save the writer, so he up and lit the stove, this being the only occasion on the whole trip that he was guilty of being the first to rise. After breakfast the horses were hitched to a stoutly built sled with high runners, the rest of the road being too bad for wheels. Immediately after leaving camp the Miramichi was crossed once more and guide and "sport" (every visitor is a "sport" in this part of the world) forged ahead with the big rifle. Nothing of moment occurred for the next six miles except that every hundred yards or so we pelted partridges with stones and secured five in this manner. The birds were so tame that they would sit on branches and allow one to heave half a dozen rocks before departing. The resolve was made to bring a catapult another year and renew the early pleasures of boyhood's days; it is too much like slaughter to use a rifle in such country.

Sundry stops were made to examine the work of beaver who had constructed dams in many places across the brook alongside which the trail ran. Beaver were exceedingly plentiful, in fact, positive nuisances, for we had to cut through three dams which blocked the road, and Bill stated that this was the third time in a fortnight that like operations had been necessary. We afterwards learned that all the damage done had been repaired by the tireless workers before the team passed down the road the following day. The year before beaver had dammed the main river at a point at least sixty yards wide and where the current was very swift. Time and again this dam was cut with axes to allow salmon to ascend to their spawning grounds, but each time the beaver repaired the breach and were only finally expelled when the rush of ice in the spring removed that dam, lock, stock and barrel.

A short halt was made at Camp 42, situated near a dead-water which is celebrated for always containing moose in the early part of the season. No moose were there to welcome us,

so Luke hurried forward for the next three miles in order to reach Little Bull Lake before the noise of the advancing team should disturb any game that might be therein. By the time we reached the place where a deviation from the main road was necessary, my nerves were in a jumpy condition, for Luke had vouchsafed the information that in all the times he had passed that way never had he seen Little Bull deserted by moose. He also stated that, till this season, there had never been less than two bulls shot there but that it was up to me to kill the first for 1912. Sure enough, as we crept to the shore there stood three cows, two calves and a small bull. The latter was not good enough, so we left the happy gathering in peace and walked a mile further to Big Cow Lake. Here Luke tried the birch bark horn for the first time, but, though we got an answer, nothing appeared before the sound of the horses settled the question as to whether we should wait or move on.

About mid-day, some twelve miles from the Depot, we came to an open clearing. Against the edge of the green woods was the Home Camp, quite an imposing edifice. Two log built rooms, each about eighteen feet square, stood side by side eight feet apart, the two being joined by a veranda and the intervening space—the dingle—used as a storeroom. The right hand room proved to be the kitchen-dining room and here also the cook and guides slept. The other room was my own, and the presence of two easy chairs, tables, a spacious well-boughed bunk and a large wood stove promised comfort, which promise was fully borne out. A stable, some fifty yards from the camp, completed the list of buildings. Beyond the clearing, and facing the entrance, lay an old beaver meadow, some fifteen acres in extent, whose yellowed grass formed a striking contrast to the green of the spruce trees. Beyond the meadow the forest growth gradually merged into the side of a mountain, and, as if to welcome the newcomer and stir up further hunting instincts which were already turbulent, a big black bear leisurely crossed an open space. What a view that was! One never grew tired of gazing at it. An artist could have painted a dozen pictures, each a masterpiece, had his skill enabled him to place on canvas the beauties of the sunsets, the misty peacefulness of twilight, the pearly softness of the dawn as the rising sun just kissed the mountain top, the brilliant colourings of noontide, to say nothing of the restful splendour of moonlight.



THE FIRST VICTIM

"A truce to rhapsody and get on with the play," do I hear some one remark? So be it. The answer to our "call" of the morning made us hopeful that the calling season was not yet over, still it could not last many more days, hence the decision to try the Mile Lake that afternoon instead of unpacking and setting things in order, the orthodox procedure the first afternoon in camp.

The Mile Lake, as its name implies, is situated one mile from the Home Camp, and on the way thither a fox crossed our path, which was allowed to go by unharmed for fear of disturbing larger game. How often one passes over a certainty for a shadow all through life. A note was made, for future guidance, always to take what the gods offer, for, as events proved, we were minus a nice pelt at the end of the day without any other compensation. There was nothing in the lake when we arrived, and a cold wind starting to blow was anything but conducive to successful calling. Luke tried the horn two or three times but the only answer forthcoming was from a loon. After waiting a couple of hours a steady rain set in so we departed for home and warmth. On the lake shore we passed the bones of a moose that had been shot the previous year. This animal had been one of those with a confiding nature, for the sportsman fired six shots at a distance of less than thirty yards without touching a hair, though every part of the lake was dotted with splashes. Still the moose did not move, and Luke, noticing that his patron's nerves were upset to the extent of his being scarcely able to put fresh shells into the magazine, felt that something must be done, so quietly remarked: "If it's all the same to you, how would it be to spare the lake and hit the moose?" This had the desired effect, for the next two shots were placed behind the animal's shoulder. The visitor was exceedingly wroth at what he considered his guide's impertinence, but when Luke explained that the remark was intended to operate as does a slap upon an hysterical female, peace was restored and thanks instead of reproof were the order of the day. This same lake was also the scene of an exciting episode some four years previously. Ed. Menzies was guiding a certain sportsman, and the two decided to spend the night at the lakeside (there being no Home Camp in those days). Accordingly, one evening, they took blankets along, and Ed. having called, got an answer but no appearance, the twain made preparations for the night. It was decided that the guide should sit up and watch for two hours and

then sleep while the hunter kept guard, for, though moose may be regarded as absolutely harmless in daylight, even in the mating season, they are liable to become aggressive after nightfall.

Menzies kept his allotted watch, and having aroused his companion dropped off to sleep. The night being warm and still the sportsman, either deeming that vigilance was unnecessary or lulled into unconsciousness by the pervading silence, also laid himself down. The should-have-been sentry's conscience evidently, and fortunately, prevented anything in the shape of sound sleep, for a light footstep, which did not disturb the legitimate sleeper, roused him with a start. There, towering over their recumbent forms, stood an enormous bull. The words, "Ed., moose," brought his senses back to the guide in a twinkling. Snatching up the rifle that lay at his side Ed. fired. The bullet broke its neck just as the terrible forefoot was raised in the act of striking. Had the guide not acted instantly one or both of the men would have been trampled to death. Moral. Don't call up lovesick moose if you intend to stay in the neighborhood after dark, or, if you do, don't go to sleep.

