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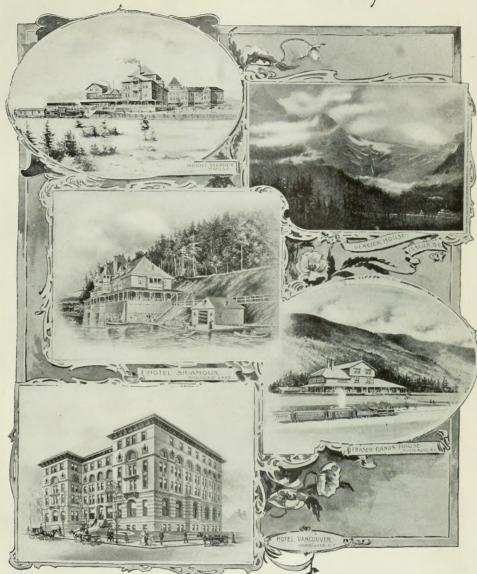
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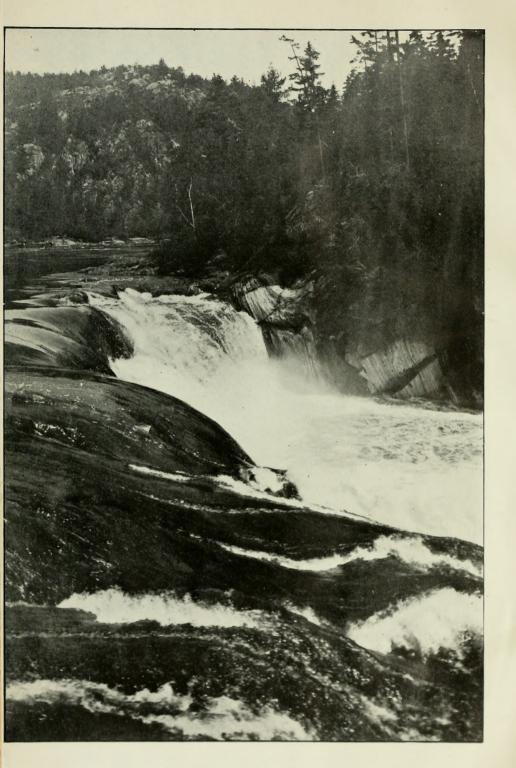
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VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JUNE, 1904

No. 1

Papegouche's Ghost.*

By C. C. FARR

(Continued from the May issue)

Next morning, whilst the stars still hung in the heavens, and the waning moon was sinking in the west, in the hour of heavy sleep, yes, even of death, for white men have discovered by scientific methods that which the Indian has discovered by experience, namely, that in the small hours of the morning, vitality in man and in the beasts that man has subjected to his use, is at its lowest ebb, at such a time, a solitary Indian stole his way from out of the camp in secrecy, and absolute silence. Not even a dog barked as he threaded his way through the lodges, from which proceeded only the noises of sleep. It was Geetchinodin. Upon his back he carried a heavy pack, and over it were slung his snowshoes, whilst in his hand he carried his tomahawk of stone, keen of edge, fresh from the makers' hands. Such preparations betokened a long journey, and so it was, for Geetchinodin was bound for the wigwam of his kinsman Manandahwis, whose granddaughter, Kahna, was ossessed by a spirit, and this spirit had power through her to tell many wonderful things, both of the past, and the future, so that many were afraid, and the fame thereof went abroad.

For three days and for three nights, with hardly an hour's rest, Geetchinodin walked towards the north, beyond the height of

land that divides the waters of the Ottawa from the rivers running into the Hudson's Bay, beyond Abitibi, around which lake a cannibal dwelt, and where it behoved him to journey cautiously. At length the goal is reached. It was midnight, but the fire was burning brightly in his kinsman's assohahgan, as he could see by the sparks which flew from the top, and when he lifted aside the curtain of birch bark, which hung before the doorway, he heard the hissing of the red hot stones that were being plunged into a wooden bowl, from which the savory odor of boiled beaver meat arose and filled the camp, and his nostrils.

"Quay. Quay." (Greeting. Greeting.) cried Manandahwis as Geetchinodin stumbled through the door, for he was well nigh spent from hunger and fatigue. "I am much glad to see you. We knew that you were coming, and have prepared plenty of food for you. Sit down and eat, for you must be very hungry."

Geetchinodin betrayed no surprise at this greeting, for he was an Indian, but in his heart he much wondered at the words of Manandahwis; nevertheless he asked no questions, but sat down to eat as he was bid, and there was no lack of viands such as bring comfort to a hungry Indian. There were boiled beaver meat, roast muskrat, a

^{*}Copyrighted.

lynx stew, baked beaver tail, and for desert they gave him blueberries, which had been preserved by boiling down until water had been all evaporated, and then cooled down into a gelatinous mass, whilst in lieu of tea, he drank the savory neebobie, (soup, the liquid in which meat or fish has been boiled), and a decoction made from the maskeegobuck*, the primitive and pungent substitute for tea amongst the Indians. Thus Geetchinodin ate, and when he had finished, his host produced a pipe charged with that precious weed, which after a mighty meal brings solid comfort both to white and red.

For some minutes they sat smoking in silence, a silence that was at length broken by Manandahwis with this interrogation:

"My son has come to hear what the Spirit says concerning the dead one?"

"Yes, my father, I have indeed come for that purpose. But by what means have the whisperings of my heart been carried to your ears?"

"Even by those very means by which you seek to unravel the mystery of thy brother's death. Of a truth there has been much wojiajinigayinnaniwan (turning round, cheating, roguery) in thy band, but the wicked may yet become entangled in their own net."

For some minutes the two men again relapsed into silence; then Geetchinadin raising his eyes and looking around, asked:

"Where is thy granddaughter, the maid whom the spirit follows, and through whom —I have heard—it speaks to men?"

"She sleeps there," answered Manandahwis pointing to a figure lying curled up beneath a large white rabbitskin blanket. "She sleeps much these days, for the spirit tires her, and sometimes I think that it will not be long before she leaves us to join the spirit in the spirit land."

"Can she tell me how my brother died, and by whose hand?"

"She can, at least the spirit can, through her. But hush. She is waking. Take no notice of her lest she take fright, and your journey be in vain, for the spirit is like a woman, full of strange fancies, and at times full of mischief. Even I dare not speak a harsh or sudden word to her, for then would the spirit tear down the very poles of this my assohahgan, therefore I caution you, Yeergwah. (Beware.) "

While he was speaking the girl threw off the blanket, and rose to her feet. She was a slim well shapen girl of about fifteen or sixteen summers. Bare to the waist she stood, holding around her hips a short skirt of squirrels skins, which barely concealed her shapely limbs. Her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy, but she gazed as one who sees afar off, and to whom those present are invisible. Presently a look of ecstasy lightened up her face, and stretching out her arms in an attitude of supplication she murmured: "Oh, my Lord, tarry not, but come, come, come."

Sweet as the sound of an Aeolian harp, or the unearthly music, heard only by those who are in the act of crossing beyond the vale, was her voice, as she concentrated her whole soul into that entreaty. It was not speech. It was a song that breathed an agony of love.

Geetchinodin sat amazed, and then started to his feet in terror, for he heard, as if in answer to that appeal, a shriek of laughter ringing through the pinetops that waved above the camp, and at the same time the frail edifice shook and rocked as if about to fall, whilst down the sides ghostly hands clawed and scratched, as if they would tear the birchbark covering from off the poles. Manandahwis, seizing him by the waist, forced him back to his seat, saying as he did so: "Sit down, sit down! If you would live be still."

And then those two strong men cowered down in the dying firelight, trembling with fear, while the frail girl stood up with the lovelight shining in her eyes, and with her whole countenance aglow with ecstasy.

Suddenly the noises ceased, and at the same time the girl gasped as if in pain, while her eyes assumed a stony stare. Her form became rigid, and she swayed as if about to fall. Manandahwis jumped to his feet, and seizing the girl by the shoulders,

^{*}Maskeegobuck, Swamp weed. This is a low-growing bush, found in all swamps. It has lanceolate leaves, which are velvety on their under side. These leaves serve the Indians instead of tea, and have been used by them for that purpose from time immemorial. There is an allied species closely resembling it, also growing in swamps, but it has no velvet under its leaves and is considered poisonous.

gently laid her down amongst the folds of the rabbitskin blanket.

"Me ajaiee" (It is done) he said. "Now is the time when, if we ask her questions, she will answer us."

Geetchinodin made a movement as if to do so, but Manandahwis checked him with a gesture.

"Kish, Kish." he said. "I myself will speak. It is my ancestor the great chief Chaymahka, and he will not be angry if I address him."

Then turning to the form of the unconscious girl, and making a deep obeisance, he addressed the spirit thus:

"Oh Chaymahka, mighty chief, spirit of my ancestor, wilt thou answer the questions that Geetchinodin would ask thee? As thou knowest, he has come from afar to learn the truth concerning the death of his brother, but his heart is frozen with fear; his knees tremble, and speech has escaped from his mouth, even as the wily Queego-hahgie (wolverine) escapes from the trap. Therefore, I, your kinsman, give utterance to the thoughts that fight for expression in the mind of Geetchinodin. Tell us this night who killed his brother, and the manner of his death."

With which Manandahwis hid his face beneath his blanket, awaiting the answer. But before he did so he managed to whisper to his friend:

"Kishkoian" (hold your peace) "Our lives hang on a balanced stick."

Then the form of Kahna became convulsed as one in a fit, and a voice, deep as thunder, filling the assohahgan, until no man could tell from whence it came, answered him thus:

"Manandahwis does well to remind Chaymahka that he is his kinsman. It is no small thing for mortals, those who have not yet come out of the darkness, to ask questions of those who dwell in the light; yet for thy sake will I do even as thou desirest. Papegouche, who is with us, escaped at the hands of Wahgouche, and Kinabikokomis, his mother. They placed the fine quills of the porcupine in his food, well knowing that they would enter into his body, and moving hither and thither, would at length strike his heart. *Geetchinodin is next of kin, therefore the task is his to avenge the death of Papegouche, but let him beware, for no mortal eye saw them do the deed, therefore lest he become accused of bloodguiltiness, let him meet craft with craft, and slay the guilty pair in secret. To do this he must make a long journey towards the rising sun, for a strange people have come from across the big sea, and they are a race of conjurers, that will in the fullness of time swallow up thy people by their magic. Let him borrow of their magic, and Wahgouche and his mother Kinabikokomis will become as little children in his hands. I have spoken."

With which the frame of the young girl was again rent with convulsions, the asso-hahgan rocked and shook, until the dried meat, the drying skins and the snowshoe frames which hung on the poles, were scattered in all directions. The fire died down, and outside, though the night had been calm, the wind roared through the trees with the fury of a blizzard, but above all arose the shriek of that horrible laughter, like the weird cry of the kook-kook-koohoo (the night owl) only far more piercing and more awful.

Then suddenly all was still. The crisp silence of a winter's night fell upon the camp, and the bright twinkling stars shone down through the opening at the top into the darkness of the fireless interior.

Manandahwis now jumped up, and throwing an armful of birchbark on to the few live coals, he blew them into a blaze, and then piled on the dry wood, until light and heat soon took the place of darkness and cold. The girl had fallen into a quiet sleep, and lay in her blanket, breathing regularly, whilst the two men, still trembling, warmed themselves at the fire.

"What doth my son think of the things that he hath both seen and heard?" asked Manandahwis.

"Oh, my father, they are wonderful, but my heart is sore for my brother. I fear also for Winiwaya, the daughter of Kikandatch, for Wahgouche would take her for his wife. I prevailed upon her father to wait until three moons have come and gone, to give me time to learn those things that the spirit has told us this night, for

^{*}The Indian law on murder is very simple, but very stringent and utterly devoid of technicalities. It is the duty of the next of kin to the murdered to slay at sight, if possible, the murderer, the consensus of the opinion of the public being accepted as the verdict of guilt or otherwise.

I love her, and my father, I have told it to no other man. She loves me. She loves me more than she loved my brother, but for my brother's sake, who was dear to me, I hid this thing in my heart. But now that he is dead, there is no more need for me to keep silent; even before I left the camp to come here I spake with her and she lay in my arms. I fear lest Wahgouche should weecopinatch (pull, wheedle) her father, by persuading him that I am dead, and now the spirit has commanded me to take a long journey; so my heart is troubled, and I would fain start at once, for see the morning moon has risen, and I have much to do."

But Manandahwis protested against a start at that hour, saying: "Rest my son. Rest, for I am old, and have learnt many things. You have indeed much to do, and a long journey to make, but no man gains much by wearing out the body, and such things as you have seen do not make men strong, therefore sleep until the dawn, and when you have been refreshed by sleep, then go your way, and the blessings of an old man attend you."

So Geetchinodin was induced to stay, and was soon sleeping in the grateful warmth of a huge rabbitskin blanket that his host had produced for his use. But while he slept, his spirit was awake and saw many things; first, Chaymahka, the great chief who had spoken that night, and with him, many spirits of the dead; then he saw his brother Papegouche, and with him he conversed even as if he were still alive, discussing matters pertaining to the sunlight and the earth, and Papegouche spake to him of his impending journey, warning him against the dreaded Nahtaway, and advising him to shape his course away to the north, for by so doing there would be less likelihood of his encountering these hereditary enemies of his race; moreover, he promised to protect Winiwaya from the machinations of Wahgouche, as far as it lay in his power to do so. All these and many other things did Papegouche tell him, and when he awoke in the morning he felt refreshed and light of heart, knowing that unseen friends would be watching over him whilst he journeyed, and not only over him but over the girl whom he loved, Winiwaya the beautiful, and when he told all these things that he had seen and heard in his sleep, to Manandahwis, he too was glad, saying that the spirits must indeed be pleased, for it was their custom to commune with those whom they loved, in their sleep, especially whilst sleeping under the same roof as Kahna, therefore Geetchinodin started on his long and dangerous journey in excellent spirits, and thus we must leave him for the present, and return to watch the evil machinations of the wily Wahgouche, and the cruel Kinabikokomis.

When Wahgouche and Kinabikokomis heard the decision of Kikendatch regarding his daughter Winiwaya, they spat upon the ground in their wrath, for they had risked much on the venture and lost.

Kinabikokomis was even more furious than her son, for she had been the 'dea ex machina'. She had planned the whole plot. She had compassed the destruction of Papegouche, and instructed Wahgouche in every detail of the part that he had played so well, but she never reckoned with Geetchinodin, nor had she, until now, the slightest suspicion that he was the real obstacle in the way of the matrimonial projects of her son, therefore her conscience smote her in that she had not fed him also on porcupine quills, but for consolation she remembered that there were three months in which to retrieve her error, and to a woman like-Kinabikokomis such reflection brought great comfort, for she was unscrupulous, and above all she bore the reputation of being a conjuress of no mean capacity. It was said that she could conjure a whole family sick, and throw a spell upon the traps of any Indian who had offended her so that he caught nothing in them, but the toes and tails of the animals that they were set for. She could create a mink, a marten, or a squirrel, so that it would run about the wigwam right before their very eyes, and lo, at her will it was only a bit of fur. The same with birds. She could make a bird fly around and by but a gesture it would fall to the ground, a bunch of feathers; therefore she was held in great respect and fear amongst the people, and many wondered at the daring of Geetchinodin, in that he had defied Wahgouche, and through hime had defied his far more dreaded mother.

"He must die. He must die," she muttered. "If I had been a man, I would havekilled him where ke stood:"

"Or more likely have been killed," re-

torted her son. "It is easy for a woman to talk of killing, when they well know that men are slow to give them the death blow; why, the very male dog will not harm the female, and be she ever so small, she can put to howling flight the very chief of dogs; besides my mother, know that Geetchinodin is like unto a bear in strength and I-look at me-what am I? A poor weakling, but from no fault of my own. I owe that to my parents, and surely you should be the last to reproach me for being that which you and my father have made me; rather rejoice that I had sense enough to save my life, and thus give myself a chance to match my cunning against his courage, or rather, his strength, for courage I do not lack; otherwise, how would I have dared to risk being torn to pieces by the people, which surely would have happened, did they even know but half the truth ? "

At which, Kinabikokomis, wrapping her head in her shawl, rocked herself to and fro, crooning in a low voice one of those lullabys with which she had used to soothe the infant Wahgouche to sleep, for this woman though cruel and merciless to others had concentrated all the affection of which she was capable, and that was not a little, upon this her only son, and now his words had touched her, so that for a time she ceased to be the fierce, malignant thing and became the mother. Darkness had fallen upon the camp, and these two sitting at the door of their lodge, out of the range of the light from the fires, round which were gathered groups of Indians discussing the exciting events of the day, escaped the observation of the rest, and thus were able to plot the death of the man, who, we know, was miles away, and out of their reach before the dawn, without the slightest danger of being overheard.

In the morning it was quickly rumored that Geetchinodin had disappeared. No one had seen him go and none knew where he had gone. There were many who attributed this sudden disappearance to the agency of the Wendigo, and the two plotters were not slow to turn it to their own account; even making representations to Kikendatch, and trying to persuade him that keeping his word with Geetchinodin would be keeping faith with a dead man, but Kik-

endatch was firm, and refused to believe him dead until his death was positively proved.

It was useless to attempt to kill a man that was not there, therefore our amiable friends were obliged to change their tactics, and concentrate their whole energies upon the task of propitiating Kikendatch, and Kikendatch grew fat, for Wahgouche kept his larder well supplied. The fattest deer, the heaviest fish, that he killed found their way to the lodge of Kikendatch. Morning after morning during the beaver season, fine fat beaver would be found hanging outside his lodge, and failing that, some other delectable trophy of the chase, so that Kikendatch began to realize that a marriageable daughter was a valuable asset, and he contemplated the large number of Winiwayas little sisters, running about in the abandon of young savagery, with considerable complacency and satisfaction, but for all that he was obdurate to Wahgouche's entreaties to change his determination regarding the disposition of the hand of Winiwaya, and though he grew fat, Wahgouche grew abnormally thin, for he was now hunting, not only for the support of himself and his mother, but for the support of Kikendatch, and a numerous brood of little Kikendatches. It was the maternal anxiety of Kinabikokomis that put an end to this condition of affairs, and inaugurated a new form of tactics. Two moons had passed and gone, but still no word came of Geetchinodin. It looked indeed as if a Wendigo had swallowed him up, and some of those who had been sceptical at first, now began to be almost persuaded, and they consequently looked with more favor upon Wahgouche, who was not a general favorite at any time. Manadahwis had been visited by a member of the band, but he, true to his kinsman, could not, or rather would not, give any information as to the whereabouts of the missing man; and now, when it was generally conceded that the Wendigo had claimed its second victim, popular speculation was rife, in bated breath, regarding who would be the third.

It was at this stage of affairs, that one evening when Wahgouche had staggered into his lodge, loaded down with slaughtered animals destined to fill up the Kikendatch family, his mother, looking at him with tears in her hardened old eyes, said: "You fool."

Wahgouche was too weary to retort, or even to ask her why, but sat warming his chilled hands by the fire, knowing that his mother seldom spoke for no purpose, nor had he long to wait before she unburdened her soul, and he learnt why she called him a fool, and this was what she said.

"My son, I call you a fool because it is only a fool that expects to win men through gratitude. I, though only a woman, have learned that with men as with dogs, fear will do far more than love. You have slaved and slaved to save the lazy hones of Kikendatch, and what have you gained by it? Your lands have been nearly ruined, for the slaughter required to keep that brood alive would spoil the best hunting grounds around Matachuan. You yourself have become like a stick, while he grows round as a pot, and I-(here she ground her teeth in her rage)-"am becoming a laughing stock to the people-I whom men have feared, and counted as one dangerous to cross. But now I will take this matter in hand and will show them that they have erred in laughing at Kinabikokomis. Go you, and continue to bait the trap, for bait it will be, though it will soon be not quite so heavy a load for you to carry.

Two days after this conversation took place the wife of Kikendatch fell ill, and Kinabikokomis, being counted far and near a wise medicine woman, was called in to prescribe for her sickness. The cure was remarkably rapid. Within two days she was restored to perfect health, and the fame of Kinabikokomis was noised abroad; moreover she became a 'grata persona' in the lodge of Kikendatch, and the wife of Kikendatch fairly adored her.

"Who is the fool now, Mother?" asked Wahgouche with a grin, as they were sitting together in the evening. "You had that woman in your power, right in the trap, and you let her go. I would not do it with a rabbit, even if beaver were as plentiful as squirrels," and Wahgauche laughed playfully at his mother, but she looked pityingly at him, and answered

"Men are the fools. They have the brains of rabbits. Tell me," she continued, "how

much would Kikendatch grieve if he lost his wife? He might be sorry while she was sick, for a sick wife is a trouble to a man, but when she was dead he would be looking about for another, and he would like that. A new wife to a man is like a new toy to a child. For a time it more than takes the place of the old broken one. No, no, leave it to me, for I will make him so humble, that he will crawl like the omugokwee (toad) that he is.

Very soon after that one of Kikendatch's little daughters was ailing, and of course-Kinabikokomis was at once sent for, but the child grew worse, and another began to show the same symptoms. Kikendatch became really anxious, for were they not valuable assets? The matter was becoming serious, and to add to his troubles, he himself felt a trifle indisposed. He sought counsel from Kinabikokomis, but she shook her head, and darkly hinted at unseen powers being offended. Another of his children began to pine and fade away, and the whole family, with the exception of his wife were suffering from loss of appetite and general depression, so that the labors of Wahgouche were greatly lightened, even as hismother prophesied that they would be. length his wife came to him and upbraided him thus:

"You call yourself a great chief, and pretend to manage the affairs of the band, and yet you cannot manage your own affairs, for look at your children, look at yourself, and remember that it is all your own doing."

"What have I done?" asked the poor man helplessly, for though he was counted a brave warrior in the field, he, like many another brave man, was thoroughly henpecked at home.

"What have you done?" echoed his better half. "Can you not see that you have offended the Wendigo, who ordered you to give Winiwaya to Wahgouche, and you have refused to do so?"

"But Geetchinodin ---"

"He is dead" snapped his wife. "You do not suppose that if he were alive he would not be hanging around that girl. I know men," and his wife sniffed as even white wives will sometimes do

"If I were sure he was dead," he said hesitatingly, and as if in answer to his wish, Wahgouche rushed into the camp, crying, "The Wendigo has killed Geetchinodin."
The Wendigo has killed Geetchinodin."

Immediately the people flocked around him, for all were anxious to hear his tale. So he stood in the centre of a ring of frightened anxious faces, and when he had recovered his breath, for he was panting like a dog after a chase, he gave the following account of his adventure:—

"I was walking towards the west to look at some traps that I had made there, hoping to find something good for my father to eat, I was near a small lake, which is frozen over, when I heard a roar that shook the ground. It was like the roar of a hundred bears in the moon of the strawberries. (June) * At the same moment I heard the scream of a man, and running down to the shore of the lake, though I was filled with tear. I peeped through a small cedar tree that grew out of the bank, and saw the Wendigo, which was as tall as a pine tree, lift a man up from off the ice, and start to eat him alive. first I knew not the man, for his face was turned from me, but as he writhed in the Wendigo's jaws, I saw his face, and then I knew that it was Geetchinodin. I stayed no longer, but fled, for I knew not how many men a Wendigo may cat at a meal." · After he had ceased speaking, Kikendatch

pondered awhile in deep thought; at length turning to Wahgouche he asked: "Are the clothes that he wore still

there?"
"No," answered Wahgouche. "He ate him clothes and all."

At this a shudder of horror ran through his audience, and Wahgouche himself was affected so much at the thought that the muscles of his face became convulsed, and the fearless Kinabikokomis trembled and shook as one on the verge of hysteria.

"Stay," said Wahgouche. "Now that I think of it, I did see his bow drop to the ice, and if the Wendigo did not pick it up it must be there still. If any one is brave enough to accompany me, I will go back and look for it. There was no great rush of volunteers, but finally two or three offered to accompany him back to the fatal spot.

The rest waited for the return of these

heroes with considerable impatience. At length they returned, with Wahgouche leading, and bearing in his hands a bow, which he handed to Kikendatch in silence. Kikendatch took the bow and examined it carsfully; then addressing the people generally he said:

"My children. This is indeed the bow of Geetchinodin, and what more proof can we desire that he is dead, and that the Wendigo has eaten him, for see, here are the marks of his teeth upon the bow. It must have been very hard on Geetchinodin, but it is not wise to defy a Wendigo." (Kikendatch shivered as he said this, for he thought of his own tribulations, which, he had now no doubt, had been the result of his own contumacy) "therefore I say before you all, that when the sun has thrice risen in the East, then shall my daughter Winiwaya be married to my son Wahgouche. I have spoken."

And so things began to look black for our friend Geetchinodin, but very bright for Wahgouche, who lost much of the moroseness that was habitual to him, and busied himself about the preparations for the ceremony with a spirit that gladdened the heart of his wicked old mother; but strangest of all, the Kikendatch family at once began to regain their health, and when the evening immediately preceding the day of the wedding had arrived, the small members of it, though a little thin in appearance, were running about, apparently in perfect health, taking an intense interest in all the proceedings connected with the coming ceremony. There had been a change in the weather. A thaw had set in, just before dark it commenced to rain in torrents. The wind howled through the trees as if it would tear them up by the roots, and a murky dull evening turned into a pitch dark night. It was depressing, and an indefinable dread fell upon the people, so that the gaiety and good humor that had so far been very much in evidence, was replaced by gloom; even the little ones ceased their boisterous play, and crawled silently to bed, while their elders dodged the rain and wished for daylight.

At midnight, when the camp was perfectly hushed, *though few were sleeping, an unearthly succession of yells or rather

^{*}In the month of June the bears pair, and are often met travelling in single file. Sometimes as many as six or seven in a band. They keep up a continuous roaring and Indians give them a wide berth then.

screams proceeded from the spot where Papegouche had been buried. At the same time a ghostly gleam illuminated the mists of the rain, throwing out in dark relief the few intervening tree trunks. Again and again those cries rang out, until cold shivers ran down the spines of men, and the women buried their heads in the blankets, so that if possible they might not hear.

At length all was still, save the roaring of the wind and the ceaseless patter of the rain, but no man dared stir, so they waited in apprehensive misery until the dawn; then with fear and trembling they wended their way to Papegouche's grave, nor were they surprised at what they saw there, for they had not forgotten the dreadful sight of two moons ago, and now again the same sight met their gaze, for Papegouche's body had been hurled from the coffin and lay some few feet away from the grave, with his little dog at his feet. Again they buried him, and when it was done, they

wended their way back to the camp, a sorrowful and perplexed procession.

Kikendatch, with face drawn and grey, spake to them as follows:

"My children. I know not the will of the spirits, for their ways are hidden in mystery, but this I know, that no marriage shall take place, until the three moons have passed, since I gave my promise to Geetchinodin." Then with some dignity he added: "If the Geetchimanitou brings trouble to me and mine, then must we bear it, for it is His will."

"It is a trick. It is a trick," cried Kinabikokomis, whose rage was awful to see.

"Trick or no trick," answered her son, "Kikendatch dares not break his word now, for fear of the people. We must wait, for the time is short, and I verily believe that our enemy is dead."

And every man went to his lodge sorely troubled in his mind.

(To be continued.)

Fly Fishing for Black Bass.

By WALTER GREAVES.

As the black bass season is approaching, a few hints from an old fly fisherman may not be considered out of place. They are intended, of course, only for novices, not for practical anglers, who know all about fly fishing for black bass.

The Rod:—The rod for fly fishing (I am taking it for granted that you are casting from a boat) should, I think, be about 10½ feet long and about 7 or 8 ounces in weight, well made of the best split bamboo, lancewood, hickory and lance-wood or greenheart, without dowels, with standing guides preferred, reel-seat below the hand, as in all properly balanced fly rods. If you buy a split bamboo get a good one— eight strip if you can afford it. If you cannot afford to spend very much get one of good lance-wood, which is a first-class wood for this purpose, and, with care, should last a life time.

The Reel.—Use only a good revolving plate reel for fly fishing; for black has one capable of holding fifty yards of line

size F, is required and may be purchased for about \$3.00 or \$4.00. Do not buy a cheap reel or a multiplier for fly fishing. A multiplier may be all right for trolling or bait casting, in fact is the proper thing to use for that kind of fishing. In fly fishing, however, the line is always catching in the handle just at a critical moment. Anyone can reel up quickly enough in fly fishing with a revolving plate reel. It is a mistake, anyway, to try to bring in a fish too rapidly when fly fishing. Let him play for a time and you run far less chance of losing him, or breaking your tackle. According to my idea a good reel is just as important as a good rod and you cannot have too good an article

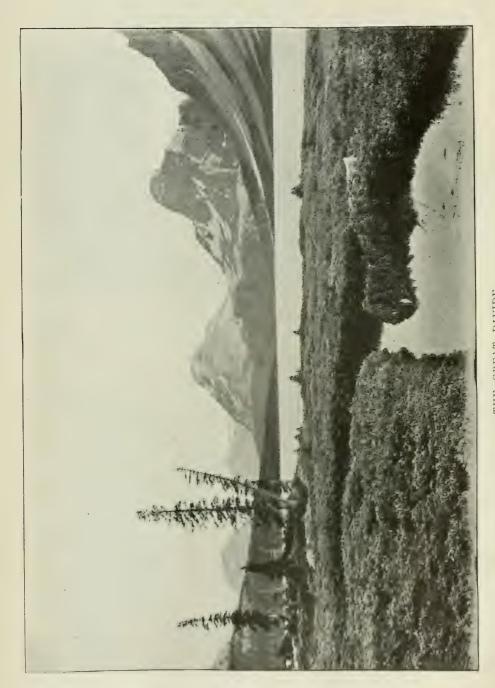
The Casting Line,—Use strong, round gut and make your casts from six to nine feet long. Two flies at most are all that are required in fly fishing for bass. Have them about thirty inches apart. Soak your cast well before fishing, as bass are very great fighters and will test the casting



 ${\bf IN~MANITOBA.}$ The Prairie Province is not all grass, there being extensive woodlands in many districts.



 $\label{eq:BVTHE} {\rm BV} \ \ {\rm THE} \ \ {\rm SWAN} \ \ {\rm RIVER}\,.$ One of the picturesque streams of northwestern Manitoba.



Bow Peak from the north end of Bow Lake. From a Photograph by Mr. A. O. Wheeler, D. L. S. THE GREAT DIVIDE.

line severely during their mad rushes and leaps.

Flies.-Black bass will, I believe, if fished for at the proper time of the day and season and in the proper depth of water rise to the fly in almost any lake or stream. I have usually found that the early morning and from about four p. m. until sundown is the best time to take them. During the middle of the day, as a rule, I have not found them to take well, and when I used to fish much for them 'I generally rested at that time until about four o'clock. Of course much depends on the day. On a dark, cloudy day I have known bass to take at all hours, but this, according to my experience, is unusual. Select a locality not too deep, say about six to ten feet on the average, and either cast or troll slowly with a long line in order to sink the fly a little. They cannot resist the fly when it passes near them, moving very slowly, provided you have the right ily. My idea is that the following list is about all that one would need for almost any good black bass water:-

Massassaga (I put this first because I know it to be the best killer for bass.) Parmacheene Belle, Grizzly King, Professor, Polka, Dark Montreal, Silver Doctor and Lord Baltimore.

One need not go much beyond this list, I think, as these patterns are all first-class killers. I dress them on O'Shaughnessy forged steel hooks, size No. 1, old scale, with twisted gut eyes. They cannot be too well made or too strongly tied, in fact nothing but the best material and best workmanship should be used, the same as for salmon flies.

Lines.—A good enamelled waterproof silk line of fifty yards is the best to use, al-

though I have found a well braided linen line to answer very well for bass fishing, and it is of course much cheaper than the silk. However, when one is purchasing an outfit he should not consider a few dollars. Let him get the best he can afford; it will pay him in the end and in the additional pleasure he will derive from using a good article.

Landing Net.—Get a good deep net about fourteen inches in diameter, with a handle about four feet long, so that you can reach out well from the boat, if necessary. I waterproof my landing nets by using equal parts of boiled linseed oil and varnish heated. Wipe off the surplus material and hang up to dry well in the open air. It is worth the trouble, as the hooks do not then eatch in the net.

Fly Book.—A fly book quite good enough for this purpose may be had for about \$2.00, and almost any kind of a neat tin box will answer for a cast box, where a spare cast may be put to soak between leaves of white flannel, etc.

With this outlit, which really need not cost more than from \$20.00 to \$30.00, one may be prepared to fish for black bass with satisfaction in any water, and the sport is certainly well worth the outlay.

Last season I fished several bass waters all with poor success. The bass did not take the fly well in any of the waters I tried, and my angling friends (fly fishermen) all said the same. There was something wrong somewhere, but what it was I have been unable to determine. Perhaps the cold wet season had something to do with it. I hope we may be more fortunate during the present year. If I meet with success I will let you hear from me on the subject.

The Weesano.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

Barring, perhaps, the Kipawa country, the greatest resort of the moose at the present day is in the Wessano section of the St. Maurice. That is talking of the Province of Quebec.

This feeding and breeding ground of the

noble game lies to the west of the St. Maurice river, about sixty-five miles north of Three Rivers, and can be penetrated from two points leaving the main river, either at Grande Anse or twelve miles further up stream at Rat River.

It is now about the only part of the province in which the moose is not molested to any great extent, being too far south for the interior Indians to come, and too far from civilization for the whites to kill any number.

The Wessano is an ideal feeding ground for these fast disappearing animals, being a very broken country of mountains and small lakes, the ridges covered with a growth of young and succulent maple and birch, and the lakes, in summer, covered with the much sought after water lilies.

One of the finest heads that went to the Chicago exhibition came from that section and was killed by a caretaker of a provision cache at his door.

To reach this wonderful resort of the moose and speckled trout one takes the Canadian Pacific Railway to Three Rivers, there changing cars onto the Grandes Piles line, a branch of the same well equipped system, which lands him at the terminus, Grandes Piles. A small river steamer makes connection on arrival of the train, leaving at once for up river.

The scenery on the St. Maurice from Piles to Rat River compares well, indeed surpasses, many other parts of the country that tourists go in ecstasies about. Bold rocky points or headlands in some places would overlap, as it were, parts of the route, appearing as though there were no further progress to be made, but the little boat would make a graceful curve out on the still expanse of water before us, the points would fall apart and another vistage of

beauty would unfold to our gaze. And this goes on for miles and miles of the river.

From the point of Grande Anse is the quickest way to get into the game country. Albeit not the easiest, inasmuch as one is compelled to go over twenty miles of none of the best bush roads. In fact the better way to ride over this is to walk, as the wagons with the camp outfit require nearly half a day to accomplish the distance. The would-be hunter, if endowed with health and strength, has no great difficulty to keep up with the teams, and besides it is an apprenticeship to inure him to exertions yet to come.

Going further up stream and debarking at Rat River one takes canoes right at the farm for the back country, ascending the Rat River for some distance and then portaging into the Wessano branch above the broken water of the lower part.

An outing into this most delightful region well repays the party making the trip. It has several other weighty considerations in its favor apart from the beauty of the country and the success that is sure to come to those who make the venture and that is the short time required to reach it from Montreal and the cheapness.

The Wessano and every little stream falling into it abound with the finest speckled treut.

To crown all there is the vast amount of good, physically and mentally, the trip will do a man who for the next fifty weeks will per force of occupation be cooped up in a city.

Hunting Song.

By HELEN M. MERRILL.

In the dim and distant blue
Pales a silver star;
Pink, and gold, and roseate hue
In the east afar.

Shadows green of dusky pines
Darkle in the streams,
Slowly fading in dull lines
With the first faint beams

Huntsman string thy golden bow Ere the bright day breaks, By thy fields and forests go Ere the red sun wakes.

Lo! he comes in splendor gleaming, Through the heaven breaking, From his brow the gold light beaming. Huntsman, earth is waking.

Out of Doors.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG.

Observers have noticed that the people of America are becoming less fit to stand physical strain and exposure. The newcomers to our shores from the old countries, inured to hard work and privation, are our hewers of wood and drawers of water. Labor is annually getting a larger proportionate reward than clerical work, because we have too many clerks. The average carpenter today earns more than the average artist or litterateur. The native Americans are very largely doing the clerical, artistic and literary work, which unfits them for physical work.

Is there not a menace in this for the future? Are not we the descendants of the older North Americans becoming effeminate, as have done so many of the advanced civilizations of the past? Should we not apply the remedy which is close at hand? Open air with compulsory exercise will keep us from growing degenerate. Home physical culture will do something, but only a part of what ought to be done. We need much more outdoor life. The militia with its annual camp drill should be fostered; walking trips, canoe trips, and camping trips should be encouraged in every way, and these should be extensively organized and put within the reach of as many people as possible.

We are glad to be enabled today to begin to place before our readers many details regarding canoeing trips in the wilds. They will be written by those who have made the trips.

The Mississaga River route is one of the latest to be made known of the swift rivers of the far northland. This canoe trip, which is destined to be famous in years to come, is taken either from Biscot Station (Biscotasing, as it used to be called) or Winnebago, both on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, one hundred and fifty miles north of the middle of the State of Michigan. These two stations are only Probably the about forty miles apart. more popular of these starting places will become Winnebago. There is no station at that point as yet (only a siding), and one needs to be ready to put up one's tent as soon as the landing from the Trans-Continental train is effected.

At Winnebago the waters run north towards James Bay, and our canoes are paddled up the slow current of the Winnebago River to one of its mother which is about five miles long and two wide, with beautiful high, rocky and wellwooded shores. The Indians call the lake Waquewogaming. It is well stocked with bass, according to the Indians. The Indians also said that there was plenty of moose and deer within easy reach; which I believed, as I saw the latter, and a great many moose bones around every Indian camp, although I did not see the moose themselves.

A half-mile portage over two small ridges and a muskeg brings us into Nebish Lake. This lake is very small and shallow. After crossing it we followed a narrow creek for perhaps an hour, when a portage of a mile in length over a well worn trail was taken. This brought us to Kabeskishing Lake. This lake has many high pine-clad islands looking in their varied coloring like green leaves after the first touch of autumn, floating upon the calm waters. Splendid camping places are found all around. This is one of the head lakes of the Winnebegon River. Winnebegon Lake lies only a short distance to the northwest of the junction of the Kabeskushing River and Winnebegon River. This River, the Kabeskushing, is sometimes called the east branch of the Mississaga River.

Some of these Indian names will be slightly changed in pronunciation, before the final spelling is accepted.

Here we see innumerable signs of moose in the freshly cropped lily pads, but we are out of season, and take no care about frightening them, and they keep out of our way.

