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PIONEERSMAN

Dec 14 1893

Published by E.H. Nelson. Birdsnest. F.C.

The last month of the year
Has come to blow and shear
At this small world of ours
But we will laugh at cold
And keep with in the fold
Through the long evening hours

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SAMMIE

Chap 1

It was a morning in mid winter, the sun had not yet risen over the top of Old Bear Mountain but a long column of white smoke was isueing from the chimney and most of the household was astir but Sammie was still abed dreading to get up into the cold air.

"Sammie, time to get up and help do the chores" came a voice from the foor of the stairs.

Sam with a shivering "Yes" jumped out of bed and into his clothes about as fast as ever he could which did not take him long and soon he was down in the kitchen before the stove.

"Pa's just gone out and told me to hurry you right along this morning for he wants to get started for the village bright and early or he wont get back to night" said Mrs Kant as Sam was putting on his overcoat ready to go to the barn. "and he said as you might go if you liked" she added

"Did he, Oh I'm so glad" and Sam started off with a rush for the barn. The wind was blowing fierce and cold, but Sam minded it not for it was only a few steps to barn and soon he was busy getting down hay feeding pigs and the like, while his father milked their eight cows they were living on a farm of one hundred and sixty

acres or a quarter section as it was called on the great level plateau, twenty miles north of Farmingtown. Across his farm ran the great Farmingtown and Trappers City R.R. The wagon road from the place of Mr Kant to the city was level and good but the day were short.

It was not long before Sam and his father went into breakfast, and it was a regular farmers breakfast consisting of potatoes, cream, and fresh beef besides turnip and a few other vegetables to which they all gave evidence of a hearty appetite.

Breakfast over they hurriedly changed their [page 2] clothes the horses were harnessed and they were soon on the road. It was a fine morning for a ride as the sled glided along the shoes kept up a squeaking sound, small particles of frost were in the air making the atmosphere glisten in the morning sunshine. The day slowly wore on they had nearly reached their destination and it was about eleven by the sun and as they rode along Mr Kants eye rested on a track a little ahead of them and as they came opposite it, he recognised it as a wolf track. Occasionally these fierce creatures had come down out of the mountains to the west of them in such numbers as to do a good deal of harm but a single track did not surprise him any. When they got to the city they did the trading as soon as possible and [stuffed?] back, they had a little lunch with them and as they again headed for home Sam got out the pail but when they lifted the cover they found things froze so they stopped at the next house and ate their dinner and while there they got to talking about the prospects for the winter.

"I believe wolves are going to be plenty this winter and we may have some trouble with them." said Mr Slater their host

"You do, why so," asked Mr Kant in a little surprise

"Oh I saw a couple of wolves yesterday go across my farm and I have seen tracks of one or two at a time before at different times along."

That may not amount to any thing, wolves are always round more or less during the winter. Mr Kant answered.

Then he rose and he and Sam again started for home it was a long drive. It was pretty near dark when they first saw their home nearly two miles away on the plateau, suddenly a howl met their ears from far behind soon answered by another and another what should be done? Nothing but go ahead at their best. The nearest house was their own cabin two miles ahead The old horse had heard them too and with ears laid back started a [page 3] cross the plain but Mr Kant stopped her long enough to set off a couple of barrels of flour and what meal he had on before beginning their race for life and then he started in earnest for home. Their horse started at a pace that make Mr Kant grip the reins and hold her back a little as she might need her speed to finish up with. The howling of the wolves became more frequent and louder and dark specks could be seen scurrying

Had the wolves got ahead over the snow in their wake but in the mean time the distance was shortening between themselves and home their hopes began to rise when Sams sharp eyes rested on a couple of dark objects gliding across the plains to the right and ahead of them which make his heart beat faster had the wolves go ahead of them and would they yet be caught it looked that way but he said nothing hoping that he might be mistaken.

SLEIGHING TIME

The snow is bright and clear
And sleighing doth draw near
 To gladden every heart
The winter moon is full
The horses their loads do pull
 For pleasures sake I know

A shining tracks ahead
And the continued tread
 Of horses ever going
Over long roads hard packed
And that are smoothly tracked
 Where the winds are blowing

Oh how we like to ride
Where roads are smooth and wide
 And horses swiftly go
When the big moon is bright
And everything in sight
Oh what fun when winds are low
 Ida Green

WINTER

The snows are deep
And heads do peep
From under robes
And around stoves

To see the snow
In pure heaps grow
To cover tree
And land and sea

From the cold breeze
That would quite freeze
Yours ears and toes
Even through your clothes
 Dan Dicky.