We were back in camp at six and after a good meal, the bough bed's persuasiveness could not be resisted, with the result that the guest at any rate knew nothing further till at six the next morning the cry of "Last call for breakfast in the dining car" echoed round the camp. At seven-thirty we were on our way to the Mile Lake once more, but seeing no game there and the day being windy, though bright, it was deemed best to try a still hunt along a disused lumber road leading to the mountains. We stole along this road for a couple of miles, passing the Caribou camp (the first hunting camp built in this country and now abandoned) en route, but saw nothing beyond tracks. At the end of an hour we emerged onto open country and I had my first glimpse of the far-famed Bald Mountains. For mile upon mile, peak after peak spread out, little Baldy, the highest mountain in New Brunswick—some 3,000 feet above sea level—monopolizing the immediate foreground. Never can anyone forget their first impression of those billowy peaks, whose slopes and valleys hold more game than any other part of Eastern Canada, but at that particular moment all thoughts of nature and scenery were suspended by the words: "Look, three caribou over on that flat!" Where were the glasses? Forgotten. No good repining at my forgetfulness; so, as those caribou were fully a mile distant

and it was impossible to tell whether they carried any worthy antlers, there was nothing else for it but to cover the intervening space in as little time as possible. When we got within two hundred yards of the game we found they consisted of a cow, calf and small bull. The last mile had been traversed at a run, and, being out of training I suggested that a rest would be no bad thing. We, therefore, climbed to a point commanding a good view over several open stretches and there basked in the sun, keeping a sharp lookout for bear and other game. As nothing hove in view in the next hour, we made our way down to a brook, boiled the kettle and had lunch. Food and pipes being finished, Luke decided that the best thing to do was to make our way over to Miller's Mountain to some rocks overlooking a hillside where he had twice seen a large bear and two cubs. Arrived at the place (which was afterwards known as Lane's Lookout, for from these rocks I subsequently saw deer, caribou, moose and bear), we built a shelter, strewed the ground with boughs and settled down for a watch. About three o'clock Luke spied a bear emerging from the heavy timber. After a minute's observation he suddenly cried: "By Jove, the big one! Come on, we can get up to her finely where she is and with this wind!" Off we started on another run downhill, then across a flat, with the last half mile up the side of a mountain. To say that I was pumped on reaching the top is putting it mildly. As we peeped over, there were the two cubs having a friendly boxing match but no sign of the mother. It was impossible for us to move without being sighted by the cubs, so there was nothing to do but wait and hope that the mother would come back for her children or that the children would go to the mother. What happened was that those cubs played in our direction and finally got so close that we had no alternative but to jump up on the odd chance of seeing the mother somewhere in the neighborhood. The expression on those cubs' faces when they caught sight of us was distinctly humorous, but at that moment I did not pay much attention to them, being anxious to find their parent, and when no parent could be seen the cubs were in full retreat. Thinking that half a loaf, and they were pretty chunky halves, was better than no bread, I opened fire. Now, whether it was due to a still heaving chest, the gale of wind that was blowing, or an attack of bear-fever, I know not, but the fact remains that I missed those cubs with five successive shots. True, a cub running in tanglefoot



CARIBOU AND BEAR STILL TO GET

is not the easiest shot in the world, but the expression of Luke's face was not one of satisfaction or admiration. Showing great judgment, Luke said nothing, and by common consent we made our way back to camp without referring to bears. A cup of tea (yes, it was tea for we had nothing stronger in the place and had not deserved it had it been there) somewhat restored equanimity, and the wind having subsided there seemed no better way of spending the two remaining hours of daylight than by repairing to a beaver meadow, about half a mile away, to make another try for a moose. The wind died away altogether as the sun declined and there could not possibly have been a better evening for calling; but, although Luke tried his best, not a sign of an answer was forthcoming and we were forced to the conclusion that the moose love days were over. This was somewhat alarming, for there is generally some difficulty in securing moose during the period between the end of calling and the arrival of snow for still hunting. During this interregnum, though cows will remain in or near lakes and ponds as long as the weather remains mild, their lords and masters betake themselves to unknown quarters till the time comes to repair to ridge country. In my particular case a certain amount of chagrin was due to visions of certain filthy lucre vanishing into thin air, for I had accepted a very decent shade of odds from a jealous pal, before leaving home, that I would "fill the license." Moose had been reckoned a certainty, deer and bear being the stumbling blocks. As matters stood, a bear chance had been thrown away and seemingly the moose was going to be "some problem." Luke did not look glum or talk despairingly, however, and relieved my anxiety with the assurance that, though in many places the odds were against obtaining a good head at this particular time, we should have no trouble in getting a shot in this the best of all moose grounds. So ended a fairly strenuous day.

The next day being Sunday, when the law says you must not kill, my guide suggested that we should make an expedition round some of the camps to show me over the country. The weather being lovely, I agreed, though, perhaps, acquiescence would not have been so readily forthcoming had I realized that before reaching home we should have covered seventeen miles, climbing and descending five mountains on the way. Such a walk would be nothing after a week or so of training, but was a trifle arduous for the second day out. Still, when we were back

again, I was extremely glad that no chance was given me of declining that tramp, for a glorious day in the midst of gorgeous scenery would have been missed. At seven we started westwards, passing the meadow where we had called the previous evening and again stopping for a few minutes to repeat the experiment which only confirmed the fact that calling days were over. The next three miles followed the course of a babbling trout stream which in many places had been dammed by beaver, and in several ponds we saw moose but no big bulls. At the junction of this brook and the Miramichi we came to the Shore Camp, where we again called, with no result except to interest two cows feeding close at hand. Crossing the river by means of a tree which had been felled for the purpose and which formed the kind of bridge most non-lumbermen particularly funk, we turned up stream for a mile and then swung northwards on the Braithwaite trail, named after the doyen of New Brunswick guides who used to trap this route many years ago. The trail led to the mountains, but just before leaving the timber we halted at a spring, made a cup of tea and had a light dejeuner. Next, Blueberry Mountain was ascended, on whose slopes we found bear sign everywhere. This mountain, as the name implies, is one mass of berries, and the present trespassers had many breathing spells to thin the crop. Descending on the far side a rest of half an hour was taken to watch a noted caribou crossing, and where we were rewarded by seeing a stag with some ten points meander slowly across. The view from this point was simply glorious, but we had to move on long before eyes were satiated so as to keep up to schedule. Walking beside the river again we arrived at Crawford Camp where we had lunch. This part of the walk had been enlivened by the sight of twelve cow moose, each with a calf, of which fully two-thirds were young bulls, and hundreds of salmon in the pools. It seems a shame that these waters are never fished. They are leased to an American Club, who have their luxurious camps away down the river where there is all the fishing the members can attend to, but these upper waters, which would supply fishing for any number of anglers, are tied up to no purpose. Leaving Crawford we hiked up another mountain to overlook the valley of Eustis Brook where several deer promenaded for our benefit, one being a very fine buck. A tramp over a Jackpine dotted ridge disclosed deer tracks everywhere, but, though we jumped at least five animals, we failed to catch a glimpse of any owing to the thick