Winnebegon Lake is very beautiful, although there is a little burnt land upon it.

The Winnebegon River is over one hun-

The Winnebegon River is over one hundred feet wide at this point. Those who are not in a hurry and can give three weeks to the trip should paddle up to the lake and back.

Following down the Winnebegon the trip is delightful all the way. Big and small game is abundant. Occasionally the stream narrows and passes between high banks; the scenery becomes grand, the bluffs become awe-inspiring and the rapids more and more exciting. Among the sensations of the day that are procurable by the average man, there are few better worth the money than running rapids. And this is what makes the Mississaga and Winnebago Rivers more interesting to me than even beautiful Timagaming.

The junction of the Winnibegon and Mississaga is very picturesque. We found here an abundance of high bush and cranberries (at the end of August) which were very refreshing and wholesome.

A couple of hours of easy paddling below this junction, brought us to a lake expansion, the eastern branch of which enabled us to make a portage and to avoid Aubrey Falls, one hundred and sixty-five feet high, but no one should pass Aubrey Falls without looking at them and photographing them. Our party was unanimous in saying that they had never seen a grander cataract.

There are a number of rapids below Aubrey Falls. Three Island Rapids is an excellent camping-ground with plenty of wood in a very picturesque spot. The Indians have trans from here westward into certain unsettled townships, where they tell us every lake and stream is full of brook trout. I intend to return and ascertain this fact for myself.

The day that we paddled from Aubrey Falls to Three Islands Rapids and the next day from Three Island Rapids to Squaw Chute stand out as red letter days—one glorious sensation after another.

Squaw Chute is a bold and picturesque water-fall, from which we could see that more Indian trails went westward. These are the hunting preserves of the Ojibways. There are not many of them, and they are willing to let the white man know about them, and to act as guides. There is a house here, the first in two hundred miles, and vegetables can be had.

A little below Squaw Chute is the famous Tunnel, as the people call it locally. It is a fierce gorge three miles long, quite impossible to run with any kind of craft. A

canoe would be smashed against the walls of the gorge as an eggshell can be crushed in the hand of a man.

Near the Tunnel is a small settlement of well-to-do educated English speaking settlers. We hired a wagon from them to carry our canoes around the three-mile portage. We might very well have carried them around ourselves, but our time was now becoming limited, and we wished to photograph the gorge, which we did with a fair amount of success, although the sun was getting low.

I forgot to mention that there is a fairly heavy sea in one of the rapids before we reached the gorge. Heavily laden canoes should have one of the crew walk around and perhaps take a little of the plunder with him. It is not a hard rapid to run, nor is it a dangerous one.

Three Island Rapids can be located about halfway between Aubrey Falls and Squaw Chute on the map of the Mississaga Canoe Trin

For fishing and shooting I would recommend the canoe trip from north of Squaw Chute, (also marked on the map) to Desbarats. Very much better fishing and shooting, and more picturesque scenery can be had that way than by following the Mississaga down to its mouth; but I do not know much about the route itself, outside of what I could learn from the Indians. I have not made it as yet. I have been to one or two of the lakes and know them to be good fishing lakes.

I have also been over the lower end of the trip, from above Squaw Chute to Desbarats, through Rock Lake, Gordon Lake, Bass or Diamond Lake, and Desbarats Lake to Desbarats Station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Desbarats is a delightful new little summer resort. One hundred islands cluster together about a mile and a half from the Railway in the North Channel, as that part of Lake Huron is called. I know of no better place from which to take fishing excursions than Desbarats, nor a more pleasant place for a man to leave his wife and family while he explores the interior.

I cannot yet recommend this new canoe trip for lazy men or invalids, because I do not know of any white man who has taken it.

From the lower end of the gorge or Tun-

nel to Slate Falls, the best water power on the Mississaga, are valuable copper mines and fine hard-wood timber, also excellent bass fishing in the lakes, which are quite close to the River.

A three-quarters of a mile portage southwest from Slate Falls brings us into Lake Waquekobing, a sheet of beautifully clear spring-fed water ten miles in length, and from two to four wide. This is an ideal lake, in which are bass, brook trout, and lake trout. The brook trout are found near the mouths of the rivers.

The Government has made a reserve of 3000 square males on the Mississaga River. This will be guarded by fire rangers and game wardens and will insure to the entire neighborhood good fishing and shooting for all time to come.

Slate Falls is a very good centre for a camp, as there are lakes both east and west of the Mississaga, and the locality is very beautiful.

From Slate Falls one can paddle down the Mississaga to Blind River Station on the Canadian Paerfic Railway, or across Lake Waquekobing to Day Mills and drive five miles over a good road to Dayton Station, or one can drive direct to the railway on a Government road.

It is surprising how keen our appreciation becomes of the dining car and sleeper after a canoe trip. To thoroughly enjoy life one must suffer occasional deprivation. The deprivation we had been through, enjoyable in itself, did certainly help us to enjoy; the exercise we had, the glorious water, the scenery, the excitement of the rapids, the compulsory, but not unpleasant work, contributed a great deal more towards creating the perfect physical condition in which we moved and lived, and had our beings for months after that Mississaga canoe trip.

Some years ago when interest began to grow in the country north of the Great Lakes, I took the Lake Timagama trip, going from Montreal to Timiskaming, on Timiskaming Lake, by rail. Note the difference between Timiskaming and Timagami. They are absolutely different lakes, although only twenty miles apart. Timiskaming is about one hundred miles long, and is narrow; Timagami is shaped like a spider, with its legs crawling all over the

map. Timagami has one thousand miles of shore line, if you take in the shore line of the fourteen hundred islands which dot its surface. Lake Timagami is on an elevation nearly four hundred feet above Lake Timiskaming. The waters of Lake Timiskaming are a light rusty red in color, although good to drink; it is not trout water. The waters of Lake Timagami are clear as crystal and full of bass and lake trout, with some good speckled trout streams running into it.

And now to come back to the itinerary of that Timagami trip, as I remember it after a lapse of years. We had a most en joyable steamboat ride up Lake Timiskaming from Timiskaming Station to Baie des Peres, a settlement of monks of the Oblat order. Here we slept and next day crossed the lake to Haileybury. There we met very pleasant people, who outfitted us, and two young Englishmen who kept the hotel.

Our duffle was drawn across the six miles portage, while we walked across. We did not find the portage hard or long, although some of us were afraid of the six miles as a starter, and it proved to be the only long portage.

I remember making the first strike with a phantom minnow, casting and capturing either a maskinonge or a dore, or walleyed pike, I have forgotten which. In one or two shallow lakes at the start the fishing was disappointing, the catches being mostly pike; but after portaging into the Montreal River we caught bass and walleyed poke, and in Timagami nothing but bass, and more of it than I had ever caught before—we returned hundreds of fish to the water.

Then came a series of delightful scenes and experiences which have not yet "gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were." They come up to me again and again and always bring a pleasurable moment—our Indians, our guides, my companions, the canoes, the hills we climbed from which to make good views, the bass we caught and ate, the game we saw, and which we were sportsmen enough not to shoot out of season. The temptation to shoot game was almost irresistible, and I think that one being alone might have succumbed, but in the company of members of the North American Fish and Game Asso-

ciation, we were enabled to brace one another up, and to conquer.

Devil's Mountain, Nokomis Hill, Bear Island and Joan of Arc Bay are landmarks that will remain in my memory for many years to come.

I am glad to say that the boys from some of the best colleges in the United States have formed the Keewaydin Canoe Club, with their headquarters at three deferent points—one at Desbarats, Ont., me on the Mississaga River, and one on Lake Timagami.

The magnificent chain of lakes which connects these three far distant points, or any portion of them, will make many peerless cance trips. Each is a magnet of itself; each one having charms of its own, which

make a man who has only taken one of them exclaim and stoutly maintain that the trip he has taken is the finest in America, but when he has taken all three his mind is in a state of embaras de richesses, as the French have very neatly described the condition of one's mind who has to make a choice between such trips.

I obtained my information from the authorities of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who go to a great deal of trouble in sending a thoroughly competent man over these new routes as soon as they are heard of. He is told to make maps, if none are in existence, and to be ready to furnish all necessary information.

At the time of writing, May, 1904, I am about to start on a spring trout fishing canoe trip.

On Frances Lake.

By CHARLES CAMSELL.

Frances Lake, in the northern part of the Cassiar district, is described by the few travellers who have been fortunate enough to visit its shores as one of the most beautiful and preturesque spots in the whole of Canada. With its clear amber-colored waters sparkling in the bright sunshine of a June day, and the snowclad mountains of the Too-cho range, rising to a height of eight thousand feet, and almost completely surrounding it on all sides, the memory of it will remain with me long after the hardships we suffered on its shores have passed into oblivion. And with that memory will always be associated the thought of the little dogs who practically saved us from starvation, and when our troubles were almost over were finally devoured by wolves.

We were a party of three—Wright, Fred and myself, and with our three dogs had come into the Frances Lake country early in May for the purpose of exploration. During the winter we had tramped westward through the Rockies from the McKenzie River, following the course of the Liard river for nearly seven hundred miles, to the head waters of its northern branch in Frances Lake. Of our original bunch of dogs only three remained. The rest had

either died or been shot to feed the others.

Owing to our failure to obtain any provisions at the last outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Liard river, we found ourselves towards the end of May completely out of food and with the exception of a good supply of salt and tobacco were entirely dependent on what we could get with the rod or gun. Game was scarce, as it always seems to be when you need it most. It was no use in going back to the trading post, as Mr. Egnell, the officer in charge, had assured us that there was not the faintest hope of getting a further supply of food until his outfit came in about the 20th of July. There were about seven weeks before us, during which we would be thrown entirely on our own resources, and on which it was not pleasant to contem-

Our days were spent with gun or rifle, in the search of game, either in the wooded lowlands by the lake shore, in the hope of getting a partridge or a few squirrels, or else in the mountains to the east, where at rare intervals we came across signs of sheep.

Partridges and squirrels we did get and

occasionally a porcupine, but never enough of them, and we were even compelled to tackle a wolf that Fred shot one night and which was only found after it had been iying for several days in the hot sun of the north of June.

As time dragged on, things began to look serious, and it was due to the hunting proclivities of our dogs rather than to our own efforts that we are alive today.

There was a gradually increasing disinclination to get out of camp in the morning and rustle something for breakfast, and this often consisted of only the cranberries that had been preserved under the snow through the long winter and could now be found in shady spots in the woods. we began to cast hungry eyes at the lean and scraggy looking dogs, that had served us so faithfully. They too realized the seriousness of the situation, for when they began to get only bits of a worn out moccasin for supper, they knew there was something wrong. Consequently when not out with us, Fred's dog "Driver" and my own dog "Nugget", would hunt alone.

Nugget was just a common little Indian mongrel, that I had bought the previous autumn on the McKenzie river for the price of three "skins," equivalent to about seventy-five cents in trade; but I valued little beggar more than any dog I ever had before or since. In harness he was always willing, and never got sore feet when the crust was on the snow in the spring, and when the snow was gone altogether and his work was finished, he would follow me everywhere, seemingly quite content as long as he got a bit of rawhide from our snowshoes or a wornout moccasin for his supper. Often when I would be too weak or tired to go hunting, he would go alone, and soon we would hear him barking far up the mountain-side, or down by the lake Then I knew that he had treed a porcupine and would watch there perhaps for hours till some one came and killed it. He knew, probably, from bitter experience that it was unsafe to tackle it himself. Many a long tramp has he given me, but I was never once disappointed, and he always got his reward.

One night shortly after I had crawled under my mosquito netting to rest, but not to sleep, I heard his bark far up the mountain and sounding faintly in the distance. As it was light nearly all night at that time of the year in that latitude, I got out of bed, shouldered my gun and started to find him. He took me about three miles out into the woods, where I found him doing his best to hold the attention of two porcupines. One was up a small spruce tree and the other was under the roots of another, about twenty feet away, and Nugget, to judge by the way the leaves and earth had been torn up and scattered between the two trees, had had a difficult job to keep them in their positions.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, and he had been there for nearly two hours, till he was almost exhausted from the continued exertion of jumping from one to the other and his bark was gradually growing more strained and feeble. He earned his meal that night.

"Driver", too, though he was never of as much use as Nugget in getting game (I may be partial in saying so), seemed to realize that we were unable to get sufficient food often to make one meal a day and did what he could to help us. We were camped at one time by the side of a small mountain stream, just where it entered the lake. The stream was perhaps twenty feet wide and about eighteen inches deep, swift as a mill race. Across this we had thrown a small spruce tree to act as a bridge. One afternoon Driver went off across this creek by himself to forage either for cranberries or anything else in the shape of food. He had gone about two miles from camp when he suddenly came across a deserted Indian camping ground, where some Indians had spent a few days the previous winter. Poking around among the debris and dried spruce boughs he unearthed the shank bone of a moose. bone was picked clean and had not a particle of flesh on it, but here, he thought, was something that might be of use to his master. The bone was quite heavy, even for a good strong dog, nevertheless, he picked it up in his mouth and carried or dragged it, with frequent stops for rest, all the way back to camp. In crossing the bridge at the camp, however, the tree began to wobble, he lost his balance and was upset in the stream. He was turned over and over by the current, bumped against

boulders and snags and was swept down nearly into the lake before he could make a landing; but all the while he hung on to the bone and eventually he scrambled up the bank, dripping with water and laid it at Fred's feet. Poor old dog! he looked so happy when he laid it down, and yet he presented such a pitiable sight, standing in front of Fred and looking from him to the bone and back again, that I never liked him better than at that moment. His appearance, too, was so ludicrous, dripping and shivering from his drenching in the icecold water, while at the same time trying to wag his tail, that we could hardly keep from laughing.

Shortly 'before we thought of starting down to the Hudson's Bay post and about the time that our fortunes were at their lowest ebb, we were discussing one afternoon the advisability of having one of the dogs for supper. It was a difficult question to decide, as each one of us thought that

his own dog ought to be kept until the last, and that either of the other two would make the best eating. It was at length decided that Claire should be sacrificed to provide a feast for ourselves. It was the dogs themselves, however, who finally settled the question and in a way we least expected, by not turning up at all that night at camp. On investigation we found that they had all gone off on a moose track. We heard the sound of their barking far up the side of the mountain and gradually growing fainter and fainter; and shortly after the howl of a pack of timber wolves, which had also got on the same trail. It was quite evident where our dogs went, and there was neither supper nor dogs in camp that night. We were genuinely sorry, not so much at having to go to bed without any supper, for we were getting rather used to that, as at the loss of the dogs that we had got to be very

Forestry in New Brunswick.*

The following is a report in part of an address on "How to Preserve and Protect the Forest Wealth of New Brunswick," delivered by A. E. Hanson, D.L.S., at a meeting of the Engineers' Society of the University of New Brunswick:—

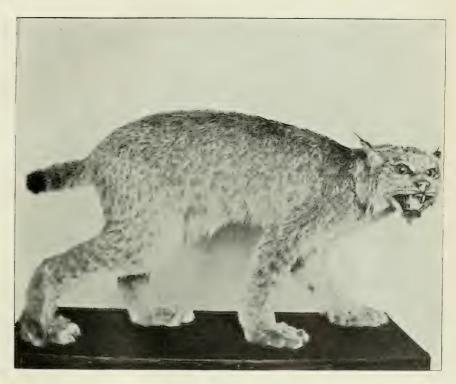
The forest conditions in New Brunswick are such that immediate action should be taken on the part of the provincial government. A head forester could be employed, from whom expert as well as practical information could be secured and relied upon. Such a man should be selected who is thoroughly conversant with the conditions as they exist in our province today. Upon his knowledge and advice, combined with his assistance, the advantageous operation of our Crown lands would A broad policy for the manbe assured. agement of our Crown lands should be adopted. A commission of from three to five men could be appointed, composed of able as well as practical men. Their report to the government should be adopted, and the commission should also have the entire control and management of our lands.

Too much cannot be said in regard to inaugurating a fire patrol system during the dry season, from April 1 to June 1, and for which the services of the men employed would require a remuneration. An initial amount of \$5000 per year is little enough to properly protect and patrol, as far as possible, our Crown forests from the rayages of the fire fiend.

In Ontario the Deputy Commissioner of Crown Lands, Aubrey White, starting out in 1885, had thirty-seven men employed at an outlay of \$7,500 per year. From that time down to the present and during the last year 234 men were employed—the cost of the service amounting to \$34,000. Ontario is about seven times the area of New Brunswick, and therefore is more difficult to protect.

Mr. White has inaugurated a system which, I contend, will heartily commend itself to the practical element of this pro-

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.



THE CANADA LYNX.

This is the pet of the strenuous writer aiming at thrills. In reality a very inoffensive animal.



vince. These crown timber agents or forest rangers in Ontario are men appointed both by the government and the licensee, and are jointly paid by them. These rangers must be men cool in temper and judgment, and there should be impressed upon them the necessity for not attempting to harass or annoy settlers.

The Fire Act, which cannot be made too severe, must be made an open book to the people of the province, so that it cannot be said: 'I did not know the act was so and so.'

These rangers, who are jointly employed and paid for by the government and licensee, must have carte blanche for calling in all the assistance necessary for the purpose of putting out fires, and also stopping wasteful cutting by the operators. They must also be men competent to report how much timber was damaged and the location of the timber, so that the licensee can make preparation to cut the burnt timber during the ensuing winter. They should also be able and competent to valuate and put an upset price upon any piece of timber or land at the Crown land sales.

These rangers should be clothed with magisterial authority, so that when a party is caught by them in the act of violating the law or setting fire, he can be dealt with on the spot; or in other words, the ranger should be appointed and carefully selected from men of intelligence and of practical use to both the government and licensee.

Mr. White says that since 1885 circulars were sent out asking the licensee to make any suggestions or changes in regard to this system, and they have yet to receive any objection to the system which now prevails in Ontario, and which has helped to make the lands of Ontario so much more valuable than they were a few years ago.

The same can be said of New Brunswick. Our timber wealth today has increased five hundred per cent. above what it was ten years ago, and therefore we must improve our management at the same ratio.

The subject of the practical working out and prohibition of the cutting of lumber in the woods under ten-inch in diameter is of vast importance. New Brunswick has about 12,000,000 acres of forest lands. The export value of our spruce and pine deals is about \$11,000,000 annually. I would

roughly estimate that we have about forty per cent. spruce lands, five per cent. cedar lands, fifty per cent. hardwood lands, which includes mixed growth (hardwood trees predominating). Our hardwoods are fast becoming a great source of revenue, and large quantities are being exported.

I am sorry to admit, but nevertheless it is a fact, that the neighboring state of Maine is ahead of us in regard to the management of the forest conditions. The report of the forest commission in this state has been handed in for several years past, and its contents are of a very useful character. The forest conditions are practically the same in New Brunswick as they are in Maine, and if the report is true (which we have no reason to doubt), that the timber there will warrant a cutting of 637.-000,000 feet B.M. a year, without depleting the supply on a forest area of 21,000 square miles, our forest area of 18,000 square miles would warrant a cutting based upon the ratio of forest areas.

Before closing I must call your attention to the value set upon spruce growing lands. It is safe to estimate that a spruce stand of timber growing will yield five per cent. compound interest. A forest properly treated increases rather than diminishes in value. More than \$250,000 is now annually appropriated by the Congress of the United States for forestry purposes, and I may say that there is a good opening for a school of forestry in the University of New Brunswick. We must protect what we have got without looking towards reforestation.

At the close of the address the members of the society joined in an animated discussion of the subject, and remarks were made by William Harrison, M.A.G., and Professor Brydone-Jack, emphasizing the importance of the subject as well as its distinct relation to the engineering profession. Professor Brydone-Jack showed how the commission could also take in hand the best methods for preserving the timber, after it was cut, for use in engineering work, and how they could show the effect on the strength of the material due to the time of cutting and the part of the tree from which the timber was cut. He also endorsed Mr. Hanson's opinion, that there was a grand opening for establishing a school of forestry at the University.

The Dominion Forestry Work.*

The report of the Superintendent of Forestry, which forms part of the Annual Report of the Department of the Interior, has been issued and contains much interesting matter. In regard to the forested areas the following statement by Mr. Stewart contains figures that will perhaps give a new view to many of the wealth possessed in this respect by the Dominion in its federal capacity as the administrator of Dominion Lands:—

"It will be seen from the census of 1891 that an estimate is made of the area of forests and woodlands for each of the provinces and also for the Territories. That of Manitoba and the Territories is placed at 722,578 square miles. Add to this 20,000 square miles of Dominion territory in the railway belt in British Columbia, and we have 742,578 square miles as the total on Dominion lands. Probably about one-fifth of this contains merchantable timber, or say 150,000 square miles, or 96,000,000 acres. After thus reducing the area, and remembering that in addition to the timber suitable for lumber, a large part of it is covered with spruce valuable for pulpwood, it can scarcely be considered an extravagant estimate to place the merchantable timber, including pulpwood, at 2,000 feet board measure per acre, or in all 192,-000,000,000 feet. We have thus arrived at a very rough approximation of the quantity of timber now fit for use on the lands owned and controlled by the Dominion.

As all the provinces, excepting Manitoba, own their own timber, with the exception of that in the railway belt in British Columbia above referred to, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that the above estimate should not be confounded with any estimate that might be made of the forest wealth of the whole Dominion.

At the lowest, the value of such timber standing in the tree may be put at \$1 per thousand feet board measure, which would amount to \$192,000,000. This represents only what might be collected by the government as a royalty, and forms but a small part of its value to the country as a whole. Much of the timber is growing

on land unsuitable for agriculture, but where water power is abundant, and with the power thus at hand this country should be without a rival in the manufacture of all articles in which timber forms the chief ingredient.

It may be said that a very large percentage of this timber is not at present available, and that consequently its value is overestimated, but when we consider the great appreciation in the value of timber limits within the last ten or twenty years, and the scarcity of the world's supply for the future, it is almost certain that the enhanced value that will be obtained in the future for what is now inaccessible will more than pay compound interest on the present estimated value.

The above estimate takes no account of the younger growth. In considering the potentialities of our forest areas, their capability of affording a continuous crop should be kept clearly in view. Even under the discouraging condition prevailing in our lumber regions after logging operations have ceased, it will be found in most cases that another crop, either of the original or other varieties, is fast springing up, and in any calculation of the value of a timbered territory, which is to remain permanently in forest, this growing crop should be taken into account.

Without going too minutely into this phase of the subject, I am of the opinion that if we confine our cutting of sawlogs to all trees above twelve inches at the butt and pulpwood to say seven inches, the annual increment of growth fit for use will be not less than 140 feet board measure to the acre, or an annual growth increment equalling 13,440,000,000 feet, which at the above rate of \$1 per thousand stumpage would give a perpetual annual return equal to \$13,440,000.

It may be said that in this latter calculation no account is taken of the decreased forestral area that will follow from the occupation of the land by settlers. This is true, but as the timber on Dominion lands is mostly confined: first, to the northerly parts of the continent and beyond the fer-

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

tile land; second, to the easterly slope of the Rocky mountains; and third, to the railway belt in British Columbia, it may be safely assumed that the liberal reductions made for untimbered land in arriving at these figures will fully counterbalance any reduction in the area named through its being cleared up and applied to agriculture.

When we consider all these facts, it must be apparent that from a financial standpoint alone the liberal expenditure of public money in guarding these forests from destruction is fully warranted. It is unnecessary to refer to the incalculable loss which Canada has already sustained by forest fires, while the excellent results that have followed the adoption of the fire ranging system wherever it has been in force are universally admitted.

The foregoing remarks refer to the financial aspect of the forestry question, but the intimate relation that forests bear to the water supply of a country is wellknown.

The history of old-world countries bears witness to the deplorable results that have followed the destruction of timber in the neighbourhood of their water supply. Scarcely a single nation of either Europe or Asia but has cause to regret the results that have followed the denudation of timber on their mountain sides. In many cases what were once fertile valleys are now barren wastes, owing to the drying up of the country. There is perhaps not much difference in the precipitation, but owing to the destruction of the natural reservoirs at the sources of supply, the once perennial streams are now torrents for a short time in the spring, and then dry for the greater part of the year. The wells also fail, and a water famine is the result.

Important as this phase of the subject is to all parts of this country, it applies with the greatest force to the prairie regions of our northwest, where the precipitation is so light as to require to be supplemented in many cases by irrigation. It is not too much to say that the future of a large sec-

tion of our fertile prairie country, and of that of southern Alberta and Assiniboia in particular, will be sadly disappointing if by any means the timber covering on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains should be destroyed. A glance at the map will show a number of streams, such as the Mary's, Old Man, Sheep River, High River, the Elbow, the Bow, the Red Deer and others, with their numerous tributaries flowing into the South Saskatchewan, and all dependent on the precipitation on that watershed for their supply, and equally dependent on the forest with which it is covered to prevent a tumultuous run-off in the spring and early summer. Disastrous as have been some of the floods along these streams in recent years, they will be tenfold more destructive and frequent if by any means the forest covering along the foothills should be destroyed."

The tree planting scheme shows great and encouraging development. We will refer to this more at length later, but for the present quote from the report of the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Norman M. Ross, on results of a plantation ten years old at Indian Head. A plantation of one-third of an acre was set out in 1893, the trees being four feet by six feet apart and the number 605. The seedlings when planted were from two to three years old. From measurements made in 1903 it was found that 473 posts, six to seven feet long, could be cut out of this plantation, the diameter of the posts being in all cases over two inches at the top end. Cedar posts were then retailing at eighteen cents each, so that an elm post might be valued at ten cents. At the above rate 1,419 posts may be obtained from one acre, making \$141.90, the present value per acre of the plantation. Sixteen dollars per acre would undoubtedly more than cover the labor, cost of seedlings and interest on money up to the present time. The cost of cutting the posts is not counted, as the tops suitable for fuel should pay for this. Thus a profit of \$125.90 per acre after ten years could obtained from such a plantation, or an average annual profit of \$12.59.



Salmon Fishing on the Fraser.

Notwithstanding the deserved favor in which British Columbia salmon is held the world over as a wholesome article of diet, comparatively few customers in the old Country are acquainted with the methods used in its capture and preservation. Indeed many possess only a hazy idea of the geographical position of British Columbia with its magnificent rivers and inlets where the annual fishing takes place.

A companion and myself, having occasion to obtain certain data relating to Canadian fishermen and fisheries, spent a few weeks of the season of 1902 actually engaged in the industry as affording the readiest and most reliable means of obtaining the desired information. Our experiences were both pleasant and profitable, and may be of interest to the general reader, besides serving to show how one may enjoy the combined pleasures of camping out and yachting during a holiday in this country, midst scenery unsurpassed in the world for variety, beauty and grandeur.

We found Vancouver the most convenient point for getting into touch with matters relating to fishing prior to the commencemencement of the season. Besides, to say nothing of its own beautiful surroundings, Vancouver affords excellent facilities for visiting some of the finest island and river scenery on the Pacific coast at moderate cost. While here we made the acquaintance of several local fishermen, and from them received several useful hints, which we subsequently found of the greatest service while on the river. I may here state that although we were both average fair boatmen, neither of us had fished with nets before, so were on the alert to pick up all the information we possibly could regarding the manipulation of the gear and such like.

With the assistance of some of our fishermen friends we were enabled to make satisfactory arrangements with the manager of a cannery on the Fraser for the use of a boat and net, on what is known as the three-lay system, whereby the fishermen agree to fish exclusively for the cannery supplying the gear, receiving a third each of the value of their catch in return for their services the remaining third, or boat's share, being retained by the cannery. By

this arrangement, which is usual on the Fraser, we were saved the expense of purchasing an outfit of our own, besides assuring a certain market for our fish.

The first run of the salmon usually takes place about the middle of July, so having completed our outfit of waterproof clothing, cooking utensils and such like, we left Vancouver on the 10th of that month for Ladner, the site of the cannery we were engaged to fish for.

The first part of our journey from Vancouver was by electric tramway to New Westminster, a distance of twelve miles, through a section of country which is fast being settled by the squatter class, as evidenced by the number of fruit gardebs and neat homesteads which one sees amidst the charred fir and cedar stumps. On arriving at New Westminster, the principal city on the Fraser, we spent the hour we had at our disposal in strolling about the city, which still bears ample evidence of the great fire which completely wiped it out in the year 1898. The inhabitants were left homeless and without supplies until the good people of Vancouver arrived with succor thus redeeming an obligation they were under to the citizens of New Westminster, who had rendered them ready assistance when Vancouver shared a similar fate in 1886. These cleansing fires seem to have heralded the dawn of a brighter future for both cities, and Vancouver of today stands second to none on the Pacific coast for beauty of situation, stability of structure and commercial importance.

The Fraser at New Westminster, as it winds between its precipitous and wooden babks, reminds one of the upper reaches of the Rhine, while lower down one could almost imagine oneself on the Seine between Rouen and Havre. From the promenade deck of the steamer we had an excellent view of the surrounding country. The Delta, with its fields of fast ripening grain in the foreground backed by the pine-clad coast range, standing out clear-cut against the cloudless eastern sky. To the westward in the distance Vancouver Island and the Olymphian mountains, their snowcrowned peaks dazzling in the afternoon sun.

The steamer touched at several canneries, on the way down stream to land stores, affording us ample opportunities of witnessing the order and cleanliness observed in putting up the fish. Even the most fastedious could have no ground for complaint. Of course there are the same unavoidable odors one experiences in the fish markets of large cities, but otherwise the fish are handled as carefully and cleanly as they would be under the supervision of the chef.

Arriving at Ladner too late to do business that day, we put up for the night at the Delta Hotel, a clean, comfortable and reasonable hostelry, excellently situated for sportsmen during the shooting season. After dinner we drove some distance into the country, a veritable garden, and yet, a little over a dozen years ago, chaos reigned where one now sees flourishing homesteads, fields of wavering grain and fruit-laden orchards.

Next morning we called at the Cannery and reported ourselves to the manager, who turned us over to the care of the "net boss," the executive officer so far as boats and gear are concerned.

In view of getting snagged, or otherwise temporarily disabled, it is well for the novice to get into the good graces of the "Boss" or he may be astonished some morning by receiving the peremptory order, "Put that boat inside there," which

means the end of the season for the anxious fisherman.

"Well boys, have you fished before?" was
the first query of the "Boss," as he surveyed us up and down. "Not on the Fraser," we intimated truthfully. "Where
then?" was the next question. "In the
Old Country," we answered with equal observance of the truth, our thoughts going
back to boyhood's days and our rod and
line experiences.

A pleasant chat followed, during which the "Boss" discovered we hailed from the same side of the Tweed as himself.

"Well boys, here's a bucket, there's your boat, number 15. Bail her out and bring her around to the wharf for her gear," said the "Boss" as he hurried off to attend to some of his various duties.

We found number 15 among forty or fifty other boats inside a boom, her gunwale level with the water. After bailing her out as directed, we brought her round to the wharf, then went to the net loft for the gear, all of which, with the exception of the net, we found numbered the same as the boat, ready for putting into place. No nets were then served out by our cannery, pending a settlement between the Fishermen's Union and the canners as to price to be paid per fish for the season.

We had thus ample time for getting every thing into ship-shape in our little craft, closely observing and profiting by the act-

(To be continued.)

Where the Bird Tail river issues from the Riding Mountains there is a wide valley that comprises most of a township, says the Hartney Star. In this valley there is one of the strange mounds such as exist in many parts of Manitoba. The mound is on section 13 and is 150 feet long, 30 feet wide and nearly 10 feet high. For what purpose these earthworks were made by the ancient mound builders is not known. Skulls and skeletons are sometimes disinterred but not in sufficient numbers to give assurance that the mounds were erected specially as burial places, and it may

be that, in after years, when the original mound builders had disappeared that the old works were used as graves by a later generation. The old ruins of a past age give evidence that this country was once inhabited by a different race that did not in any way resemble the Indians, for Indians would never go to the trouble of making artificial hills for any purpose; nor is it known what could induce any tribe or nation to erect such structures. That a strange people did once occupy the prairies is certain, but their history is unwritten and their name and nature is unknown.

Our Medicine Bag.

The Kynoch Journal for March has a very interesting article upon expanding bullets. This great English ammunition company has carried out an elaborte series of experiments, and finds as a result that there is a vast difference in the properties of various types of small-bore bullets at varying velocities. For the purpose of investigating the expanding properties of various types of bullets, they chose the .303 as typical of the smaller bore rifles, and in order to investigate the facts at various ranges, cartridges were loaded with charges giving muzzle velocities of 2000, 1630 and 1350 feet per second, each representing the striking veloc:ties of the standard charge, at 20 yards, 225 yards and 425 yards respectively.

The bullets tested included the soft nosed solid, solid express, express split, copper tubed express, and the copper tubed soft nosed solid. All had hard lead core and envelopes about .015 inches thick. With a velocity of 2000 feet, all the bullets worked well. With the striking velocity reduced to 1630 feet, the solid express soft nosed solid with hard lead cores and thin envelopes gave good results, though the soft lead cores with thin envelopes did better. With striking velocities of 1350 feet, a soft nosed tube, with soft lead core, and thin envelope was the only one to give complete satisfaction. The experimenters say in conclusion: " It would, therefore, appear necessary to select a bullet to be used according to the range at which the game would be killed. For distances beyond 200 yards the thinnest possible core and the hollow nose would be the most valuable, whilst at short ranges the soft nosed solid, or solid express, would be more suitable, at any rate for large game."

Conspicuous in a particularly good number of Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes, is Mr. G. S. Lowe's article on Foxhounds. Few possess a wider knowledge of foxhound celebrities and pedigrees than Mr. Lowe, and his knowledge is employed to excellent purpose in this essay. "Houndmen" always enjoy reading about the

giants of old time, such as Mr. Corbett's Trojan, Osbaldeston's Furrier, Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest, the Berkeley Cromwell and the Ralleywoods; and we have read Mr. Lowe's contribution with pleasure and profit. A timely article on the winning steeplechase sires of the past season, gives food for thought, and among other interesting and readable papers we may mention "The Australian as a Horseman," a sketch of tiger trapping in Southern India. We are glad to find, too, a few pages in praise of that most intelligent of canines, the old English sheepdog. Mr. C. D. Rose, well-known in Canada, furnishes the subject for this month's portrait and biographical sketch.

Very erroneous ideas as to the accuracy of the .577 game rifle built by English firms have become general. Recent targets show groups of seven shots at one hundred yards, all in a rectangle 1.23 in. by 1.41 in. and a seven shot target at 200 yards shows all the bullets in a space of 5 ins. by 5 1-16 ins. At 300 yards all bullets were inside a rectangle about $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

The Lieut.-Governor-in-Council of British Columbia has declared a close season for elk in the county of Kootenay for three years, beginning May 16th.

In connection with the work of the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, Mr. J. H. Haslam, of the Haslam Land and Investment Company, proposes giving prizes aggregating one thousand dollars, to be awarded to those who have most successfully gone into tree plantation during the present year.

The forestry branch are sending out two million trees, and to those who obtain the

Mr. C. O. LeCompte of Eminence, Ky., will on May 1st become a shooting representative of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. Mr. LeCompte has been known as one of the most prominent amateurs in this country, and will unquestionably make hosts of friends in his new capacity.

most successful results in the fall of 1906, will be awarded prizes for forest plantations, wind-breaks and hedges. The prizes to go to farmers in Assiniboia.

The conditions are: The forest plantations must not be less than an acre; windbreaks must not be less than ten feet wide; and hedges must be trimmed with no blank spaces, and all must be in good cultivation, with the trees thrifty.

Mr. Haslam considers that the great want in the settlement in Assiniboia is tree-planting. It not only adds to the beauty of the prairie, but if it becomes general will tend very greatly to modify climatic conditions, giving moisture and offering shade.

A circular is being prepared for all those who wish to participate in these prizes; applications for which should be made to the Haslam Land and Investment Co., either at 312 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minnesota, or the Merchant's Bank Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

We have received a copy of the circular of Peter Schott, Knittelsheim, Germany, who deals in forest seeds and forest trees. The firm was established in 1784 and the business is still in the hands of the same family. Knittelsheim is situated in the centre of the world-famed forests of the south of Germany, in the neighborhood of the cities of Speyer, Karlsruhe, Heidelburg and Strassburg. Oaks and beeches, uncompared in growth and exploitability, and Scotch pines, famed for their straightness of stem, cover the plain, while the mountains in the immediate neighborhood, the Vosges and the Alps, are crowned with silver fir and Norway spruce, which produce an absolute-

Alexandria Bay, N. Y., Sept. 22, '03. A. W. Bishop & Son, Racine, Wis:

Gentlemen:—I received the Independent Spooling Device and Reel in good condition and I must say it is the finest reel I ever used for casting. I have fished here all my life and know what a good reel is. I will push your Even Spooling Device next season. Find enclosed my check to cover amount of bill.

Yours very truly, E. D. PATTERSON, (Dealer in high-grade Fishing Tackle.) ly frost hardy seed, owing to the exposed stand of the trees. Mr. Schott is a member of the Canadian Forestry Association.

Mr. E. J. Zavitz has been appointed to take charge of the forestry work at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, as outlined by the Minister of Agriculture. The main project to be undertaken at the present time is the establishment of a nursery to provide a supply of trees for farm woodlots and the delivery of lectures at Farmers' Institutes and elsewhere, in order to get the agriculturists interested in the matter and ready to cooperate by the time the trees are ready for distribution. Mr. Zavitz is a graduate of McMaster University and has taken a course at the Yale School of Forestry.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Forestry Association was held at Ottawa on the 6th May. present were Dr. Wm. Saunders, Messrs. H. M. Price, E. Stewart and R. H. Campbell. The treasurer reported the Association to be in a flourishing condition financially. The secretary reported that the resolutions passed at the annual meetinghad been transmitted to the different governments and the railway companies. These resolutions strongly supported the policy of forest reserves, and urged that special care should be given to the forests on watersheds, and further called special attention to the danger from fire in the building of

The annual Blue Book issued by Messrs. Caverhill, Learmont & Co., Montreal, is looked forward to by dealers in sporting supplies owing to the vast amount of useful information contained in it. No. 45 for 1904 is larger than any of its predecessors. The goods catalogued include Winchester Repeating and single shot rifles, Stevens Favorite and Ideal models, Savage, Mauser, Mannicher and Flobert rifles, as well as Colt, Smith and Wesson and Ivor, Johnson revolvers, together with a very full line of shot guns and general sporting supplies.

In the way of ammunition, Messrs. Caverhill, Learmont & Co. carry the products of the Winchester, U.M.C. and Dominion Company.

the proposed transcontinental railway, and other railways through forested districts if proper care for its prevention is not taken both during the construction and operation. A letter from E. G. Joly de Lotbiniere was read stating that the Government of the Province of Quebec were pleased to know that the next annual meeting of the Forestry Association would be held in the City of Quebec, and would give all assistance to make it successful, as well as continuing their already very generous aid to the general work of the Association.