TEN NIGHTS IN A HUNTERS CAMP

THIRD. Long Legs Adventure

My cabin was then up in the trappers Mountains between the peaks of Elk and Little Injun. It was a lonely place and all I had for company was my two dogs and my gun and I tell you they were a good deal of company sometimes. I have had to stay in my cabin a whole week because the snow was so deep and I hadnt any snow shoes to go out on. But I will get to the time I started to speak of, the snow was six feet deep every where and not a great way from my cabin was gulch in which the snow came clear to the top of the trees well I started out with my gun to look at my bear and wolve traps located near the top of Old Elk in a place that was rocky and full of dens. And those who could catch bears made something as I went up the mountain I was making plans on how many bears and wolves I would probably have. but wen I came to my traps not a thing did I see and I went on around the mountain looking at the traps the snow was only a foot or two deep up here as the wind had blown it most all off into the valleys below, but soon I came on to a path leading in the same direction as I was going then suddenly as I came around a large ledge what do you think met my eyes? It was four bears all sitting around one in a trap and talking and snorting like mad, all at once one of them began to sniff and I knew that they had smelt me out and in all likelihood would make for me in a minute or two. near me was a rock the top of which was only accessable in one spot, I made a dash for this and up I went with two large ears close after me, as soon as I had reached the summit I turned to see one of the bears just begining to ascend the rock also I waited till he had got part way up then fired, he lost his balance and down he went plump on [page 5] to his mate. but he soon got up again but did not try to come up the rock again. Then I lay down on the rock thinking that perhaps that if they could see me that they wold leave but when I lay down I could still be seen so I hitched back a little. Everything was still then for a while except the occasional low growl of a bear then it became perfectly so and I began to think that the bears had all left so I lifted my head but was greeted by a chorus of snarls and growls and saw some half dozen bears all looking that way and two made a dash for the rock I got my gun ready, and the hitching back a little so as to be out of sight I waited for one of them to come into sight soon one loomed up over the top of the rock, I aimed and fired, the bear disapeared and at the same time I felt my own self slipping, I was surely going I could grab on to nothing with my gun in my hand away I went and soon landed in a soft bed of snow but this did not wait for me but started on also there was a sensation as of falling through space then I was in the snow nearly smothered I struggled to get out but I nearly lost my balance and got onto my back then I got righted and tried again but I seemed to go deeper then I tried to work my way forward and succeeded in this so well that I soon found my head out of the snow. Then I made out to work my way out but I had left my snow shoes up on top of the ledge so I had to wallow through six or seven feet of snow till about three oclock that after noon. When I reached home the next morning I took another pair of snow shoes and went up the mountain and found two dead bears besides the one in the trap and was well satisfied.

Big Rifle

[page 6]

PARADISE LAKE

Paradise Lake lies at the foot of the Trappers Mts to the past of Farmingtown. It is surrounded by rather damp land which is everglades a farther to the west and East. Paridise Lake is about three hundred miles long and ten hundred wide it has not hardly any islands and in time of storms the wind sweeps across this lake with a good deal of fury. The waves of ten rise to a great height so that boats dare not be out on it. The lake is surrounded by forests on all sides. These forests are alive with all kinds of game, deer of all kinds moose, elk, wolves and may other kinds. About the only inhabitants around the lake are the wild animals and birds and a few hunters and trappers who live mostly on game. Away to the west towers the high peaks of the Trapper Mountains while to the East, West and North are only low forests or everglades rich in semi tropical vegetation. Paradise Lake is one of the prettiest lakes in the world.

Bill Knat

A SKATING PARTY

The evening was cold and clear when down the road came a couple of boys with skates on their arms one of them carried a lighted torch. As they were walking along some one called from behind them and they stopped when a boy and his sister came up each of them carrying skates also.

"Hello, Jessie you are going skating to night, fine night isnt it" said one of the boys.

Yes, lovely, I couldnt stand it to stay in the house to night so I came along with Frank she replied.

Soon they reached they pond where several young folks had gathered before them, bonfire were cracking at the sides of the pond and the clink of skates sounded on all sides, they soon joined the party on the ice, others kept coming till there was a company of about forty on the ice playing tag and many other games [page 7] but while they were yet in their fun a loud crack sounded across the ice and they all hurried off no one had got in then the boys began to go on to the edge again and as it did not crack they became more daring till pretty soon they were going most all over and laughing at the girls because they dared not come on but they laughed to soon for all at once there came another crack and two of the boys were in the water floundering around amongst the broken ice all the other boys had left the ice and they were alone. but a couple of the boys on the shore had run to a fence near and got a couple of fence rails with these they went out as far as they dared to and then shoved them they were then grabbed by the boys in the water who after some struggling succeeded in getting out on to the ice and then ashore they were then helped to the road where a team was waiting for them they were then hurried to the nearest farm house where their clothes were changed and they were put to bed it was several days before they could be taken home and it was weeks before the[y] had entirely got over their ducking. The boys around there were not quite so

reckless after this for quite while and the two that got in never rans such risks again. They had learned a useful lesson at this skating party and it helped some of the others. We hope all who read this story will profit by our advice and keep off of dangerous ice or where it has become dangerous.

Sadie Maxwell

FARMING ITEMS

The winters logging has begun, the snow lies from two to five feet deep in most parts of Elm and in the very Northern parts in deeper. There is a sled used round these parts for logging that I think quite good it is a very low runnered sled bording [page 8] beneath and the ends of the boards are rounded up in front, so that in the deep snow if the runners go clear in the boards will act as a toboggan and hold the load up on to of the snow. This kind of sled has kept a good many loads from getting stuck as a load of logs on one of these sleds will go where ever the cattle can.

Pasture spruces and hemlocks cot the best these cold frosty days that they do at all as the sap is frozen solid and the wood brittle, every one should be cutting their pasture spruces for sugar wood now. It is a good plan to build a bonfire then as you cut the trees and limb them out, throw your limbs onto the fire and then if your feet or hands get cold as they are a little apt to do you have a place to warm them by.

Kill your hogs and cattle now while it is cold that you may freeze them up and keep them the longer. Pack your meat in half barrels then set these into barrels and pack snow around them it will take more than one thaw to spoil it, or instead of using snow use sawdust which is better if you can get it.

TERMS

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