growth of trees. Down to the river once more and a two-mile jaunt landed us at Baldy Camp. Such a lovely situation, nestling beneath the mountain of the same name with the river rippling past the front door. The trail led right through the "dingle" of the camp, and en passant we could not resist the opportunity of again boiling the kettle and finishing up a pot of marmalade and certain other edibles found therein. The sun was getting perilously near the horizon when we set out once more. Having climbed the southern spur of Baldy I asked if that were the last ascension, but was informed that Sandy and Millers had yet to be surmounted in the remaining five miles. However, things are worse in contemplation than in actual fact; and, though we had to negotiate the last mile of our journey in darkness, I would not have missed that day for anything. A good dinner and steady massaging of tired limbs removed all sense of fatigue, and we retired to bed with that virtuous feeling of having done something. Monday morning broke warm and cloudless, and, being a trifle tired from the previous day's walk, I suggested that it would be a good plan to spend the day on the mountains as most of the time would be passed sitting at the lookout and similar vantage points. This programme agreed to, and having made certain of the field glasses, off we started. Not two hundred yards from camp we came face to face with a bull moose on the trail. He seemed not in the least disturbed by our presence, possibly knowing that his antlers were below the fifty-inch standard. It was very tempting to settle the moose question once and for all, but Luke insisted that we should certainly see another as good if not better before the day of departure arrived. Our vis-a-vis seemed to take quite an intelligent interest in the conversation, and when we wished to move on, merely shifted a dozen yards to one side to let us pass. Emerging on open country we immediately sighted a caribou which was obviously a bull, but a toilsome stalk was avoided when the glasses revealed the antlers to be unworthy. We sauntered slowly to the lookout and Luke giving permission to smoke, pipes were filled. Help! Neither of us had a match. To take a lens off the glasses was a brilliant thought and the guide was much interested and astonished to find that the difficulty of matchlessness was easily overcome. The attraction of blueberries proving too much for Luke's patience he left me to guard the fort. All at once he reappeared in a great state of excitement, signalling to me to bring the rifle. As I reached his side



GUIDE KEATING AND THE BEAR

he just gasped, "Huge caribou," and off we went. As we topped a rise I saw the beast in full flight and fully six hundred yards distant. Knowing that, as far as I was concerned, a tail-on shot at that range would at the best merely wound but not kill the brute, I used language instead of powder. Luke's description of how he came to see the caribou was distinctly ludicrous, let me try and remember the words he used: "I was bending down eating blueberries when all at once I heard a snort. Without rising I looked round and saw the old fellow coming towards me and grunting as he came. If only you had been there you could have shot the eyes out of his head. As soon as I saw those horns—I am sure he had thirty points, at least, d—him—I started on the run to get you, and, would you believe it, the amorous old duck came after me for twenty yards. Must have taken me for a cow. Anyway I'm glad no one from home saw me or the tale would never have died out of the settlement that I had run away from a caribou. Let's swear it'll do us good." We swore. Nothing happened, though we stayed out till four o'clock on the chance of seeing that old bear again; but she appeared to have learnt her lesson too well further, for that particular animal never left the green woods again while we were on the watch.

It was really time that something tangible rewarded our efforts, so a definite plan of campaign was framed up. First of all, we agreed to hunt moose all and every day till we got one; then we could spend the rest of our days on the hills in an effort to get bear, deer, and caribou. The question of caribou was only one of choosing our head, as every day greater numbers would be out in the open; another shot at bear was considered extremely probable but the guide doubted our getting two bucks. I had determined that, unless meat were needed, only male deer should be killed, for two thereof were required to win that bet. We went to bed determined to get our moose next day or die in the attempt.

At breakfast next morning Luke laid out the route for the day, which I am glad we did not have to complete as events turned out, for it would have entailed at least twenty miles of walking over trails which he admitted were "not good." When a guide says a trail is "not good" you may be sure that your subsequent description would be "awful."

One thing and another turned up to delay the start till eight o'clock, so we altered the programme somewhat and started in

the direction of the Mile Lake, which we had meant to visit last thing in the evening. Evidently some unseen force was guiding our footsteps as you will shortly learn. At right angles to the Mile Lake lies Half Mile Lake, no good in itself for moose owing to lack of feed, but the stream between the two is a route which these animals often use. When we reached this water-course, Luke decided to follow it down to Mile Lake, since its mouth is the point where moose generally appear. The ordinary "hide" lies across the lake, but it was useless to go thither now that it was no longer possible to call game into the water. Picking our steps carefully, and taking care to brush against as few alders as possible, we crept quietly along, Luke some ten yards in the lead. Suddenly he turned into a statue, the hand behind signalling me to do the same. Immediately a sound of breaking twigs was heard, to be followed by the appearance of a cow, just visible through the alders. She could not have seen or scented us but was evidently disturbed by something, as every bristle of her mane was erect. That something proved to be another moose, whether cow or bull I could not tell, but as the man in front signed to me to move up I guessed it was the latter. A low grunt from Luke and the bull stopped and replied. I could not see the horns, but my companion, a yard to the left, whispered: "It's a bull and a good one. Go to it." Slowly the rifle came to the shoulder and the sights into line. At the report the great beast sprang into the air but started off as if unharmed. "You hit him. Give him another," reached my ears. The next bullet found its billet in a tree which came between the barrel and the moose as I swung in his line of travel. "Another," I heard. The third chance offered was a fine quartering shot and this time the bullet struck fairly behind the shoulder and travelling up broke the spine as we afterwards discovered. Did that bull fall? Well, rather. Have you ever seen a rabbit go head over heels when killed clean? If so, picture to yourself a monster, weighing nine hundred pounds, performing the same trick. As the bullet tore home the moose was just in the act of clearing a fallen birch, but the jump was never completed for the head fell forward and base over apex he plunged right into a mud hole. The fountain of mud and water that spurted up was like a geyser, some drops even splashing us though we were forty yards away. When we reached the poor brute we saw that the head was completely buried and no amount of heaving could budge it. On

examining the watch we found that we had killed our game just thirty-five minutes from leaving camp, and once we got him out it would be an easy matter to carry the head home. Yes, get him out; that was the trouble. Luke at once started back to get an axe, some rope, and Harold. When they returned, with the woodsman's usual ingenuity, those lads accomplished what looked an impossibility by getting the rope around the antlers and then prizing the carcass up and out of the morass with levers. What size was the head, do you ask? Well, not so big as I hoped, still fifty-two inches is not a bad spread and it was A MOOSE, that was the main thing.

Luke only had a side view of the antlers, before the shot, and said that from the length and dark color of the brow antler he had thought the head would have gone over sixty inches. It was no fault of Luke's that he over-estimated the head for he had a most indifferent view through the thick alder growth.

As soon as the head was off we repaired to camp. The ice was broken and the moose quest for 1912 over and done with. We took some meat from the rump with us, but Harold said it would be poor eating as the animal was terribly thin. Fortunately, we did not have to wait long for better fare, but that comes next.

"Well," said Harold, "now we'll have a wood frolic." This was a new one on the writer but sounded good, so I asked for details. Don't accept an invitation to a wood frolic for it consists in cutting down trees, sawing them into lengths and splitting the logs into firewood. I declined the kind offer, but, not being anxious to hunt further that day, allowed Luke to accept, for Harold deserved a reward for his help with the moose.