The establishment of an official organ devoted to forestry, which had been referred to the board by the annual meeting, was considered. The secretary submitted estimates as to the cost of publication, and it was decided that the tender of the Rolla L. Crain Company, Limited, of Ottawa, for printing the paper be accepted, the first issue to be in January, 1905. The publication will begin as a quarterly and will be devoted to forestry subjects mainly, although other related questions of public interest will also receive attention. It will be well illustrated and will be made popular as well as scientific. Further arrangements and organization were left in the hands of the secretary.

A most remarkable bear hunt is reported from Ottawa. M. Pere of "Le Temps" went fishing one Sunday (naughty man) above Aylmer. Three little bear cubs were found playing by the shore, and as the mother was not in sight, the fisherman and

his companions secured the little bears and took them to Ottawa City.

This shows what a sporting country we have; people can go out with nothing more formidable in the way of weapons than a pocket flask and secure three bears in an afternoon.

do

A guest at the Outlet Hotel, Procter, near Nelson, B.C., caught a 16½ pound char on May 13. The fishing in that neighborhood is now very good.

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Of the making of books on the Klondike, there has been no end, but undoubtedly one of the best is "Three Years in the Klondike" by Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, published by Edward Arnold, London. This book gives a better idea of the actual life led during the boom years of '98-99 than anything we have yet come across. Mr. Lynch was evidently one of the most successful. He took money into the Klondike, and, even better, he took common sense, a strong constitution and the knowledge of mining. mine on Cheechaka Hill turned out so productive that in the end he was working one hundred men night and day, or rather twenty-four consecutive hours, because there is no night in June in the Klondike. and gold was accumulating in the old cans and bags that filled the big safe underneath the floor of his cabin.

Mr. Lynch had many exciting adventures, and on one occasion was robbed of several thousand dollars by his French cook, 'but as compared with most of his competitors

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Co., Limited, have opened a new store at 2206 St. Catherine St., Montreal, where they carry a full assortment of their Pure Wool and Camelhair manufactures.

The name of "Jaeger" is well known throughout the world for high-class goods of absolute purity, and the value of Pure Wool for Sporting Wear is recognized by sportsmen in all climates.

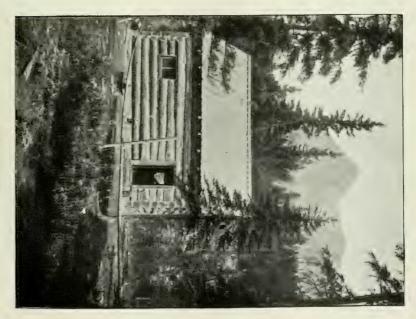
The firm manufacture many specialities which will appeal to devotees of the Rod and Gun. In our review of their stock we were specially struck with the Camelhair Camping Rugs. Sleeping Bags made with two or three layers of Camelhair Fleece,

Knitted Caps, which can be worn as ordinary caps or can be drawn down so as to cover the ears, mouth and throat, leaving only the eyes exposed. New Gloves for Shooting, Driving, and Motoring, Sweaters, Cardigans and Spencers for extra warmth and protection. The stock of Pure Natural Wool Underwear provides for all climates and is kept in a large range of sizes.

The Company has fitted out several Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, and Tropical Explorers and Indian Officers equally appreciate the need for Jaeger goods. The great African explorer, Sir H. M. Stanley, who has just passed away, was a thorough believer in "Jaeger" wear.

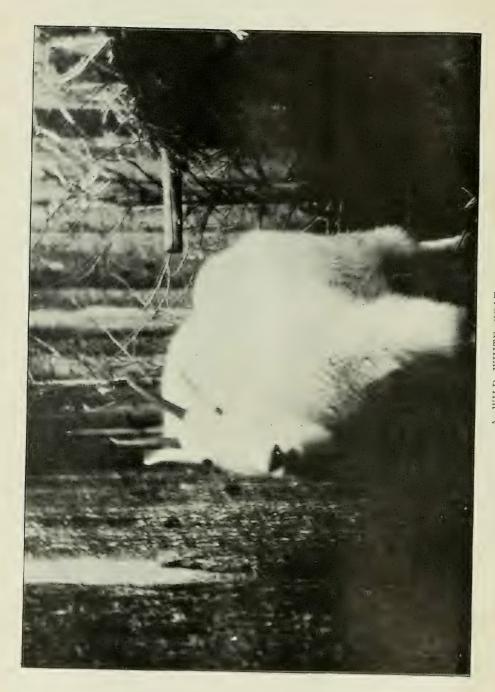


A bighorn ram with a good head.



LEANCHOIL.

The home of the Nixon brothers, guides to the Ice River valley.



A WILD WHITE GOAT. The commonest game of the Rockies, Selkirks and Coast Ranges.

in the mining business, he was singularly fortunate.

Like every other healthy man, he found the Yukon country by no means a bad place to live in. There were drawbacks, but there were also advantages, and the terrible happenings so graphically described in the daily papers were very much less terrible to those on the spot than they appeared to those at a distance.

A paragraph or two from the closing chapter of Mr. Lynch's book are all that we can find space for—unfortunately:—

"Other Klondikes will yet be found in the vast extent of this land, and copper, with other minerals, seems to be indigenous.



Catalogue No. 51 of the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. of Chicopee Falls, Mass., has been issued. It contains an introduction and describes various weapons manufactured by this great Company, starting with the "Stevens-Maynard Jr.," and extending to the Ideal "Schuetzen Special," costing \$70.00.

A new model that should appeal particularly to Canadian sportsmen is the No. 044½. This model handles like a crack English rifle. It had a shotgun butt, and is chambered for all the more desirable rim fire or central fire cartridges.

There is a great deal of useful information in this catalogue, which will be sent upon request, by the J. Stevens, Arms & Tool Co.

The valleys of the Yukon affluents near the main stream where they are wide will grow under the ardent Arctic sun all necessary vegetables, and also food for horses. Coal has been discovered, though not as yet of a very good quality. A man can now take his family to near Dawson, settle in one of the valleys and sell all his produce at good figures to Dawson. Tanana and other Yukon locations that exist and that will exist. The rigours of the winter have been lessened by modern innovations, and people who can winter in Montana and North Russia would almost enjoy existence on the banks of the Yukon. For there are no blizzards; I have never experienced even a slight gale. The atmosphere is always calm and clear except when raining."

The price of the book is 12s 6d.

Bishop Reeve of the Mackenzie River Diocese has returned with his wife and daughter to the great wilderness of the North, where most of his manhood has been passed

His present station would be thought sufficiently lonely and distant by many, yet it is but next door to civilization as compared with what it was thirty-five years ago. In those days the Bishop travelled by wagon from Minnesota to Fort Garry, and then had to look forward to three months in a prairie wagon before he reached his post.

The nearest doctor was two thousand miles away. But as compared with the lot of the Bishop, that of the trapper was far harder. The endurance and courage shown by some of these fur traders must ever excite our admiration. Many of them wintered hundreds of miles from the nearest assistance, and their self-reliance was so great that they never expected, nor did they en route receive assistance from their If accident or disease overfellow man. took them in their lonely cabins, they accepted their fate stoically and without complaint. Go where you will in the Far West, you will travel a beaten trail-for the trapper has been ahead of you.

The following explanation of the somewhat intricate game laws of the Province of Quebec will be welcome by many. It was given in a long communication from

the Deputy Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries:-"I beg to inform you that article 1396 of hunting laws for the hunting of deer and moose in the counties of Ottawa and Pontiac apply only to the territory of these counties such as they were before the organization of the territories of Abbitibi, Mistassini and Ashuanipi. sequently, for these territories which are in zone No. 1, the hunting of deer and moose is allowed from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, and also in zone No. 2, if there is such game. As for the fishing laws, there is no distinction to be made. They apply to these territories just as well as to the remainder of the province."

The United States trade returns show that the lumber imported into that coun-

try from British North America during the calendar year 1903 amounts to 647,-234,000 feet valued at \$9,586,838, and comprised 33 per cent. of the total lumber import. The average value of this lumber was \$14.81 in 1903, which indicates a gain of 29 cents when compared with the average price for the same material in 1902.

Dr. James Hector was attached as geologist and explorer to the Palliser Expedition sent out, from 1857 to 1860, by the British Government to investigate the resources of the Great Western Territories, and the possibility of establishing railway communication between the Eastern Provinces and the Crown Colony of British Columbia.

The excellent work he performed and the

ROD AND GUN-PUBLISHING CO., Montreal, Canada:—

Gentlemen:-It will, no doubt, prove of great interest to your wide circle of readers to learn that our Mr. H. M. Pope tied the World's record for 100 shots a few days ago. The splendid achievement was scored at the regular weekly shoot of the Rod & Gun Rifle Club (Lake Lookout Range) Springfield, Mass., April 9th. Mr. Pope tied the World's record of 917 for 100 shots off-hand, held by D. W. King of Denver, Colorado. The scores were shot at 200 yards on the Standard American Target, Mr. Pope using his Stevens-Pope 33 caliber rifle, mounted with a Stevens telescope. Mr. Pope's performance is regarded by marksmen as most remarkable and one that called for not only great skill and the finest judgment, but courage and endurance as well. The conditions under which he shot grew more adverse as he neared the end of his long string, until the rain, the wind and the gathering dusk made it very difficult to shoot accurately; and yet, the last five shots of his 100 were placed in the centre of the target, where they scored 10, the highest possible score to make. The 10 circle is 3 36-100ths inches in diameter and to put five consecutive bullets in this circle at 200 yards, off-hand, under those conditions was a fine achievement. More than that, several of these shots were within rings inside the 10 circle, which are used for scoring when shooting with machine rests. The 12 circle is but little more than one inch in diameter, and yet two of the five hit this tiny mack. All of the 100 shots were in the bull's eye, and 94 of them were within the eight ring. This 100 shot score completes the list, and Stevens and Stevens-Pope rifles now hold all records on all the targets used for offhand-shooting at 200 yards, used in the United States for all the different numbers of shot usually fired in contests on these targets.

> Very truly, yours, J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

MARBLE'S SPECIAL HUNTING KNIFE.—These knives are of the same quality steel and temper as the Ideal knives, and were expressly designed to secure the greatest possible strength, together with the fewest parts obtainable in hunting knife construction. They are pronounced by many expert woodsmen to be the acme of perfection.

They are straight bevel ground, have bone chopper at back of point, are one-quarter inch thick at back of blade and are of same thickness in the targ. Two oblong recesses are forged in both sides of tang, thus making the

knife balance perfectly. Side plates are selected slabs of German stag horn Made in 5-in blade only, price prepaid, \$2.50



untiring zeal and energy he displayed as pioneer explorer of our mountain regions, as well as the many hardships and privations he then endured, are doubtless well-known to the readers of ROD AND GUN. They are set forth in the published reports of the Expedition containing, amongst other matter, the full and most interesting daily journal of Dr. Hector's travels.

Shortly after the close of the Palliser Expedition, he migrated to New Zealand and assumed the position of director of the Royal Museum at Wellington, the Capital. He was subsequently knighted. In the summer of 1903, for the first time, Sir Hector accompanied by his son Douglas returned to the Canadian Rockies, with the object of again visiting the scenes of his previous explorations. While at Glacier, B.C., his son was taken seriously ill, and, three days later, on the 16th. of August, died in the hospital at Revelstoke.

He was buried in the Revelstoke cemetery. Attending his funeral were Mr. Edward Whymper, the well-known English Mountaineer, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Schaffer and Mr. and Mrs. Gleason of Philadelphia and Boston, visitors for a number of years to the Canadian Rockies. Sir James returned to New Zealand immediately, not feeling equal to a continuance of his visit alone and while suffering from so heavy a grief.

At a subsequent meeting held in Glacier it was suggested that a fund be raised for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument over his son's grave, as a tribute to the memory of the great explorer and scientist. If any of our readers desire to contribute their mite to this worthy purpose, we shall be pleased to receive their contributions and forward them to Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, D.L.S., of Calgary,

who will see that they are expended for the purpose designated.

The annual report of the Newfoundland Department of Fisheries for 1903 has just been issued. It appears that the whale fishery has become a very important source of revenue to the colony. The seal fishery is worth on an average about three-quarters of a million dollars, and the cod fishery, as all the world knows, is the most important in the world. It is not, however, with these commercial fisheries that ROD AND GUN cares to deal. Salmo salar and Salvelinus fontinalis are more in our line, and it is with the most genuine satisfaction that we announce, on the authority of this pamphlet, that the grand salmon streams of the island are at last receiving a portion of that protection they so well merit. Since 1902 no nets have been allowed in the Gander River below Salt Island, and all other river nets have been removed. That these nets were terribly damaging to the rivers is shown by the fact that in eighty years the yield of the Gander was reduced from 2000 tierces of salmon to 33 tierces. Now the increase each year is steady and rapid. Salmon, too, are becoming heavier. A few years ago a thirty pound fish was rarely taken; now salmon of forty-three pounds have been occasionally seen in the market, and they have been taken on the fly weighing thirty-five pounds.

It is to be hoped that the statement, that caribou were not killed by the residents to so large an extent as usual; is correct, because there is little doubt that they have been most cruelly slaughtered. If it be true that not more than 2500 were killed, the caribou will no doubt hold their own. About one hundred licenses were is-

AVERAGES REPORTED.

Junction City, Kansas, May 3rd, 4th and 5th, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 515 out of 545, shooting DuPont Smokeless. First amateur average and 2nd general average, C. M. Powers and Ed. Arnold, 505 out of 545, shooting "E.C."

Wabash, Ind., May 4th, John S. Boa, 1st general average, 368 out of 400, shooting "E. C." Second average, J. S. Fanning, 359 out of 400, shooting "Infallible". Third average, J. L. Head, 347 out of 400, shooting DuPont.

Blenheim, Ontario, May 4th, F. H. Conover, of Leamington, Ont., 1st general average, 134 out of 150. First amateur and second general averages, William Hollingshead, 130 out of 150. Second amateur and third general averages, W. E. Hall, 129 out of 150. All shot DuPont Smokeless.

sued to non-residents, and between them they shot, perhaps, five hundred deer. Seventy-two licenses were sold at \$50 a piece; the others were gratuitous to officers of His Majesty's ships on the station. Willow grouse are said to be decreasing in numbers at an alarming rate.

If any members of the Canadian Forestry Association have spare copies of the first annual report of the Association, the Secretary will be much pleased if they will be kind enough to communicate with him, as enquiries are being made from time to time for copies of this report.

Mr. P. A. O'Farrell, one of the best authorities of that country, writes of the Boundary country as follows:

"Take a new or old map of North America and pick out that spot on the right bank of the Columbia, where the Kettle river branches off to the West. Kettle river is not a very poetic name, but if you have time and leisure and opportunity you can travel along the Kettle river from its junction with the Columbia to its source to the west and north, and during that journey you will be constantly in touch with the most beautiful sylvan and river scenery in all the world. For 300 miles along this enchanting river the sportsman can sit upon the river bank and angle for the finest mountain trout, or he can wait till the fleetest of deer comes to slake his thirst in the cooling waters of this crystal river, or he can hunt those rolling hills for grouse or game, and all the time, if he be a lover of nature, there will be rapture and delight at the sight of so much natural loveliness of hill and dale, of wood and river, of sky and mountain."

The best of it is that we know these things to be true. The writer has lived in the Boundary country and can testify from experience to the flavor of the trout, the appetizing qualities of the venison, and the tonic purity of the air.

In accordance with an act passed at the last session of the Provincial Legislature of Prince Edward Island, a Forestry Commission, consisting of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, Judge Warburton, of Charlottetown, and Rev. Dr. Walker, of Rollo Bay.

was appointed. This commission, who receive no monetary compensation, but are allowed a reasonable sum for expenses, were to draw up a plan for the protection and afforestation of such Crown Lands as may be suitable for timber culture and forestry. In the words of the act the Commissioners shall embody in their plan provisions for the classification of the lands now owned by the Crown and the reservation to the province of all lands which are better fitted for the growing of timber than for agricultural purposes; the purchase of similar lands, which may have been abandoned by their owners, or may have reverted to the Crown on account of the non-fulfillment of the conditionssale, or for unpaid taxes; the management of the forests existing on such lands; the replanting of forests on such lands as far as they may have been denuded of their timber; and such other provisions as may be deemed necessary. The necessity of preserving the forest lands is quite obvious, as at present nearly all the timber used for building has to be imported, and many homesteads suffer from the want of shelter and beauty which trees afford. The soil of the island is so rich that farmers in the past have found it more profitable to clear and cultivate than preserve the timber.

The Forestry Commission's report has been presented to the House. In it attention is called to the great waste of timber going on in the island, and indicating methods of re-foresting. The Commissioners recommend that students and teachers be required to acquire knowledge how to select, plant and care for trees, and that schools be utilized for tree planting purposes, and that a portion of the Government farm be set apart for growing young forest trees. We expect to have the full text of the report later and will give it due notice.

The New Brunswick Tourist Association, of which Mrs. R. E. Olive, of St. John, is secretary, has issued a booklet entitled "Historic and Picturesque Saint John." This little pamphlet will interest all those who visit New Brunswick either as tourists or as sportsmen. It is, notwithstanding its title, by no means confined to the St. John River.

The illustrations are excellent and give

a good idea of the beautiful scenery of the province of New Brunswick.

There is a list of hotels, boarding houses and guides that should fill a long felt want.

-

At the annual meeting of the Rangers' Fish and Game Club, held May 14 in the M.A.A.A. club rooms, the reports of the committee and treasurer were received and adopted, showing the club to be in a flourishing condition. The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. president, J. W. Molson; president, L. H. Boyd; vice-president, W. M. Kerr; hon. secretary-treasurer, R. C. Irwin. Committee—G. Boyd, Alex. B. J. Moore, R. M. Wilson, W. S. Hutchinson and A. H. Hough.

*

In a recent number of a contemporary is an exceedingly interesting and timely article by Mr. E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry, on Soil Utilization. The aim of the essay is to point out that land should be utilized for the purpose for which it is best adapted, whether it be for some particular form of farming operations rather than another, or whether it be for some other purpose altogether, such as the growth of timber. The special purpose of the writer is to emphasize the latter aspect of the question, and in doing so he calls attention to the fact that Canada has a very large area of such land, much of which is now covered with timber of great commercial value, while other areas as a result of destructive fires are now either bare or growing up with young trees. We quote: Every acre of land should be utilized for the production of that variety of crop for which it is best suited. Owing to the fact that but a very small percentage of the constituent elements of the tree is derived from the soil, less in fact than one per cent., it follows that soil entirely unfitted to produce agricultural crops is frequently well adapted for the growth of trees. Again, no rotation of different kinds of trees is necessary. same soil will continue for ages to grow the same varieties. For this reason any land unfit for agriculture should be utilized for the growth of timber. It is very unfortunate that so much land in these provinces, which is unfit for the growth of for settlement. A large percentage of the cereals should ever have been thrown open land of Northern Ontario and Quebec contains a light sandy and gravelly soil, frequently broken by rocky ridges, and covered with boulders, difficult to cultivate and incapable of yielding anything but the scantiest return for the arduous labor expended on it. This land was originally covered with valuable forests of pine, hemlock, maple and other timber, and could have been so managed as to continue indefinitely to produce the same varieties, but the inexperienced immigrant, finding that it was open for settlement, attempted to make a home on it, only to find after years of toil little to reward him for his labor.

Canada, owing to the fact that so much of its territory still remains in the hands of the Crown, has an opportunity which few countries possess of inaugurating a land and forest policy that will be of lasting benefit to the country by utilizing every acre of her territory for the growth of such products as are best suited to the varied conditions, and by guiding the pioneer settlers who are now making, and who will in the future make their homes in our unoccupied territory, to a wise use of the natural resources, whether contained in the soil or in the timber with which a large portion of it is covered.

The picturesque days of the buffalo hunt and the Indian trail, a phase of existence, now rapidly disappearing from life in the Canadian Northwest are recalled by the visit to Winnipeg this week of an outfit from the far north, which bears in its unique make-up the stamp of the pioneer days and the flavor of the wildest tales

that ever graced the pages of a Fenimoral Cooper or a chapter in the border history of a Remington. Charles P. Linklater is the central figure in this connecting link in the ever-weakening chain which binds the cold and unsympathetic present to the stirring days of the past, in which the nation builders of the early west lived. He

is a trapper, and his appearance on the streets of Winnipeg in all the picturesqueness of a dog train and buckskin suit causes even the busiest of the passers-by to pause and gaze upon this now strange spectacle, says a writer in the Winnipeg Telegram.

Twenty-two seasons in the wilderness of the north have left their indelible stain on the strong features of this son of the forest, but in other respects the hardships and perils of a hunter's life have dealt lightly with him. Though now 48 years of age, Linklater does not exhibit any of the signs which in civilization indicate this age. Contentment in the hazardous task of wrestling from nature in her wildest forms the necessities of the life of those who map out their campaign among the lakes, waterfalls and mountains, is the saving grace of the pioneers, and in this respect the trapper, who this week is the lion of the city, is no exception to all others of his class.

The haunts of the moose and the favorite forest homes of the lynx and the bear are more familiar to him than the places where humanity gathers to exchange ideas, yet he is intelligent in conversation, and quick in conceptions of the ways of city life. He was borne at Fort Churchill, on the Hudson's Bay, and is descended from the Linklaters of Strumness, in the Orkney Islands. In those primitive days when the Hudson's Bay Company was the van of civilization in northwestern Canada, he was an apprentice under Mr. E. Abell, at that time an engineer for the company, and who was later the first inspector in mechanical works for Manitoba. That was in 1881, and Mr. Abell was then located at lower Fort Garry, where the lathes on which the machine work was done were kept in one of the bastions of the old fort. When he had mastered the rudiments of mechanical engineering, he was sent out as a "striker" runner to the pony engine on the steamer Northcote, which plied up and down the Saskatchewan River. After serving on this steamer for a year, he came back to Winnipeg, and earned what he could around the settlement. When the Northwest rebellion started in 1884, he volunteerea in the 91st Regiment under Colonel Scott, and saw all the active fighting of the rebellion. When the uprising was subdued he again came to Winnipeg, and opened a small store, but life in semi-civilization did not suit him, so he took to the wilds again.

On the northern shores of Lake Winnipeg he built a small shanty, and made a living by trading with the Indians, and ever since then he has lived in this shanty, making a living off the Indians and the wild beasts of the forests. The mineral deposits of the region interest him greatly, as he has made a study of geology, and spends all his spare time among the rocks and mountains searching for some rich deposit which will bring him wealth. The tales he tells would indicate that the northern shores of Lake Winnipeg are rich with minerals beyond the dreams of avarice.

"I was the first prospector to bring news of the wealth to be found at the northerly part of the lake," said the old trapper. "There are minerals of almost every description in that district. While in many places they are not in very great quantities, there are others where they can be found in such abundance that mining there would be a gigantic success. Black Island there is a deposit of iron ore which for quantity and quality cannot be beaten by any place in the world. At the place where Split Rock Creek empties into the lake I made a discovery of black manganese which runs 80 per cent. to the ton. That place I will keep secret until I can interest capital enough to work it. mineral is there in such quantities that a fortune awaits those who have the capital to take it out."

According to the trapper, the Indians have had a most prosperous year, and have secured a large number of furs, which they are now commencing to bring down for sale. He says that the most anusual thing he ever sees when he is at his shanty is a human being, apart from those who live with him. In those parts it is no uncommon thing to go several months running without seeing anyone at all, and the sight of a white man is consequently very welcome. Up in those parts the march of civilization has not begun, and everywhere the work of nature can be seen undisturbed by human hand.

Fishing Rods

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.
The Official Organ of the Canadian Forestry Association.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA does not assume any responsibily for, or necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

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HE objects of the CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION are:

The preservation of the forests for their influence on climate, fertility and water supply; the exploration of the public domain and the reservation for timber production of lands unsuited for agriculture; the promotion of judicious methods in dealing with forests and woodlands; re-afforestation where advisable; tree planting on the plains and on streets and highways; the collection and dissemination of information bearing on the forestry problem in general.

ROD AND GUN is the official organ of the Association, which supplies the articles relating to Forestry published therein.

This Association is engaged in a work of national importance in which every citizen of the Dominion has a direct interest. If you are not a member of the Association your membership is earnestly solicited.

The annual fee is \$1.00, and the Life Membership fee \$10.00.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary,

R. H. CAMPBELL,

OTTAWA, ONT.

Department of the Interior.

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada All communications for this department should be addressed to Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

At the solicitation of the Editor of the Trap Department of ROD AND GUN, Mr. Forest H. Conover (Ingin), the well-known representative of the DuPont Powder Co., has consented to give the readers of the paper a brief account of his career as a trap shooter. Mr. Conover is a welcome figure at the tournaments, most of which he attends, and is very popular with his

brother shooters and is always able to give a good account of himself. He is a thorough sportsman, as those of you who are privileged to know him can testify. Mr. Conover has rendered good service in the cause of game protection and preservation in the past and we hope to give our readers an article on the above subject from his pen in the near future.

Twenty-Six Years of Trap-Shooting.

By FOREST H. CONOVER.

It is now about twenty-six years since I first began my career as a trap shooter. At the period I speak of, the only target we had was the glass ball, which has long



FOREST H. CONOVER
since been relegated to the past.
I continued shooting with the local gun

clubs and will just note in passing that the next improvement in targets was the tar ball, which was thrown from a rotary trap. The tar-ball was soon to be succeeded by the Ligowskey Clay Pigeon, the forerunner of the Blue Rock and Keystone. The Ligowskey Clay Pigeon was the first target up to this time that imitated the flight of a bird to any extent, and it held the field until the Cleveland blue rock came with us to stay.

I soon began to attend the provincial tournaments in the west and cultivated the acquaintance of the leading sportsmen throughout the province, and while possessing a thorough enjoyment of the sport of trap-shooting while contesting with the various clubs, I began to study the sport from a scientific standpoint. The mechanism of the various guns then in use and also the composition and properties of the various powders then in use—both black and nitro, proved of great interest to me.

I became identified with the Dupont Powder Company in 1888 through Mr. W. L. Colville of Batavia, N.Y., at that time considered one of the highest authorities on the modern explosive compounds.

As a result of my labors among the sportsmen of Canada as a powder advocate, a notable change has been brought about in many respects, fortunately for the E. I. DuPont Co., of Wilmington, Del., U. S. A.

Last season (1903) I had the pleasure of visiting the mills at Wilmington; a full description of which would fill more space than I have at command.

The black powder mills, situated on the Brandy Wine River, which were established in the year 1800, stand in the same place today, although greatly improved and added to and are operated to their full capacity. The Smokeless Plant, situated at Carney's Point, covers some two hundred acres. There are manufactured the sporting brands and also many other brands used in the navy, all of which have the highest reputation.

I enjoy the pleasure of holding the "Three Countries Gold Medal", which I won in the competition held at Blenheim in 1900 at blue-rock against the best shots in

the country. I also hold the "Individual Championships of Ontario", a handsome gold medal presented by the Maple City Gun Club of Chatham in 1902, won on a clear score of 30 birds straight, at their annual tournament held June 5th and 6th, 1902. I make general high averages in a great number of tournaments throughout the country and was the highest average of any shooter from Canada at a big five days' tournament held at Buffalo a few years ago. My average for the whole tournament was 88 per cent. I also have a number of cups and badges, which I have won in various contests. I have made duck shooting a hobby, and have followed it successfully from boyhood up. Making the habits and haunts of the birds a study has conduced greatly to my success in this sport. The coming summer will be a busy one for me, campaigning the country during the trap shooting season in the interests of the DuPont Company.

In closing I would say that I shall be pleased at all times to further the interests of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

RIDGETOWN GUN CLUB SHOOT—MAY 20TH.

The Ridgetown Gun Club annual tournament was held at Ridgetown, Ont., on May 20th. The weather was unfortunately very unfavorable, those facing the traps having to contend against a high wind and a continuous rain. Seventeen shooters were present. Following is a partial result of shoot:—

1st, F. H. Conover, 132 out of 150; P. C. Wood of Detroit 131, W. McMackon, Highgate, 3rd; Wm. Agnew of Comber, 4th. Owing to late arrival of scores we are unable to publish them in detail.

MAPLE CITY GUN CLUB. TOURNAMENT.

The annual tournament of the Maple City Gun Club, Chatham, Ont., will take place on June 1st and 2nd. This progressive club have arranged to hold their tournament during the Old Boys' Reunion. A feature of the programme will be a high average, consisting of \$15.00 first money, and \$10.00 second money, covering two days' shoot.

Programme for the two days shoot will cover 320 targets. There will also be three events in each of which cases \$5.00 will be added money. The Chatham Gun Club extend a cordial invitation to members of other clubs to participate in this tournament, which is regarded as one of the best events in the West. In next issue we will publish report of this event.

NEW TRAPS FOR FORT GARRY.

Winnipeg, May 23—There was a good turnout at the Fort Garry traps last evening and the new Leggett trap meets with favor from everyone. A set of expert traps, operated on the Sargent system, with latest electric pull device, will shortly be installed and everyone will be able to practice and shoot extras in good light as much as desired. The principal scores last evening were as follows:

A class.—Holiday, gold, 21; Alder, silver, 18; Mulvey, bronze, 18; Totten 17, Simpson 15, Bourgouin 14, and Gates 11.

B. class.—Belcher, gold, 12; Potter, bronze, 11.

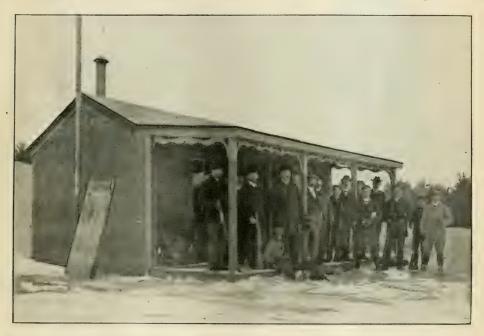
The Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club.

Like most good things the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club started life in a .very humble way.

After a day of crooked shooting at Cole Harbour, the Mecca of Dartmouth sportsmen, three weary and disgusted duck hunters decided that it was about time they learned to hold a gun, and then and there was the genesis of what is now a prosperous and flourishing organization.

Developing this idea these gentlemen found a number of friends who felt that they had something to learn about shooting, and who entered enthusiastically into This was in the Fall of 1901. At that time, and for some months afterwards, the Club had but one trap, there was no club house or other accommodation for shooters on the grounds and the membership was limited to twelve; the Club's principal asset was enthusiasm, of which there was fortunately a bountiful supply.

Since then a complete system of traps has been installed, a club house has been erected overlooking First Lake, a beautiful sheet of water on the outskirts of the town, and an outdoor rifle range has been



CLUB HOUSE DARTMOUTH ROD AND GUN CLUB, DARTMOUTH, N. S.

the project of forming a gun club. It was also learned that there was already an organization in Dartmouth consisting of four or five individuals and known as The Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club, although its numbers, and the scope of its operations scarcely justified the use of so ambitious a title.

After some negotiations the property of this organization was acquired and the present club was formed, taking in the members, and assuming the title of the old concern.

built for the use of members who prefer to burn their powder in that fashion.

Although at the outset very few of the members had had any experience at trap shooting, the Club has developed a number of shots who would be a credit to any similar organization in the country, and there is keen competition for the various club trophies, the principal of which are The Eager Memorial Cup, which was presented to the Club by Mr. R. Frank Eagar, in memory of his father, the late M. F. Eagar, one of the charter members of the

Club, and is shot for annually on Thanksgiving Day; the Executive's Cup, shot for annually on New Year's Day, and the Austin-Hill Badge, presented by Messrs. H. E. Austin and L. F. Hill, and shot for every Saturday.

Membership in the Club is now open to any person residing in the County of Halifax, and although members are elected by ballot, no decent sportsman need fear to run the gauntlet. In this respect the Club is run on democratic principles.

It was the intention of the founders of



G. P. MONOHAN Sec.-Treas, Dartmouth Gun Club.

the Club to do something for the fishermen included in its membership, hence the word "Rod" in the corporate name. As yet but little has been done along this line, but negotiations are now in progress for the acquisition of a lake which will be stocked, and on the banks of which a club house will be built which will serve as a resort for those to whom the restraints of civilization have become too irksome to be longer born and who seek a temporary relief from their suffering in the arms of God's own country.

BRANDON GUN CLUB.

Brandon, May 22—The Brandon gun club held its weekly shoot last night, at which the following gentlemen won the buttons: Gold button, Mr. Swartz, 21; silver 'button, Dr. Latimer, 21; bronze button, W. G. Hopper, 20.

A SUCCESSFUL TOURNAMENT PROPHESIED.

There is every reason to believe that the coming annual tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooters and Game Protective Association, to be held in Brant-

ford on August 10th, 11th and 12th, will be a gigantic success. This year's tournament is to be given under the auspices of the Brantford Gun Club, who have recently acquired new grounds, situated just outside the city limits on the line of the Grand Valley Radial Road. The grounds include nine acres, having a clear sky background. They are perfectly level and covered with sod.

While last season's tournament held under the auspices of the Stanley Gun Club in Toronto proved a great success, the officers of the Brantford Gun Club naturally anticipate as large or larger attendance at this tournament being held in their city. Everything possible will be done by the local club to provide for the comfort and welfare of the visiting shooters. The programme for this tournament is now in hand.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

Judging from present indications, the 1904 show of the Toronto Fair will far exceed all others. That good all-round fancier, Mr. John G. Kent and Mr. A. W. Bell, who is a most energetic secretary, are doing their utmost to make this show most enticing to American breeders who, we trust, will support it, as it so richly deserves.

The Editor of the Trap Department is in receipt of a very valuable letter from Forest H. Conover, Canadian representative of the E. I. DuPont Powder Co., of Leamington, Ont., which reads as follows:—

Dear Sir.—Please find enclosed herewith Express order for \$2.00 for two subscriptions to ROD AND GUN IN CANADA for one year, starting with May issue. I wish to congratulate you on the improvement of ROD AND GUN, on the appearance and also the neatness of its columns and well written articles. The sportsmen all over the country are now speaking in very high terms of your estimable journal. I trust in a short time, it will grace the homes of all Canadian sportsmen

Assuring you of my best wishes and efforts, I remain,

Yours, very truly (Signed) F. H. CONOVER.

THE MONTREAL GUN CLUB.

On April 30th a club shoot was held despite the inclement weather, and a good day's sport was the result. It was decided at a meeting held previous to the shoot that the club should journey to Ottawa on the 21st inst., to compete against the Ottawa Gun Club for the Montreal challenge trophy, which is emblematic of the Ontario and Quebec championship, and for which the Ottawa Club defeated the local club for here on Good Friday last.

The result of the shoot was:-

20 bird sweep-Alexander 19, Kearney 18,

Redman and Kearney (18) defeated Edwards and Candlish (15).

Kearney and Candlish (17) defeated Redman and Edwards (17).

Which gives each 1 win.

WINNIPEG GUN CLUB SHOOT.

On May 6th the first semi-weekly shoot of the Winnipeg Gun Club for the current season was held at their tracks in St. John's. The scores were as follows:—

R. J. McKay, gold button, 17; F. D. Cadham, silver button, 17, W. H. Sutten, bronze button, 16; H. W. Lightcap, 16; O.



USE THE BEST.

This moose was shot in northern British Columbia by Mr. A. W. Conner, with a Savage Rifle,

Edwards 17, Redman 17, W. Candish 13. 20 bird sweep—Redman 20, Alexander 19, Edwards 11.

15 birds, unknown traps—Redman 15, Kearney 13, D. Candlish 12, Edwards 12, N. Candlish 11.

Spoon shoot—Edwards 19, Alexander 18, Kearney 18, Redman 18, D. Candlish 15, J. White 12, N. Candlish 10.

Club Championship, 50 birds—Redman 46, Edwards 41, Kearney 39, D. Candlish 36, N. Candlish 28.

Team Match—Edwards and Kearney (18) defeated Candlish and Redman (14).

F. Lightcap, 14; C. Wellband, 13.

These are the scores made by the regular members of the Club. A number of visitors participated in the shoot, Mr. C. Rutley making 15 and Mr. D. P. Miller 10.

Oftentimes a trap shooter may have a gun or some other contrivance that he may wish to exchange or dispose of. The advertising pages of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA are open for his use. Our rate for one inch space, one month, is \$2.00. Two months, \$4.00. Three months, \$6.00. Six months, \$9.00.

INGLEWOOD GUN CLUB.

Hamilton, May 17—The Inglewood Gun Club annual shoot yesterday was a successful affair. "Singer" of Hamilton won the Grand Inglewood Handicap at 25 birds. He had a clean score. Following were the various events:—

25-bird event—R. Barrett 15, J. H. Thompson 17, T. Henry 20, Musson 16, Dent 20, Wm. Thornton 19, Mr. Dunk 16, Geo. Kidd 14, J. Kidd 19, Singular 17, Mr. Singer 25, J. Campbell 15, J. Burrill 16, S. White 21, Burns 15, Dwyer 18, Bushlen 11.

10-bird event—Thornton 10, Dunk 5, Mc-Cague 6, Brockelbank 5, Burns 7, Singer 7, Kidd 8, Thompson 6, Musson 5, Bushlen 6, Henry 7, Olive 4, Campbell 6, Watson 6, Barrett 9, Burrill 8, White 8, Dent 8, Singular 7.

20-bird event—John Kidd 17, J. H. Thompson 16, Burns 15, Brockelbank 12, McCague 10, Bushlen 15, Mussen 14, Burrill 14, Geo. Kidd 12, White 15, Singular 15, Barrett 12, Dunk 17, Thornton 16, Dent 16, Singer 16.

15-bird event—Thornton 13, Brockelbank 8, Burns 9, Bushlen 6, McCague 8, Burrill 11, Dunk 14, Kidd 8, Singular 12, Campbell 9, Dwyer 8, Henry 14, Dent 9, White 10, Thompson 10, Musson 10, Barrett 12, Kidd 10, Singer 10, Watson 9.

TORONTO JUNCTION VS. STANLEYS.

Quite an interesting event took place on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club on Saturday, May 1, when the deciding match was shot between teams representing the Toronto Junction Gun Club and the Stanley Gun Club of Toronto, twelve men a side. As each team had a win to its credit, considerable interest was taken in the final match, and after a spirited contest, was won by the Junction by 16 birds. The following is a summary of Saturday's scores:—

Ten targets—McGill 10, Dunk 9, Burgess 8, Dey 7, Fritz 7.

Ten targets—W. Wakefield 10, Pearsall 9, Burgess 7, Douglas 7, Thompson 6.

