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### STIRRING STORY OF BEAR THAT ATTACKED BIG MOOSE

Other Incidents to Prove Theory That Bears Will Pursue and Attack Moose. Bounty on Bears May be Required by Hunters.

Readers of The Advance on several occasions have had the pleasure of reading articles written by M. U. Bates, of Metagama, the noted guide and hunter. His articles are always interesting and thought-provoking. A recent article by Mr. Bates as published in Rod and Gun is no exception. Here it is in full:—

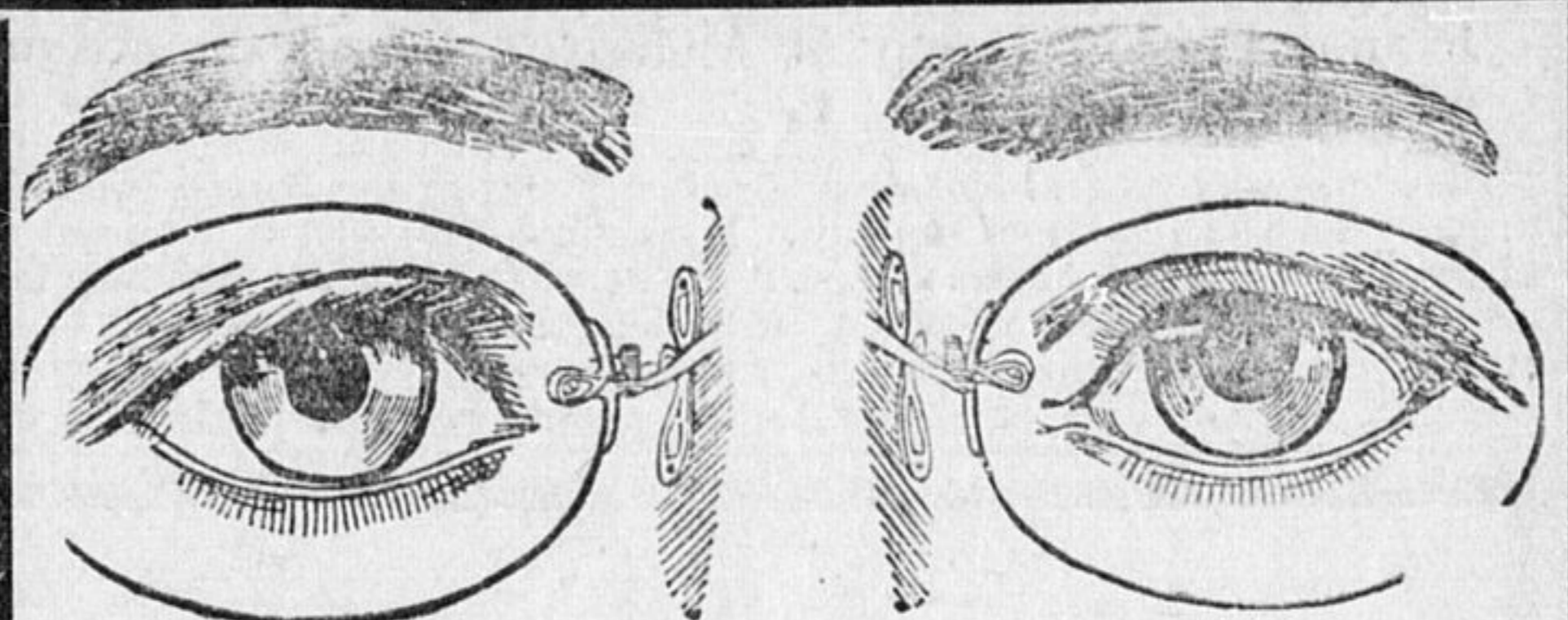
"There has always been some question as to whether or not bears would pursue and attack moose. The following incidents, which occurred in this district within the past few months, will, I believe, settle the question more or less conclusively. In May this year two local guides went out to a camp one evening to bring in some equipment. The camp was four or five miles back from the railway, and in a secluded spot where both bear and moose have things pretty well to themselves. At five p.m., just as they started supper, they became aware of a thumping and pounding, and shortly afterwards a loud bellow and roaring as though Bedlam had suddenly broken loose in the still woods. The sounds came from the neighbourhood of a small lake within a few hundred yards of their camp. As bears had been very plentiful there all spring, thinking it was a bear pounding an old stump or log to pieces, they paid no particular attention to the noise. When the bellowing and roaring and pounding had continued for a good two hours however, they decided that something unusual was afoot, so they went over to investigate. It was almost dark by this time, but getting closer to the commotion they were able to make out a monster black bear in combat with a cow moose. The bear would rise onto his hind legs, and drawing close would strike the moose a blow with his powerful front paw. The force of the blow