Wednesday was again bright and warm and we congratulated ourselves anew on the fact of having secured our moose and thereby being able to visit the hills. Luke hinted that the moose head ought to be skinned out, an operation that takes considerable time; but my eagerness to keep going while the weather was so fine, ended in a compromise—that the morning should be spent in the pursuit of game, the afternoon in taxidermy, and the evening in having another look for the old bear. These were the plans, but subsequent happenings altered them. No sooner had we left the woodland trail than two deer were marked, six hundred yards distant (there was never a day we did not see some game on emerging into the open at this particular point), and one of them was a fine buck. All sorts of suggestions were pro-

posed as to getting to closer quarters but none would stand the test of careful consideration, for there was not a scrap of cover intervening, and the total absence of wind prevented any detour through the woods being accomplished quietly. Possibly it was not folly to shoot, but also scarcely sportsmanlike, still the thought of liver and onions for supper, plus a further hold on my friend's superfluous wealth, prevailed. Raising the sights I let drive. The first shot struck a small birch tree a foot to the right of the buck; the second, according to Luke who was marking with the glasses, was short of the mark; the third, well, there was no third for the game decided it was high time to decamp into the timber. Thus all that had been accomplished was a disturbance of the neighborhood. We thought of walking over to Millers Mountain, three miles distant, where the sound of the shooting would not have scared caribou, but the absence of lunch in our pockets vetoed that plan. We, therefore, went to the old lookout, more with the idea of having a sun bath than in expectation of sport. Though a vigilant watch was kept to our front for the next three hours nothing moved over the landscape. At eleven-thirty, Luke suggested that we move homewards for grub. This seemed sensible, so I stretched my cramped legs and rose to depart, but, happening to glance backwards, I quickly got under cover again, for there, about three hundred yards away, was a deer guzzling on the blueberries. Telling Luke to take a peep, he said: "That's no deer, it's a caribou." Looking once more I insisted on deer. Luke replied by offering to wager a dollar on his opinion, which was accepted. Neither party was called upon to pay up, however, as both were right. There were two animals on the flat, and I had sighted the deer and looked no further, while my companion's first glance focussed the caribou only. However, when both parties were convinced that each was right, I settled to try the deer, firstly, because it was nearer; secondly, because we knew that there would be other chances at caribou, and thirdly, *two* deer had to be killed to fill the license. Getting into correct Bisley attitude I pulled the trigger and—missed altogether. The buck raised his head but seemed at a loss to locate the direction of the danger and possibly he did not hear much noise, for by this time there was a good breeze blowing straight in our faces. A second shot went clean through the shoulder and by all rules that animal should have fallen, but he didn't. Instead, he made for a small clump of jackpine, but his

right hind leg was out of action before reaching the trees, due to the third shot. Down after him we went, and, on reaching the pines, there he was walking groggily down the hill. "Give him another!" shouted the guide, which advice was disregarded, since the animal seemed to be "all in" and, sure enough, the next second down he went. We walked close up and laying down the rifle I held out my hand, saying, "Put it there, the liver and onions are ours." It seemed impossible that the deer was still unaware of the presence of human beings, after all the noise we had made, but no sooner were the words out of my mouth than he swung his head round, gained his feet with that miraculous speed all the deer tribe seem to possess, and bounded down the hill. Seizing the rifle, I fired four more shots at the fleeing beast without any apparent effect, though afterwards we found that three were hits. As he disappeared in the timber, Luke upbraided me for not having made certain of matters when he told me to, for, as he truly said, "You are never sure of a deer while there's a breath in them; they're the toughest things that move on four feet. What price the liver now? Guess it's straight onions for us." I tried to appear confident that we would yet get our prize, but when we reached the point of disappearance I lost some of my faith, for it was impossible to follow tracks over the thick carpet of tanglefoot and blueberry, and, moreover, the red leaves of the latter exactly resembled the small spots of blood we did discover. "There's the end of that," were the next words I heard. But, declining to accept this dictum, I made my way down hill for two hundred yards and got beyond the tanglefoot and onto a surface of dead leaves. Anyone who has been in like case may imagine my joy when I came across blood mixed with fresh deer tracks. I at once blazed a tree to mark the place, but said nothing, and returned to my companion with a doleful countenance and crestfallen air. "Is it lunch?" I asked. Luke said it was, and we walked home with never a word spoken.

When the inner man was satisfied, I stated that I meant to go back and get that deer, but Luke was on taxidermy bent and by no means in the best of tempers. However, when I offered five dollars ahead if the search proved fruitless, both Luke and Harold were persuaded to come along, evidently thinking the money as good as earned. The only stipulation insisted upon was that they each shouldered packs and carry the game home in the event of success. As we neared the blazed tree I took the



THE BEAR THAT BROKE THE CAMERA

lead, and, when they saw the tracks and blood, I think that both companions appreciated the fact that they were more likely to carry meat on their backs than money in their pockets. Telling Luke to follow close behind and keep a sharp look-out on each side, I silently moved from footprint to footprint and after half a mile of this work felt a touch on the shoulder. Following the direction of Luke's gaze I spied two horns above a fallen log that lay beside the brook at the bottom of the gully. The horns were the only thing visible, and, in order to get something to shoot at, I whistled softly. The deer raised his head, and, though I doubt whether the poor brute could have got his stiffened limbs into action again, Luke's warning was not forgotten and a shot in the neck ended the agony. With a grand and even set of horns that animal made a splendid but sad picture. He had evidently travelled till water was reached and had there lain down to die. Badly hit as he was, that deer could never have recovered; and though we *might* have ended matters before going home to lunch in the morning, the chances are that had we kept right after him the poor brute would have travelled further and hidden where we could never have found him. It seemed cruel to leave the poor creature in pain, but his agonies were probably shortened by the plan we pursued. Luke and Harold took the deception in good part and carried the meat back to camp without a murmur. They certainly had no easy task, for the deer "dressed" quite 280 pounds (it was an enormous animal and fat as butter) and the first mile of the journey was uphill and mostly through thick undergrowth. We had our liver and onions that night and all the rest of the time we were in camp no member of the party ever got tired of blueberry-fed venison though there was seldom a meal without it.

Thursday proved cold, and heavy clouds portended rain, so we were not particularly grieved that most of the day would have to be spent in attending to the heads already in camp. This proved to be a lengthy job, and by the time we had all the meat off the skulls, the scalps fleshed and salted, it was close on to two o'clock. A heavy mist hanging over the mountains made it useless to watch for bear so the remainder of the daylight was spent in a miniature "wood frolic."

On Friday the sun came out once more, so early in the morning we started for the hills, and if no game changed the plans we meant to climb to the top of Little Baldy, as Luke said the

view alone would repay the tramp. We did not hurry, but rested at any spot where there was an extensive view. Nothing worthy of close attention showed up though we saw three doe deer and sixteen caribou before going down to Millers Brook for lunch. As we climbed up the far side of the gulch the head of a fine caribou appeared over the top, and, needless to remark, we made the best speed possible in his direction. On reaching the summit not a sign of anything living was visible though we had an unobstructed view on all sides. This was annoying, but worse was in store, for, half a mile further on, we fairly ran on top of an enormous bear which disappeared into the bush before there was even time to get a snap shot. It was evidently our unlucky day, from a rifle standpoint, so we made our way to the foot of Baldy. The climb looked prodigious, but was not half so bad in reality as it looked. One of the most peculiar characteristics about the atmosphere on these New Brunswick mountains is the manner in which it magnifies distances and heights, and yet it is wonderfully clear and allows small objects to be distinguished a long way off. I have never met a man who has visited the Bald Mountains who did not remark this phenomenon.