Ten targets—Kingdon 9, Thompson 8, Mason 8, Turp 7, Hampton 6.

Ten targets—McGill 10, Dunk 9, Hirons 7, Douglas 7, Martin 7.

Ten targets—McGill 8, Kemp 7, Hogarth 7, Townson 7, Douglas 7.

Ten targets—Thompson 10, Mason 9, Turp 9, Hampton 9, Wilson 7.

Ten targets—Rock 9, Green 9, Townson 8, Charles 8, Hirons 7.

Sweep, 10 targets—Buck 10, P. Wakefield 9, Dey 9, Green 9, Turp 8, Kemp 8, McGill 8, Burgess 8, Mason 8, Dunk 7, D'Eye 7, Thompson 7, W. Wakefield 7, Hirons 7, Hogarth 6, Townson 6, P. Hogarth 5, Kingdon 5, Hampton 5.

Sweep, ten targets—McGill 9, Turp 9, Kingdon 8, P. Wakefield 8, Townson 8, Burgess 8, W. Wakefield 8, Buck 8, Green 7, P. Hogarth 7, Dey 7, Dunk 6, D'Eye 6, W. Spanner 6, Mason 5, Thompson 5, Harrison 5, Hogarth 5, Patterson 5, Wilson 4.

Sweep, ten targets—Green 10, McGill 9, W. Wakefield 8, Dunk 8, Townson 7, P. Wakefield 6, Kingdon 6.

Team match, 25 per man—Junction—Mc-Gill 23, Burgess 21, Thompson 24, W. Wakefield 21, Mason 20, Turp 22, Kemp 14, P. Wakefield 20, J. Townson 21, H. D'Eye, 19, Hardy 14, Douglas 17. Total 236.

Stanleys—Dunk 21, Hulme 23, Kingdon 13, Hampton 22, Pearsall 17, Buck 18, Dey 17, Martin 16, Green 21, Thomas 22, Fritz 19, Hogarth 11. Total 220.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB WON DECISIVE MATCH.

The Stanley Gun Club of Toronto journeyed to Hamilton on Saturday afternoon, May 14th, to shoot the last of the home and home matches with the Hamilton Gun club for the inter-club championship. Each club had won a match in their respective cities, and as the final match had to be shot on neutral grounds the teams and their friends went down by special car on the radial railway to the Merchants' Gun club traps at Dynes' hotel on the Beach. There were thirteen men a side at 25 birds each, and number 13 again proved lucks for the Hamilton boys, they winning by 22 birds. The teams and scores were:

Hamilton—Hunter 23, Frank 23, Oliver 23, Graham 21, Cline 21, Homing 20, Hunt 20, Thomson 20, Bowran 20, Wilson 19, Groves 19, Brigger 18, Bates 18. Total 265.

Stanleys—Thompson 21, Hulme 21, Day 21, Dunk 20, Thomas 20, Sawden 20, Mc-

Gill 20, Fritz 19, "Green" 19, Kingdon 17, Martin 17, Hampton 14, Buck 14. Total 243.

The Hamilton club is now negotiating with the Stanleys with a view to a threemen team match at 100 birds each.

STANLEY SHOOT.

Good scores were made at the Stanley Gun Club shoot on May 7th, held on their own grounds. The weather contributed to good shooting. The following is a summary of the scores:

Event No. 1, 10 targets—Thompson 9, White 8, Hampton 8, Dunk 8, Mason 6.

No. 2, 10 targets, 20 yards—Fritz 8, Hirons 7, White 6, Dunk 6, Mason 5.

No. 3, 10 targets, 20 yards—Dey 9, Dunk 8, Thompson 7, White 6, Mason 5.

No. 4, 10 targets—Buck 10, White 9, Hampton 9, Fritz 8, Hirons 6.

No. 5, 10 targets—Dey 10, Thompson 9, Dunk 9, Hooey 8, Mason 7.

No. 6, 10 targets—Hampton 8, White 7, Dey 7, Hooey 7, Mason 7.

No. 7, 10 targets—Dunk 8, Fritz 8, White 6, Hirons 6, Mason 5.

No. 8, 10 targets—Hampton 8, Thompson 8, Hooey 7, Buck 6, Mason 5.

No. 9, 10 targets—Hampton 10, Thompson 10, Dey 9, Dunk 9, White 7.

No. 10, 10 targets—White 10, Thompson 10, Hirons 7, Hooey 7, Mason 6.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB SHOOT.

The finals of the Hamilton Gun Club's winter series of shoots were held on Saturday afternoon, May 7th. The weather was perfect for shooting over the traps, good scores were made. In the match for the Browning gun, donated by Mr. Horning, one of the club's most enthusiastic shots, Bowron and Raspberry tied with 177 out of 200, and will shoot off the tie at a later date. Wilson and Thomson were second with 169. In the match for the trophy donated by Percy Dynes, Frank Overholt led with 101, and Graham and Cline were second with 99. The Klein and Binkley trophy, presented by this firm for the high average in the winter shoots, Frank Overholt also won, with 334, Upton closely following with 333. All of the matches were very closely contested, and in no event could the winner be determined until the last squad was retired.

The shoots have been the most successful ever held by the club, and great interest has been shown throughout by members and their friends, while many good shots have been developed in new members. The club teams will keep in shape for the Canadian championships to be held in Brantford in the summer, and expect to give a very good account of themselves. They are proud of their 16-year-old champion, Frank Overholt, the winner of the present series, and many other trophies throughout Canada.

Gun Match, Browning—Cline 21, Frank 20, Thomson 22, Hunter 18, Graham 18, Wilson 18, Raspberry 20, Bowron 20, Fletcher 16, Upton 19, Bates 10, Wark 18, Ben It 14, R. Hunter 15.

Dynes' Trophy — Cline 23, Frank 23, Thomson 21, Hunter 23, Graham 23, Wilson 22, Raspberry 19, Bowron 18, Fletcher 20, Upton 15, Bates 16, Waterbury 10, Ben It 19, A. Lee 15, Coffin 13.

Sweep, 15 birds—Thomson 11, Coffin 9, Dunham 10, Dean 10, Frend 8.

Sweep, 10 birds—Cline 8, Thomson 10, Hunter 8, Coffin 8, Dunham 8, Dean 7, Frend 6, Crawford 8, Ralph 7, Jones 6.

Sweep, 10 birds—Cline 9, Thomson 9, Graham 9, Wilson 9, Wark 8, Coffin 5, Dunham 8, Dean 7, Frend 5, Crawford 6, Ralph 7, Jones 3.

Following are the leaders in high average in winter series:—

Big doings in the "Big State" are reported for Winchester factory loaded shells. At the Texas state tournament, held in Houston on May 2 to 6, Edgar Nalle won the \$450 diamond medal, emblematic of the live bird championship of the state, F. K. Sterritt being second. The \$400 diamond medal, emblematic of the target championship of Texas, was won by F. M. Furote, Dr. Hann being second. Needless to say, the above quartette of shooters used Winchester factory loaded shells and Mr. Faurote also used a Winchester repeating shotgun.

Frank 79.34, Upton 79.28, Wilson 78.04, Graham 77.85, Thomson 76.95, Raspberry 76.88, Cline 75.53, Fletcher 75.00, Hunter 72.53, Bowron 72.09.

Some rattling good shooting was done at the Winnipeg gun club's traps on the evening of May 16, the old renables showing up in form for the first time this season. The scores were: J. Lemon, gold button, 22; J. Spence, silver button, 22; R. J. Mc-Kay, bronze, 21; F. T. Cadham, 20; C. Wellband, 20; C. Dodd, 18; P. Johnston 19; W. Sutton, 17; H. Lightcap, 17; J. H. Thompson, 16; O. F. Lightcap, 14.

B. class-J. McIntyre, 13.

Visitors—F. G. Simpson, 20; G. A. Britton, 14.

WESTMOUNT GUN CLUB'S ANNUAL RE-UNION.

The biggest shoot ever given under the auspices of the Westmount Gun Club was that which took place on May 24th at the club's grounds, Westmount. There was an unusually large attendance of sportsmen for the annual affair, and in addition to the large number of competitors, there was a surprisingly large attendance of spectators. There were shots from Sherbrooke and elsewhere in the province, and there was quite a gathering of guns from across the border, Vermont being well represented.

The scoring was good throughout the day. The light was good, and conditions generally favored the marksmen. Lewis of the Westmount Club, won the high average prize, and McDuff, of the Montreal Club, was second.

Below are the results of the various competitions:—

Team Shoot — Montreal first team 55, Montreal second team 50, Westmount first team 50, Westmount second team 47, Sherbrooke Gun Club 45, Champlain, N.Y., Gun Club 45.

Merchandise Shoot — Craig, Sherbrooke, 12; Candlish, Montreal, 11; Aubin, Montreal, 11; Westover, Sutton, 11; Galbraith, Montreal, 11; McDuff 11; Dumont, 11; Goodhue, 11; Hausen, 11; Lewis, 11; Eaton 11, Grindstone 11, Bray 11, Landriault 11, White 10, Hutchison 10, Thomp-

son 10, M. Candlish 10, Vanzleit 10, Wooten 10, Parsons 10.

Event No. 1, 15 targets—E. C. Eaton 15, Redmond 15, Landriault 14, Thompson 14, White 14, Lortie 14, Bray 13, McDuff 13.

Event No. 2, 20 targets—Thompson 20, McDuff 19, Grindstone 19, Dumont 19, White 18, Hutchison 18, Holcombe 17, Goodhue 16.

Event No. 3, 15 targets—McDuff 15, Grindstone 15, Landriault 14, Bray 14, Westover 13, Hutchison 13, Dumont 13, Outhet 13.

Event No. 4, 20 targets—Lewis 19, McDuff 19, Hutchison 19, Redmond 18, Thompson 18, Craig 18, Grindstone 17, White 17.

Event No. 5, 15 targets—White 15, Lewis 15, Thompson 14, McDuff 14, Bray 14, Galbraith 14, Tarte 13.

Event No. 7, 15 targets—Vanzleit 14, McDuff 14, Dumont 14, Lewis 14, Hutchison 14, Grindstone 13, Thompson 13, Eaton 12, Westover 12, White 12, Hamilton 12.

Event No. 8, 20 targets—Vanzleit 18, Thompson 18, Grindstone 18, Redmond 18, Lewis 17, McDuff 17, Westover 16, Eaton 14.

Event No. 9, 15 targets—Lewis 15, Dumont 15, Wooton 14, Hutchison 14, Bray 14, Redmond 14, Grindstone 14, McDuff 13, Goodhue 13, Landriault 13, Eaton 12.

Event No. 10, 20 targets—Thompson 19, Grindstone 18, Lewis 18, White 18, Landriault 18, Hamilton 18, Dumont 18, McDuff 17, Goodhue 16.

Event No. 11, 15 targets—Goodhue 14, Bray 14, Lewis 13, Redmond 13, McDuff 13, Grindstone 13, Thompson 13, Eaton 12, Landriault 12.

T. Costen & Co., dealers in guns, fishing tackle and general sporting goods, 1696 Notre Dame street, Montreal, beg to call the attention of readers of ROD AND GUN in Canada to their advertisement which appears in the advertising section of this issue of ROD AND GUN in Canada. Messrs. Costen & Co. are in a position to meet the requirements of all buyers of fishing tackles, guns and ammunition. Their prices are reasonable and the quality of their goods undeniable. Sportsmen passing through Montreal should call upon Messrs. T. Costen & Co.

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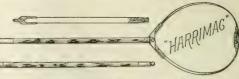
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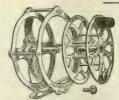
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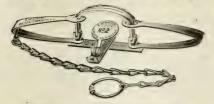
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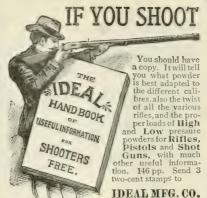
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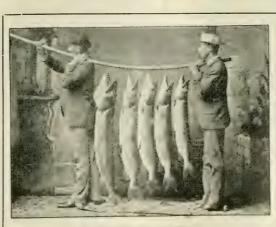
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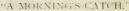
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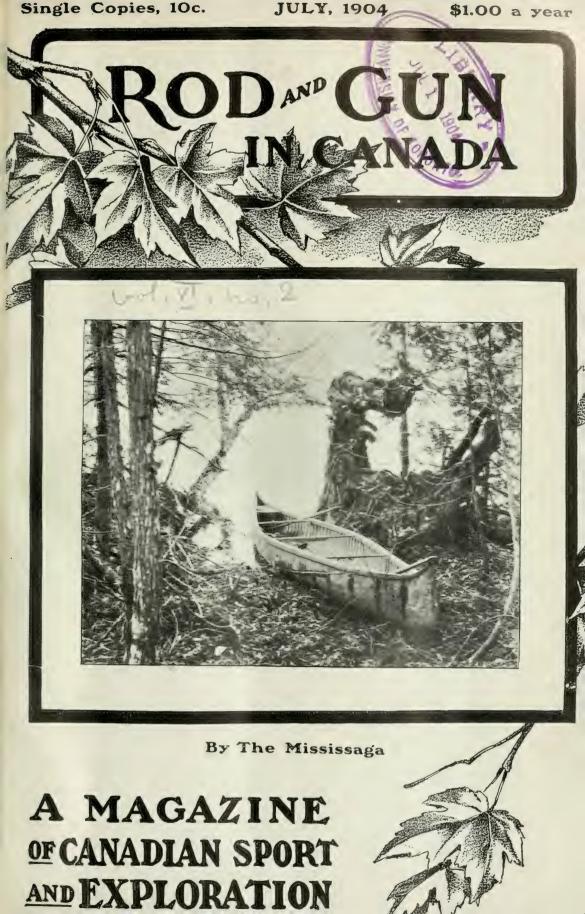
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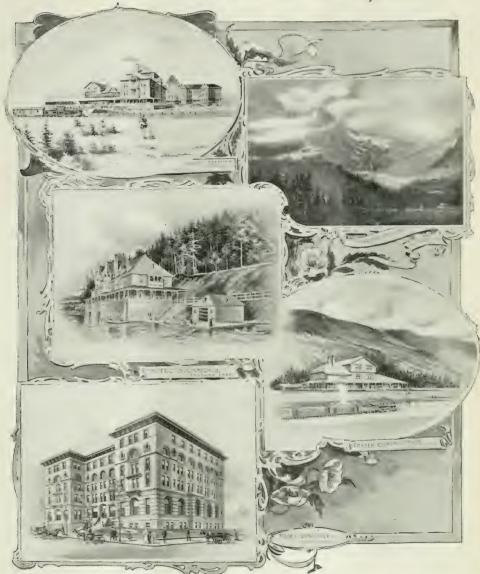
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VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JULY, 1904

No. 2

Down The Mississaga.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG.

In that most enjoyable canoe trip which I took down the Mississaga River last autumn I felt there was a want of variety in the fishing unless one left the main river and travelled east or west. I heard then from the Indians of a large number of good fishing lakes and streams, but had no time to spend in exploration. I promised myself however, that I would make a return trip in the spring, when the call of the wild always comes upon me with irresistible force, and that I would locate some of these waters. Accordingly as soon as the snow had gone this spring I wrote to my old friend, John Dyke, at the Hudson's Bay post, at the mouth of the Mississaga River. I wanted to get some of the Indians who trade with him to act as guides. But John Dyke told me that the water was too high and that I could not get up the Mississaga from the southern point of departure. I wished to go southwest from Timber berth No. 195 on the Ontario Government's map of the north shore of Lake Huron, through a chain of lakes by which I could reach Desbarats, twenty-eight miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. No one that I knew had ever been through this route, but I had read reports of explorers and talked with Indians about these lakes, and they told me that they were their best fishing grounds. I did not wish to fly in the face of Providence, in

the shape of John Dyke, and therefore, instead of commencing my journey at the beginning, I started at the end.

I asked a friend at Desbarats if he knew of a good guide he could recommend for this particular country. "Cariboo Jack is your man" replied my friend. The name was promising, and I got a line on to Cariboo Jack. I had in my mind two other young fellows to whom I meant to give a chance to develop into guides of a trustworthy kind. One was Roddy McDonald, jr., and John Reid, a young Englishman. who has adapted himself well to the life of a new country, was the second. I knew both of them to be possessed with an instinctive love of the woods, to be sportsmen in spirit, and, as the sequel demonstrated, the very material out of which good guides are made. There was a heavy trip in front of us, without even a canoe trail on the portages. But great as our difficulties were at times our guides proved fully equal to all emergencies. very cheerfully and confidently recommend them. Cariboo Jack was paid at the rate of \$2.50 and the others \$1.50 each per day. They proved themselves fairly capable and willing workers and in portaging they will soon improve. We predict a future for them as guides. Cariboo Jack is all right now, and their love of the work and their ready adaptability show the other two to be good raw material.

We got our canoes at the Hiawatha Camp

Hotel and outfitted satisfactorily at Bennett's. The start was made from Desbarats, and we travelled in a north easterly direction, thinking that possibly we could make our way through to the Mississaga; we knew that if we could not go all the way, we could go a good portion of it and that we could do the rest by starting at the Mississaga and travelling south-westerly, thus reaching the point on that trip where we left off on this. Desbarats is a good starting point and a better leaving off point because it is at the bottom of a long descent from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and owing to its excellent railway and water facilities. The celebrated Indian play of Hiawatha is annualty given here and guides can be procured by writing in advance to the Hiawatha Camp Hotel, Desbarats, Ont. guides will be scarce this year because of the great demand for them, and hence the necessity for securing them in advance. The virgin country north of Desbarats gives good fishing and shooting, and as this is becoming known the demand for guides increases, while the supply is small as yet.

ITINERARY.

That is a very pretty little river between Desbarats station and Desbarats Lake. There is only one slightly dangerous stone at a sharp bend of the river. There are two or three clearings which is about as much as there ever will be, the amount of good land being limited and most of the country is destined to remain wild. Game will increase, because lumbering is over or nearly so. Find out if anything is forgotten by dining at the Rapids, where you can procure milk, bread, etc., and if you find that anything has been overlooked it is easy to repair the deficiency by , sending back to Desbarats, one mile and a quarter, on foot, and nearly two miles by canoe.

An Indian Love Story.

The first portage from Desbarats is at the Rapids, called by the Indians the Red Rose Maiden Falls. There is a pretty legend told concerning these falls, which is as follows:—In the days of old before the white men came upon the scene, this was at one time the fighting ground of the Ojib-

ways and the Iroquois. Northeast, abouttwo hundred miles away, the Ojibway Algonquins held sway. They were of the same family but not as plucky fighters as the members of the parent stock of the Ojibways. But, despite all the fighting and the stoicism, love, as it has done all through the world's history, held its own. An Ojibway maiden, like many of her white sisters, had two lovers, rivals for her hand. One lived in the same village, and the other was an Algonquin, who made periodical visits to his Ojibway cousins at their summer home in Desbarats. He was a sorcerer of some repute, but not loved by his fellows. The maiden's father, tempted by the large dower gifts promised by the Algonquin lover, used his influence, no slight one, with the Indians, on his behalf. But the Ojibway maiden herself favored her Ojibway lover, and stolen interviews round Desbarats Lake, and chance pilgrimages to the caves, near which good canoe bark was found, (and from whence according to the Indian belief, came the great flood that covered the earth) rendered the courtship the sweeter. One day they met at the Rapids, and here the lover told the girl of his resolve to go on a long hunt to the north. He would capture black foxes, silver greys, and procure so many other valuable furs that he would be enabled to offer as rich a dot as his rival. Full of high hopes and anticipations, the lovers parted, after making an engagement meet at the same place in the following spring, when the Ojibway hoped to be able to lay at the feet of the father of his petrothed all the spoils of the chase. No sooner had the lovers parted than the sorcerer appeared. The pangs of jealousy had been stirred within him by what he had heard of the late interview, and he pressed his suit with more ardor than ever. the maiden, also inspired by the feelings aroused by the parting with her lover, spurned him with such emphasis that he grew revengeful, threatened to betray her lover to his enemies, and vowed that her acceptance of him (the Algonquin sorcerer) could alone save the Ojibway. The spirited Indian maiden retorted that he might be cowardly enough to try to carry out his threats, but he would not succeed, and that she would tell her father what was

the kind of man he favored for a son-inlaw. This so angered the Algonquin that, exerting his power as a sorcerer, he turned her into a wild red rose tree. and vain were the searches made by the members of the tribe for the missing girl, and at length it was believed that she had been captured by the Iroquois. The Algonquin carried out his threats, and by means of his information the Ojibway was captured by the Iroquois and carried southward towards the great lakes. Famed as a warrior he was bound and led away a prisoner in order that he might afford entertainment upon the return of the band to the squaws in the Iroquois village at their torture feast. But towards the spring the Ojibway made his escape and tirelessly travelled to the northwest to keep his appointment with his beloved. He reached the place in time, but no one appeared to welcome him. He waited, first hopefully, then wearily, and finally made up his mind face the worst and to find out what had happened. He was about to take his departure when his feet were arrested by the music of the Falls, which appeared to him to merge in the distinct and urgent utterance of "Cut the tree, cut the tree, cut the tree." So insistent was the voice that he could hear nothing else and with his hatchet he soon felled some pines near by. Nothing happened, except that the voice appeared more insistent and urgent than ever, and glancing round his quick eye fell on some wild rose bushes. Cutting one of them, to his delighted astonishment his true love appeared before him, and very soon the two were made acquainted with the adventures of each other. On their return to the village they were heartily welcomed, and upon the treachery of the Algonquin being made known. Indian vengeance, remarkable for its swiftness and completeness, fell upon him and the re-united lovers, as in all right ending legends, lived happy ever afterwards. This tale, told round the camp fire with Indian eloquence and local color, is most impressive.

Now a days the Rapids are famous as the spawning grounds of the mascalonge, dore, bass, and the universal sucker. So numerous are the fish that they can be caught with the hands, and our attempt to follow the local custom was, as the illustration shows, quite successful. A New York editor, who was one of the party, was quite excited to find that within a mile of the railway station fish can really be caught in this way. Those who are doubting Thomases about bears fishing with their paws would have all doubts removed by fishing here themselves with the same tackle.

At the Rapids we were entertained at dinner by an English journalist, who is trying farming on a new bush farm. From a round rock just above the Rapids there is a pretty winding view. The vista looking towards Desbarats Lake is one not to be soon forgotten, as probably many readers will agree who note this view, page 63 Our English journalist friend bade us adieu here, and we waved hats and paddles in return.

Desbarats is a bass lake and fifteen minutes sharp walk from Desbarats station brings us to its shores. It is the first in the chain of lakes we were to follow. A paddle of about three miles from the Rapids brought us to the landing on the north shore of Lake Desbarats as depicted in the next view.

A Curious Couple.

On the trail from Desbarats to Diamond Lake we came across a couple of woodcutters, whom we dubbed Lonely Bill Profanity Jem. We were hospitably entertained at their camp. Bill has one of our lanterns and, we have a tin cup belonging to him; these camping mistakes, which will be rectified next time we meet. Jem has the most decorative and sensational style of conversation, with which to entertain visitors that it has been our lot to enjoy. He spun us many yarns round the camp fire and notwithstanding his many expletives some of them might have been doubted had he not been such a genuine son of the timber. He told us of a deer which came to him at the sound of the axe, and for whom he kept dainty bits. As a matter of fact tamed wild rabbits and squirrels played round us and about our feet all the time we were there. We saw partridge and deer and plenty of moose tracks. Jem told us how to capture a fawn. "Clear vour voice like -- and

howl murder like —. You scare the fawn out of its — seven wits, so that you can walk up to it and catch it." Jem had a bear once, he told us, that was quiet, but a good fighter. If you held a crying child in your arms it would "show its ivory and perhaps go for you." But if you dropped the child or stopped its crying, old Jerry became a perfectly gentle bear. Jem and Bill are worth visiting, and their camp is on the road to the caves. From their camp these gentlemen put us on the wrong trail to Diamond Lake.

Magnificent views are obtained from the mouths of the caves. Nothing but a long focus lens and an eight by ten plate was of any use to picture this view. It would have been more extensive had we brought the heavy camera up to the top of the hill, but this would have delayed us.

At the foot of the bluff we turned and made a near view of the entrance to the two caves. One of these caves is very deep and well worth exploring. This is a bear, deer and moose country. It is quite uninhabited for many square miles, and with the fair amount of protection the big game is getting today it is likely to improve.

New Lakes.

In Bocage Lake, less than half a mile across we found pickerel. There may be other fish, but they did not come to our lures. We crossed the lake in a northeasterly direction to arrive at the northern landing.

From this point we cut a new trail.

A quarter of a mile through beautiful hard wood, full of deer and moose tracks, and signs of other big game, brought us on a north-easterly course to Grey Duck Lake-a small lake without an island in which there is pike if nothing else. paddle across this small lake, whence it took another short half-mile walk to bring us into Diamond Lake, famous amongst the Indians for its bass in summer and its lake trout at all times of the year. The narrows in Diamond Lake gave us a pretty view. It isn't too easy a portage between Desbarats and Diamond Lakes, nor is it very beautiful and interesting, because of the caves, but if you wish, a pretty good nine mile drive from Desharats brings you up to Diamond Lake if you do not wish to paddle and portage. We had a pretty paddle on this water, and then from Diamond Lake we took a wagon road of three miles to Lonely Lake. We put our heaviest canoe on a farmer's wagon, and carrying the other, did the three miles comfortably. A trail can be cut much shorter than that, but it isn't a bad idea to take a wagon, put all the plunder in it and be ready to start fresh at the end. If you are hiring guides it is not more expensive. By changing the canoe carriers occasionally or resting one does not mind the portage much. The boy who drove us thought the journey was worth a dollar for his double team. As the roads were bad at this early spring time we paid him a little more-a dollar and a half, which is a fair price at any time and with any load.

At Watson's log house on Lonely Lake we got supplies—good milk, excellent potatoes, and a great deal of information about the northern country. When we came back to Watson's it was in a snowstorm, and we thought it a palace. Watson is the stalwart standing at the horses' heads in the picture. He told us there was a very good brook trout about a mile from his house and a good road to it. Good roads in this northern country depend upon the point of view.

Lonely Lake, two or three miles long and a couple of miles wide is famous for its trout, which have pretty well mastered all other species. It is a pretty lake and a delightful paddle to the landing. From Lonely Lake northward to Iron Lake there is a portage of one hundred and fifty yards and this is an easy one. Iron Lake is a spider-like lake, famous for its lake trout and its bass. It is a splendid large fishing ground. We have rarely tasted better fish than the lakers we caught here. Our after breakfast smoke on the shores of Iron Lake is the subject of one illustration. Fronticepiece. We got some very good salmon trout fishing here-and some of the pink and some of the white flesh variety. We were early for bass and we were very anxious to educate our guides up to a strict observance of the game and fishery laws.

When you think you have reached the northern end of Iron Lake, a diligent

search finds a very small opening indeed into what is really a part of it, but which might well be called a separate lake. There was an unoccupied lumber camp here. We portaged from this into what appeared to be ideal brook trout lakes. found that these too were connected with Iron Lake, and that the lake trout and bass had driven away all their smaller brethren. We lost time here. We should have gone to the north-eastern branch of Iron Lake, portaged into S Lake, and thence into Haversack Lake. Another carry would have brought us to Coffee Creek and Bass Lake, which are about half way to the Mississaga. Lost time compelled us most regretfully to postpone this part of the trip.

This is a brief account of our four days' itinerary. We had to search and cut out our own road. Our method of working proved highly effective and might well be copied by others in a like situation. Two men carried the canoes, one man went ahead to cut the brush, and another followed to thoroughly blaze the path for those who might come after as well as for our own return journey. As a matter of fact, we came back light in five hours over the same route it took us nearly four days to traverse on the outward journey. We loaded one canoe and all our stuff on a team at Watson's, using our canoe for four men on the return journey, which was down stream.

We were richly rewarded for all our work by verifying the Indian reports we had heard of good fishing lakes. We now know of three new excellent brook trout lakes and of five very good bass and lake trout lakes, one lake deserving more than ordinary recommendation, even in this virgin country. There is mascalonge in Desbarats Lake and also just west of Desbarats in Lake Huron.

Our trip, while much shorter than we wanted to make it, was a success. We found a practicable route which has never been travelled either by white men or Indians. This means good fishing and shooting. The average Indian is lazy and will follow the easy routes. He will net for fish, kill game out of season and somewhat spoil the fishing and shooting, and there are many white men who are worse; there-

for keep off the beaten routes. The receipt of news by special messenger had much to do with our party turning back so soon; but for the next issue of Rod and Gun I hope to give fuller notes of the journey, showing how the canoeist can leave the Mississaga River and go through the chain of lakes to Desbarats station. He will find an absolute contrast to what he has enjoyed on the Mississaga, a much greater variety of fishing with less swift water and a little more portaging and work. The latter, however, is through lovely primeval forest and comes when the canoeist is used to his work. We can strongly and heartily recommend this section of the country both to the hunter and the fisherman. In doing the Mississaga trip on no account attempt to go up these streams. Start at Winnehago Siding and come out at Desbarats or Dayton via Waquekobing. From Desbarats many delightful short canoe trips can be taken-trips of from one day to a fortnight. But the Mississaga, Thessalon headwaters and Desbarats Lake canoe trips need to be made from north to south. There are no maps of this country, because it is as yet unexplored. I shall be glad to send the canoe route maps I have made to any brother sportsman. These maps are being continually improved upon, but are as yet very far from being perfect.

At the Canadian Pacific Railway station of Desbarats, Ontario, there is a good country hotel, one at whose fare no fisherman can kick, and where they are being educated up to the wants of ladies, so that a canoe trip can be made from that point with ease and comfort.

The journey south or southwest for at least the lower half is much easier than the journey northward, as the fall of the waters is rapid towards Lake Huron. From Lonely Lake, if one is in a hurry, one can drive with duffle into Desbarats, in two or three hours and allow the guides to bring the canoes by water.

Rules for Canoeists.

There are a few general rules of conduct which it is well to remember on a canoe trip:—

First-Don't eat too much. The open air

exercise gives an office man an extraordinary appetite, and tempts him very much to eat more than is good for him. It is just as good in the woods to rise from the table a little hungry as it is in the city.

Second—Don't drink too much. This is even more important than the last. I am not referring to liquors at all, but to the cool spring waters one meets. It is well to beware of drinking too much of these beverages.

Third.—Don't smoke too much. The man who is on a canoe trip has at times to make many and long portages, and should wait for his smoke until he is seated round the camp fire at night. To be always smoking interferes with work and wind very seriously indeed. It often means that the ten or fifteen minutes rest which should be allowed after every meal is prolonged into half an hour or an hour.

Fourth—Don't carry unnecessary baggage. Only such baggage should be taken as, together with the canoes, can be carried across the portages in one trip, when there are no ladies if time is limited. When two trips have to be made on portages nearly half as much time again must be allowed for the whole trip. This increase will be less when the portages are few and short; it will be more when the portages are long and heavy.

Fifth.—Do all you can all the time, and do it willingly. When every member of the party is actuated by this spirit it adds much to the enjoyment and comfort of the trip.

Sixth.—When you get wet remember that exercise is the proper way to get warm and not the fire or whiskey, although both may be enjoyed at the proper time and in the proper place. Exercise keeps your feet warm and your head cool and when in this condition, if you do not argue with the Irishman in camp, you will be amazingly happy.

Seventh.—When you are looking for lakes find the depression first and the blue haze afterwards. If it is early in the morning you will almost invariably find a little mist over the lake. The water is generally warm in the morning and this causes the mist. This has specially reference to the opening up of new canoe routes.

Eighth.-Make a good bed. When you

think you have enough boughs cut for the bed, cut as many more and the sound sleep that will result will make you infinitely more fit for the hard work of the journey, than if you had succumbed to your indolence and been content with less boughs.

Table of Distances.

Desbarats village by river to Desbarats Rapids, two miles (short.)

Desbarats Rapids to north shore and portage on Desbarats Lake, course northwesterly, three miles.

Desbarats Lake to Bocage Lake, one mile, short.

Across Bocago Lake, course northeasterly, half a mile.

From Bocage Lake to caves (side trip), half a mile.

From Bocage Lake to Grey Duck Lake, quarter mile.

Across Grey Duck Lake, quarter mile, (short.)

Grey Duck Lake to Diamond Lake, quarter mile.

From northwest portage on Diamond Lake, to southeast landing at McLean's, about three miles.

From McLean's, on Diamond Lake, to Watson's on Lonely Lake, by wagon road, three miles, good road.

From Watson's on Lonely Lake to Iron Lake portage, two miles.

Portage from Lonely Lake to Iron Lake, 150 yards (short).

From portage (Iron Lake) westerly to the northwest arm of Iron Lake; about two and a half miles.

The other distances we will give as soon as they are verified.

It is a very pleasant little trip from Desbarats to Iron Lake with a great deal of good fishing. From the extended trip to the Mississaga I am not sure but that we can get a shorter trail from S Lake to Bass Lake than the one that is recommended to me and therefore I will not put in the route from there to the Mississaga until my next.

A Word of Caution.

Are we Anglo-Saxons degenerating? Is the Englishman, the American, and the Canadian less hardy than his forefathers? We Icar the question must be answered in the affirmative. When we read of the marching and of the fighting that the Japs are doing, we wonder whether we would be fit antagonists for them. If there is any doubt about it let us make ourselves fit. Is there any better way than by canoeing portaging, and camping, with their infinite varieties of exercise? Let us make them national pastimes. Let every North American at least get some of it once a year and in the day of trouble, in the time of war, which must surely come sometime, our

people will be better prepared for it, and better able to face the inevitable hardships than if we allowed ourselves to become chronically and helplessly soft and luxurious. There is a message here to the middle aged and older man who generally gives up outdoor life and exercise just about the time he needs it most. He can come almost any distance in the far north without excessive fatigue, and with quite as much comfort as is good for him. I know of no experience or treatment that does as much good in as little time.

The Mash-kenojie.

By C. C. LARR

I have to apologize for not having responded to the request for information regarding the distinction between a pike and a maskelonge, a request that was made in an issue of some months back.

I am a crank on this subject, for I do not believe that there is any difference between a pike and a maskelonge, unless it be, that a maskelonge is an overgrown pike, and knowing that a bare assertion of the kind will carry no weight, I am prepared to prove my point, if not biologically, or rather piscatorially, at least philogically.

I have, occasionally, asked enthusiastic fishermen, who know the whole thing, to define the difference between the maskalonge and the pike, and have been consequently called down for ignorance, for, as every man told me, anybody should know that; you can tell by the color of the scales, said one, and another would aver that the whole thing depended on the size, probably implying thereby that the maskalonge was born big. I have heard others declare that the whole question could be decided by the length of the lower jaw, and others would compromise by asserting that it was merely a question of locality, and that if I had only seen the fish caught out of lakes or streams that I had never visited, I would then easily be able to distinguish between these two distinct species, which argument would make me feel rather small, for I have never been much of a rolling stone, and I would incontinently bow down low to such a globe - trotting autocrat.

I heard so many different theories promulgated, that I determined to go to what I thought was likely to be the fountain head of information on the subject, namely the Indian, and lo, I received a revelation from Lo that afforded me food for reflection. The Indian told me that he had learnt of the existence of the maskalonge from the white man, and though he 'had never seen one, he had heard that such fish were caught by the 'sahgenash' in the French River, but he had heard of 'maskkenojie, which meant a long thin pike 'mask' being the Indian word for 'thin'; that there was a lake, close to Lake Pencalled 'Mash-kenojie sakayigan,' meaning the lake where all the pike thin. About thirty-one years ago I happened to be fishing in this very lake, which is called Long Lake, and, even to this very day, I remember that the pike that I caught there were very long, narrow pike, and I marvelled when I caught them, but since then I have studied the subject a little more closely, and I find that the lustiness of a pike, depends upon the size of its liver. A good healthy pike has a large liver, whereas a thin pike, a regular 'Mash-kenojie' had hardly any liver at all.

Whether the size of the liver is more an

effect than a cause, I could not say for certain, that is, whether a scarcity of food makes the pike thin, and consequently, its liver is affected, or whether the affection of the liver makes the pike thin, but I know that there is a corelation between the size of the liver and the health condition of the fish.

Regarding the markings and colorings of pike, this is a question that principally depends upon its environment, for it is well

known that Nature evolves, for the protection of all her children, a certain amount of adaptability, whether in coloring, or in shape, to the surrounding conditions and hence, whether for the purpose of self-protection, or for the purpose of more easily securing prey, she gives the pike a coat that suits it best, some of a dark green, or even black, and others light, and irridescent. These are my theories upon the burning question of pike and maskalonge.

Trout in the Laurentians.

By WALTER GREAVES.

A party of four of us left Ottawa by the Canadian Pacific Railway at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the 22nd May, for Maniwaki (82 miles distant) where we arrived on time-at 12.45 p. m. D. Millar met us at the station with a powerful wam and a strong well-made wagon and drove us about a mile past his farm on the Joseph River, about ten miles from tne station, where we arrived at 4 o'clock. Such roads I never drove over in all my experiences. The black mud-was up to the inub most of the time and it was just as much as the horses could do to pull us out of it sometimes: A brother of David Millar met us at the spot mentioned and nelped us to carry our traps in to the Lake -about seven miles distant. We had our nands full by the time we got there too, being soft from want of exercise and not accustomed to carrying. We reached our destination (Trout Lake) at 9 p.m., after twelve hours steady travelling. I was too tired to eat anything and went to bed after a cup of tea. The Millars had everything in first-class shape for us, having taken in the tents ahead and made us good beds of cedar, etc. We had also two splendid birch bark canoes of about fourteen feet in length, perfectly dry. The next morning we were up about five and I took a turn just in front of the camp and landed four small trout with the fly in a few minutes while they were getting breakfast ready. After breakfast T. and I started off in one canoe and D. and H. in the other.

We fished with the fly and they used worms. We had some very nice sport during the day and landed about twenty-five trout each (say one hundred in all.) were of a very uniform size,-say from about one-half pound up to two pounds,-the majority of them 'being nearer the latter weight. Beautiful trout they were, too, and the greatest fighters I have ever seen for the size. The flies that we found the most killing were the Parmacheene Belle, Grizzly King, Professor, Claret hackle, and Queen of the Water. I tried dozens of other patterns, but found that the ones mentioned were all that we required We got also a few trolling with a pickled minnow spoon and fly, when moving from place to place. Trout seemed to be plentiful all over the lake, but we enjoyed the best fly fishing in a small rocky bay, casting or trolling around a lovely reef of rocks and boulders. On Monday evening just about sun-down we had some grand sport here while it lasted, that is until it got so dark we could not see our flies. The 24th was not a good day for fly fishing, being too windy. Between us we, however, landed seventy trout,-quite a nice catch, but by no means a large one for this lake. The black flies and mosquitoes were very troublesome and we had to use the tar oil frequently. We packed up most of our tackle, etc., that night, so as to be ready to make an early start for home in the morning. It seemed as if I had only just dropped asleep when they called us at



THE START.