could be distinctly heard a good quarter of a mile away. The cow would emit a loud bellow and turn to charge the bear. It was then the roaring started. When the cow tried to crawl away the bear would strike her again; then the bellowing and roaring and thumping all over again. They fought back and forth over a space of about two acres for upwards of six hours, it being around eleven o'clock when the last sounds died out. When the bear became tired he simply walked off a few yards and lay down puffed and panted till he was rested; then returned to the battle again. It was too dark for the guides to risk a shot at the bear, so they went back to camp and waited till daylight. At daylight they returned to the scene of the battle, but both contestants had disappeared. The trees and ground were torn and battered and blood bespattered for two acres around, and they picked up several good sized bones that the bear had broken and torn out of the moose's body. The moose couldn't possibly have lived in the crippled state the bear had left her, but as they did not have the time to follow her, they set and left a trap for a return visit of the bear. About a week later he came back, and a photograph, which I have, shows him at the end of his trail, his killing done. It took three bullets from a 30-06, the last one through the heart, before he gave up the ghost. He was a big one, weighing close to four hundred pounds. Examining him later, it was found that the moose had crushed one of his front feet, and broken some of his teeth, his jaw still being badly ulcerated and swollen. About the same date another bear tackled another cow moose about eight miles north of there on the shore of the Snake River, a small stream connecting the east and west branches of the Spanish River near Metagama. This bear broke the moose's hindquarters and tore the whole side and flank out of her. She lived, nevertheless, for several days, and was several times seen by parties passing the spot in canoes. Mr. White, well-known lumberman of the firm of White and Plaunt, saw this moose and can verify the condition described above. She finally died a few yards back from the river bank. Another trapper from the Bisco district who was down in June with some bear skins told me he had seen where a bear had torn a moose literally to pieces. In June a cow and calf moose had been staying around the shores of a little stream called Sinker Creek. I had seen them several times, and the cow was quite tame. One day I missed the calf. A few days later, just at dusk, I came out of the woods at my old trapping camp near by. I heard a scrapping in a tree right over my head; looking up I saw what I thought was a small porcupine. I had a .38 Colt with me, and as is my custom with porkies, I drew a bead on his head. I was about to shoot when something unusual in the appearance of the head caused me to stop. It was lucky for me, possibly, that I did, for the aspirant in aeronautics was a young bear, no larger than a small house cat. The mother, I knew was close by, and I knew that one squawk from the cub would bring the old lady on the fly, so not wishing to deprive "Rod and Gun" of a perfectly good trapping editor I proceeded with as much dignity as could be expected under the circumstances, to my cabin near by. The old bear apparently was not yet aware of my presence, for when I reached the cabin, she was heading slowly down the side of the creek towards the very spot where I had seen the cow moose that morning. I fired a few shots with the object of turning her back, and it must have worked, for the next morning she was in the trap, a half mile