Certainly, the view from the summit of Little Baldy fully justified all the encomiums passed upon it. As far as the eye could reach mountain succeeded mountain, some of them tree-clad to their summits, but the greater number only wooded as to the valleys and ravines. In different directions could be seen the headwaters of several rivers that are noted all over the globe for their salmon, amongst them being the Miramichi, Nepisiguit and Bathurst. While my companion was explaining the geography of the country he suddenly interjected: "Take out the glasses and see if you notice anything over beyond Millers Mountain." I searched diligently but failed to descry any living object, so Luke centralized the viewpoint by naming sundry easily distinguishable marks, and, sure enough, there was a black speck moving hither and thither which was pronounced to be a bear. What marvellous power of sight! That man had seen with his naked eye what another, who rather prides himself on keenness of vision, could with difficulty pick up by the aid of binoculars. As the afternoon was well advanced and the moving object in the direct line for home it seemed wise to investigate the black speck more closely. Just one hour and fifty-five minutes were occupied in reaching the desired place, during which period the bear had finished

his meal and decamped, but absolutely fresh "sign" proved that the diagnosis had been correct. It is well for Zeiss, Goertz and others in the same line of business that not many humans have Luke's keen eyesight or they would have to shut up shop. The day had produced no more trophies, but had been one full of interest to any lover of the wilds.

Saturday was also spent on the hills and was uneventful, except for one incident. We had journeyed, via the Shore camp, towards Blueberry Mountain once more, and just where the Braithwaite trail debouched on to the hillside we spied a number of caribou resting among the tanglefoot. There was no difficulty in creeping up unobserved, and, to our supreme satisfaction, we noticed an enormous stag in the centre of the group. There being no hurry, we agreed that the best plan was to play a waiting game and simply remain where we lay till the caribou had finished their siesta. In an hour or so one or two of the hinds rose and began to feed, so I slightly changed my position in order to get a good shot at our stag when he stood up. We had not long to wait and certainly he was an enormous old fellow, but, as far as I could see, had only one antler. Luke confirmed the fact in a disgusted tone and as there was no other head we fancied, he used such language to those caribou that they promptly departed. We strolled over to their resting place, Luke explaining on the way thither that big bulls often cast one horn early, but seldom before the end of October. This seemed the only explanation of the one horn, and it was correct; but you may imagine our state of mind when we picked up a newly cast antler carrying eighteen points. Without any doubt, the stag we had allowed to go away unmolested had been the owner of the horn we had picked up. The chances against finding the missing antler must have been many thousands to one; but our feelings can better be imagined than described when we realized that we had failed to shoot a caribou with thirty-six points at least. The veriest novice could not have missed and the taxidermist could easily have made the necessary repairs. Thank goodness, the recitation is finished, for the incident won't bear thinking about even now.

Let us now pass on to Monday, October 14th, 1912, a day that will ever remain a red letter day in the writer's sporting calendar, probably the reddest letter day of his life, and one that would be marked in carmine by any big game man. Never shall Monday be called "Black Monday" again. We left camp at



INCIDENTAL TO BIG GAME

daylight, making straight for the lookout, and no sooner had we reached it than our attention was directed to something white moving among the trees below. We could not give a name to this strange object till it obligingly stepped into the open and showed itself to be a buck and absolutely white except for a stripe of the normal color down the centre of the back. It seemed dangerous to attempt to get nearer, for there was precious little cover, but, on the other hand, a six hundred yard range does not promise results. Finally a stalk was decided upon, and by lying flat until the animal put its head down to feed, and gaining a few yards when it did so, we halved the distance separating game and rifle. No further advance was possible; therefore I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the deer hunch its hindquarters and drop the flag. Mr. Buck did not fall instantly, as I had fondly hoped, but moved behind some trees and lay down where we could just see its head facing straight towards us. Again I fired, aiming at an imaginary chest, but at the report it rose again and vanished. We waited a moment to see if it crossed any open spot and then, not getting a view, raced down hill to cut off the line of flight in that direction, for Luke had no desire to repeat his former experience and carry that deer all the way up from the gully. Rounding a clump of spruce we almost bumped into a doe which stood perfectly still while ten could have been counted slowly before deciding to clear out. It is seldom one ever comes to such close quarters without a deer hearing or seeing something, but her incomprehensible behavior was explained when, peering through the trees, we saw the buck lying motionless with neck outstretched. Obviously that doe was so engrossed with the strange antics of her mate that she was oblivious to all else.

The horns were an exact match for those of our first deer, which was highly gratifying, and the possession of a white hide was also a pleasing feature. It took less than an hour to skin the beast, remove the head and entrails, quarter the carcass and hang same on a nearby birch to be carried home in the evening or some other day.

Feeling highly satisfied we walked on to Millers Mountain and watched the usual caribou grounds till lunch time. At noon a descent was made to the old boiling point by the brook where a fire was built and lunch partaken of. The kettle and cups having been packed away once more, pipes were lighted for the usual ten minutes' smoke and chat.

We were sitting on a fallen birch tree with backs to the wind, the embers of the fire still glowing, puffing away contentedly, when all at once Luke turned his head sharply to the right and there, not twenty feet distant but still to windward of us, stood a caribou nibbling at some moss. Scarcely daring to whisper I managed to ask the guide what he thought about it and equally quietly he replied: "Please yourself. It's not a big head but it's a mighty pretty one." Personally, I was perfectly satisfied that those horns would look well in the "den", but how to get the rifle, which was leaning against a tree out of reach. The moment I started, so did the caribou, which, taking in the situation at a glance, retreated the way it had approached. By the time I had the rifle and had pumped a cartridge into the barrel my game was fully sixty yards away and galloping for dear life, but I let drive all the same. The bullet struck at the back of the neck, broke it, and down he went all of a heap. That such a fine animal had come to us, instead of our stalking him, seemed too good to be true. I almost had to pinch myself to make sure it was not all a dream, but there was no doubt about the matter, for there was Luke already starting to take off the head. Caribou are very easily skinned—it simply peels off—so less time was wasted on this operation than on the deer. Fixing the meat in the same manner as we had the deer meat, Luke fastened the hide and head on his back and we were all ready to start home.

Now, with me things generally happen in cycles of three, and I told Luke that we were bound to kill something else before the day was ended. He reminded me that I had now slain all that my license allowed and that only bear remained unprotected as far as we were concerned. "All right," I said, "we'll get a bear." I had little belief in the statement, but I was a true prophet. As we reached the top of Millers Mountain once more and looked over the country to the east, there sure enough was a bear about half a mile distant. Haste was necessary if we were to get a shot, for the wind was dropping and without its aid there was a mighty slim chance of approaching within shooting distance. Barring the wind giving out there was no difficulty in getting near that bear, as we could keep a ridge between us to within a hundred yards of where he was feeding. Throwing down the caribou head, we started at a run and soon arrived at a point where we mounted the ridge and looked over. There he was, about eighty yards away, eagerly licking up the berries as if he would never eat another, which proved to

be the case. So certain was I of that bear that the aim was a trifle careless and I clean missed with the first shot. Off went bruin, but a second attempt hit him fair in the stern, whereupon he wheeled right round and came straight towards us. It would improve the story to call this manoeuvre a charge, but truth compels the statement that that bear had not the slightest idea where his enemies were or he would never have changed his course. But there is a charge to the story and this is how it happened. As long as the bear was approaching I forebore to shoot, being only too glad to see him coming. About twenty yards from us, in the middle of a bound, his hindquarters gave way, his spine had been damaged. The bear wasn't dead, but, as the camera was handy, it seemed a good chance to take a picture. When that bear's image appeared in the finder, it seemed very small, so I walked forward watching it grow and totally forgetful that the object was a wounded and formidable animal. Judging by subsequent experiments, I must have approached within eight feet of the wounded brute, when all at once the paw in the finder commenced to move which quickly brought me to my bearings. I dropped the camera, sprang back, and when that paw descended all that remained were some pieces of glass, twisted metal and fragments of wood. I had deserved much worse for my folly, and was quite satisfied that the camera got the blow and not its owner. To get the rifle and give the coup-de-grace did not occupy much time. Once more Luke had to skin, and the operation was tedious, for a bear's skin is attached firmly to the flesh.