Leaving the Red Rose Maiden Rapids, Desbarats.



 $\label{eq:center} A \ \ LOVELY \ \ SCENE.$ Two miles from Desbarats on the Desbarats-Mississaga Canoe Route.



ON BOCAGE LAKE.

On the Desbarats-Mississaga Canoe Route.



THE ROAD TO CARIBOO. And to the best sheep, deer and bear grounds in British Columbia.

3.30. After a rather hasty toilet and breakfast we finished the packing up and made a start for the portage at 5.30. Instead of carrying our traps all the way David brought them down the river in the canoe by a circuitous route of about twelve miles, while we walked about five. We were not much ahead of him in arriving at the farm, as he had a strong current in his favor. Unfortunately it poured with rain while on the portage. We, however, found a lovely fire awaiting us when we reached the farm, and it did not take long to dry our wet coats, etc. We also had a real wash, a luxury we had not risked since we left civilization, for fear of removing the tar oil from our faces. At eleven o'clock we started for the Maniwaki Station, where we arrived at about two and after saying adieu to our intelligent and agreeable driver (J. Miller), we left for Ottawa by the 2.25 mixed train. Numerous anglers got on board at the different stations along the road, returning to the city after spending a few happy days with the trout. I question whether many of them had enjoved their outing as much as we had done, certainly they could not, I think, have had better sport. We arrived in Ottawa on time and were glad to find all well at home, at least I know I was.

I am inclined to think that you can have

as good sport trout or bass fishing and deer and partridge shooting up the Mani waki branch of the C.P.R. as can be found anywhere in Canada. Most of the lakes near at hand, that is near the railway, are—I think—leased, but there are plenty remaining in which the fishing is free.

As a summer resort the Blue Sea Lake is an ideal spot, and they say the bass fishing is very fair in places,—among the islands. The accommodation, I understand, is good. Farmers on the shore of the lake will, I believe, "take you in" and provide you with boats.

The officials of the Railway are exceedingly courteous and obliging (the C. P. R. officials always are), and are ready and willing to give any information in their power in regard to sport, accommodation, etc. If one wishes to go beyond Maniwaki for sport he might make the Maniwaki Hotel (a very good hotel, I believe) his starting point. I am sure he could get all the information necessary from the proprietor or from someone to whom he wou'd recommend or introduce him. You could also purchase all your supplies (except your fishing tackle) at Maniwaki. outing of a week or two in this mountain atmosphere would brace up a person far more than months at the sea side. Try it.

A Modern Canadian Timber Limit.*

No name in the lumber industry is better known than that of J. R. Booth of Ottawa, or has a longer or more direct connection with its history and development. A visit to Ottawa would not be complete without seeing the Chaudiere Falls, which furnish such a magnificent water power and Mr. Booth's immense sawmill, probably the largest on the continent, of 700.000 feet board measure capacity per day of twenty hours. This mill is unique also in that it is kept running both summer and winter, the supply of logs being brought in by the Canada Atlantic Railway during the winter months from the limit on the Mad-

awaska River, owned by Mr. Booth and known as the Egan Estate Limit. A visit was made to this district a short time ago by two members of the Canadian Forestry Association, with the object of getting such information as a hurried visit might permit as to the condition of the forest and the method of management.

Leaving Ottawa by the Canada Atlantic Railway, and passing through the agricultural counties of Carleton and Renfrew, at a distance of about one hundred miles from the city the country begins to change its character. Settlement becomes more scattered, the ground more rough and

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

hilly, coniferous trees appear here and there in clumps, the rampike begins to make itself a feature of the landscape. From Barry's Bay to Aylen Lake the green of the new growth breaks the hard lines, but for the ten miles from Aylen Lake to Madawaska there is nothing to relieve the bareness of the scene. On each side of the track the forest of rampikes stretches away, blackened, barren, desolate, yet bearing mute witness of the noble forest which had occupied the land before the fires destroyed its beauty and its riches. These fires are not all caused directly from the railway, and the management of the road being controlled by a lumberman, great care has been exercised both in construction and operation to prevent danger from this source. But the easy access permitted by means of the line increases the risk from other directions, and fires start in proximity to the railway frequently though as a rule they are kept sufficiently in check to prevent serious loss. One fire can, however, do damage that a century cannot repair. When a fire occurs, the staff, not only of the lumber camps, but also of the railway, is called out and everything else is subordinated for the time being to the necessity for preventing the spread of the conflagration. A determined fight was required during the dry months of the spring of the past year to control the fires and to prevent the destruction of the village of Madawaska.

The Egan Estate Limit, which covers an area of 333 square miles, is situated both north and south of the railway line and on the north touches the limits of Algonquin Park. Operations have been carried on by the present proprietor for a period of forty years and, although the cutting has not been done as severely upon it as upon some other limits, still it has usually amounted to eight to ten million feet board measure per annum, but the resources of this limit will permit of the cutting of a similar quantity for possibly thirty years more What the possibilities are after that period has elapsed only a careful examination of the whole area would give the data to decide, but a description of the present stand and methods of lumbering may present some facts that have a bearing on the question

From west of Madawaska, which is located about the centre of the limit, a logging road runs in a distance of about ten miles to the north, where operations are now being carried on. The district which is being lumbered covers an area of about six miles, but the forest is as nearly pure as can be found anywhere in Canada of pine of the best size and quality. The stand would in parts at least reach 20,000 feet. b.m., to the acre, the trees being one hundred feet and upwards in height, while the general diameter of the logs ranges from sixteen to thirty inches. An examination of the annual rings of several logs showed an age of 120 to 180 years. Scattered among the pine, but not forming any important part of the stand are white birch. balsam and hemlock, none of which have attained to a large size. Along the low grounds the black spruce is found, but nowhere in a continuous stand and the average diameter does not exceed eight inches. with a height of 60 to 70 feet.

The compactness of the area on which operations are conducted permits of easy access by rail. The trees are felled by sawing. A notch is cut with an axe on the side to which the tree is to fall and the saw is used to cut in from the opposite side. Inch by inch the saw eats its way through the great trunk, the top begins to waver, it slowly inclines, a crack is heard at the stump, the men stand clear, slowly and majestically at first the monarch of the forest bows his head, but with ever increasing speed till at last it crashes swiftly down, creating a miniature snowstorm, and bearing down the small trees in its path. The work of a century is brought suddenly to an end, but only to be changed into new forms and to complete more fully its sphere of usefulness. After the trees are felled they are cut into logs of proper length with the saw and those that are of sufficiently good size and quality may be made into timber, square or waney. They are then drawn to the rollways, to which roads are cut, and from which they are carried by sleighs to the railway. There by steam loaders they are elevated on flat cars and transported to their first destination. The logs will be sawn into boards at the mill at Ottawa. The timber will be taken to Coteau and rafted by the St. Lawrence to Quebec, where water delivery will be given to vessels supplying the old country market. The defeness and skill with which the makers of square or waney timber can smooth the side of a log with no other tool than the broadaxe, so as to equal the work of the best plane, is beyond conception to one who has not seen the operation. So expert do they become, that one of them was prepared to wager that he could smooth a log as well with his eyes shut as with them open. Time did not permit, however, of putting him to the test.

The cut is practically a clean one. All the pine is ready for the axe and when a tract is cut over nothing is left but a small and scattered stand of birch, balsam and hemlock. The land is hilly, the elevations being considerable and in some cases quite abrupt. The soil is, so far as could be ascertained light and stony, and unfitted for successful agriculture. There are a few farms located within the bounds of this limit south of the railway and for a few years, before the forest soil is exhausted, the returns seem to indicate that agriculture might be successfully carried on, but continued cropping soon demonstrates that permanently profitable occupation of these lands for farming purposes is impossible.

At the lumber camps visited the only wood taken out in addition to the pine is the yellow birch. This is found mainly on the hardwood ridges cresting the hills, where the coniferous forests change to one of almost pure hardwoods, comprising yellow birch, maple, elm and ironwood. these the yellow birch forms the finest and largest trunks, some logs reaching thirty inches in diameter, while the average is sixteen to eighteen inches. These trees are cut into deals for the British market, where, it is stated, though no doubt the allegation is a slander, they undergo a transformation and appear in furniture as cherry or even mahogany.

To return to the question as to the future possibilities of this limit it may be set down as distinctly settled that no such stand of pine as is now found will be reproduced. A cycle of 120 to 180 years is greater than can be again allowed. The timber must be grown at a faster rate and in a shorter period. But shortened as it

may be it can hardly be much less than one hundred years to give lumber of proper value and get the best returns. This is why devastation by fire is so harmful and why the problem is one that requires early consideration. That the pine is reproducing itself naturally is certain. To what extent or how far the process has advanced there was no opportunity to ascertain, but careful and thorough studies of selected areas such as this limit presents should be made, as in no other way can the necessary data on which to base methods of permanent management be obtained. This is a matter that should be taken up by the government and the lumbermen in co-operation so that both scientific and practical knowledge may be brought to hear upon the question. As the pine is a mature and even stand, the method of clean cutting is the best and the only one, but a study of the process of reproduction might suggest some modifica tions that would help to this end. Accurate, definite, scientific knowledge of the physical, natural and economic conditions is what is required and this can only be gained by full and close investigation of concrete cases, and of the forest as it now exists and is being exploited.

This sketch of lumbering operations would not be at all complete unless some description was given of the shanties themselves. The picturesque log shanty is here becoming a thing of the past. Logs are too valuable to be used whole for this purpose any longer and the shanty buildings are made of boards shipped up from the mill at Ottawa. The buildings in which the men sleep are well-built and comfortable, are commodious and well-ventilated and the double row of bunks down either side make very good quarters. The cook's domain is in a separate building, which also forms the dining-room for the men. The fare supplied is of good quality and of sufficient quantity and variety to satisfy any reasonable, or perhaps even unreasonable person. The complaint of the wife of a shantyman who lived in Ottawa, that she could never supply things to please her husband after he came down from the shanty, may therefore have had some other animating cause than the contrariness of the male animal in general when he thinks that he has the opportunity of making a

show of an authority, which he does not really possess.

The typical shantyman is good-natured and friendly in disposition, ready to give help or information, open in character and with a weakness for getting his photograph taken, which is at times somewhat embarrassing. They are a strong, sturdy class of men, for whom it is to be hoped Canada will always have room and for whom in her perpetuated forests the health giving and strength-developing labor which the number business supplies may always be furnished.

As a pleasurable and health-giving recreation nothing can excel a holiday in the pine forests, even if it be in the depth of winter. As you step out into the bright sunshine and the crisp, clear air, the dazzling brilliancy of the sunlight as it plays over the snow, the white smoke rising sharp into the atmosphere, the encircling forest, looking down upon you, its sombreness broken by the hanging snow wreaths that weigh down its branches, combine to form a picture which has its own peculiar charm. You step out briskly, the fresh wind strikes your cheek sharply, you swing into a strong stride, out under the trees of the forest and looking up with something of reverence to their overtowering height, pressing on upward till the pine trees open their serried ranks and gradually give place to the birch and the beech and the maple, still, however, leaving a few great lone sentinels to guard the borders of their domain, till at last you reach the leafless hardwood forest of the wind-swept hilltop, and through occasional openings eatch glimpses of the woods and hills beyond. The great birches stand hoary in their gray mantles, the maples with the shaggy marks of age upon their trunks, the beeches with their picturesque gray bark ever smooth as with the appearance of youth, all these mingle their branches far above you and trace gigantic fairy patterns upon the sunlit snow beneath. The snow is piled in fantastic wreaths and crests, the stumps of the departed giants with a glory of white covering to conceal if it may be their fallen estate, or to stand as a memorial of their vanished greatness. The solitude of nature is about us, full of noises and whisperings and mysteries. But we are not alone. Hark! Chick-a-dee-dee. he is, the bright little fellow in his suit of gray and black, hopping cheerfully about from limb to limb. Cold does not daunt or storm dismay him. The winter has no .terrors for him, but through all its snow and frost he keeps on his happy and busy way, ringing out his cheery call to welcome each new day. Hear it again. Chick-a-dee-dee. It rises clear and penetrating through the frosty air. Thanks, my little friend, for your cheery greeting, melancholy cannot linger under its bright influence and the exhilirating power of your winter woods. As we retrace our steps, a squirrel, halfburied in the light snow, hurries across our path and disappears under a rollway of logs or into a thicket covered by the protecting snow. No other sign of life appears, except it may be that, as we near the camp, the moose bird flits quietly from tree to tree, and gazes at us with curious eves, inquisitive and not afraid. what may be gained from a visit to the winter woods. The blood runs strong, the appetite is keen, the mental powers are clear, the whole man is braced and stimulated.

The annual report of the Department of Agriculture for British Columbia has been received and is of the usual high standard, both in information and the character of the illustrations. We quote the following from the summary by Mr. J. R. Anderson, the Deputy Minister:—

"Much time has been devoted to this subject, which is one of paramount im-

portance, not only being a source of immense wealth to the Province, but as affecting its agricultural interests most intimately. Two papers have been prepared for the annual meetings of the Canadian Forestry Association, dealing with the subjects of the forests and their preservation, which have been received with marks of unqualified approbation. Forest fires, al-

though not so destructive as in some seasons, have, nevertheless, caused much loss in some sections. What the remedy is it is difficult to say. Inquiries are being instituted as to the principal causes of fires and the possible remedy.

It is a matter of regret that no representative from this province has attended the meetings of this Association, which seems to be taking such a lively and practical interest in this all-important subject. Suggestions have been made by the Society for certain amendments to our "Bush Fire Act" so as to make it more efficient, which were carried into effect, and which, it is hoped, will prove to be somewhat more effective in preventing fires, which have been so productive of the enormous losses which the province has suffered in the past. The appropriation of \$200 made by the Legislature towards the support of the Canadian Forestry Association is most judicious, and will, I feel assured, prove to be money well spent. Specimens of our woods were and are being, under the authority granted. prepared, a full set being kept in the Department; another set for the Agent-General; others for exchanges with the Government of New South Wales, the Canadian Forestry Association, and to supply the requirements of Mr. Herbert Stone, England, made through the High Commissioner, the object being the proper identification of commercial timbers for purposes of trade. Mr. Stone says: "It is my desire. whenever the size of the specimens received will permit, to prepare a set of described and authenticated specimens for the Museum of the Birmingham University, the Warrington Museum and the Museum of the Surveyors' Institution. In no case do I desire or expect to receive any remuneration for my services, or for specimens devoted to public purposes. Any information I may derive from the specimens received will at all times be at your service."

Prince Edward Island Forestry Commission.*

The report of the Forestry Commission of Prince Edward Island has been presented by the Commissioners, Judge A. B. Warburton, Rev. Dr. Walker and Hon. R. R. Fitzgerald, and contains an interesting review of the forest conditions of the Island and the means suggested to improve them.

The first part of the report gives a summarized statement of forest administration in the different countries of Europe, in the United States and in other parts of Canada, and then points out the distinctive features of the problem as it affects Prince Edward Island. We quote from the report, though not in consecutive order:—

"As we have already pointed out, in all these countries there are enormous areas of land owned by the State, very much of it virgin forest, forest which has been carefully managed and preserved for decades, or land not now in forest, but suitable for forest growth. With the exception of a few thousand acres of our worst lands, this Province may be said to have no public

or Crown lands. One or other of your Commissioners has personally visited some of the larger sections of this public land and with the character of most of the remaining sections they were already acquainted. It largely consists of white sand blueberry barrens and swamp. The white sand and blueberry barrens would not be worth planting to any considerable extent, though as a experiment we would recommend the planting and seeding with pine or other conifers of small plots, say one-eighth or one-quarter of an acre each. in some few places in those barrens. These plots would require to be fenced in so as to protect the young trees from cattle, etc. They should also have a certain amount of care and attention bestowed upon them, in a word, a certain amount of culture. The experiment of planting two or three of such plots in the large 1500 acre block in King's County, and similar plots in the blocks in Queen's and Prince Counties would be an experiment that would cost

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

comparatively little and would be well worth trying. It is very possible that in time satisfactory results would be obtained and it might be demonstrated that even these apparently hopeless looking lands are capable of being utilized for forestry purposes.

On Souris Beach in this island the preliminary work for trying the experiment of establishing plantations on the sand dunes has already been done. There the beach is a long sand spit, running for about half a mile from East Souris to West Souris. A bay formed by the Souris River is on the inner side, while the outer faces the Gulf. The public road is on the inner side, where also Souris railway station formerly stood. The sand formerly drove over the back, overrunning the road and gathering to considerable depth in and about the station. To prevent this, the late Hon. J. R. Mc-Lean a few years ago had a plain brush ience run along the centre of the beach. This caught the sand and gradually formed low dunes. The beach grass has now grown over a great part of it and is continuing to spread, and the road is no longer subject to the inroads of the sand. It might be worth while to try the experiment of planting or sowing this sand beach, now through the preliminary or grass stage, with the maritime pine. In other parts of the island the preliminary or grass stage has not vet been reached.

To make the swamps of value would necessitate a large expenditure for underdraining, an expenditure in our opinion not justified by any results likely to be obtained. Moreover, these swamps in all likelihood are at present of as great value and serve as useful a purpose as they would if brought under forest, inasmuch as they form reservoirs or storehouses from which springs and brooks in their neighborhood derive their supply of water.

In the early days of our Colonial existence, with the whole Island a dense growth of the forest primeval, trees were looked upon almost as enemies and the question was how to clear away and destroy most quickly the forest growth in order to have cultivated fields in its stead. The process was overdone. It resulted in the stripped, bare section already referred to. The ques-

tion now is how to restore in part at least the forests so destroyed.

That the people are not at all indifferent to the beauty and utility of trees is evidenced by the planting of windbreaks, shelter-belts, wood-lots and hedges on some farms, as well as the planting of ornamental trees about private residences in town and country, along the streets of our towns and villages, even along the public roads in many country places. Unfortunately in too many instances these plantings have been without knowledge. Too often the trees selected have been of a valueless kind, and also too often have specimens when the poor themselves have been of a good kind. The planters did not have the necessarv skill and knowledge to good selections, or after selection the necessary knowledge of how to trim for planting, how to plant and how to guide and care for after planting. This skill and knowledge are very easily acquired, but the want of it in many instances meant failure, disappointment and consequent discouragement.

On the other hand there are not a few instances of intelligent, skillful and systematic planting and care of trees and forest growth. The greatly increased attention given to fruit trees during the last decade has made many farmers familiar with tree planting. In many parts this Island is tastefully laid off and furnished with trees, hedges, and useful forest stretches.

These, however, are isolated instances. By far the greater part of tree planting and re-foresting remains to be done.

A thick shelter around farm buildings and well-cared for hedges around our fields are almost a necessity for successful agriculture. Considering the high and yearly increasing price of all kinds of lumber it pays to grow that article as well as other Much valuable timber might be grown on land now wasted. Valuable trees such as black walnut, not indigenous to the soil, might well be introduced. They grow well here and are of great value when well grown. The fact that so little is done only emphasizes the need for instruction in forestry. The absence from our farms of what is known as the wood lot, growing timber for various purposes as well as for fire wood, proves a want of knowledge and up-to-date agricultural economy.

In this Island a great transformation can be made in a few years on the farm by the planting of a few trees every year. The material is not expensive, as most of it can be got from the native woods. There is quite a variety of these available. hardwood, we have the hard and soft maple, the beech, the birch and mountain ash and in the conifers the spruce, balsam fir, hemlock, pine and cedar, while in some places a juniper bush could be placed to advantage. The Norway spruce can be got very cheaply in large quantities when they are small. They grow more quickly than our native spruce. A piece of ground on the north side of the buildings planted with evergreens will break the force of the cold winds in winter and make the place warmer. Trees should not be planted too close to the house, as they darken it, obstruct the view and cause dampness. The spring is the best time for planting most kinds of woods, though some prefer the autumn. An expert can plant any time, but we would advise those who are not experts to stick to the spring. Our native spruce can be planted in mid-summer, in July or August, and your Commissioners in their own experience have found that a good time.

The time has arrived when arboriculture should receive more attention. If the rudiments of the art of planting were taught in our public schools a much desired impetus would be given to it. Farmers in planning out the spring work might well allot some time to tree-planting, as part of the farm routine work, just the same as to put in other crops. It would be time well spent and in the end would pay. Many of our farmers have already established shelter groves or belts, wood-lots, in fact, and now enjoy the comforts and benefits of their protection in winter and summer, bethe lumber which they get from them. The forestry question would be solved if the example of such farmers were universally followed, and wood lots and shelter belts established on every farm. That shelter-belt, if of adequate proportions, would protect not only the farmer and his household, but his live stock as well. It would also protect his orchard, an indispensable adjunct to the up-to-date farm of today. In this respect a splendid example, (to which we must call attention), is to be found in the admirable shelter belts around the residence, farm-buildings and magnificent orchard of John Robertson of Inkerman in King's County. He has no fear of a storm from whatever quarter the wind may blow, when the trees are in bloom or in fruit there is ample shelter to protect them from any wind.

Shelter belts must not be too small, if they are to be of use. If they are too small they will not break the wind, stop snow-drift or ward off the storms from the three dangerous quarters, namely the north, northeast, and northwest, but just big enough to gather snow-drifts around the buildings in winter, whereas such shelter, if only fifty yards wide, with sheltering arms projecting to embrace the farm buildings, residence, orchard and gardens and all they contain, would be both useful and ornamental. The shelter-belt, if conditions warrant it, might be made large enough for a wood-lot as well, or there might be several small wood-lots on the farm. Even this winter on the farm of one of the Commissioners men cut from the shelter-belt in a strip across it timber for fence boards and posts, with a view at the same time of reforesting the area cut, by natural seeding, a practice which experience has proved to be commendable. trees are of about thirty years' growth, those on about one-quarter of the area are some ten years younger, but all large enough to make framing material for large barns, fencing, boards or shingles.

As to school grounds, while land is comparatively cheap, why not have them to consist of from one to three acres each, well laid off. planted with trees and affording plots for experimental work and for nature study by the pupils in plant and flower growing, in a word, a public woodlot and gardens for the school district with the school-house in the centre. This would be of immense utility to the neighborhood, if only as an object lesson.

In the matter of straightening our public roads, defining their metes and bounds

and marking out the place for the roadside fences with standard trees, some twenty or thirty yards apart, the assistance of the Department of Public Works would be invaluable and a beginning even if in a small way might well be made this spring. The road supervisors could superintend the work of laying off the roads and planting the trees. Very little instruction would fit them for this work and they could be made the basis of a systematic forestry organization, and organization is most important. One day, Arbor Day, would be ample for planting a great number of trees in this way. The school children and their teachers might well assist as they did in Charlottetown in 1884, when Queen and Rocheford Squares were planted, as well as many trees set out in different streets. It would afford them a pleasant holiday and a very valuable lesson at the same time. The members of the Fruit Growers' Association, a well-organized and intelligent body of men, already skilled in treeplanting and whose members are to be found in all parts of the Island, could and doubtless would, lend most valuable assistance.

It is remarkable that in a province of such extensive and general forest flora as this, with the maturing on the trees and the subsequent shedding of seeds under their very eyes, so few people can identify or collect half a dozen varieties of the seeds of our broad-leaf or conifer trees. The superiority of our native tree-seeds over the imported, and the fact that the latter cost so much money, united to the necessary re-seeding to some extent our denuded acres, should make it imperative on the part of every Islander, to know the different varieties of tree-seeds and be able to collect them at the proper time. When we understand that the ordinary seeds of the pine, hemlock, spruce, larch, fir and cedar, will average over \$4.00 per pound, we can easily see that to buy them would entail an outlay we are not at all prepared for; and the seeds of the broad-leaf or deciduous trees, being much larger, heavier and more bulky, are proportionately dearer. We can readily gather seeds of the maple, ash, beach, birch, elm and even the oak. People could co-operate and exchange the seeds plentiful in one section for those grown abundantly in another section of the Province. But it is important for good results that the seeds be consigned to soil and, atmospheric conditions similar to those whence they sprang.

In order to the eventual systematizing of the planting of trees and so carrying out the work of re-afforesting, as adapted to the conditions in this Province, we would suggest that all teachers when preparing for their profession, should be given some very elementary instruction on matters connected with tree-planting, or perhaps we should say, natural history.

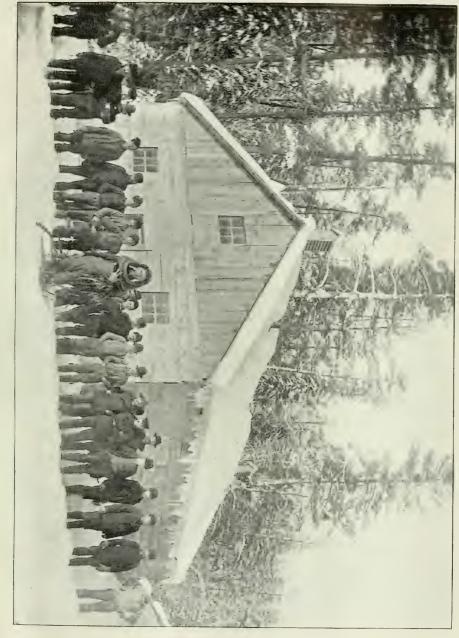
Each teacher in turn could instruct his pupils and they could readily plant the school grounds (where there are any) and the sides of the public roads, so that in a very short time, a marked improvement in present tree conditions would be brought about. In fact, this would be introducing a very elementary, yet very useful forestry lesson into our common, schools, and it would be looked upon as an amusement.

Then if an inspector, whose duties should be similar to those of the gentlemen who have given such valuable instructions to farmers with regard to sites for orchards, selection of trees, etc., could go over the country imparting information to the public as to the best situation for wood lots, kinds of trees to be planted, etc., the pursuit of forestry would be greatly stimulated and would show good progress.

We have already referred to the Fruit Growers' Association. The assistance of members of this useful institution would be of immense value and we have no doubt would be freely given. Already in setting out and caring for their orchards they have acquired a practical knowledge and skill required in tree planting and selecting. As they are to be found in nearly all parts of the Island they could do much towards re-afforesting here. We would suggest that their co-operation be sought in any systematic effort that may be put forth to make tree-planting a success in this Province.

What we have said as to the Fruit Growers' Association, applies with equal force to the various Farmers' Institutes through this Island. These institutions in their







A "ROLLWAY."
White pines converted into logs.

own interests would surely help in the work.

We further suggest that a small portion of the Government Farm be set apart as a nursery for the growing of young forest trees for distribution among the farmers at actual cost. These should be grown from the seed and at the age of two years be distributed for planting. This is what the Government of Ontario are now about to do at the Agricultural Farm at Guelph, and it seems to us to be a very excellent idea. In this way in a very few years and

at trifling cost, many thousands of trees of kinds selected for their economic or commercial value could be distributed throughout this Island.

An Arbor Day proclaimed by Order-in-Council each year, or fixed by Statute as a public holiday, in which schools and all persons interested in the work would devote a few hours to tree planting would, we feel assured, do much good. Such a day is observed in other places with gratifying results.

Salmon Fishing on the Fraser.*

(Continued from May Issue.)

We had thus ample time for getting every thing into ship-shape in our little craft, closely observing and profiting by the action of the more experienced hands who were fitting out alongside of us. We now took up our permanent quarters in the boat, sleeping under a small tent and doing cooking on an improvised stove made from empty coal oil tin.

Several large canoes laden with Indians—men, women and children, arrived from the west coast of Vancouver Island during the time we were at the cannery fitting out. The men take part in the fishing, while the women work in the canneries or hawk about the Indian work they make during the winter months.

To those who have formed their ideas of the Indian brave or dusky Indian maiden from a perusal of the works of Fennimore Cooper or Captain Mayne Reid, a first meeting with the coast Indians will come as a disappointment. Where they expect intelligence of feature and perfection of physique, they will find lack of expression and squat inactivity.

Our nests were at length served out, the fishermen and canners having come to an agreement based on a sliding scale principle, whereby the aggregate pack of the season would define the rate to be paid per fish.

Nets are distinguished by the depth in meshes, a mesh being about two inches

square. Their lengths are uniform, or nearly so. Ours was what is known as a forty mesh, the most suitable for fishing at sea, or on the banks off the mouth of the river. where the fish keep near the surface. Seventies or eighties are better adapted for the deep pools in the river, where they swim low. Our first duty after receiving the net was to give it what is known as a blue stone dip, in a huge tub or vat, containing a solution of sulphate of copper, which acts as a preservative. After the net had lain in the vat for an hour or so, it was taken out and coiled carefully away in the after part of the boat, ready for a "drift." When not in use it is covered with a piece of sacking to protect it from the sun.

Being now fully equipped, we set sail for Canoe Pass camp, one of the cannery receiving stations, near the mouth of the river. Here we found receiving scows, net racks for repairing purposes and vats for blue stone dips, all in readiness for the anticipated run, and under charge of the camp boss, a cheery little Frenchman. We spent most of the day in pitching our tent on shore and getting acquainted with our camp mates, a jolly, rollicking, funloving lot, hailing from everywhere.

In the evening at high water slack we ran out and took a tentative "drift", selecting a point well clear of the other boats, so that no one could witness our initial attempt. As we expected, things

^{*}From Vancouver Outing

did not run quite smoothly at first. The net would get a twist in it or foul something in the bottom of the boat; the boom, or some other part of the gear would get in the way, and so on, as if the fates had willed that every obstacle should stand between us and success. We persevered, however, each failure giving us a new experience, and finally succeeded in running out the net to its full length, one hundred fathoms with a depth of about seven feet between the lead and cork lines.

After drifting for about an hour, we "picked up", our efforts being rewarded by the sight of five plump silvery salmon flopping about in the boat. Concluding that we had had sufficient experience for one day, we got under weigh and sailed merrily home to our camp in the moonlight. After making the hoat snug for the night a fire was lit and supper prepared, consisting of savory salmon steaks, hot coffee, and plenty of fresh bread and butter, then to our beds of sweet-smelling hay, which had been commandeered from a neighboring hay-field.

For the next few days we had varied success, but no really good catch had been made by any of the boats when the weekly close time arrived, putting a stop to all fishing for thirty-six hours.

From 6 a.m. on Saturday until 6 p. m. on Sunday is the period prescribed by law during which no net fishing is permissible, in order that the salmon may have an undisturbed opportunity of entering the river to spawn. Our time on Saturday was occupied in repairing and dipping nets, washing out the boats, and in the evening we usually took a trip up Ladner for the purpose of laying in our weekly supplies.

Sunday we spent in idleness until late in the afternoon, then preparations had to be made for the event of the week, when thousands of boats got into position to cast their nets at a given signal.

At ten minutes to six the tension became acute and excitement ran high. Good-natured chaff was indulged in, and attempts made to create a false start. Sometimes the ruse proved successful and much merriment was caused by the embarrassment of the victim on discovering his mistake. The heavy boom of a gun at length announces that time is up, and immediately thou-

sands of oars are straining, rowlocks squeaking, and floats click-clacking on the gunwales, as the fishermen put out their nets in haste to get first down, which in this case means first served.

Soon the bobbing floats and foam-flecked water in the wake of the boats tell that the first of the season's run has commenced, and that many a sockeye has returned to the scene of its birth—and death.

After drifting for half an hour the nets were hauled in, swarming with an irridescent mass of struggling salmon, which we with great difficulty extricated from the entanglements they had made for themselves in their efforts to escape. For the next few days the fish ran in great numbers, but towards the end of the week there was a falling off, and on the following Sunday the catch was a very poor one, indicating that the main body had passed up stream.

We had average luck throughout, although of course we came in for our share of the objectionable part of the business, such as getting snagged and incurring the displeasure of the net boss, besides losing valuable time. On one occasion we drifted into the Gulf of Georgia and got our netfull of dog-fish and kelp.

Again we had the misfortune to be caught in a gale of wind and had to ride out the storm to our nets, heavy surf of the bar preventing us running in. Our first impulse when the breeze sprang up was to run for shore, but acting on the advice given us by an old fisherman when in Vancouver, we bent our anchor rope to the lead and cork lines, then veered it away to its full length, thus enabling the little craft to ride out the storm in safety.

On one occasion we crossed the international boundary line and inspected the fish traps at Point Roberts and came within an acre of losing our whole outfits confiscated by the American customs officers, they having had suspicion that we were there for some illicit purpose. The traps are practically similar to those used on the coasts of China and the Straits Settlements, consisting of piled enclosures and suitable approaches whereby the salmon are lured to imprisonment. Immense numbers are caught on the American side in this manner, but the method is prohibited

in Canadian waters, as it is considered it tends to injure the industry.

When not engaged in fishing, we spent a good deal of our time amongst the ranchers in the vicinity of the river, several of whom invited us to shoot over their grounds when the season opened in September. In the camp we found a neverceasing source of amusement in listening to the yarns and experiences of some of our mates. Mack, the forty-niner's tales of the early days in California, and the doings of the Vigilance Committee, told as they were in the free abandon, and amidst the fitting surroundings of camp life, were most entertaining.

"Old Scotty," ex-student of divinity at Aberdeen University, and latter on, mariner and chief adviser to a South Sea Island king, told us of adventures midst the Barrier Reefs and palm-circled lagoons of the Pacific, a period "when ilka King had his ain and could do with it what he liked," as "Scotty" tersely put it.

From the camp we witnessed some very pretty sunset effects, marvels of beauty and combination. We had also an extensive view of the coast range with the white peak of great Mount Baker shooting skyward twelve thousand feet above sea level, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun long after lower altitudes were wrapped in the first folds of approaching night.

Notwithstanding the hopes held out by the older fishermen that there would be another run at full moon, the fish gradually became scarcer, and the appearance of cohoes, and other species of salmon, in meagre catches seemed to justify the orders we received one morning to strike camp and turn out boats and gear into the cannery. It came as a disappointment to many, for the season on the whole was a poor one and would give scant returns to many to face the winter with.

After turning in our boats and gear we went to the office and received our cheques, then with real regret took leave of the many friends we had made while on the river. Some day, however, we may like sockeye, drift back to the grand old Fraser; but even if we do not, we still retain pleasant memories of the happy days we spent on its broad bosom.

Conservative Lumbering.*+

Southern lumbermen are coming to the bureau for advice in the conservative handling of their timber lands, in numbers which tax the resources of the bureau to live up to its offers of co-operation. To illustrate the character of the problems which they bring us I shall instance the case of a lumberman in Alabama. He has 125.000 acres of land, and has spent large sums in a sawmill and logging equipment. Under ordinary lumbering these will be productive for a limited number of years only. He wants to know whether under conservative forest management they can be made a permanent investment.

In order to show him that the investment can be made permanent it has been necessary to calculate how many trees it is necessary for him to leave on the ground after lumbering in order to make it pay to come back for future crops of timber. Now, it happens that the yield of small trees is so little that it does not pay to cut trees below fourteen inches. Fortunately this leaves pretty nearly enough trees on the ground to give a good basis for another erop, so in his case it will not be necessary to raise the diameter to which the trees will be cut more than two or three inches in order to leave the basis which careful calculation shows will be found necessary to secure another crop, within twenty-five or thirty years. This slight raising of the diameter limit to gether with simple measures to make sure that the small trees are not slashed down or broken, are about all the modification of the present methods of lumbering which

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

[†]Extracts from an address given by Gifford Pinchot, Forester for the United States, at the meeting of the National Lumberman's Association.

will be found necessary. And right here I want to emphasize the fact that it is going to take him just about twenty-five years to lumber his lands, so that when the first lumbering is over he will be in a position to cut over his lands a second time.

So much for the quantity of the next crop. But the working plan goes a step farther than quantity. We are convinced that the rapidly growing scarcity of longleaf pine timber will be felt first in the failure of the better grades of lumber; that is, the supply of inferior and second growth timber will long outlast the choice material, and thus is introduced into the problem an exceedingly important consideration. It becomes necessary not only to calculate the quantity of the next crop, but its quality and value as well. lumberman has been operating in the same locality ten years. He has a board mill and makes a specialty of the best grades of hard pine flooring for the eastern market. Heretofore he has not considered the possibility of lumbering the same ground a second time, and so very naturally he has cut the timber as clean as possible and has taken the smallest trees which he found that it paid him to cut, but all the time he has been perfectly well aware that he was not getting any of his high grades of lumber from these small trees. Now, in order to find out just what he is getting from these smaller trees, and to calculate how long it is necessary to leave them standing before they will begin to yield the finer grades of lumber, instead of the low grades of sap and common lumber, we have undertaken to find out just what his small trees cut out in the mill. In order to do this and to get results which will be a good average, it has been necessary to take a good many trees of each diameter, and to mark the logs into which they were cut, and then to follow these logs through the mill to see into just what grades they sawed out. If this meeting had been a few weeks later I would have been able to tell you just what results we have obtained from thus following through the mill over 1.000 trees of diameters between fourteen and twenty-five inches. I can now, however, give a pretty good idea of what these results will be. The manufactured lumber from trees up to about fifteen inches is almost entirely sap and common lumber, while from trees of larger diameter an increasing amount of higher grades is obtained, and the proportion of the higher grades improves by rapid jumps. Thus, one seventeen-inch tree, about the average for that diameter class, was cut into three logs, which sawed out 285 board feet, of which 78 board feet were first and second clear, and A flat grain flooring, while 146 feet were No. 1 common lumber and 61 feet were No. 2 common lumber. One 21-inch tree sawed out:

- 32 board feet of A heart rift flooring.
- 48 board feet of A sap rift flooring.
- 48 board feet of A flat flooring.
- 32 board feet of 1st and 2nd clear.
- 35 board feet of 3rd clear. 305 board feet of No. 1 common.

That is, one-third of the tree made the better grades of flooring and 1st and 2nd clear. The board feet yield and the money value of the trees right around the diameter limit upon which we are figuring are important factors in determining that limit. Now, we found that an average of over 100 trees for each of the following diameters gives these results:

	Product in	Value of lumbe
Diameter	board feet	at mill.
16-inch	233	\$2.90
17-inch	287	3.53
18-inch	380.5	4.22

The rate at which a tree grows more valuable is perhaps clearest shown by giving the average value per thousand board feet of the lumber of all grades which trees of different diameters yield.