back on the trail, which the guides had set some days before. While I do not want to accuse unjustly the most humble member of the genus Ursus, I suspect that it was this bear, or some of her multitudinous relations, which was responsible for the disappearance of my calf moose a few days previous. The cub—he disappeared for a day or two, but coming back to get something to eat he got his small foot into one of the smaller traps which were set for him. A picture which I have of him shows him trying another aerial ascension with the heavy clog and trap, both of which weighed considerably more than himself, fast on his foot. Did the cruel trappers kill him? No, he was put into a bag and brought into the settlement, and a few days later was sold to a gentleman in Woodstock, Ont., who, I hope, takes good care of him. This cub was very quiet and tractable, and not so wild as two others which I had at the same time, and which I had considerable trouble taming. I kept the other two cubs for upwards of two months, fed and played with them daily, and in this way came to learn considerable about their comical cub ways. A visitor in this district the past summer was Prof. Frank M. Lewis of New York City. I recounted to him the details of the moose-bear battle already described, also other cases of bears attacking and killing moose which had come to our notice. The professor who is a good canoe man, and spends a lot of time in the north woods each year, stated frankly—very frankly as a matter of fact—that he had never heard of such a thing; and I suspect that his mental reservation was that I had some slight connection with that dubious organization referred to politely as the Ananias Club. He camped on the Snake River within a few minutes paddle of the decaying body of the dead moose already referred to, but doubtless had his own opinions concerning the probable manner

of its death. One day about a week after his arrival there, I received the following note from him: "If you are interested in securing two cub bears, there are two on the west side of the river just above our camp. The old bear chased a cow and calf moose across the river there this morning." In addition to the incidents related above, several carcasses of moose were found in the woods in August and Sep-

tember, and from the position and condition of the carcasses it was evident that they were killed by either bears or wolves. As the former outnumber the latter by hundreds, suspicion points strongly to Ursus Americanus. Trappers regard the situation as a serious one, and we wonder if in another year or so a cry won't be heard for a bounty on bears as well as on wolves!



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## AT THE THEATRES

### New Empire

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8—9

Estelle Taylor & Ralph Ince

IN

#### "Singapore Mutiny"

Bully of the stokehole fighting to own a woman ready to be any one's. And one man daring them all to come and take her.

COMEDY—"MOTORING MAMAS"

PATHE NEWS AND REVIEW

Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 11—12

Nora Lane & George O'Brien

IN

#### "Masked Emotions"

Sworn to avenge the death of a friend, a resourceful college athlete suspects his own sweetheart of the crime. Yet he risks his life to rescue her from an inhuman band of smugglers

Serial—"Queen of the North Woods"—Chap. 9  
 COMEDY—"HOP OFF"

Wednes. & Thursday, Nov. 13—14

Josephine Dunn and Earle Fox

IN

#### "Black Magic"

At last an original story—A mystery that will keep you guessing. And an ending that comes like a thunderbolt.

COLLEGIANS PARAMOUNT NEWS

Coming Attractions:

"The Shopworn Angel"—Nancy Carroll

"Adoration"—Billie Dove

### Goldfields

NOW PLAYING

November 7th, 8th and 9th

#### "THE TRESPASSER"

Gloria Swanson's

first talking picture. The screen's best dressed star both sings and speaks. She romps, she loves, she fights, she flirts, she wrings your heart with pathos.

A CONFLICT OF WOMEN

FOX MOVIE TONE NEWS

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Evening Show Starts 7.30

NEXT WEEK—Mon., Tues., Wed.

November 11th, 12th, 13th

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in the world's most talked of murder trial. Come as a juror to "The Trial of Mary Dugan" Judge the evidence—hear the sensational testimony. AN ALL-TALKING PICTURE THAT IS THE LAST WORD IN EXCITING MELO-DRAMA

A METRO MOVIE TONE ACT in which eight Victor artists will entertain you with musical numbers at their club.

Evening Show Starts at 7 p.m.

OTHER PLAY DATES

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS" Nov. 14—15—16

"MASQUERADE" Nov. 18—19—20

### 7th Anniversary Services

of the

### First Baptist Church

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10th



PASTOR MORLEY R. HALL

will speak at both services

11 a.m.

"The Mission of the Church"

7 p.m.

"The Message of the Church"