"Some day, believe me." Do you blame us if our heads were held a trifle high and our chests thrown out as we entered camp that evening at sundown? A deer, a caribou and a bear do not very often fall to one rifle in a single day. I had "filled the license" and— yes, by Jove, I had won that bet.

Little more of my tale remains untold. Five days remained till the team came to take us home, but the time passed exceedingly pleasantly, and what with short expeditions for partridges, journeys to carry in the meat killed on that day of days, cleaning heads and curing skins, there were few idle moments. There is just one further happening worthy of record. I saw what I firmly believe to be the biggest moose head in Canada and it is still alive. This is how it chanced. Going up the portage road one morning, carrying the .22 in search of small game, the noise



BALD MOUNTAIN, CARIBOU COUNTRY—Taken from "lookout" mentioned in story

of breaking boughs brought me to a standstill. About fifty yards to the right was a moose walking slowly towards me, nibbling the shoots of whitewood. Standing motionless, I watched the great brute come within a dozen yards of the tree which hid me. Now, I have seen most of the big heads that appear at exhibitions and should be able to judge size, and I am prepared to take a solemn oath that those antlers, which were extremely heavy with enormous blades, would measure over seventy inches. Of course, I had no camera, and it was lucky for that moose that I carried the small and not the big rifle else I might have fired and taken the consequences. However, that moose lives, still lives, for some fortunate being to possess if he can find him.

Has enough been said to make your mouth water and decide on New Brunswick for your next hunting trip? I hope so, for you have a glorious time in store. If I have failed, blame the writer and not the country he has feebly described. There is no better game land in Canada than the Bald Mountains; there is no finer guide than Luke Keating; no cook can surpass Harold Robinson.

Go to New Brunswick. You will bless the day on which you made such a decision; and, if you do not bless the writer for his tale, I believe you will remember him ever after in your prayers, if he has, to some extent, however slight, influenced your plans.

GUIDES.

The following pages contain the names of some reliable guides. The list does not contain the names of *all* the good guides, and should any person require information about any particular man, a letter addressed to the General Passenger Department of the Intercolonial Railway at Moncton, N.B., will be forwarded to the proper quarter.

Most guides will not book dates for a stay of less than two weeks, and it is always advisable to make arrangements well in advance of the visit, say, the end of July or early August. Of course, a guide can be obtained at the eleventh hour, but should the trip not come up to expectations one is liable to feel that this was due to not being able to get accommodation with the man

selected in the first place. Such a reason would probably be wrong, still there is nothing more annoying than finding out that the place the heart has been set upon is to be occupied by some more fortunate brother with greater forethought.

When writing to guides state the number in your party; the date you expect to reach the starting point; time intended to be spent in the woods; if ladies will be present; whether a cook will be needed.

It may be stated here that having a cook is no extravagance. There is all the difference in the world between coming home to hot meals or having to wait till something is hastily prepared. Further, the hours spent in actual hunting must be curtailed, if the guide has to cook and chop wood as well as attend to the hunting part of the business. Guides are always willing to cook, but it is hardly fair to expect them to do everything.



WHERE WE SHOT THE BEAR AND LOST THE CAMERA

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, 1915.

Mink, fisher or sable, otter, Nov. 1st to March 31st.

Muskrat, March 10th to May 1st.

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

Sale of partridge is prohibited. Limit 10 birds per gun.

Woodcock and snipe, from September 15th to November 30th. Sale of woodcock is prohibited.

Wild geese, brant, teal, wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, September 1st 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.



SUCCESS

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 without having obtained a license from the Crown Lands Office, Fredericton, N.B., or from any of the vendors of game licenses, 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.

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 with the license tag 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.

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 Inter-colonial Railway, are Montreal, St. John, N.B., or Halifax, N.S.



Passenger fares, time tables, etc., can be obtained on application to the following:

E. TIFFIN, General Traffic Manager, Moncton, N.B.	JNO. M. LYONS, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent, Moncton, N.B.
H. H. MELANSON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Moncton, N.B.	

CITY PASSENGER AGENCIES

HALIFAX, N.S.	107-109 Hollis Street
MONTREAL, P.Q.	Transportation Building, 122 St. James Street
QUEBEC	7 Du Fort Street
	22 Dalhousie Street
ST. JOHN, N.B.	2 King Street
TORONTO, ONT.	51 King St. East, King Edward Hotel Block

UNITED STATES AGENCIES

BOSTON, 234 Washington St.	R. W. Chipman
CHICAGO, 301 Clark St., cor Jackson Boulevard	C. G. Ortenburger
NEW YORK, 31 W. 39th Street	Geo. E. Marsters