The average value per thousand feet of all grades of lumber sawed from 16-inch trees was \$12.45 per thousand, while the lumber sawed from 18-inch trees was found to be worth on the average \$13.07 per thousand. In other words, this lumberman by allowing his 16-inch trees to grow until they become 18-inch trees will increase the value of his manufactured product by 62 cents a thousand board feet, or about 43 per cent., and I believe that when the yield of the trees of the large diameters is worked up, we will find the increase in value from diameter to diameter to be considerably greater.

Papegouche's Ghost.*

By C. C. FARR.

(Concluded from the June Issue.)

There are no men, or communities of men, that can sulk like Indians. Though a joyous and talkative race when in good humor, so accustomed are they to a life of silence, that when vexed, they can hold aloof from one another for any length of time. White men will quarrel, sooner than not talk; Indians simply retire within themselves; shut themselves up as it were, and when in that state, it is almost as easy to start a conversation with a tortoise as with one of them.

After the events related in the preceding chapter the Indians sulked. There was a spirit of distrust abroad, and for some time the greetings exchanged between members of the band were of the briefest kind, and often lacking altogether; but in the privacy of their lodges, their tongues wagged freely enough; at least this was the case in the lodge of the much suffering Kikendatch, for his wife rated him soundly for the fiasco of which he had been guilty. It was no use quoting her own words in proof of her own responsibility. Women, both red and white, never hold themselves responsible for anything that they say, and it was very unkind of Kikendatch to throw up in her teeth the few remarks that she might have made just purely to help him. So poor Kikendatch suffered until he heartily wished that he had not called in Kinabikokomis when his wife was ill, and he really began to think that he was a

Wahgouche found living with his mother something like what he could imagine living with a she bear would be, only a little more so. She accused him of spoiling the whole plot by overdoing it in his account of the slaying of Geetchinodin by the Wendigo, forgetting probably that she herself had planned the whole account for him, even to the 'gobbling up like pigs eat peas and not spitting out his shoes for cobbles.'

It was probable that in all the other lodges the poor lords of creation suffered, for they dared not go forth, preferring to

brave the dangers of their homes to those of the bush, but as our story does not concern them, all that can be left to the reader's imagination.

A day or so before the time appointed by Kikendatch for the final decision as to which of the two aspirants for his daughter's hand should win her, Manandahwis appeared upon the scene. He came with the avowed object of ascertaining if any word had come concerning Geetchinodin, and expressed deep concern when he learned that there were no tidings of him; however, his arrival was hailed with delight by all, for he was a powerful chief, and held in high repute; especially was Kikendatch rejoiced to see him, for in him he recognized something to lean upon, a strong man, with whom he could take counsel, and whose acknowledged wisdom might be of service to him in his great dilemma, therefore he laid before him the whole matter, omitting nothing that he knew regarding it. Manandahwis did not take long to consider, but gave his decision at once, which was as follows:-

"My brother. The word of a man when once given should be sacred, and he init has a forked tongue is despised by friends and foes alike. You promised Geetchinodin to give your daughter to no man until three moons have come and gone. Keep your promise. Give her to no man until then. You promised Wahgouche that he should have your daughter, provided at the end of three moors, he still lived, therefore at the end of the time appointed, if Wahgouche is alive, he will be entitled to wed her, and neither man nor spirit can gainsay it, therefore make your preparation for the time is drawing nigh, when she, according to your word, will have to be bestowed upon one of the two men."

At these words Kikendatch greatly rejoiced, and issuing forth from his lodge he proclaimed to the people the result of the deliberations of the two chiefs, which was to the effect that a great feast would be given, that the wedding ceremony would be

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on a scale so magnificent that it would eclipse all previous affairs of the kind within the memory of man, and that no demonstration natural or supernatural, should prevent its consummation. This proclamation was hailed with delight by the people, and once more joy and light-heartedness reigned supreme, for Indians dearly love a feast and have a childish regard for the ceremonial, be it at a wedding or a funeral. It would be hard to define the feelings of Wahgouche and his mother. At times they would feel elated and triumphant, but more often depressed, and apprehensive, for deep down in their souls they knew that they were not worthy, and dreaded just retribution for their crimes, but as the long looked for day drew nearer and nearer without a single sign from Geetchinodin, their spirits rose, and Wahgouche became almost feverish in the activity that he displayed in furthering the preparations for the coming ceremony. the evening before the eventful day, there was a slight suspicion of anxiety pervading the band, for they dreaded lest they should be again called upon to witness the gruesome sight that had struck terror into their hearts so recently, but the evening passed off quietly, not an abnormal sound breaking the whispering hush of the bush, though just about midnight, the notes of kook-kook-koo-hoo rang out clear and distinet, causing many hearts to leap in breasts, and blanching the faces of not a few, for their nerves were unstrung by the untoward events of the past months. The sound was very close, apparently proceeding from the immediate vicinity of Papegouche's grave. Manandahwis appeared to be the only one unmoved, and insisted on going to the grave with the object of investigation. Kikendatch begged him not to do so, and finally, when he found him obstinate in his determination, ' offered to accompany him, but strange to say, this proposition appeared to frighten him far more than the uncanny sound, and he not only peremptorily refused the offer, but insisted that Kikendatch should use his authority in preventing others from following him, which Kikendatch promised to 'do. Manandahwis returned within the space of half an hour, and was able to report that all was quiet, that Papegouche was

sleeping as only the dead can sleep, and that he had heard the muffled swish swish of the wings of the bird as it flew away at his approach, therefore were the people satisfied, and slept soundly until the dawn; not so, however, Kinabikokomis. For the first time since the proclamation of the feast and wedding had been made she became thoroughly frightened and could not sleep, and while Wahgouche was lustily snoring she mumbled and muttered imprecations as she tossed and fidgetted under her blanket. At length her restlessness awoke Wahgouche, and he asked her why she could not sleep.

"The owl, the owl. I fear that owl had two legs:"

"Most owls have two legs," said her son jocularly.

"Fool," cried his mother. "Can you not see that it may have been Geetchinodin."

The effect of that dread name upon Wah-gouche was electrical. He started bolt upright in his bed, and gasped, but was so overcome by the thought that his deadly enemy might be in the neighborhood that he was speechless.

"I distrust that Manandahwis," she continued. "I distrusted him from the first, and when that cry rang out I watched his face, as he came out of the lodge of Kikendatch, and it was not the face of a man surprised and somewhat frightened; why there was even a smile upon it, and a man does not smile at a noise like that, in these anxious days, unless he expects it. I would have followed him, but Kikendatch prevented me, and if I had gone in spite of him I should have attracted notice, that perhaps might do harm, for I tell you my son we have many enemies."

It was now the turn of Wahgouche to toss and fidget in his blanket, for his mother's words had struck terror to his soul, and the first shimmer of the coming dawn had tinged the eastern sky before he again dropped into a troubled slumber.

The day broke bright and clear and the Indians were early astir, for there was much to be done. A large circular space was cleared; even some of the lodges being removed to give more room. In the centre of this three high seats were erected, one for Wahgouche, one for Kinabikokomis, and one for the bride, and in front of them the

sacred fire burned, the fire from the embers of which, is kindled, the fire on the comestic hearth of the young couple.

In spite of the sleepless night spent by Wahgouche, he was up betimes, and with the help of his mother, was gotten up in gorgeous array. A complete new suit of beautifully dressed deerskin, encased his person, a suit that had cost his mother much labor in the making. So delicately and carefully had it been 'smoked' that the coloring harmonized perfectly with head-dress that he wore, made out of skin of a yellow fox. Down the front the dyed quills of the porcupine had been cunningly wrought into patterns of flowers and trailing vines. His moccasins also had been treated in the same manner, and in fact from the standpoint of savage finery, he was faultlessly attired.

Whether by accident or design, Kinabi-kokomis had assimilated her appearance to the name that she bore. A long flowing robe of mottled loonskins enveloped her from head to foot, and upon her head rested an entire skin, with head and neck outstretched, which when she swayed from side to side, as was her constant custom so to do, gave an eeric suggestion of a snake about to strike, while beneath that bizarre head-dress, her dark and 'baleful eyes glittered with uncanny malevolence.

And now the appointed time for the ceremony had nearly arrived. Already the people had gathered around the circular space awaiting the principals, but Manandahwis after making a gesture enjoining silence, addressed the people as follows:

"My children. There is yet one more thing to be done before proceeding with ceremony, and to leave it undone would be a shame on us, and that is to pay a propitiatary visit to the grave of dead man yonder," pointing to the spot where Papegouche lay. "We all know the strange and awful part that he has played in this matter, and it is right for us to ascertain, if, at this final moment he is pleased with what we are about to do, therefore, let us, both old and young, visit that spot, and you, my brother," turning to Kikendatch, "I appeal to you to see that, with the exception of the bride - for this will of necessity be a trying day upon her, none fail to pay this act of reverence to the dead. I have spoken."

It was evident by the shouts of the people that this proposition met with general favor, but Kinabikokomis was very wroth, and whispered to her son:

"Matcheeawaygwan? (What devilment is that man up to now?) I have seen enough of that grave. I think that the dead man needs company, and he shall have it," she hissed, "before many days."

But for all that she went; she and her son heading the procession. Slowly they wended their way, setting forth the merits of the dead in a melodious, though somewhat monotonous chant. Thrice they circled round the grave, and then returned, having found everything in perfect order, so that even the old woman was pleased, and thought that perhaps she had wronged Manandahwis, but when they again came in view of the camp a sight greeted their eyes that filled them with wonder, and made Kinabikokomis grind her teeth, whilst the legs of Wahgouche trembled, so that he could hardly walk, for there, near the centre of the circle, with his arms folded across his breast, stood Geetchinodin. Some thought that it was his ghost, and were afraid, but Manadahwis seemed neither frightened nor surprised, and stepping forward, greeted him by name. Then they all knew that it was no spirit, but that it was Geetchinodin in the flesh, and excepting our wicked pair, they were all glad, and rejoiced greatly, for Geetchinodin was much beloved by the people. When greetings had been exchanged, and kindly words spoken to the man who had been so long mourned as dead, Kikendatch spake

"My son. We surely thought that you were dead, and we now rejoice as over one who has risen from the dead. But what has come of your accusations against Wahgouche? He is alive and well, and, according to my promise, today he weds my daughter, Winiwaya. What hast thou to say? Speak for the time is nigh when thou must forever hold thy peace." And Geetchinodin answered him thus:

"My father, I have nothing to say. It is true that you promised Wahgouche that he should wed your daughter, and I thought to prove him unworthy, but I have

failed. I thought that the Geetchimanitcu would strike him dead, but he has not done so; therefore, His will be done. Let the ceremony proceed. He has won and I have lost. I said to you: 'Let him who lives have your daughter, Winiwaya, for his wife.' Wahgouche lives, and I—but let that be, for that is yet to come.''

Then Wahgouche laughed aloud, and Kinabikokomis chuckled in her glee; but a shade of disappointment fell upon the rest, for those were not the words of a hero, and their idol, if not shattered, was at least badly chipped; however, there was nothing to be done but to take him at his word, so they installed Wahgouche upon the centre seat, and his mother they placed upon his left, leaving the seat on his right for the bride, whom the maidens had already gone to fetch. As they thus sat, Wahgouche and Kinabikokomis, waiting for the bride, Geetchinodin, stepping forth from the circle of onlookers, stood before them, on the space intervening between the seats and the sacred fire, and looking sternly at them, addressed them thus, so that all men could hear:

"You Wahgouche, and you Kinabikokomis, I have somewhat to say unto you. I know your evil deeds, for the spirits have told me. I well know how my brother, who lives yonder, was done to death at your hands, and his blood calls for vengeance, and yet would I have mercy, for since I last saw you, my heart has been stirred with strange emotions, by the things that I have heard from a people wiser than we are, aye, wiser even than you Kinabikokomis, who have the wisdom of the snake; therefore, if, even now, at this late hour, you repent you of your evil deeds, and are willing to depart to some other spot, where the report of your past cannot follow you, then will I stay my hand, or rather the hand of the spirits whom you have offended, and let you go in peace. I have spoken."

For the space of a few moments Wallgovche gazed at his rival in silence, though it looks of hate could kill, then would Geet chinodin have dropped down dead at his feet, then gaining are coice, he screamed rather than said

"Well are you named Geetchinodin, Big Wind, for your words are nothing but wind. I care nothing for your spirits, and I care less for you. I stay where I am, and you, if you like, can see the girl whom you love lying in my arms. That is my answer, so begone."

And Kinabikokomis, for answer, spat in his face.

"So be it" said Geetchinodin, and taking a small live coal from the sacred fire, which burnt cheerfully behind him, he held it up before their faces, saying:

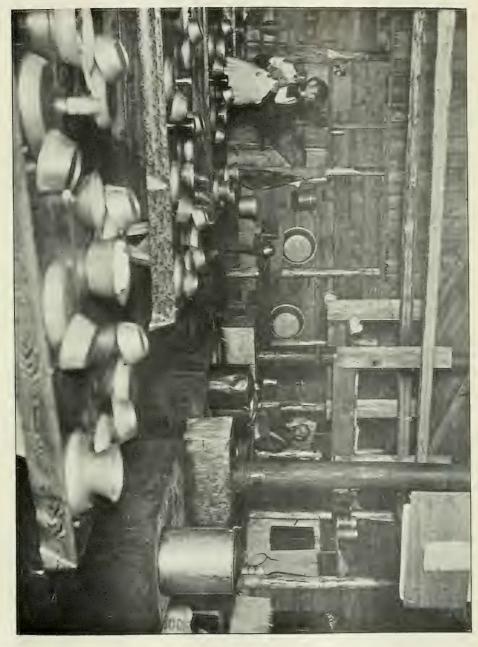
"You see that tiny spark. Watch it, for ere that has died, you will both be dead." And placing the live coal at their feet, he stalked away, rejoining the circle of awestruck spectators. Then a deathly silence fell upon them all. Even the wind was hushed, and nature herself seemed to stand with bated breath. Suddenly the sound of sweet young voices singing the wedding song, broke the stillness of the air, and of men. It was the bridal procession leaving the lodge of the bride. For a moment an expression of concern overshadowed the countenance of Geetchinodin, but only for a moment, for almost at the same time, a report like the bursting of a cannon shook the ground beneath their feet, and the two doomed wretches, sitting upon the seats, were hurled into the air, to fall again to the ground, two shapeless masses of flesh, bones, and blood.

When the first speechless horror and fear had subsided, the people ran wildly about, shouting "A Wendigo! A Wendigo! He has now slain his three." But Manandahwis called them to him, commanding silence.

"My children," he said. "Call this not the work of a Wendigo, but rather the work of the Geetchimanitou himself. He was wroth with them, and has smitten them. Let no man pity them, for they were steeped in wickedness. Let us therefore bury these unclean things out of our sight, that we may quickly forget them; besides, the bride is awaiting the bridegroom therefore let us hasten lest she become impatient."

So the young men gathered up the remains of the ill-fated pair, and they buried them deep down in the ground, placing heavy stones upon them, lest they should escape, and wander upon the face of the earth, doing harm to the living. Therefore was Geetchinodin married to Winiwaya,

In a lumber camp a good cook is almost as necessary as a good "boss".



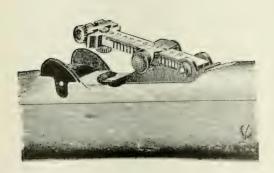
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whom he loved, and he became a great chief, for Kikendatch, s health had been so shattered by the terrible events of those three months that he pined away and died, and the people unanimously elected Geetch-inodin in his stead.

As for Kahna, the grand-daughter of Manandahwis, the spirit left her as suddenly as it had come to her, and she became a 'bright and happy girl, marrying in due time, and raising a large family, some of the descendants from which, occasionally possess that power of communication with the spirits, that their ancestress possessed.

During the summer following the events above related, a canoe manned by a strange people, with white skins, and with much hair upon their faces, came ashore at Matachuan. The Indians who first saw them were much frightened, but Geetchinodin showed no fear, and went down the river bank to meet them. When he did so, one of these strange men greeted him by name, and jumping ashore grasped him by the hand, saying in an unknown tongue:—

"What cheer my hearty. Did the blooming stuff work the oracle," or words to that effect, and Geetchinodin, apparently understanding the strangers tongue, answered with a grin: "Good; very good," at the same time pointing to Winiwaya, who stood beside him

"By my life," said the stranger, "she was worth the trip, but say, have you furs, for we would buy them?"

And the result was that those men went away with their canoe loaded down with furs, so that it would hold no more, and they left behind them many curious things, so that the Indians marvelled, and believed that these strange people were indeed a race of conjurers.

Last summer, some tourists were passing Matachuan, and going ashore to take a meal, one of the party picked up a piece of iron, which they decided could be nothing but the fragment of an old-fashioned bomb, and they wondered how it got there, not knowing the history of Papegouche's ghost, or the Mystery of Matachuan.

Our Medicine Bag.

A copy of The Anglers' Guide to Eastern Canada, edited and published by Mr. E. T. D. Chambers of Quebec, has been received by Rod and Gun. This invaluable handbook is becoming more complete each year, and should be included in the outfit of every Canadian fisherman.

3

In the White Mountains balsam has been observed as high as 5,500 feet and black spruce as high as 5,300 feet. They are dwarf specimens and produce hardly any seed, but a recent investigation has established that these trees in these situations reproduce themselves by means of sprouts from the roots. This is apparently the first time that this fact has been noticed in connection with these species.

In the way of bass flies, there is no doubt that the Massassaga fly, designed by

our valued correspondent, Mr. Walter Greaves, Ottawa, is about the best bass fly for use in Canadian waters that we have. Mr. Greaves thinks they take it for a green frog. This may or may not be the case—only the bass could satisfy us on this point; but it is undeniable that in certain conditions of weather and water, the Massassaga takes better than the frog.

A correspondent writes from Amyot, Ontario, a little station on the C.P.R. near White River: "There is good fishing and capital hunting near here. Moose, caribou and bear, not to mention partridge and duck, but I think the fishing is even better than the shooting. We have trout, dore and pike in Brick and neighboring lakes, and I have been promised 10,000 salmon trout by the government. Between North Bay and Lake Superior we have one of the

greatest stretches of virgin wilderness left, within easy striking distance of civilization."

The experiment of introducing the eastern quail, or bob-white, into the interior of British Columbia, has proved a splendid success. In March, 1899, the Ashcroft Gun Club imported nine dozen quail from Kansas, and turned them down. The dry, interior climate has proved suitable, and at the present moment there is very good quail shooting in the reghborhood of Ashcroft, and the birds are increasing and extending their range with great rapidity. British Columbia is singularly fortunate in its climate, which seems to suit a greater number of species than does any other climate on this continent.

The new fishery regulations of the Province of Ontario contain a provision of considerable importance to sportsmen. Heretofore, one dozen bass have been allowed to each rod; now the total legal catch is limited to eight. The size limit, ten inches, remains the same. The aggregate weight of brook trout that may be taken in one day must not exceed ten pounds, and no greater number than thirty, notwithstanding that these fish may weigh less than the ten pound limit. pickerel less than fifteen inches long may be basketed, nor may any mascalonge be taken and kept of less than thirty inches total length. The sale or export of speckled trout, black bass and mascalonge is prohibited for five years.

The June number of Bailey's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes has a seasonable air of cricket about it. Mr. P. F. Warner furnishes the subject of the portrait and biographical sketch. An article on "Cricket Reform" deals in a vigorous, practical vein with certain points of modern cricket. Mr. G. Stein writes on "The Horse and the Rider," and Mr. Carter Platts contributes a sympathetic article on Game-

A decided novelty in the way of a fish hook is the Live Bait Fish Hook, which is sold by the Franklin-Harvey Co., New Rochelle, N. Y., whose advertisement appears in this issue. keepers of the old school. Borderer's paper on Polo Pony Breeding will appeal to lovers of the game. "Kennel Huntsmen" by Mr. G. S. Lowe, is very readable. A "Tribute" to the late Mr. Fred Gale by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, in which occurs a good story of Ruskin at the Oval; "A Dry Fly Purist's Advice to a Beginner"; "Sport with Beagles", together with other papers, complete a good number.

A correspondent asks for particulars of the poisonous purple larkspur of the foothill country. The Purple Larkspur, one of the poisonous plants of the ranges, grows about a foot high, and has purplish-colored flowers. The poison, as in other plants of the same family, is located mainly in the root. It appears in early spring, after the snow is gone, and will be found in the foothill uplands in the greatest profusion, and along the brakes and hillsides of the plains. In many cases it will be found in the same location as Death Camas, and blooms and dies about the same time as this plant. The roots are tuberous, and may be found clustered only a short distance below the surface. Cattle appear to pull them up occasionally after rains, when the ground is soft, and sheep sometimes are believed to eat them to excess, where there is a heavy growth of the plants.

Almost identical in plan with the "Color Key to, North American Birds" is "North American Birds" by Chester A. Reed, just published by Doubleday Page & Company, New York. This work, of 356 pages, illustrates the eggs of nearly every species of North American bird, and will no doubt be much appreciated by many readers of this magazine. A working knowledge of ornithology is becoming more widely spread, but the number of sportsmen who could name a clutch of eggs is but a fraction of those that shoot. Except among collectors, few know the difference

The G. W. Cole Company, 141 Broadway, N.Y., will send to any one asking for the same a copy of "What the Big Guns in the Gun Business Say of 3 in 1." This little pamphlet contains testimonials from most of the more important firms manufacturing fire arms in the United States

between the eggs of our most abundant species, yet, surely, the sportsman at least should know these things? Everything about this book shows that work has not been spared, in fact, has been lavished upon its preparation. A delightful series of illustrations, from photographs, show many nests, and in the margin are clever thumbnail sketches of the birds themselves.

A volume on American Yachting, by that veteran yachting authority, W. P. Stevens, has just been issued by the Macmillans, as one of the series constituting the American Sportsman's Library. The author has set down a very full and complete record of yachting in the United States, and as such nothing but praise can be given his work, but there is room for yet another volume of the same series, upon construction, sailing, seamanship and navigation. Starting with early American yachts, the author follows the history of the "America Cup" struggles from the initial-race in 1851 to the defeat of the latest Shamrock. various designs of Burgess, 'Herreshoff, Watson and Fife, are discussed by Mr. Stevens with his usual ability, the strong points of each being shown, and the defects also pointed out-for, alas, the per fect yacht has yet to be built. For Canadians, one of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with the Seawanhaka Cur. races on Lake St. Louis. Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood are given full credit for the novel ideas they have introduced in the successful Canadian defenders of the Cup. A chapter on steam vachting in America completes the book. The price is \$2.00.

In a letter to Rod and Gun, Mr. J. E. Greiner. Engineer Bridges and Buildings, Baltimore, Md., says:

"I notice in the June issue of "Rod and Gun in Canada", page 33, that you give an explanation of some of the game laws in

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the Province of Quebec, in which it is stated that restrictions in the counties of Ottawa and Pontiae apply only to the territory of these counties, such as they were before the organization of the territories Abbitibi, Mistassini and Ashuanipi. I have been endeavoring to obtain maps of Quebec, which will show these territories, and while I have succeeded in getting from the Crown Lands Department a very nice map of the exploration surveys of 1900, these maps do not show either the zones or the territories above referred to, and I have not been able to secure any maps which do show these territories.

As I am arranging for a party of six to make a canoeing and hunting trip in this territory, I will appreciate your kindness if you will assist me in obtaining a map which will show clearly where we can hunt during the month of September."

We must confess that we cannot reply to Mr. Greiner's question, but we hope that somebody who has made a life long study of the Quebec game laws will be able to do so.

After a long and tedious close season, the bass fishermen at length finds himself let loose from restraint and able, legally, to capture one of the most wily fish that swims—if the aforesaid fisherman be sufficiently astute. Of course it makes a great difference where you happen to do your, fishing. Should you go to Timagaming and fish in Lady Evelyn Lake or in Obabika or in that chain, you can catch small-mouthed black bass with a spoon, or any other old thing, but if you should happen to do your fishing in the St. Lawrence, and wish to catch any of these old

Mr. Daniel Brown, of Thornton, R. I., is an inventor of much originality and merit. He first produced the "Hummer", a device for causing a full choke to spread and give a cylinder's pattern, and now he is bringing out a hair trigger for bolt-actioned rifles, that seems to have merit. He has been working for years upon the hair trigger, believing that fine telescope sight and careful chambering and boring are of little value without a delicate and light pull-off. Those interested should write to him.

socdolagers that haunt, for instance, the eddies caused by the abutments of the Victoria bridge, you must use live bait, and the thing the St. Lawrence bass loves is a silver minnow four inches in length, The trouble generally is to procure the silver minnow; the rest is easy. Certain persons have cornered the market on live minnows, and have bulled the prices to figures only within reach of the wealthy, yet the case is by no means hopeless, because anyone can procure one of those glass Orvis minnow traps, that look like an exaggerated demijohn, and which seduce any minnow that comes along into their glassy brace.

Joking apart: This trap is worth a score of minnow seins and requires but little attention. We wonder that more are not used.

One of the Indian pupils of the McDougall Orphange at Morley was asked to make a collection of mountain sheep for a government museum. This was his reply:

Morley, Alberta, March 11th.

Dear Sir .- I am very glad to hear from you. I told you last time I wrote to you we have a bad colds and we will try to go when we get better, and sent you a letter to you when we shart to go. The snow is 2 foot deep here again other thing-don't be so hurried because I know myself the sheep are good yet and know they be going to be good longer. i think the snow is deeper than it here up at the mountains. if you going to sent an order to me its too far from here to mountains were they sheep, I think you have to sent me more than \$10 i don't mine to pay on the animals, i will not tell stories, i will do it when the snow getting little down. i know what was the worth of the animal the mare sheep lost \$35-little one \$10. I will ask you another thing you told us. was away to take with the railroad i would like to know where the railroad gos,

Messrs. Boyd & Son, of 1683 Notre Dame street, Montreal, have the celebrated Mas assaga 'bass fly for sale, with and without jungle-cock cheeks. As the supply is limited, intending purchasers would do well to make a selection without loss of time

where they going to make the railroad if you don't know ask Mrs. Tom, and tell me please i think she know.

yours truly,
Moses House.

write please the way i write because i dont onderstanded very well, i am tired writing letters for getting nothing i alway write for him for nothing. you know me befor you see me when you come to see him.

Libby House.

Rev. A. E. Burke, the worthy vice-president of the Canadian Forestry Association for Prince Edward Island, takes every opportunity of keeping the advantages of forest growth before the public. In his presidential address 'before the Fruit Growers' Association of that province, he calls attention to the matter in the following words:—

"The question of protection is becoming more and more vital to horticulture here. We have discussed it in all its bearings, on previous occasions, and while there has certainly been an awakening in some quarters to the importance of preserving the remnant of woods we have left, and re-afforesting, the apathy of the general public has not by any means been totally shaken off. To grow fruit anywhere protection is a first necessity. Situated in the midst of a great storm-swept gulf, we are the most exposed community engaged in horticulture at all; and to be successful, must as quickly as possible replace our shelter belts and

Hardy Bros., proprietors of the London and North British Works, Alnwick, are the largest rod and tackle manufacturers in England. Their 1904 catalogue (which they will forward upon receipt of a post office order for 1s-6d,) contains a great amount of information upon flies, hooks, rods, reels and lines.

The Hardy rod is renowned all over the world as being the ne plus ultra of achievement in that line. The Hardy Bros. save taken the American built up cane rod and have contrived a steel sinker for it, which makes it practically indestructible. Those preferring power to extreme lightness will undoubtedly like the Hardy rod better than the American rod. All correspondence cheerfully answered

restore the necessary proportion between forest and field.

We have reached that stage in our provincial life, too, when the improvement and embellishment of our homes by means of trees and flowers, and their tasteful disposition, should engage our earnest attention, so that the healthfulness, fruitfulness, and loveliness of our Island home may be more and more in evidence. The members of this Association are especially pledged to forward this worthy purpose and it is to be hoped that their example may everywhere illumine the people."

The following statement is made by Mr. J. M. Macoun in regard to the timber in the Upper Peace River District:--

Very little has been said about the forests of the Peace river country and from this fact it may be gathered that timber to be used for any other purposes than for house - logs and fence - rails is very scarce. There is quite enough spruce in the country to furnish lumber for housebuilding purposes, but it is scattered about among the poplar, often far from any stream that would float it to a mill and it will either have to be hauled to saw-mills or small portable mills must be moved about the country. To say, that in the upper Peace River there is not more than 1,000,000 acres of prairie land is only another way of saying that what remains of that great area is covered with forest or has been so clothed within comparatively recent years. Unfortunately the country has been again and again swept by fire, until east of the mountains, there is now no considerable area of green timber left and what remains is chiefly poplar. Reference has been made in a few places to green spruce having been seen and these are the only places where it is to be found in other than the scantiest quantities. Careful enquiry among those who know the country between Dunvegan and St. John and between Grande Prairie and the Pine and Peace Passes, confirmed the reports that practically the whole of the forest has been destroyed by fire. East of the mountains there is no white pine, though it is frequently stated that there is. What is in ignorance taken for it is jack pine, but even of this there is very little.

The American Natural History, issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., the author of which is Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Gardens, is one of the most fascinating works that has come into our hands for a very long time. It is a comprehensive work; a thoroughly well illustrated work, and, moreover, it comes from the pen of a writer who knows his subject as few other men know it. Nearly every beast, and fowl, and fish that is known to science, as an inhabitant of the North American continent, is here described and all the commoner species are shown in the illustrations. One realizes what vast strides the science of natural history has made when one looks back to the books that had to suffice but a few years ago. Photography has helped largely, and the institution of zoological gardens, such as the one over which Mr. Hornaday so ably presides, have done still more toward giving us a greater and more intimate knowledge of the lower creation.

Using firearms does not necessarily mean to hunt game, kill and destroy. Target practice is a sport the fascinations of which are rapidly becoming more appreciated and can be enjoyed by young and old of either sex.

There are a number of excellent bowlers, golfers, tennis players, etc., among the fair sex—in fact, the masculine province of outdoor sport is more and more invaded by the athletic young lady of the period. It is a gratifying sign of the times that "hitting the bull's eye" at target practice is now claiming the attention of the outdoor

girl, and there is certainly no more beneficent sport or exercise.

"Looking for new worlds to conquer" and the persistent efforts made by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., makers of the famous Stevens Firearms, in advocating this delightful recreation, are main factors for the extraordinary interest among the fair sex in target shooting. To be properly equipped means the adoption of Stevens rifles and pistols—these arms hold more records than all other makes combined, and cost no more.

The ordinary natural history, dealing as it does with the animals of the whole world must necessarily be a mere sketch, but in the present instance the self imposed limitation of his task has enabled the author to deal with his subject in an unusually comprehensive way. As an instance in point, the chapter dealing with the wild sheep of the continent may be mentioned. Mr. Hornaday has already published a monograph of the wild sheep, and has made an especially profound study of the characteristics of the various species. In fact, there is no living naturalist with a better working knowledge of these interesting animals, consequently, Mr. Hornaday has been able to give us an unusually valuable contribution upon the wild sheep of this continent. Dalls' white mountain sheep, Stones' darker colored animal, Fannin's queerly marked species, and the great, lordly-headed type animal from the country about the head of the North Saskatchewan, are all admirably described and illustrated.

And so with many other species; hence we feel justified in saying that no work on North American natural history is more worthy of a place on the shelves of the sportsman naturalist than the one under review. The 'book issued from the press of Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Bench Show committee of the Toronto Exhibition have claimed the dates of September 5th to 10th for their show this year, and it is their intention to make it a record-breaker as far as Canada is concerned, at any rate. Canadian Kennel Club rules will govern. In response to a circular letter sent out by the chairman. Mr. John G. Kent, asking for suggestions from exhibitors as to how the show might be improved, a great many good ones have been received, and a number of them will be acted upon, so that some quite new features may be looked for. The committee has been broadened out quite a bit and all the prominent breeds have a well-known fancier representing them, so that no breed will be exploited at the expense of the others. A number of new classes have been added and the prize list augmented to the extent of two or three hundred dollars, and a novel feature will be the Green Class, which is intended for new beginners. (No dog which has ever won a first, ond or third prize, or whose owner has ever won a first, second or third prize with any dog owned by him or her at any recognized show, can compete.) This should be a very popular class with many "onedog'' owners. The committee is to be congratulated upon having the honor of introducing to the American public two very celebrated English judges, Mr. Desmond O'Connell and Mr. M. Maxwell. Mr. O'Connell is one of the oldest fanciers in England at the present day, a member of the English Kennel Club Committee, a judge sought after by the best English shows, and a breeder of great reputation. Maxwell also holds a very high place in the esteem of the English fancy and is sure to make a reputation for himself on this side of the water amongst those who do not know him by name already. Their classes have not yet been finally decided, but Mr. O'Connell will probably take Smooth, Fox and Welsh Terriers, while Mr. Maxwell will take Wire-haired Fox Terriers and a number of the breeds usually taken by an all-round judge. For Sporting Spaniels Mr. L. Farewell of Toronto has been induced to enter the ring for the first time. This fact will be hailed with delight 'by the "cocker" men, as Mr. Farewell is a gentleman of continental repute, both as breeder and exhibitor, and has the eye that can quickly pick out the best. committee feel flattered to think that he has honored them by consenting to judge, as, though asked by many show committees on the other side to act in this capacity, he has always refused. It is safe to say that this feature alone of the Bench Show will be worth travelling a long way to see, as, from present indications, the largest entry of Cockers that the world ever saw will be at Toronto in 1904. The ever popular Mr. W. P. Fraser of "Matchmaker" fame, will take the Irish and Scottish Terriers, and Dr. C. Y. Ford, of Kingston, collies, old English sheep dogs, etc. To this list have yet to be added one or two names for some special breeds. A new feature will be the Collie trials for sheep penning, which will be an attraction on educational lines for the young farmer.



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OTTAWA VALLEY Deer, duck, ruffed grouse, woodcock, trout and black bass.

MATTAWA, ONT. Deer, black bass, and trout.

KIPAWA, P. Q. Moose, deer, bear, duck, ruffed grouse, pike and dore.

TIMISKAMING Moose, deer, bear, wildfowl, ruffed grouse, pike and dore.

TIMAGAMING Moose, deer, bear, caribou, ruffed grouse, duck, lake trout, trout, black bass, pike and dore.

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wolf, wildfowl and chicken.

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and goat.

GLACIER HOTEL In the wild Selkirk range near the Great Glacier. Mountain

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wildfowl.

VANCOUVER Within reach are deer, bear, goat, Mongolian pheasant,

grouse, wildfowl, salmon and trout.

Sportsmen will find in Canada an unrivalled field.

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada All communications for this department should be addressed to Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont

Kingsville Gun Club.

The Kingsville Gun Club was organized in 1896 with a membership of over fifty. Kingsville is in the centre of a good quail, duck and partridge country and there was consequently a lot of good material ready to hand for the formation of a live club. Trap shooting was a novelty then and attracted the members and our weekly shoots the first year were very well attended. Then as the prices of ammunition advanced a great many felt their pockets touched a

have had to be obtained and the present situation of the club is on a beautiful spot overlooking Lake Erie in the midst of an artificial park.

In October, 1898, the club suffered a severe blow in the accidental death of one of its promoters and best shots, in the person of William E. Miner (Ted.). The Miner Brothers, Jack and Ted, were the most active in the organization of the club and did more than any others to shove it



KINGSVILLE GUN CLUB'S TOURNAMENT, JUNE 30th AND JULY 1st, 1899

little too heavy and gradually dropped out of the race. A few of the hot members continued to keep up their practice and the club is yet in a good healthy condition, both financially and in shooting ability.

The grounds were originally situated on the property of the Mettawas summer ho tel and were within a stone's throw of the railway station, with a perfect back ground. This year owing to a change in ownership of the property new grounds along. Not only were these boys always among the highest in the score, but they were at home at all kinds of small and big game hunting. Perhaps as all round shot gun and rifle shots, and as masters of woodcraft and all the details of game hunting and getting, they were unsurpassed in the Province. It was on one of their northern trips after big game that Ted was accidentally shot in the head by a rifle in the hands of a companion whom he

was initiating in the mysteries of big game hunting.

The club was organized in old Gold Dust days, this powder being introduced to the club by F. H. Conover, now Dupont representative of Leamington, but when the gun of our President, Dr. McKenzie, blew up with a dose of this stuff in it, the shooters stampeded to the more reliable nitros.

The club have for years shot over a Magautrap, although they keep in reserve their old expert traps. At tournaments we have for some time adopted the sliding handicap, 16-20 yards, our club believing that 20 yards is about the limit for amateur handicapping, unless one wants to kill the sport by discouraging the shooters.

The present officers of the club have been in office since the inception of the club, the owner of the trophy, but put it into competition again as a live bird as well as target cup. The race was reduced to 25 single targets, or 25 pigeons or 50 sparrows. It was won by A. W. Reid, Walkerville, at targets, then by J. E. Pastorius, Kingsville, at sparrows, then by E. C. Clark, Walkerville, at pigeons. In open competition for it at pigeons it was won by Thomas Reid, Esq., Walkerville, who has carried a chip on his shoulder ever since without any one venturing to knock it off. The Auld trophy was handsome gold buttons, put up as a county championship at targets. It was won first by W. A. Smith with a score of 24 ex 25, and afterwards by A. W. Reid, Walkerville, twice, with scores of 23 and 24, he thus becoming the owner.

I do not know of any further items of



J. F. MINER Captain Kingsville Gun Club.



W. A. SMITH, Sec.-Treas, Kingsville Gun Club

viz., Dr. S. A. King, hon. president; Dr. McKenzie, president; J. T. Miner; Captain, W. A. Smith, secretary-treasurer.

Through the kindness, first of Dr. S. A. King of Kingsville, who, having in his early days been a famous field shot in this locality, has always taken a kindly interest in our Club, and secondly, of J. A. Auld, Esq., M.P.P., for South Essex, two handsome trophies, representing county championships, have been put up for competition. The King trophy was put up first as a target trophy and was won by Dr. Perdue, now of Chatham, with 54 out of 50 singles and 10 pairs, after shooting off the tie with W. A. Smith. Afterwards in a challenge contest the latter won the trophy after a stiff race with 55. Having held the trophy for a year, Mr. Smith became

interest in connection with our club that I. can give you. We have had rather more than our share of success in team shoots, but no official record is available of these and so I will not venture to speak from memory.

I have before me some of the old scores made by the members in the early days and it is interesting to see how the standard of excellence ran from 50 per cent. up the scale until if a shooter did not get 80 per cent. or better at practice he felt that he was away off. I do not think I have been prouder of any score I ever made than my first one of 50 per cent., and when, after months of practice, I made 16 out of 25, which, also, happened to be the highest that day, I felt very "chesty."

POMAR.

F. H. Conover, the Canadian representative for DuPont's Smokeless Powder has asked the Editor of the Trap Department to advise the secretaries of the gun clubs throughout Canada that he will be pleased to receive programmes of their annual tournaments and special events held by their clubs during the present season.

AVERAGES REPORTED.

Ridgetown, Ont., May 20—F. H. Conover, 1st general average 132 out of 150 targets; shooting DuPont Smokeless.

Kingsville, Ont., May 24.—Forest H. Conover of Leamington, Ont., first general average, 138 out of 150 targets. High amateur, A. Reid of Walkerville, Ont., 138 out of 150. Second general average, W. A. Smith of Kingsville, Ont., 131 out. of 150. Third general average, F. S. Moss of Leamington, Ont., 125 out of 150. All used DuPont Smokeless.

ROD AND GUN PRIZE SHOOT.

Members of Kingsville Gun Club were in-

vited to compete on Tuesday, June 14th, for a prize in the shape of a year's subscription to Rod & Gun in Canada, kindly donated by the publishers as a feature of the annual tournament, but received too late for that event. Six members entered the competition. Several others were prevented by business from being present. The race was at 25 birds and to equalize the shooters was a handicap by distance. All, however, were awarded 16 yards except W. A. Smith, who shot from the 20 yard mark. The prize was won by Gordon Wigle with the good score of 21. The following is the score:-Smith 20, Gordon Wigle 21, Wilfrid Duggan 19, W. Malott 15, Byron Wigle 18, Monroe Wigle 16.

WINNIPEGS WON FIRST TEAM SHOOT

The Winnipeg gun club won from their rivals, the Fort Garrys, on June 2 in the first team shoot of the season by the creditable margin of 15 birds, the aggregate scores being 157 to 142. The match was shot at the Fort Garry traps, which are in splendid working order. There was a

SHOOTING AT BRANTFORD

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large crowd present, who manifested much interest in the contest. A heavy northeast wind was blowing, which made the shooting very difficult indeed, this accounting for the havoc wrought with the scores of many of the cracks. It is a long time since some of them have had so many misses over the traps. Following were the scores:—

Winnipeg—Andrew 19, Lightcap 21, Cadham 11, McKay 19, Lemon 15, Wellband 15, Spence 16, Whitla 13, Sutton 16. Total 157.

Fort Garrys—Holiday 20, Alder 18, Britton 5, Simpson 20, Mulvey 12, Bell 13, Girdlestone 12, Johnson 18, Putnam 13, Armytage 11. Total 142.

ST. HUBERTS KEEP TROPHY AT HOME.

Ottawa, June 6.—The Montreal Challenge Cup remains with the St. Hubert's Gun Club of Ottawa. In the match between teams of the Montreal and St. Hubert Gun Clubs, on the grounds of the latter, the former was defeated by a score of 51 to 60. The following is the result in detail:

Montreal Team—W. McDuff 10, D. J. Kearney 8, N. Candlish 10, E. C. Eaton 10, R. Redman 13, Total 51.

St. Hubert's Team—W. L. Cameron 11, F. A. Heney 13, J. N. Deslaurier 13, W. J. Heney 12, A. W. Throop 11. Total 60.

The score made by St. Hubert's team is the largest in the history of the competition for the cup.

The other events were:-

15 birds, unknown angles—J. N. Deslauriers 13, C. Aubin 13, N. L. Cameron 12, Lyon 12, F. A. Heney 12, A. W. Throop 11, F. Eaton 10, N. Candlish 9, Kearney 9, W. Slaney 9, D. Candlish 7.

10 birds, unknown angles—C. Aubin 10, J. Deslauriers 8, F. A. Heney 8, Lyon 8, F. Eaton 7, L. W. Cameron 7, A. W. Throop 7, W. J. Heney 7, G. Eardale 7, C. Panet 6, N. Candlish 5, Kearney 5, D. Candlish 5, W. Slaney 5.

10 birds, known angles:— W. L. Cameron 10, C. Panet 9, A. W. Throop 9, C. Aubin 9, Lyon 9, J. N. Deslauriers 8, F. A. Heney 8, E. L. Harwood 8, Kearney 8, F. Eaton 8, W. J. Heney 7, W. Slaney 6, O. Dionne 6, G. Eardale 6.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB SHOOT.

Scores made on Saturday, June 18. At the Hamilton gun club grounds on Saturday afternoon the first of the series of shoots for the trophy presented to the club by the Hunter Arms Company of Fulton, New York, was held. The trophy is for a one hundred bird race, twenty-five to be shot each second Saturday. The scores on Saturday were as follows:—

First Event—10 bird race—Hunter 8, "Frank" 7, Wilson 8, Fietcher 9, Upton 7, Cline 9, Thomson 10, Crawford 6, Hunt 7, DuBray 6, Green 7, Horning 6, Bowron 4, "Ben It" 6, "Coffin" 7, Wark 6, Hogan 5, Dean 7, Lee 7.

Second Event—25 bird Trophy—Hunter 21, "Frank" 21, Wilson 21, Fletcher 18, Upton 19, Cline 14, Thomson 13, Crawford 20, Hunt 17, DuBray 17, Green 18, Horning 18, Bowron 11, "Ben It" 14, Clifford 16, Wark 14, Hogan 8, Dean 12, Lee 12.

Third Event—15 bird sweep—Hunter 14, "Frank" 13, Wilson 11, Fletcher 11, Upton 11, Cline 13, Thomson 13, Crawford 9, Hunt 11, DuBray 12, Green 10, Bowron 11, Clifford 8, "Coffin" 8, Dean 6.

ANNUAL TOURNAMENT MAPLE CITY GUN CLUB.

The annual tournament of the Maple City Gun Club was held in Chatham, Ont., on June 1st and 2nd, during the Old Boys' Re-union. The tournament opened on June 1st and was concluded on the 2nd. The weather was not all that could be deserved and as a consequence the attendance of shooters from a distance was interfered with. On account of the Old Boys' Re-un-

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ion many of the local shooters were unable to be present.

As it was, however, the club is to be congratulated upon the manner in which they conducted their tournament to which the unruffled refereeing of N. P. Leach of Montreal and the aid tendered by F. H. Conover contributed in no small way.

H. D. Bates of Ridgetown won the Daily News trophy, and also the high average, killing 304 out of a possible 325 birds. Canvasback from the marsh took the second high average prize with 294 birds.

H. Scane of Ridgetown, D. McMackon, Highgate; F. H. Conover, Kingsville; J. J. Moore, Chatham; W. Hollingshead, Dutton; J. Oldershaw, Chatham, shot through the entire events, and ranked for high average in the order mentioned.

KINGSVILLE GUN CLUB ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

The seventh annual tournament of the Kingsville Gun Club was held on the new club grounds on the "Coventry" Kingsville property on Tuesday, May 24th. The day was a perfect one and some very good scores were made. The attendance was not as large as might have been expected owing to the busy season among the farmers, but those present had an enjoyable day and were loud in their praises of the beautiful grounds on which the club now have the privilege of shooting. High average was won by A. W. Reid, Walkerville, closely followed by F. H. Conover, Learnington, representative of Dupont Smokeless Powder Co.

The programme consisted of ten events of fifteen targets each. An extra event at 15 targets was shot off in which J. M. Scane, Ridgetown, made a clean score.

The score:-

Event No. 1.—W. A. Smith, Kingsville, 14, A. W. Reid, Walkerville, 15; Fred Moss of Leamington, 15; F. H. Conover, Leamington, 13, J. M. Scane, Ridgetown, 12; W. Malott, Kingsville, 13; W. Duggan, Kingsville, 14; J. T. Miner, Kingsville, 13
Event No. 2.—W. A. Smith 10, A. W. Reid 15, Fred Moss 13, F. H. Conover 14, J. M. Scane 13, W. Malott 10, W. Duggan 12, Dr. McKenzie 12.

Event No. 3.—W. A. Smith 14, A. W. Reid 13, F. H. Conover 15, J. M. Scane 11, W. Malott 13, J. T. Miner 14, Dr. Mc-Kenzie 12, Fred Moss 9.

Event No. 4.—W. A. Smith 11, A. W. Reid 13, Fred Moss 14, F. H. Conover 14, J. M. Scane 10, W. Malott 11, Dr. McKenzie 13.

Event No. 5.—W. A. Smith 11, A. W. Reid 12, Fred. Moss 11, F. H. Conover 13, J. M. Scane 7, W. Malott 7, W. Duggan 12, A. Green 13.

Event No. 6.—W. A. Smith 14, A. W. Reid 13, Fred Moss 12, F. H. Conover 13, J. M. Scane 7, W. Malott 9, W. Duggan 11, A. Green 11.

Event No. 7—W. A. Smith 14, A. W. Reid 14, Fred Moss 13, F. H. Conover 14, J. M. Scane 12, H. Malott 12, W. Duggan 9, C. June 10, Dory Wigle 10.

Event No. 8.—W. A. Smith 13, A. W. Reid 15, Fred Moss 12, F. H. Conover 12, J. M. Scane 12, W. Malott 10, Dr. Mc-Kenzie 13, C. June 11, Dory Wigle 11, Frank Stotts 11, Thomas Totten 5.

Event No 9.—W. A. Smith 15, A. W. Reid 14, Fred Moss 13, F. H. Conover 13, J. M. Scane 13, W. Malott 12, Dr. McKen-Event No. 10—W. A. Smith 15, A. W. Reid 14, Fred Moss 13, F. H. Conover 15, J. M. Scane 11, W. Malott 11, W. Duggan zie 9, Frank Stotts 8.



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10, Dr. McKenzie 11, Frank Stotts 11, Thomas Totten 9, Norman Beeman 10.

The six high totals were—W. A. Smith 131, A. W. Reid 139, Fred Moss 125, F. H. Conover 136, J. M. Scane 108, W. Malott 108.

SPRINGWOOD GUN CLUB ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

About a dozen of the trap shooting centres of the western portion of Ontario were represented at the big annual tournament of the Springwood Gun Club, London, on June 16 and 17. The attendance was in every way more satisfactory than on any previous occasion, the marksmen being representative of the best shooting talent of the west, while every event was well filled.

The Labatt trophy, emblematic of the amateur championship of the west, was the most important evert of the tournament and was keenly contested for. The grounds on Wellington street north were in the very best of shape, and the visitors were loud in their praises upon the completeness of every detail. Following were the outside marksmen who were in attendance:-Conover, Leamington; Bates, C. Scane, H. Scane, Ridgetown; Mitchell, Westbrook, Brantford; Eustis, Conway, Hollingshead, Dutton; Koehler, Tyrconnell; Buck, Blenheim; Kimball, Komoka; Maynard, Woodstock: O'Dell, St. Thomas; Bake, Port Stanley, and Newson, Dexter, besides whom six were in attendance from Hamilton to shoot for the Labatt trophy. The top score for the first day wade by Buck, of Blenheim, Conover's score of 90 not counting on account of his being classed as a professional, with 87 out of a possible 100. H. Scane, Westbrook, Mitchell and Bates were close behind him. The possible in events Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6 was 15 each. In the third and fifth events it was Following are the complete twenty. scores for the first day:-

Event 1.—15 targets—Conover 13, Bates 13, Mitchell 11, Eustis 10, Conway 13, Westbrook 14, H. Scane 14, McIntyre 7, C. Scane 13, Koehler 11, Buck 11, Kimball 6, Screaton 10, Maynard 11, Nicholson 7, Hollingshead 8.

Event No. 2.—Conover 15, Bates 13, Mitchell 13, Austis 14, Conway 11, West-

brook 14, H. Scane 10, McIntyre 8, C. Scane 7, Kochler 13, Buck 15, Screaton 8, Maynard 9, Hollingshead 12, Gibson 14, Tillman 11, Brown 9, Gurd 9, Brock 11, Anderson 8.

Event No. 3—Conover 16, Bates 18, Mitchell 20, Eustis 14, Conway 14, Westbrook 18, H. Scane 19, C. Scane 16, Koehler 12, Buck 19, Kimball 10, Screaton 13, Hollingshead 17, Tillman 12, Brock 11, O'Dell 11.

Event No. 4—Conover 13, Bates 13, Mitchell 10, Eustis 12, Conway 11, Westbrook 11, H. Scane 10, Koehler 11, Buck 11, Kimball 9, Screaton 12, Maynard 8, Nicholson 4, Hollingshead 12, Gibson 10, Brown 8, Brock 13, Anderson 8, O'Dell 14, MacBeth 8, Bake 4, Newson 13.

Event No. 5—Conover 18, Bates 17, Mitchell 20, Eustis 12, Conway 16, Westbrook 17, H. Scane 15, C. Scane 15, Koehler 13, Buck 17, Kimball 7, Screaton 11, Maynard 6, Hollingshead 15, Gibson 13, Anderson 14, O'Dell 12, Bake 13, Newson 16, Webb 14.

Event No. 6—Conover 15, Bates 11, Mitchell 12, Eustis 13, Conway 12, Westbrook 12, H. Scane 15, C. Scane 10, Kochler 14, Buck 14, Screaton 8, Nicholson 5, Hollingshead 11, Tillman 13, Brown 9, Brock 12, Anderson 9, O'Dell 12, Newson 10, Webb 14.

Second Day's Shoot.

The Labatt trophy was won by Mitchell, the crack marksman from Brantford. The contest formed the star event of the tournament. It was a hotly contested match. Mitchell making 24 out of a possible 25. This feat was equalled by Conover, the professional from Leamington, but he was ineligible for the prize. Bates, the Ridgetown crack, H. Scane, Smith and Singer were all only one behind, and a number of others were close up, the complete scores in this match being as rellows:-Conover 24, Westbrook 22, Bates 23, Conway 22, H. Scane 23, Mitchell 24, C. Scane 21, Thomson 20, Buck 22, Moore 22, Tillman 19, Smith 23, Singer 23, Paulucci 16, Mc-Mackon 21, Screaton 19, Parker 13, J. Scane 21, Nicholson 10, Alberts 12, Glover 21, Bissett 21, Simcox 14, Balkwill 17, Anderson 10, Reed 12.

The total scores for both days' shoot-

ing were as follows:—Bates of Ridgetown, winning the "high average" prize with a total of 259. The first figure is the total for the first day's shooting and the second the total for the second day's, the third being the grand total for the whole tournament:—Conover (trade representative) 90 and 171, 261; Bates, 85 and 174, 259; Mitchell, 86 and 166, 252; H. Scane, 87 and 166, 253; C. Scane, 71 and 141, 212; Buck, 87 and 155, 242; Westbrook, 86 and 156, 242; Screaton, 62 and 133, 195.

Twelve events were shot the second day, the seventh on the programme being the Labatt match. All but the latter had possibles of 15, the possible in the Labatt being 25. The scores for the day were as follows:—

Event No. 1, 15 birds—Conover 14, Westbrook 12, Bates 15, Conway 9, McCall 11, H. Scane 13, Mitchell 11, C. Scane 13, Thomson 10, Buck 7, Moore 10, Webb 10, Tillman 9, Smith 12, Singer 9, Paulucci 11, MacMackon 14, Screaton 4, Robinson 11, Fraser 10.

Event 2—Conover 13, Westbrook 14, Bates 14, Conway 12, McCall 13, H.Scane 13, Mitchell 15, C. Scane 6, Thomson 11, Buck 13, Moore 13, Webb 12, Tillman 11, Smith 13, Singer 10, Paulucci 9, MacMackon 14, Screaton 9, Robinson 10, Newson 11, Tye 9, Brock 13.

Event 3.—Conover 13, Westbrook 13, Bates 13, Conway 9, McCall 9, H. Scane 13, Mitchell 11, C. Scane 13, Thomson 14, Buck 13, Moore 11, Webb 14, Tillmann 11, Smith 12, Singer 12, Paulucci 6, MacMarkon 11, Screaton 12, Robinson 10, Tye 12, Parker 14, J. Scane 9.

Event No. 4—Conover 15, Westbrook 10, Bates 13, Conway 11, McCall 15, H.Scane 15, Mitchell 14, C. Scane 12, Thomson 12, Buck 12, Moore 11, Webb 10, Smith 12, Singer 11, MacMackon 14, Screaton 12, Robinson 8, Newson 11, Tye 11, J. Scane 10, Nicholson 10, Neville 8, Alberts 15.

Event 5.—Conover 14, Westbrook 14, Bates 15, Conway 8, McCall 10, II. Scane 13, Mitchell 13, C. Scane 8, Thomson 14, Buck 14, Moore 14, Webb 14, Smith 15, Paulucci 6, MacMackon 12, Screaton 8, Tye 10, J. Scane 13, Nicholson 6

Event No. 6.—Conover 10, Westbrook 9, Bates 11, Conway 12, II. Scane 14, Mitchell 13, C. Scane 13, Thomson 13, Buck 11, Moore 9, Webb 9, Smith 12, Singer 13, Paulucci 10, MacMackon 13, Screaton 14, Tye 11, J. Scane 11, Healey 9.

Event 7—Labatt Match, 25 targets—Conover 24, Westbrook 22, Bates 23, Conway 22, H. Scane 23, Mitchell 24, C. Scane 21, Thomson 20, Buck 22, Moore 22, Tillman 19, Smith 23, Parker 16, MacMackon 21, Screaton 19, Parker 13, J. Scane 21, Nicholson 10, Alberts 12, Glover 21, Bissett 21, Simcox 14, Balkwill 17, Anderson 10, Reid 12.

Event 8.—Conover 14, Westbrook 13, Bates 13, Conway 9, rt. Scane 13, Mitchell 15, C. Scane 9, Thomson 6, Buck 13, Moore 12, Webb 12, Smith 13, Paulucci 10, MacMackon 11, Screaton 12, Tye 11, J. Scane 11, Healey 6, Anderson 8, Gurd 8.

Event 9—Conover 14, Westbrook 9, Bates 13, H. Scane 11, Mitchell 13, C. Scane 12, Buck 12, Moore 13, Webb 11, Smith 12, Paulucci 6, MacMackon 9, Screaton 13, Tye 13, Parker 10, J. Scane 9, Simcox 11.

Event 10—Conover 15, Westbrook 15, Bates 14, H. Scane 13, Mitchell 14, C. Scane 10 Buck 14, Moore 10, Webb 8, Smith 11, Paulucci 8, MacMackon 13, Screaton 8, Tye 6, J. Scane 12, Healey 4, Balkwill 13, Anderson 10, Reed 7, Gurd 13.

Event 11—Conover 12, Westbrook 12, Bates 12, H. Scane 13, Mitchell 8, C. Scane 11, Buck 12, Moore 14, Webb 10, Smith 14, Paulucci 4, MacMackon 13, Screaton 13, J. Scane 11, Nicholson 9, Simcox 9, Anderson 9, Reed 12.

Event 12—Conover 13, Westbrook 13, Bates 15, H. Scane 12, Mitchell 15, C. Scane 13, Buck 12, Moore 14, Webb 14, Smith 12, Paulucci 12, MacMackon 12, Screaton 9, J. Scane 12, Anderson 4.

There were good crowds in attendance both days, and the contests were most keen. The visiting marksmen were loud in their expressions of appreciation of the kindness shown them, and the efforts put forth for their entertainment. They characterized the local grounds as among the most complete in the province. To secretary Bert Glover and his able corps of assistants is due a large measure of credit for the successful conducting of the tournament

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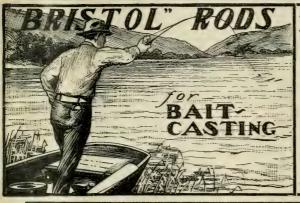
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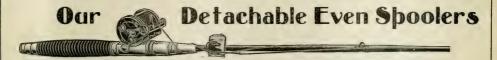
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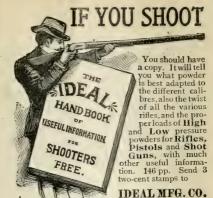


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Thunder River (trout only)		
Magpie	J	60
Bear or Victor	1	30
Corneille	2	100
Pishteebee .	, I	50
Minacoughan Quettashoo	I	50
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Napissipi	1	25-40
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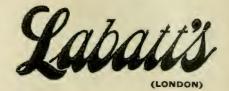
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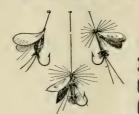
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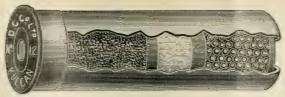
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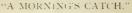
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Fig 1



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

Fig. 1 shows the simple manner in which the lock is detached or replaced. Fig. 2 shows the bottom cover plate with spring catch at end to secure it in position. Fig. 3 shows the detachable lock, containing hammer, mainspring spring, sear, sear spring and cocking lever.

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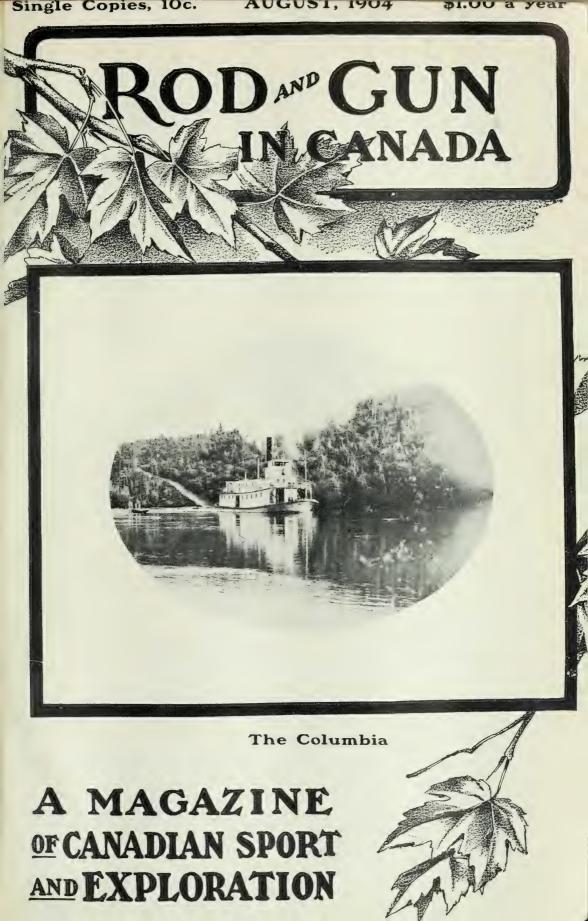
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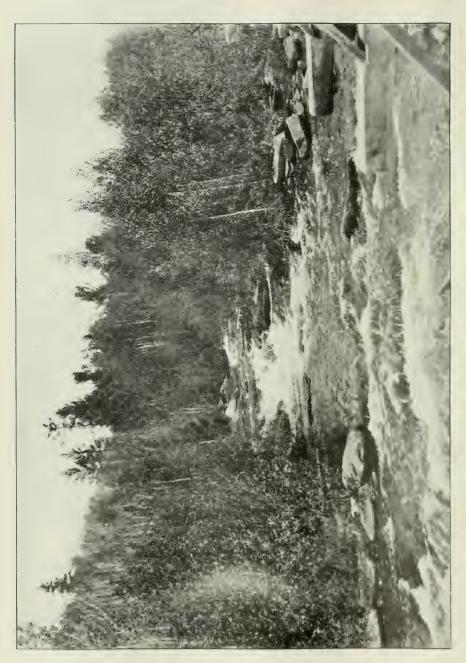
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VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, AUGUST, 1904

No. 3

A North Country Trouting Trip.

By CHAS. G. CAMPBELL.

The snow was scarcely off the ground when there came to Drake and me the first subtile call of the forest. It grew stronger as the days passed; its message we never could resist; and the inevitable happened.

We were presently studying the alluring pages of railroad guide books descriptive of the Maine woods and Canadian forests, for we were going trout fishing, and if such an one existed within reasonable distance from New York we were going to a place that was not fished out and which would offer something extraordinary in the way of sport.

After putting the proper sprinkling of salt on the tales of the guide books, and procuring such information as we could from our sportsmen friends, we decided to go to Mattawa, the old Hudson Bay post, at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottahundred miles wa Rivers, about three northwest of Montreas on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. really not so far as it sounds, for it is only twenty-four hours' ride from New York and the round trip railroad fare is only thirty-three dollars; and both these considerations weighed with us, being only next in importance to the requirement of the real thing in the way of fishing.

Finally one fair morning we boarded the Empire State Express en route to the North Country. As neither of us had ever

been through the Adirondack Mountains, we chose that route to Montreal. The streams and lakes of the Adirondacks as we saw them from the car windows, looked beautiful and attractive, but the were too much fished to suit us.

Later in the summer a most delightly way to make the journey as far as Montreal would be by boat up the Hudson and on Lake George and Lake Champlain, using the railroads only to make the portages, so to speak.

The following morning we found ourselves on the station platform at Mattawa with a number of other sportsmen, listening to the greeting of white and Indian and halfbreed guides, and discussing with them questions of duffle and the portage. These men carry with them the unmistakable flavor of the forest. To talk with them was good. To look upon the swift flowing Ottawa as it swept down from the north, and on the hills which rose from its shores and realize that they marked the edge of the boundless forest, was more than good; and we enjoyed, as only forest lovers can, the realization that we were now indeed in the North Country for which we long had hungered, the happy hunting ground of the disciples of the rod and gun.

We had written ahead to Timmins & Brother, who have a large general store and who make a business of outfitting sportsmen, telling them now long we were

what we wanted. They deserve this free advertisement for the way they treated us. They had all ready for us, our tent, canoe, blankets, and in fact everything we took except our clothes and fishing tackle, all of which they furnished at so reasonable a rental that it would be foolish to take any part of a camping outfit from home. Owing to a change in plans after our arrival we concluded to take an extra canoe and man with us and these were also quickly provided. Timmins certainly understands his business and is an all around good fellow.

There is probably no better starting point for a fishing or hunting trip, either in Maine or Canada, than Mattawa. comparatively easy of access. To north are Lakes Timiskaming and Timagaming, than which latter there is no nore beautiful sheet of water in the world, and to the north of these a vast unexplored territory which has not been spoiled by railroad, farm or other mark of the socalled progress of civilization. At the south lies an unbroken forest two hundred miles or more in extent, included in which is the Algonquin National Park, Canada's great game preserve, in which hunting is not allowed, but where some of the finest fishing in America, both for trout and bass, is to be found. In fact in every direction and within easy reach from Mattawa are to be found countless lakes and streams teeming with trout or other game fish, as the case may be.

We had intended to go about thirty miles south of Mattawa, to the head waters of the Amable Du Fond River, in the Algonquin Park, and canoe down that stream to the Mattawa River, and down the latter river to Mattawa, where it joins the Ottawa River, but we ascertained that the lumbermen were running logs on the Amable Du Fond, and that fishing and canoeing on that stream would be out of the question, so on Peter's advice we decided to go to Smith Lake, about five miles back in the mountains from a point · Lwelve or fourteen miles down the river. Peter told us it was about two miles from the river, but we found in this case, as in

all others, that when your woodsman tells you a distance to any given point you may determine the actual distance by multiplying what he says by two and adding one.

Any one who has ever travelled the waters of the North Country in a birch bark canoe will know the pleasure we felt that Saturday afternoon at once more finding ourselves, paddle in hand, in that wonderfully buoyant and responsive water craft. The water was high and the current very swift, and we had hardly caught the swing of the paddle before Peter was standing up in the stern of the canoe for that quick survey of the rapids ahead, which enables the wonderful north woods Indians to pick out the best and safest path through the Drake and I laid aside foaming waters. our paddles, took our hearts in our mouths, and left ourselves to the care of Providence and Peter. The next moment were among the wildly tossing waves. ing in the bow, which was just the least bit too heavily loaded, I gathered considerable dampness unto myself during that quick passage, to the great enjoyment of my companions, but the ride was well worth the ducking. Probably they were not dangerous rapids from the guide's point of view, but they seemed sufficiently so to us to make the trip intensely exciting and altogether fine. We had just a sneaking suspicion that Peter picked out a route which was perhaps a little more strenuous than was necessary in order to give us a christening and try us out and size us up a little. I have noticed on such expeditions that until both ends of the canoe get acquainted there is a mutual curiosity at each end to know just what sort of a chap the other end holds.

We struck no more rapids as exciting as the first ones, but the current everywhere was exceedingly swift and at some points dangerous on account of whirlpools. We never enjoyed a ride more in our lives and all too soon we found ourselves at our first camping spot in an old shelter hut on the banks of the River about ten miles below Mattawa. About two hundred yards below where we camped, the Lower Anthony Creek, a ripping good trout stream, rushes down an old log slide or chute into the Ot-

tawa River. As a place for shooting the chute this would put Coney Island out of business.

We left our second man, Oliver, a good natured half breed, to get things to rights for the night, while Drake, Peter and I went up the Creek to try our tackle and our skill upon its finny inhabitants. After we had gone about a half mile up stream we found that in order to get any farther we must either go back and make an almost impossible climb up the other side of the slide, or fly over it, or walk under it. through a very respectable water fall. Not having our wings with us, we selected the water fall as the lesser of two evils, and concluded at once that we should find good skating in the lakes in which that stream gets its start in life. The water was so high that the fish were not at all hungry. All those we caught had full stomachs, and must have grabbed the fly out of pure cussedness. We caught about two dozen and not one of them weighed less than a pound, while some of them weighed as much as a pound and three-quarters. It impressed us as being somewhat remarkable that in a catch of that number we did not see one small fish. We had never caught trout like these before, and I want to register the remark here, that a one-pound brook trout in quick water is a mighty lively proposition and worth going a long way to get.

We tried the stream again in the morning with very fair success. We enjoyed immensely our breakfast of trout and bacon and hash browned potatoes, and admired our dining room so much that we preserved it to posterity. Its walls of green and ceiling of blue made up to us for the lack of furniture and limited table service.

We reached Smith creek about eleven o'clock. Like the Lower Anthony, and many other creeks along the Ottawa, it enters the River, through an old log chute. Some of these slides are several miles in length, and were formerly flooded by a series of dams constructed at various places along the Creek. There were three such dams between Smith Lake and the river and it became necessary to portage from the river to the third dam, as will appear by a glance at the pictures of the

slide and the creek. The slide is now practically dry except from the river up to the first dam; and from that point on we found it a most desirable means of travel, in fact as good a plank road as any one could desire.

Our Indians carried packs over that trail, with apparent ease, which it almost broke our backs to look at. We left one canoe at the river and carried the other one and all our duffle over the portage in one trip, and Drake and I did not carry much besides our rods and camera. Just imagine carrying up a steep mountain side such a load as Peter appears under in the picture.

We found another very desirable camping place at the third dam, a cabin formerly used by lumbermen. From this point on the stream is navigable for the canoe. We found a very pretty pond here, almost large enough to be called a lake, in which the fly fishing was very good. We caught quite a number of trout, but they were small compared with those we got in Lower Anthony and in the Lake above, averaging not more than half a pound in weight.

We had been on the keen lookout for game ever since we left the Ottawa River, as I was extremely anxious to get some animal pictures. While lingering over a rather late supper that night Peter suddenly said "sh" and pointed across the creek about a hundred yards away. There stood a moose, not fifty feet from where our canoe lay overturned for the night; we were all so interested that for a moment we forgot the camera. Just as I got the camera the moose scented us and disappeared, leaving his picture only in memory.

Peter entertained us that night with a number of his experiences in the woods; stories that always have so much more flavor when told around the camp fire than at any other time.

It seemed to me that we had hardly closed our eyes when I was awakened by a strenuous gnawing of the woodwork of our whilesome summer cottage. After our experience with the moose I was prepared to see almost any kind of big game, and in some excitement spoke to Drake who was

alongside of me; together we undertook the task of arousing Peter. After a violent assault and battery upon him we silenced his snores and brought him to a realizing sense of things that are. "What is it?" we asked. "Why, it is only a porcupine," he said, "making a midnight meal off our shanty." Peter took a revolver in one hand, and a candle in the other as the night was pitch dark, and in a moment we heard the crash of our light artillery, and Mr. Porcupine passed over the great divide. May he forever "R. I. P.", as the good man said of his deceased better half.

Once more we turned in, only to be turned out again a little while later by a hurry call from Drake. The rain was falling in torrents, and through a crack in the roof, caused by the snoring of Peter and Oliver, who were going it neck and neck, a very respectable, stream of water had hit Drake plump in the left ear, naturally startling him and causing him to think, he said, that he had fallen out of the canoe. It took some pretty fine engineering to find two spaces six feet by three that were safe and dry, but we finally managed to locate our claims, and passed the balance of the night without further excitement or mishap.

The next morning we pitched our tent on the shore of Smith Lake, a beautiful sheet of water on the top of the mountain surrounded by still higher pine clad hills. There followed a few days of such fishing as neither of us had ever known before. Notwithstanding the high water, we had fine luck and caught a large number of trout running from a pound to two and a half pounds in weight. We got our biggest fish trolling on top of the water without any sinker, using a small casting spoon and bright tail fly. This lure was recommended by Peter and his judgment was vindicated before we had been ten minutes on the lake. There was a sudden splash about one hundred feet back of the canoe; Drake shouted "I've got him," and stiffen-After doing some very ed to his work. pretty stunts where he was, master trout evidently concluded that the locality was unhealthy and started to go around us and up the lake. He described a circle and got considerably ahead of the canoe and off to the right of us without Drake being able to gain a foot of line on him. Drake length began to get him in, but the reel worked badly and it was no small strain on both muscle and patience. Finally he followed the example of the very religious man the little boy told his mother about, and "told God all about it." All things came to an end, however, and after a full and free expression of his confidences as above intimated the fish was finally landed and duly quieted with the "headache stick." We fixed the reel before doing any more fishing, in order that the recording angel might not have to strike for higher wages.

Peter told us he had been hunting there the previous fall and the party got four moose in three days. We spent some time hunting for a shot at one with the camera, but our efforts went unrewarded. We saw plenty of fresh tracks, enough to keep us warm in the hunt, but no moose.

When we broke camp Saturday morning all four of us, with all our belongings, made the journey to the third dam in that one birch bark canoe, which was not over fifteen feet long and weighed not more than sixty pounds. It hardly seems possible that such a craft could carry so much, but a birch bark is undoubtedly the most buoyant boat that floats.

When we reached the end of the portage at the Ottawa River we found that noble stream still working overtime, in fact, higher and swifter than ever and many more logs coming down. We decided to try to get to Klocks Mills, two miles up and across the river from us, and go to Mattawa from there by train. We made our last camp dinner on bread, bacon and potatoes and then boarded the canoes, men to each, and began our battle with the elements. A strong head wind added to our labor. Have you ever noticed how often it happens that when you are rowing or canoeing or wheeling the wind seems to be blowing in the opposite direction from that in which you desire to go? summer, on a two weeks' canoe trip, our party paddled against the wind every day but one.

We had to go some distance above Klocks in order to avoid being carried below in crossing the river. We were three hours making something over two miles, and only made progress by sticking close to shore, paddling part of the time, pulling ourselves along by the bushes on the banks, and also tracking with a tow line wherever wading or walking was possible. But the task was finally accomplished without mishap, as such tasks often are, with a feeling that we could not have made another mile to save our lives. Probably we could have made a dozen more miles, however, if it had been necessary.

There is a good trout stream right back of the railroad station at Klocks. In fact there are trout in every stream up there which has water enough to cover them. And we caught quite a number while waiting for our train. They were not as large as the trout we got in the waters on the

north side of the Ottawa, but rose more readily to the ily. They were all about seven or eight inches in length, and were actually the first small trout we had seen during the entire trip.

A few hours later we bade our good friends, Peter and Oliver, au revoir and boarded the train for Montreal and home, promising to meet again, at the first opportunity for a trip down the Amable Du Fond, said to be one of the most picturesque and prolific trout streams in Canada.

I was going to add' a number of suggestions regarding the outfit necessary or desirable for a trip to that country, but your outfitter will be a better guide. Remember Stewart Edward White's advice, however, and take only what you cannot do without; but be sure to take your wife.

Breaking the Way.

By MARY M. SCHAFFER.

Canada has visiting her mountains this summer a more or less notable climber, Miss Gertrude Benham. Miss Benham has made her name known in the Alpine world by the good work she has done the last ten years in Switzerland, and the border Alps.

Some little idea may be gained of the enormous work she has accomplished in this way, when it is realized that she has compassed peaks and passes 1000 feet and over, to the number of 132, not counting the times she has duplicated them. Hearing of the great heauty of our Canadian Alps, Miss Benham decided to come over and test them for herself. Arriving in Canada the latter part of May she has been playing a waiting game among the snowy peaks. The uncommonly heavy snow of last winter has kept her back from her work, but at last a few days of intense heat unbarred the door to the snowy fastnesses. The well known guides, Christian and Hans Kaufman, at last decided that on June 27th they might try for Mount Lefroy. The weather had been all that

could be desired for days and the eager watcher, accompanied by the two Swiss guides and an American, Mr. Frost, started for her first climb on the Canadian peaks. To quote her own words, " After an early breakfast we started from the Chalet at Lake Louise, at 4.15, to explore the beautiful peak of Lefroy, which had beckoned me for days. The morning was simply perfect. A superb rosy glow, the herald of the sun, touched the fleecy clouds, and the snows on Mt. Victoria gathered to themselves the soft pink flush. Alas for our hopes !- the walk to the glacier was the end of fine weather, and we were greeted with a snow fall. With no spot for shelter, we dahated our advance, and finally decided to go on for a short distance.

Up Abbott's Pass we floundered, sinking constantly in the soft snow up to our knees, and with the cutting wind filled with icy needles, the day seemed unpropitious, to say the least. It was humiliating to return, but Mr. Frost and I finally determined to put pride in our pockets,

and await a better day. At the head of the Pass we confided our conclusions to our guides, just as they were preparing to rope us.

Hans replied: "All right, but we will rope to go down." Which we did, when the two guides quietly started on up the mountain. We might decide on our own pride, but we had not calculated for Christian and Hans, so laughing and rather satisified to have our day's destiny decided us, we plunged ahead into the teeth of the storm. After a half hour's stiff work, we suddenly heard a terrific crash, and looked to see if the mountain was coming down upon us-our leading guide had disappeared. The snow bridge on the bergscheund had given way, but fortunately the scheund was full of snow, and he was soon out again, , and no damage done. The weather failed to improve, we were constantly surrounded by mists, and pelting snow, seeing only fifteen or twenty feet beyond us at any time, and only realizing we had not reached the summit, because constant views of looming rocks rose before us, Lefroy had about twenty summits that day, making it a most disheartening ascent. last we really reached a cairn, and nothing more rose above us, save our own wind-driven, ice-covered selves. Each strand of my blown hair contained an icicle, which jingled musically as I shook my head, while the men were encased in ice, on the side exposed to the worst of the storm. It was no place for lunch, and we turned back into the mists. Our steps were obliterated and enclosed as we were in the fleecy clouds we had a sensation of walking down into nothingness. Through Abbott's Pass and the Death Trap, the wind swept too savagely to permit a stop for lunch and we hurried on to shelter, opening our packs at six p.m., not having eaten since eight in the morning. Coming off the Glacier, a little spot of blue greeted us, and clear skies escorted us the next three miles to the Chalet. But in spite of wind, and cold, and snow and all discomforts, we thanked the guides for taking us. on. Mount Victoria proved much kinder to the stranger on her slopes a few days later. Accompanied by the same good guides, starting at about the same time, we had a glorious day on that beautiful mountain. The snow this time was in fine condition, there were loose rocks, avalanches, and snow crevices to avoid, and the route is a much longer one than Lefroy, though the mountain is not so high by a few feet. The view from the top was one to linger for, and I remained as long as I dare. Nine p.m. saw me safely back at the Chalet, and the day a perfect memory to be stored away as one of the pleasantest pictures I may carry away with me from Canada."