LIST OF GUIDES

Guide's Name	P.O. Address	Railway Stn.	Camps	Rates	Miles to Camps	Team Hire	Game	Results 1910-1911
Restigouche County								
Farrar, Guy.....	Robinsonville.....	Upsalquitch.....	C. 1, T.	\$4.00, \$7.00.....	2 days	\$18 00 Included	Moose, Caribou, Deer.....	3M, 1C, 1D.
Narvic, Wm.....	Eel River Cross'g.....	Dalhousie.....	C. 1	8.00, x15.00, x22.00..	25		Moose, Deer.....	No record.
Sunbury County								
Farrahar, Martin.....	Doherty Corner.....	Chipman.....	C. 1, T.	8.00, x15.00.....	25	16 00	Moose, Deer, Caribou.....	6M, 11D, 4C. (1911 only).
Westmoreland Co.								
Crosman, Geo. W.....	Moncton.....	Calhouns.....	C. 3, T.	\$3.00.....	5	4 00	Moose, Deer.....	11M, 18D.
York County								
Love, Chas. B.....	Springfield.....	Boiestown.....	C. 6, T.	x12.00, x20.00.....	18-56	20 00-50 00	All game.....	6M, 4C, 2D.
Paul, James.....	St. Mary's.....	Boiestown.....	C. 2, T.	x10.00, x16.00, x24.00	1 1/2 days	30 00	All game.....	3M, 2C, 8D, 5B.
Evans, Richard.....	Zionville.....	Taymouth.....	C. 3.	8.00, x15.00, x20.00..	25	20 00	All game.....	7M, 5C, 6D, 8B.
Craig, Robert.....	Taymouth.....	Taymouth.....	C. 5.	8.00, x15.00, x20.00..	29	16 00	All game.....	10M, 6C, 14D.
Savage, L. D.....	Penniac.....	Charlo.....	C. 4, T.	x10.00, x16.00.....	45	50 00	All game.....	No record.
Griffin, Wm. T.....	Cross Creek.....	Stanley.....	C. 5.	x9.00, x16.00, x21.00..	1 day	20 00	All game.....	14M, 9C, 17D, 5B.
Davidson, Moses.....	Holtville.....	Boiestown.....	C. 2, T.	8.00, 12.00.....	29	25 00	Moose, Deer.....	No record.
Summerville, Jas. T.....	Taymouth.....	Taymouth.....	C. 6.	x10.00, x16.00.....	10-30	8 00-20 00	All game.....	10M, 8C, 14D, 6B.
Gilmore, John H.....	Stanley.....	Stanley.....	C. 9.	9.00, x18.00, x24.00..	42	40 00	All game.....	5M, 7C, 3D, 4B.
Pringle, Thos. H.....	Stanley.....	Boiestown.....	C. 3, T.	x10.00, x16.00.....	32	40 00	All game.....	8M, 6C, 10D.
Summerville, J. L.....	Zionville.....	Taymouth.....	C. 2.	x8.00, x16.00.....	14	10 00	Moose, Deer, Bear.....	No record.
Murray, J. N.....	Dumfries.....	Harvey.....	T.	x5.00, x16.00.....	20	5 00	Moose, Deer, Bear.....	No record.
Allan, W. H.....	Penniac.....	Penniac.....	C. 7.	x10.00, x32.00.....	5 to 12 hours' drive.	10 00	All game.....	20M, 10D, 6B.
Pringle, A.....	Stanley.....	Newcastle.....	C. 12.	x11.00, x32.00.....	42	Special arrangement	All game.....	11M, 7C, 5D, 2B, in 1911.
Moore, Adam.....	Scotch Lake.....	Plaster Rock.....	C. 10.	x10.00, x28.00.....	20 to 60	15 00 Special arrangement for canoe or auto.	All game.....	22M.
Braithwaite, Henry.....	Fredericton.....	Boiestown.....	C. 18.	x6.00, 10.00 for one person.	16 to 75	5 00 Special arrangement	All game.....	No record given, but report successful seasons.

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FLVA -
ERNEST -
CHARLES -

LIST OF GUIDES - Continued

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Guide's Name	P. O. Address	Railway Stn.	Camp	Rates	Miles to Camps	Team Hire	Game	Results 1910-1911
Connell, James J.	Bartibog	Chatham	C. 1.	\$83.00.	20	\$25 00	Moose, Caribou, Deer.	No record.
Cuthbert, Donald	Upper Blackville	Upper Blackville	C. 4, T.	To be arranged.	12	10 00	All game.	7M, 12D, 1C, 2B.
Fraser, Colin A.	Bayside	Chatham	C. 2.	x9.00, x15.00, x21.00	30	20 00	Moose, Deer, Bear.	3M, 3D.
Norrad, Ern. T.	Fairley	Boiestown	C. 4, T.	8.00, 14.00, 18.00	15-27	Included	All game.	22M, 24D, 11C, 12B.
Lyons, Hazen	Carrolls Cross'g.	Carrolls Cross'g.	H. C. 1	6.00.	1 1/2 day	8 00	Moose, Bear, Deer.	No record.
Norrad, Benaiah.	Boiestown	Boiestown	C. 5.	9.00, 14.00, 18.00	1-2 days	Included	All game.	15M, 20D, 10C, 8B, 5 Lynx
Menzies, Ed.	Strathadam	Newcastle.	C. 12.	9.00, x18.00, x24.00.	55	60 00	All game.	24M, 18C, 16D, 14B.
Sturgeon, Robt.	Doaktown	Doaktown	C. 2, T.	6.00, 10.00.	12	8 00	Moose, Deer.	4M, 4D.
Storey, Jas. A.	Doaktown	Doaktown	C. 3, T.	\$4.00.	20	12 00	Moose, Deer.	3M, 9D.
Connell, Fred	Chatham	Chatham	C. 5.	9.00, 14.00, 18.00.	24	10 00	All game.	No record.
McDonald, J. R.	Blackville	Blackville	C. 3.	\$4.00, \$7.50.	34	24 00	Moose, Caribou, Deer.	No record.
Johnston, Wallace W.	Halcombe.	Newcastle.	C. 8.	\$4.00, \$7.00.	35	40 00	Moose, Deer, Bear.	6M, 4D, 2B.
Bersing, Carl.	Newcastle.	Bartibog.	C. 3.	\$4.00.	6	Walk	Moose, Caribou, Deer.	12M, 9C, 11D.
McDonald, J. A.	Sillikers	Newcastle.	C. 2.	8.00, 12.00, 16.00.	42	30 00	Moose, Deer, Bear.	5M, 3D, 1B.
Pringle, Arthur.	Fredericton	Newcastle.	C. 12.	9.00, x18.00, x24.00.	45	50 00	All game.	22M, 15C, 20D, 6B.
Kennah, W.	Bathurst.	Bathurst.	C. 3, T.	x6.00, x25.00.	5-15		All kinds.	No record.
	Rough Waters.				Case 6 hrs further camp			
McKay, W. A.	Chaplin Road	Newcastle.	C. 2, T.	x12.00, x30.00.	36	24 00	All kinds.	7M, 5C, 8B, 12D.
Stymont, W. W.	Tabusintac	Loggieville.	T.	\$4.00.	8 to 10	5.00 per day	All kinds.	3M.
Connell, J. A.	Upper Bartibog.	Chatham	C. 1, T.	x9.00, x28.00.	22	20 00	All kinds.	5M, 1D, 1B, 1C.
Smith, H. W. B.	Graungeville	Harcourt	C. 1.	x2.50, x6.00.	5 1/2	1.50 per day	All kinds.	No record.
Weaver, Thos.	Doaktown	Doaktown	C. 1, T.	x4.00.	12 to 14	5.00 per day	All kinds.	9M, 4C, 12D.
Stewart, M. S.	Lower Negauc.	Loggieville.	C. 1.	x4.00, x12.00.	20	5.00 per day	All kinds.	2M, 5D.
Dickie, J. G.	River Charlo.	Charlo.	C. 1, T.	\$5.00.	14	5.00 per day	Moose, Caribou, Deer.	No record.
Mitchell, Alex.	Burnt Church.	Loggieville.	C.	\$4.00 and upwards.	2 hours' drive	Special arrangement	Moose, Caribou, Deer.	2M, 3D.
Gloucester County								
McEwen, Robt.	Bathurst Village.	Bathurst.	C. 3.	\$8.00, 15.00, 24.00.	15	\$10 00	Moose, Deer, Bear.	8M, 9D, 2B.
Verous, Wm. F.	Rough Waters.	Bathurst.	C. 3, T.	7.00, 14.00, 21.00.	10	10 00	Moose, Deer, Bear.	4M, 4D, 2B.
Petrie, N. J.	Red Pine.	Red Pine.	C. 2, T.	5.00, 9.00, 13.00.	3	Walk	Moose, Deer.	No record.
Inhoff Bros.	Bathurst.	Bathurst.	C. 6, T.	x9.00, x16.00, x23.00.	24-36	20.00-40.00	Moose, Deer, Caribou, Bear.	No record.
Vieno, A. J.	Bathurst.	Bathurst.	C. 2, T.	8.00, x15.00, x23.00.	4-10	6.00-20.00	Moose, Deer, Caribou, Bear.	6M, 5C, 5D, 3B.

LIST OF GUIDES—Continued

Guide's Name	P.O. Address	Railway Stn.	Camps	Rates	Miles to Camp	Team Hire	Game	Results 1910-1911
Chamberlain, P.	Red Pine	Red Pine	C. 4, T.	\$4.00, \$8.00	4	Walk	Moose, Deer	No record.
Henry, Amos O.	Bathurst Village	Bathurst	C. 1, T.	\$7.00, x12.00	28	20 00	Moose, Deer, Caribou	2M, 2D.
Watson, Amos	Red Pine	Red Pine	C. 2	\$4.00, \$7.00	9	16 00	Moose, Deer, Caribou	7M, 4D, 3C.
Boudreau, Jos. J.	Paquetville	Burnsville	C. 1, T.	5.50, 8.50	10	8 00	Moose	6M.
Kent Count								
Wry, Perley	Harcourt	Harcourt	H.C. 1 T.	\$4.00, \$7.00, \$10.00	13	16 00	All game	4M, 4D, 2C, 4B.
Ferguson, T.	Harcourt	Harcourt	C. 2, T.	\$4.00, \$7.00, \$10.00	7-12	12 00	Moose, Deer, Bear	12M, 15D.
McLeod, John A.	Little Forks	Harcourt	H.C. T.	\$3.50, \$7.00	15	10 00	Moose, Deer, Bear	13M, 21D, 6B.
Brown, M.	Lake Stream	Chipman	C. 2	x6.00, x15.00	8 hours' drive	4.00 per day	All game	8M, 1C, 2D.
Kings County								
Brewing, Alb. E.	Sussex Corner	Sussex	C. 2	\$3.50, \$7.00	20	12 00	Moose, Caribou, Deer	9M, 2C, 4D.
Kierstead, L.	Bathurst Ridge	Havelock	H.C. 2	To be arranged	20	12 00	Moose, Deer	6M, 5D.
Caldwell, A. E.	Millstream	Havelock	C. 3	\$4.00, \$7.00, \$10.00	16	10 00	All game	20M, 27D, 3C, 2D
Northumberland County								
Wallace, John M.	Bartibog	Chatham	C. 1, T.	\$4.00, \$7.00	17	12 00	Moose, Deer, Bear	4M, 3D, 1B.
Reed, Chas. H.	Boiestown	Boiestown	C. 2, T.	8.00, 13.00, 17.00	26	26 00	Moose, Deer	6M, 5D.
Manderville Bros.	Bryenton	Quarryville	C. 15	x10.00, x16.00, x21.00	20-60	12 00-50 00	All game	35M, 20C, 44D, 15B.
Beek, Chas. H.	Doaktown	Doaktown	C. 2	\$4.00	15	16 00	Moose, Bear, Deer	2M, 5D, 1B.
Parker, Loggie W.	Carrolls Cross'g.	Carrolls Cross'g.	C. 1, T.	\$8.00, x12.00	15	10 00	Moose, Caribou, Deer	4M, 3D, 2C.
Fraser, Peter	Fitzpatrick	Chatham	C. 4	6.00, 11.00, 15.00	26	14 00	Moose, Deer, Bear	5M, 3D, 1B.
Fraser, Donald	Bay du Vin Mills	Chatham	C. 2	\$4.00, \$7.00	26	14 00	Moose, Deer, Bear	9M, 7D, 3B.
Doak, Dan A.	Doaktown	Doaktown	C. 2	6.00	7	6 00	Moose, Deer	No record.
Campbell, N. W.	Newcastle	Newcastle	C. 1, T.	\$8.00, x13.00	16	24 00	All game	3M, 5D, 2B, 2C.
Johnston, J.A.	Douglasfield	Chatham	C. 3	\$4.00	25	16 00	Moose, Deer	4M, 3D.

LIST OF GUIDES—Continued

Guide's Name	P.O. Address	Railway Stn.	Camps	Rates	Miles to Camp	Team Hire	Game	Results 1910-1911
Queens County								
Miller, Chas. H.	Newcastle Bridge	Newcastle Bridge	C. 4.	\$5.00	15	\$8.00	Moose, Deer	3M, 2D.
Cromwell, Isaac B.	Hunters Home	Havelock	C. 1.	7.00, 10.00	20	15.00	Moose, Deer, Bear	12M, 10D, 5B.
McInnes, C. B.	Chipman	Chipman	T.	To be arranged	10	10.00	All game	9M, 6D, 5C, 3B.
Dalton, John T.	Harley Road	Chipman	C. 1, T.	5.00, 9.00	12	8.00	Moose, Deer, Caribou	7M, 8D, 1C.
Kierstead, W. V.	New Canaan	Havelock	C. 2.	5.00	21	16.00	All game	13M, 3C, 11D, 5B.
Fowle, Thos. A.	New Canaan	Havelock	C. 1.	5.00	18	20.00	Moose, Deer, Bear	11M, 11D, 7B.
Clark, John J.	Harley Road	Chipman	C. 3, T.	5.00	10	8.00	Moose, Deer	10M, 15D.
Fraser, John E.	Chipman	Chipman	T.	4.00	5-20	4.00-18.00	Moose, Deer, Caribou	5M, 12D, 7C.
Cole, Chas. E.	Coles Island	Youngs Cove Rd	C. 2.	7.00, 11.00	20	15.00	Moose, Deer	15M, 7D.
Kierstead, C. L.	Ida, Forkstream	Havelock	C. 2.	\$7.00, x12.00	22	15.00	Moose, Deer	No record.
Weich, Michael	Fulton Brook	Chipman	C. 3.	x8.00, x14.00	12-30	8.00-16.00	Moose, Caribou, Deer	6M, 2C, 2D.
McEachern, Thos.	Chipman	Chipman	C. 3, T.	5.00, 10.00	9-18	10.00-20.00	Moose, Caribou, Deer	8M, 12D, 2C.
Malloy, D.R.	Chipman	Chipman	T.	x5.00, x12.00	16	4.00 per day	Moose, Caribou, Deer	4M, 2D.
Ryder, J.	Brookvale	Youngs Cove Rd	C. 9.	*3.00	Short Distance	20.00 per day	All game	No record

H. House. C. Log cabin. T. Tents. x Denotes cook included, otherwise add \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day, if such service required. The figures under "Team Hire" include transportation both ways; when the party exceeds two these figures should be doubled. Under "Rates" the first figure applies to a single sportsman the second two in a party, and so on, and includes guide for each member, board, lodging, use of outfit, except where * appears, in which case the visitor supplies his own provisions.