The Old and the New.

By C. C. FARR,

(Continued from the April issue.)

The scenery along this route, that is from Mattawa to the foot of the Long Saults, is not exactly awe-inspiring, but it is uniformly pretty, and there are a few bold headlands that break the monotony, amongst which I should not omit to mention "La Tuque", a peculiarly shaped hill, from which peculiarity it has been named. It stands out, in bold prominence, on the western shore of Seven League Lake, about two miles below the foot of the Saults. I

am not sure if the shape shows from the Railway to the full advantage, but seen from the lake, or rather river, on the course followed, in days gone by by the ancient Voyageur, it presents the appearance of a gigantic "tuque", the national head-gear of the early French-Canadian, and still very much in vogue amongst their more humble descendants. In the Fall, when the leaves are tinged with the glory of decay, I know of no more magnificent

sight than the extraordinary coloring of the shores along this historic water-way. The mixture of coniferous and deciduous trees that clothes the shores, to the very water's edge, without a break, affords contrasts that it would be a sin to call patchwork, for they form such a complete, harmonious whole, such as is rarely found in one continuous stretch of such a length, but I am not writing a guide book, and this begins to assume the flavour of one, so I will return, at a jump, to the foot of the Saults.

I have not attempted to bore my readers with a description of the hardships endured on that first journey of mine, in those days of the 'Pointer Boat', the 'Canoe' and the 'Tump Line,' but I can never forget my first experiences in the Saults.

As I said before, I was hired to work, and not to have a soft time, so I took my place with the rest, and that meant plunging over the rounded, weed-covered slippery boulders and pebbles, that form the bottom of that long succession of flat rapids; at times over my ankles, at times up to my waist, in the ice-cold water of November, tugging at the end of a towing line, which was my salvation, for many a time and oft. I would have been swept away by the rushing water, had it not been for that very line, which acts as the line of the mountain climber and means safety in case of a slip. I envied the Indians who sat serenely in stern and bow, with the big paddles in their hands, giving an occasional sheer with their paddles, but for the most part, holding their paddles in the water, to counteract the shoreward pull of us on the line; and yet, were it not for them, we would have been powerless to bring that heavily-laden boat against that swirling rush of waters, for of such is skilled labor.

In those days the traffic mostly followed the western shore, and I remember well, how on the morning we crossed the last portage, and emerged upon the lake, opposite to where now stands the magnificent Bellevue House, we found upon the tiny bay at which the portage ended four inches of ice, enough to bear us, and from which we loaded our boat, even as from a wharf.

Speaking of the Bellevne, reminds me of something. I have often wondered why the proprietor of that house has never organized, in the busy season, trips over the Long Saults, in a four fathom canoe, as a pastime for his guests.

As I pass today skirting those rapids, which recall such reminiscences, smoothly gliding by the Red Pine Eddy, a spot where it took thousands of tons of earth to fill, and where, at one time, they said, there was no bottom; where the slightest slip of rock-bed would have caused disaster; through the cut in the rock, that partly hides the Crooked Rapid; up the Flat Rapid, and then in sight of The Head I cannot help remembering, with reminiscent thrill of delight, my experiences in those rapids at a later date, experiences, the memory of which never fades.

Those were my Hudson's Bay Company days, when, at the end of June, or in the beginning of July, the traders who had spent the winter in gathering furs, came to the old Timiskaming Fort in the early summer, bringing their returns with them, for in those days the Fort was the headquarters of the district. When the last pack had been brought in from the furthest outpost, when a rough estimate of the profit or loss on each Post had been madean anxiety causing ordeal, for on it depended the favour of the Great One, the chief factor of the district, whose smile meant promotion, and whose frown meant disgrace; when provisions and accourrements of each canoe had been seen to, and lucky the man who escaped censure for having forgotten some important particular of the outfit; when the crews had been selected, and much goods given out to their families, or to themselves, in advance, on their pay, the brigade, sometimes consisting of ten four-fathom canoes, would start.

That old fort, now deserted, and shorn of all its former glory, would present a busy scene on that day. The flag, which would be flying from its lofty mast, without which no Hudson's Bay Company's post would have then been considered complete, would be supplemented with more humble flags, flying from every possible point, even from the centre pole of some ambi-

tious Indian's camp. The shores would be lined with people, whose yearly excitement was to witness this grand departure, and as the Chief Factor would take his seat in the largest canoe, the flag canoe of the fleet, the Indians upon the shore would, with antiquated guns, let off a 'feu de joie' while the few whites left at home would attempt a straggling cheer. And thus would the flotilla start, paddling abreast, with the Chief Factor's canoe slightly ahead, and then all the crews would burst out into one of those old canoe songs, so dear to the heart of the voyageur, and which have the power of lightening the monotonous labour of the paddle. As a rule, the setting sun, in the long summer days, would find us not far from the head of the Saults, and there we would camp for the night. At the first peep of dawn the cry of 'rouse,' 'rouse' and for the Indians 'wanishka' would ring forth, and in spite of a somewhat sleepless night, for the mosquitoes are the enemies of sleep, we would tumble up, and were glad to drink a cup of hot tea, with, perchance, a slice of bread, and yet be barely ready for the shout of 'all aboard', which was a summons to be promptly obeyed, for our Chief Factor was a hustler, and could ill brook delay caused by laziness, especially on the part of his junior officers; so into the canoes we would jump, awake, vet lacking sleep.

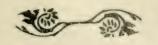
The mists of the early morning would be hanging over the water, so that if one canoe forged slightly ahead of the others, it would be lost to view, and, only the 'thud thud' of the paddles, a sound so familiar and also dear to the ears of the Hudson's Bay Company's man, would denote that it was still on its way. But the rising sun would dispel the mist, and by the time that the Head of the Saults had been reached there would be clear daylight and sunshine. If the canoes were heavily laden, a few packs of furs would be put out on the portage, at the first rap-

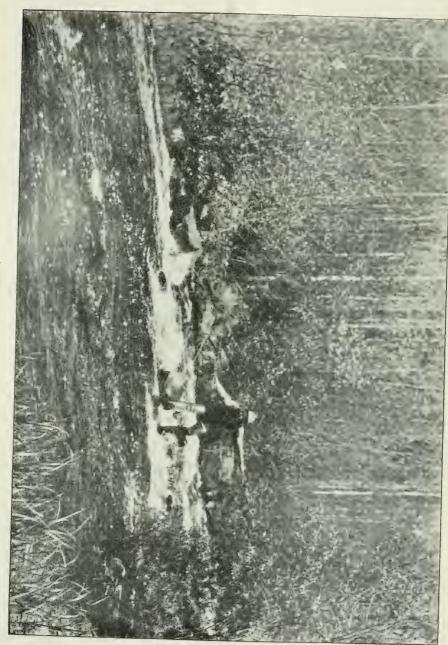
id, for it and the foot are the roughest spots in that nine mile run. Then, one after the other, the canoes would glide out into midstream, and slowly approach the rapids, the bowsman standing up, sometimes even on the gunwales, eagerly scanning the surface of the water for indications of the best spot to negotiate the 'pitch'. At the very brink, with a sweep of his paddle, he would send here bows over to the spot where he deemed it best to run, and the steersman, keenly on the watch, would do the same with the stern, and then the canoe would gracefully dip down into the smoothly running water, the next moment to be slapped in the face by an ugly, curling, crested swell. Again and again would the canoe plunge through the writhing, whirling waters, an occasional short, sharp word of command from the bowsman being the only sound save the roar of the rapids. Everybody would be on duty bent, for that seething, hissing water has a quieting, sobering effect upon men, and they say little. Then comes the sharp, quick turn into the eddy, the lazy float to the portage and the Head is run. The other canoes follow, all in the same manner, and gather in the balance of their respective loads.

Then on again they dash through the remaining miles of rushing water, sometimes shipping a swell, sometimes without shipping a drop, according to the skill or luck of the bowsmen, but in those days there were kings of the river, some of whom are yet alive, such as Toneninnie, Whawatty, Micmac, and of those who are dead I remember Big Jabatis, Big Pierre, and many others of lesser note.

When comfortably seated in a large canoe manned by Indians, and loaded nearly to the gunwales with precious freight of furs, the returns of a season's trade of the Hudson's Bay Company, I would be borne through those racing waters at a pace that would vie with that of the train, today.

(To be continued.)





A FRIEND IN NEED.

A sturdy bush may often prevent a wet waistcoat.



A HANDY PATH, The log slide on Smith Creek.

Ko-Kom.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

She was the widow of the late chief and was being cared for near the post by the Hudson's Bay Company. She lived alone in a wig-wam across the lake with only a grand-daughter as a companion.

This little girl, who was barely ten years of age, administered to her grandmother's every want, made the fire, got water from the lake, cleaned the fish and set rabbit-snares near the camp.

Poor little Lizette was a good obedient child and never grumbled at her lot attending to the old woman.

The two went to bed early and got up early, but they never closed the day's duties without offering up prayers of thanks for all the mercies they had received from the good Ma-ni-tou.

Old Ko-Kom was a cripple, being paralyzed from her hips down, but apart from this was in perfect health and could do many things while sitting at the fireside. She made all her own clothes and those of Lizette, made the mitts and moccasins for their winter use, repaired nets and many other things; above all she possessed a contented and cheerful disposition.

She was a good, dear old Christian woman and many an evening some of us would paddle across the lake and listen about the camp fire to stories of her young days when the two great companies were at war with each other.

She was the only remaining link of the tribe connecting the past with the present. Her brain was so clear and her pronunciation so plain that it was most interesting to sit and listen to her, and all the while little Lizette crouched up near her grandmother, no doubt storing up what fell

from her lips, she in turn at some future day to repeat it to her children.

No wonder Ko-Kom loved this little girl, She was the only child of her only son. Her mother had died when Lizette was an infant, and the father had given her to his mother to bring up.

There was no milk in that country where Ko-Kom and her son were living when his wife died, but the old woman managed to keep the infant alive with sweetened flour water, through a reed inserted in a bottle, and as Lizette grew older she fed her from a bark spoon with fish and rabbit broth.

Now the old woman was repaid, for the girl loved her as a mother and grand-mother and watched for the every wish of the old woman.

But one morning near Christmas time we failed to see the customary smoke arising from Ko-Kam's wig-wam and knew something was the matter.

The trader's wife, accompanied by her daughter, hastened across the ice on their snow shoes. Something had indeed happened—Ko-Kom was dead.

They found little Lizette kneeling, sobbing alongside the old woman, whom, she informed the lady between her sobs, she had found dead on arising in the morning.

Every last rite was reverently and willingly done for the poor old woman by those of the post.

The whole of those residing at the fort, men, women and children, attended the burial and a pine cross was erected over the grave back of which was this inscription:—

MARIE KE-NE-TCHIE
KO KOM
SUPPOSED AGE—80 YEARS.

Mr. Hewitt Bostock, of Monte Creek, B. C., vice-president of the Camadian Forestry Association for the Province of British Columbia, has been appointed to the Senate. The Association extends its congratulations to Hon. Mr. Bostock and would

also record its pleasure that he will thus be enabled to keep in close touch with the Dominion Association and also to influence legislation relating to forestry interests.

An Instructive Exhibit.

A practical demonstration of how New York State is attempting to restore its forests on the denuded, non-agricultural land of the State is one of the most interesting and valuable object lessons at the St. Louis World's Fair, and one which affords the highest measure of instruction to visitors. The inclosed space at the northeast corner of the Forestry, Fish and Game Building is a fully appointed forest nursery, and demonstrates the methods employed by the New York Forestry Commission to supplement nature in preventing the total destruction of the timber supply of New York.

Evergreens and hardwood varieties, from the seedling to trees four and five years old, flourish in the miniature forest nursery. The evergreens are cultivated for the timber supply, and the hardwood varieties for furnishing shade

The first step in forestry nursery is the planting of the seeds. A fertilized seed bed is used, and the seedlings are allowed to remain in the bed until they are two years old. They are then transplanted, placed further apart, and are allowed to grow two more years. The small trees are taken from the nursery and transplanted in land devoid of timber. The trees are placed from four to six feet apart. This is the last step toward restoring a forest. Nature is then depended upon to nourish the young trees and replace what the saw and axe of the lumberman has destroyed.

The trees are planted crose together in order that the crowding may prevent spreading of the foliage and compel a tall, straight, cylindrical growth, free from knots and protuberances. If necessary, after eight or ten years the smaller trees may be culled from the restored forest, but nature adjusts these conditions.

In twenty years a seedling transplanted from the forest nursery may be called a timber tree. It will then be eight inches in diameter and may be used. At an age of forty years a diameter of from fourteen to sixteen inches will be attained, and the tree may then be utilized for practically all purposes. In a hundred years a forest may be totally restored with timber that excels in every way the original product of the land.

New York has 60,000 acres of State land that has been totally denuded of its forest The forestry commission of the State has already begun the work of restoring it. Within the last two years 500,-000 trees have been transplanted on these waste lands at a cost of only \$2,500, less than half a cent a tree. The transplanted forest covers an area of over a thousand acres, and the commissipn is busily gaged in replenishing the other denuded forest tracts, nearly all of which are in the Adirondack and Catskill mountains. Two forest nurseries are maintained. One of these, at Saranac Inn, in the Adirondacks, is for the production of evergreens, or conifers, the timber trees. The other, the hardwood tree nursery, is at Brown's Station, in the Catskills. The trees that are being raised are nearly all indigenous to the soil of New York, but several foreign variet; that have been found to flourish there are placed in the nurseries

The forest nursery at the Forestry, Fish and Game Building is under the direction and supervision of A. Knechtel, forester to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York. A number of other Eastern States, where the timber supply has been drawn upon for a century, are maintaining forest nurseries, with the view to preventing a total spoilation of their once splendid forests, but New York is the pioneer in the work, and the only State which has an exhibit at the fair showing the practical side of this important work.

—New York Tribune

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

The Canadian Summer Girl.

By KATHERINE HUGHES.

It may be due to atmospheric conditions but it is certainly true that the girl of Eastern Canada to a unique degree enjoys her summers on the same refreshing outdoor plan that her brother does.

Kipling in a delightful poem has voiced the spirit of Spring calling out the young man. These verses are no mere jingle of words to the Canadian girl.

"Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch-logs burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?

Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known delight."

Follow the others she does when the Red Gods call to the wholesome outdoor life in the canvas or log camps, in farm houses or at mountain and seaside resorts.

If she lives at the Federal Capital, the chances are that she will spend her summer on the Gatineau. And if she is very knowing she selects some remote spot, for the farther north one goes along this river the more wildly beautiful the scenery becomes. It was in a deep green canyon there among the hills that we came one day upon a camp whose name epitomized the spirit of the whole valley. Across whitened logs above the cabin door an evergreen legend ran simply:—

SANS-SOUCI.

Care free! — the atmosphere of the Gatineau, the elusive, fascinating atmosphere of the green wilderness caught as nearly as may be and set down in prosaic letter form!

Great round-shouldered mountains were piled on the horizon. Brown, spray-wet cliffs bordered the rapids where the Gatineau chafing at its sudden limitations churned itself into a magnificent rage. Pure breezes that came across a hundred lonely hills from the snowy halls of the northwind buffeted our cheeks and sent apple blossoms in showers to the green

sward. For this spot we had wandered into had years before been a lumber station, and some home-loving soul had planted sprigs of apple trees here. The deserted log huts make enviable camps in summer for men and women, who know just where the black bass and the trout rise, and the rustic legend of a last year's camp was a refreshing message for us, giving a keener relish to the jolly evening meal that followed our day's tramp.

All day our eyes had feasted upon picturesque Laurentian scenery. Even the geologist, enthusiastic in his search for specimens, found time between taps of the hammer to enthuse over the scenery with the man of the tin box and sweet floral specimens. And this spot, with hundreds similar, within a few hours ride of the Capital at Ottawa.

The remarkable beauty of the Gatineau and the treasures of trout and black bass that its bosom hides have been known for some years to a small circle of Ottawans, but secret paradises of this kind cannot long remain concealed by even the most jealous sportsmen. People have found out the Gatineau recently, and pretty summer homes have sprung up at Chelsea and Kingsmere, near its mouth. Gay camping parties each year set up canvas tents, or take over the deserted log cottages at remote green places along the river. Some of the lakes that gem this region like sapphires in a woman's necklace have been leased to American and Canadian clubs or wealthy individuals. Still thousands remain undisturbed by the groaning of a reel or the whip of a bending rod. statement is not so remarkable when we realize the fact that there are ten thousand lakes here within the limits of one county alone.

The river empties itself into the Ottawa almost opposite the grounds of Rideau Hall, and perhaps the sudden spread of its fame has been due in part to the partiality of the Hall's vice-regal occupants for this river. Not merely because the Earl and Countess of Minto are His Majesty's

representatives in Canada, but because they are both known as expert devotees of rod and rifle, and discerning folk who have excellent judgment in matters affecting outdoor sports. Last year during the remarkably long session at Ottawa, the week-end frequently found bored legislators with their "rods and reels and traces" growing young again on the Gatineau.

The existence of the Lgurentian range in Eastern Canada and large unpopulated districts constitute an unequalled blessing to the country when the Canadian looks about for his summer recreation. Nature in her earliest and most rugged form is there in prehistoric rocks and ravines. The very lakes and rivers would seem to gain freshness and allurement from comparison with their rugged setting.

In the clear air of the North the crimson of the sunset takes on a richer hue; the gold burns more vividly, and the birds reaching here in their annual northern pilgrimage break upon the hushed air of dawn and dusk with riotous melody.

Thousands of Canadian women prefer to spend the summer in the country within ten or twenty miles of the cities in which they live. Then their men folk are enabled to go into the city every morning to their offices, and out again at night to the unmarred green spots that give no hint of the industrial centre near.

All day the women and children lead ideally wholesome lives out-of-doors, berrying, boating, or lounging about in true summer fashion. At night when the whippoor-will pours out his liquid complaint the household takes its ease in the cool living rooms or verandahs to the accompaniment of soft music, or long hours are spent upon the rivers.

Beautifully picturesque scenery, boating, fresh breezes and excellent fishing give these summer homes a delightful atmosphere, while the proximity to the city brings out gay parties of friends from time to time to enliven the men and women who prefer to study the faces of their friends than explore remote bits of nature, however enchanting these may be.

There are always men and women, however, who are not satisfied with domestic outings within appreciable distance of civilization. The re-awakening of Nature in spring finds them worn out with monotonous days of social or business affairs. Life suddenly seems to be compounded of dressing and eating and pruning of one's individual tastes. Spring breezes bring a tingle to their blood, and they study old and new routes to good purpose, with a fine eye to the size of their purses.

They can almost feel the rods tremble in their hands; they see the silver sides of an artful fish slip up from the shadow of a rock or log; they recall the steady support of Alpenstocks on a rocky hillside. They feel the pulse of the water against their canoe on a windy day and smell the moving odours of the camp supper after a stiff paddle.

They know the blessings to come of long days enveloped in the sunlit repose that their minds and bodies crave; or of buoyant spirits that waken each day to new conquests, and vigorous bodies that welcome the day's programme with enthusiasm. This is as true of the Canadian girl as of her brothers. Even her American sisters have been touched with her longing for the northern hills, and this year a party of five girls are coming up from New York with silk waterproof tents and aluminum household kit, medicine box and folding stove. Their comisariat is well supplied with relishes and the girl-campers look forward to an ideal vacation on the banks of a Canadian lake.

Sometimes the Canadian girl makes her goal the Saguenay-titantic, majestic Saguenay, memorable in its grand marshalling of granite hills and stately pines and primeval forest growth. Trinity Bay awaits her there brooding eternally in mysterious grandeur, and the air is balm of mingled hill and sea breezes. It is here in Lake St. John that the ouaniniche is king; here only that one finds "the chosen water where the ouaniniche is waiting and the sea-trout's jumping crazy for the fly." At Ha! Ha! Bay are most of the summer hotels and cottages, but one has not far to go to meet an Indian mission and trading post, and later on the forest and untracked rivers.

The fringe of quaint old French settlements along the shores of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Montreal lend an additional interest to this region when visited on the homeward trip from the hills. Back in the hinterland one has met the red-sashed river-drivers in the early summer, bronzed, skilful and insouciant, wedded to their dangerously fascinating occupation. And farther back one passed the last vestiges of civilization, touching on land that no known white man or woman has set foot upon before. Here, too, the canoeists found new puzzling routes to tempt him, and fresh game to fill his larder.

The little French villages on the shore but mark an easy transition from these woods to the city. The small white-washed houses have trim gardens bordered with spruce and fir, bright-eyed grandames do their knitting on the high French-Canadian balconies; the black-gowned cure passes you on the street with a glance of courteous enquiry. Not even the vivacious good humour of the plump housewife, or the smiling punctiliousness of her smocked bonhomme are more attractive than the simple exteriors of their homes. Like the straight rows of Lombardy poplars, these retain their primitive charm even after the habitant's unworldliness has lost its freshness from contact with tourists.

Or my lady's choice of a summer sanctuary may swing to the west and single out Timagami—peerless Timagami, in its fresh beauty of island-dotted lakes and chutes and canyons, unspoiled for sportsmen yet by any inrush of settlers, but invaded yearly by hundreds of American tourists. This is the land of big game, as well as fish, and more or less an exclusive paradise for the men of the nation. Yet

even here the Canadian girl has made her way.

North of this Lake Abbitibi lies—Abbitibi on the Height, which, when man or woman has reached an experience has been acquired that should satisfy the wander-thirst of any summer tramp. To the north of the rude Hudson's Bay Company fort here rugged bluffs and flat muskegs stretch away dismally; in the south civilization invites one's return over hundreds of miles of forested hills and fertile lowlands, gemmed with lakes and streams.

Between the Algonquin National Park at the western corner of the tourist's land of desires, and the new Laurentian Park in the Saguenay region, a wilderness stretches alluring, silent and mysterious, warm with the generous largeness of the summer sun in the north, but tempered with fresh northern airs that have climbed the Height of Land.

Each year brings larger bands of campers or guests to its summer hotels; the qualities of its spruce and hemlock beds meet wide approval; the rivers' tide breaks more and more to strangers paddles, and any turn in a river may bring you in sight of a bending rod with a many-pounder at one end and a jersey-clad girl at the other. Tumult and turmoil in the blue waters—a bending rod and a tight line—and her dinner lies agleaming against the greensward.

This stretch of land from park to park embraces the high-lying Gatineau hills and the whole northern vailey of the Ottawa—in very 'truth a region of delights, which the Canadian woman with rod and reel or paddle and camera has not been slow to appreciate and make her own.

Nova Scotia.*

The first visitors to Nova Scotia from the continent of Europe found it clothed with forest to the water's edge. The character of the forest growth was no doubt very much what it is at the present day, though years of destructive civilization have wrought many changes in distribution and conditions. The most frequently

occurring species along the coast where they are exposed to the sea winds are spruce and balsam fir. On the higher lands of the interior is a hardwood forest composed of maple, beech, ash and birch, with a sprinkling of spruce and pine, except in the western part, where spruce, fir and tamarack are the prevailing trees. On the

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

river flats the elm lifts its graceful form. On the light lands the red and Banksian pines occur. White pine, once abundant, is now scattered and of minor importance. Hemlock is abundant in some sections and some oak is found. While much of the land is of good agricultural quality there are large areas, as elsewhere in Canada, that are, either from their rocky nature, or the lightness of the soil, best fitted for timber growth.

Though first settled by the French, Nova Scotia shared the fortunes of war between England and France, passing from one to the other at different times. The first place in possession of the British was Port Royal (now Annapolis) and the question of wood supply was one of the difficulties that arose in a short time. In January, 1735, a meeting of the Council was held at the call of the Lieutenant-Governor to consider "the great abuses and exorbitant prices demanded by the French inhabitants for firewood by which they seemed to have no other view at this time than to distress His Majesty's garrison" and His Honor therefore desired the gentlemen of the board "seriously to consider their insolence and the present circumstances of His Majesty's garrison, which could not possibly subsist without wood."

When Halifax was founded in 1749 the country in that district was described as one continuous wood, no cleared spot to be found or heard of, while the underwood was thickly growing young trees "so that with difficulty one could make his way anywhere." In spite of this plenitude of forest it was necessary to import frames of buildings, boards and shingles from New England. The frame of St. Paul's church in Halifax, one of the old places of worship still standing, was so imported. The Revolution and the establishment of the United States as an independent nation induced the British Government to interfere with this trade and in 1789 we find the Assembly of the Province memorializing the Lieutenant-Governor to the effect that "the late prohibition to import boards, clap-boards and shingles from the United States of America has been attended with jury to the commercial interests of the Province."

The first export of timber from the Province was to the West Indies and the trade has gradually expanded in different directions. According to the last census returns (1901) the value of the forest products of Nova Scotia for the census year is given as \$3,409,528, the estimate being made on the timber as it lay in the woods.

No special plan of dealing with timber lands appears to have been adopted, although a remark in the report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands for 1874 to the effect that it is a matter of regret that the leasehold tenure as to timber land was ever abolished, would appear to indicate that leases were at one time granted. Along the fertile valleys and marshes the lands were usually settled in strips, including a stretch of meadow or marsh, then the house farm and behind a piece of woodland.

And here it may not be out of place to refer briefly to the famous marshes along the inlets of the Bay of Fundy. Pre and the Marshes of Minas have become famed in literature, but a more extensive flat is the Tantramar Marsh (in New Brunswick) in the vicinity of Sackville, the seat of the Methodist College for the Maritime Provinces. Crossing these flats by the railway the traveller is struck by the large number of barns, and barns only, scattered here and there, and enquiry reveals the fact that these are among the most valuable farm lands to be found anywhere. For these marshes are not marshes in the sense in which that word is generally understood, but are great stretches of meadow land formed of mud deposited by the high tides of the Bay of Fundy and, with hardly any labor or expense to the owner, produce luxuriant crops of hay, running to three tons and more per acre. This finds ready sale at \$10 per ton, so that it is not at all to be wondered at that these lands bring \$200 to \$300 per acre when sold and that the fortunate holder of even a moderate area of marsh is able to live in ease and comfort. Hay crops have been taken from these marshes since the days of the French occupation without diminishing their fertility. The flats are dyked so

as to prevent the invasion of the tide as the salt water would change the character of the vegetation to coarse salt grasses, but the incoming tide rising higher than the level of the marshes keeps them always thoroughly saturated. As an explanation of their continued fertility it is suggested that, as transpiration from the surface is the only way by which the moisture can escape, the water movement is always upward and the mineral constituents are continually being brought to the surface instead of being drained away. The depth of the deposit forming these marshes reaches eighty feet.

Passing into the interior of the Province where the purely timber lands are located, no change was made in the land policy and these lands, aggregating probably ten million acres, have passed into private hands in fee simple with the exception of about 1,500,000 acres, half of which has also lately been leased.

At the last session of the Nova Scotia Legislature in a debate on the administration of forest lands the Hon. J. W. Longlev, Commissioner of Crown Lands, stated that notwithstanding that there are in Nova Scotia between fifteen and twenty firms carrying on large businesses in lumbering and all had obtained in the past large areas of timber lands, the aggregate of these lands did not represent anything like one-half of the timber lands in the province that are in private hands. fact being that the great majority of timber lands at the present time are in the hands of small holders and are used them in connection with their farms. In the County of Annapolis on the South side of the Annapolis River the original grants extended for four and one-half miles from the river, but the land was not cultivated for more than half a mile.

A system of leases of timber lands was established by Act of the Legislature in the year 1899. The Act provided for leases for a period of not more than twenty years at a price of not less than forty cents per acre (raised during the last session to eighty cents), the lessee not to be allowed to cut timber under ten inches in diameter. Where cutting to five inches was allowed fifty cents (now \$1.00) was

charged. Leases aggregating 800,000 acres have been granted under this Act.

By the same Statute authority was given to the Governor-in-Council to obtain by purchase at a rate not exceeding twenty-five cents per acre any lands heretofore granted for lumbering purposes. No use has, however, yet been made of this authority.

No forest reservations have been set apart in Nova Scotia, but the present regulations contain the germ of the system in providing a different system of administration for timber lands. The only reserves established at any time were of small extent and for the use of the Admiralty, and these have all, with perhaps one exception, since been disposed of.

In 1883 the first Act for the prevention of forest fires was passed, the chief provisions of which are that no fires are to be started in or near woods except for clearing land, cooking, obtaining warmth or for some industrial purpose and persons starting fires for clearing are to take all possible precautions to prevent their spread. Any person starting a fire in the wood between 1st May and 1st December is required to clear away all combustible material and no burning substance is to be thrown away carelessly. Penalties in these cases are from \$20 to \$400. County councillors, justices of the peace, sheriffs, coroners, and other county officers were made responsible for extinguishing Railway locomotives are required to have proper spark arresters and the right of way through woods must be cleared of inflammable material.

No sufficient machinery for enforcing this Act was provided and this has proved a serious defect. Losses from forest fires have continued and during the dry period of the spring and early summer of last year matters reached a climax. Fires occurred in every part of the Province due to the usual causes, settlers clearing land, fires left carelessly by hunters, fishermen and others, sparks from railways, etc. The area of forest burned over was at least 200,000 acres and the loss is conservatively estimated at \$2,-000,000, while it might be placed at even a higher figure, if the statements as to the

destructiveness of the fires given by some reports were accepted without deduction. Not only the previously denuded districts suffered, but also good stands of green timber, and the fires ran over some of the best timber lands of Cumberland County and Western Nova Scotia. But the present destruction is not the end of the matter. As stated in one report the prospective loss can scarcely be estimated as much of the land over which the fire is reported to have travelled was burned so deeply as to destroy all the seeds that were in the soil, indeed in many places the soil itself was burned so that nothing was left to support vegetation until a new soil has been formed. This will take many years. Nor Another report states that is this all. the fires destroyed to a certain extent all kinds of game and killed large numbers of small trout and the prophecy is made that the fish and game will likely become a thing of the past if the fires continue as they have been in 1902 and 1903.

A meeting of the lumbermen of Eastern Nova Scotia was held at Annapolis Royal on the 3rd December, 1903, to consider the situation and advise as to the steps that might be taken to prevent a recurrence of the experiences of that year. The opinion was unanimous in favour of the creation of a patrol and recommendations were made to the Legislature accordingly.

A bill, which has since become law, was consequently introduced into the Legislature by the Government, which provides for the appointment of a Chief forest ranger in any municipality to periodically travel over all woodlands in the municipality, whether belonging to the Crown or private owners or under lease from the Crown, to appoint, when necessary, other persons to act as rangers under his direction, to institute prosecutions against offenders under the Act, to trace the origin of forest fires, to post warning notices and to report fully in regard to all matters coming under his supervision. To provide the necessary revenue to cover the expenses of the service it is provided that a special tax of three-eighths of one cent per acre should be assessed on holders of more than one thousand acres of timber areas or uncultivated lands in any municipality. It is a pleasure to be able to state that this system is reported to be working out favourably.

An effective organization for fire prevention is the indispensable preliminary to any advance in forestry work or of any experiments in forest reproduction. A resolute enforcement of the Fire Act through the machinery now provided should secure this necessary basis for advance and therefore the Province of Nova Scotia may be expected to give this further question dueconsideration. Her 10,000,000 acres of timberland, now much of it waste and unproductive as the result of recurring fires, might be made a continual source of revenue and a protection to her waterways and agricultural interests. The problem is worthy of the study of her statesmen, her lumbermen and her citizens generally. Prussia, with a forest area of 6,000,000 acres, has a net revenue of \$8,366,000.

Forest reproduction is not a chimera. The forests are reproducing themselves when allowed to do so. A prominent Nova Scotia lumberman makes the following statement: "After fires are stopped forestry will be a live subject and after having given considerable thought and study to it I have no hesitation in saying that I think it can easily be made successful and profitable."

Spruce is a tree that reproduces itself easily and is the main dependence of the lumber supply in Nova Scotia at present, and generally it would be favored by those in the lumber business. Other species should not be neglected, however, and will be found profitable in mixture or in locations that are specially suitable for their development.

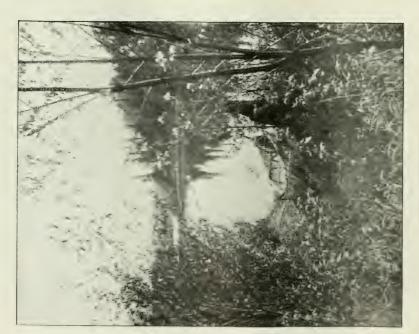
On lands at present timbered natural reproduction might be allowed to do the work, but in order to assist nature as far as possible a study should be made of the methods of re-production, the seeding, the conditions and rates of growth and any other information that may be required to enable the operator to understand and hasten the natural process. Timber is becoming more valuable and if, as the experience of European nations has well established, the product of a forest,—the crop,—can be increased in quantity and value, it is but



CANADIAN CAMPING,
By Smith Lake, near Mattawa, Ont.



" PETER." Ready for the rough road.



THE LANDING.

the part of wisdom to take such steps as the conditions will permit of to embrace the returns from an investment in timber lands.

The tracts burned over in such a way as to destroy the seed and any immediate possibility of a new growth of desirable species will require special treatment, either by planting up with the trees desired, as is done successfully in Germany and France, and also lately in the United States, or by the planting of groups to form seed distributors, or even possibly by broadcast seeding. It is desirable that, at least in regard to such denuded areas, which might be considered the special charge of the Government, some experimental work should be undertaken on selected locations.

Various assertions are made as to the rate of growth of trees in Nova Scotia. Herewith is a statement as contained in a report by W. A. Hendry, formerly Deputy Commissioner of Crown Lands for Nova Scotia, submitted in 1884 in response to the request of a committee of the Imperial House of Commons appointed to enquire into the forests of Canada. Ten trees were examined, a small number, but it was considered that they would probably be a fair average. The figures are as follows: Red Spruce, 9 ins. diameter, 43 annual rings; 91 ins., 54 years; 10 inches, 58 years; 16 inches, 43 years; 13 inches, 44 years; 12 inches, 47 years; black spruce, 9½ inches, 51 years; 9¾ inches, 54

years; white pine, 9 inches, 58 years; 16 inches, 72 years. It is now becoming less easy to obtain sufficient timber of suitable size to supply the demand for lumber of good dimensions. The statement has been made that it is difficult in Western Nova Scotia to secure the proper proportion of twelve inch wide stock to fill South American orders. The desirability of exact knowledge as to rates of growth is therefore apparent.

The large interests involved in the lumher industry, the protection of the water supply and agriculture, the needs of the rapidly increasing mining operations, all constitute an imperative call to consider the future. Nature will work on with the patience of eternity to help man in his efforts. She will build up with exactness and faithfulness and her operations may be measured and weighed and calculated with a definiteness that places a well-developed system of forestry among the exact sciences. It is time that nature's work was understood and assisted. It is time that she should be allowed to re-clothe the waste places rather than that man should make them a desolation and call it progress. The work of the twentieth century for Canada is to so deal with her forest lands that they may become more and more valuable and at last 'be handed down to the future years as a monument to the wisdom and foresight of this generation and a blessing to those that follow.

Planting Forest Seeds.*

By THOS. CONANT.

I had to send to Germany to get a supply of forest tree seeds, simply because they were not obtainable in Canada or the United States. Germans are content to work so cheaply that they can afford to gather the seed and supply applicants at reasonable prices. It is true we have these seeds in the greatest abundance in Canada, but few persons up to this time have seriously thought of the advisability of saving seeds in the autumn for planting.

It is to be noped, however, that soon some of our people will turn their thoughts in that direction.

In getting the seeds from Germany I aimed to have those from forest trees situated inland and away from the softening influence of water. This precaution I took so that the trees might be as hardy as ours. In planting the seeds I had shallow holes made with the mattock in order to have the seeds shaded from the scorching

 $^{\ast}\mathrm{C}$ ontributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

sun by the sides of the holes. Then I had them covered over lightly. The covering in fact was only a sprinkling of earth or leaves. The holes were simply excavations that the mattock could make usually at a single stroke, and these I found to be quite sufficient. Let me add before leaving the subject of planting that I aimed at having the seeds spread about in the holes and not dropped in a bunch. These seeds have grown very nicely and I am rather proud of them. The day is surely coming when I can easily afford to be very prodigal of young shoots and remove them by the millions.

In a few years I undoubtedly will get copses of trees, but I do not anticipate large timber for myself. Those to come after will get it, but while it is growing it will ever be a charm to the eye and a beautifier to the landscape. The great beauty of England is that one is never out of sight of the woods. The bare look of the West, or even of our own older Provinces, where everything has been cut off, is entirely absent.

A little personal anecdote, if you will

indulge me, will illustrate as to the profit of tree planting. An English relative, heir to farms of several hundreds of acres in one of the central counties of England, desired to come over and visit me, and make also a tour in the United States and Canada as he approached his majority. Inheriting the title and the lands from his deceased father, he found all the funds to be locked up by the terms of the will and no money available for his purpose just then. His grandfather, however, had planted some scattering oak trees about the home seat, which were gnarled and branchy and spreading. The mother said, "You may ask the gardener if he desires to spare a few of these trees." The gardener was so disposed, a few trees were marked, a sale held and £1500 realized for a few trees never missed and not needed, giving the young heir plenty of available funds to come over and visit me. Had not the grandfather thoughtfully planted branchy oaks this travelling money could not have so easily come to the young heir. The anecdote makes its own application to England and it will be just as true for Canada in our future for a like time.

The Wild West Coast.

The west coast of Vancouver Island is an untamed spot, where time has stood still for more than 100 years, and where, owing to the topography of the country, there will be little or no advancement in the ensuing 100 years.

Vancouver, Quadra, Gray and Captain Cook all sailed along this coast, and visited the numerous little harbors that make indentations in the forbidding shore line. They warped and towed their comparatively small craft around numerous islands and up canals and inlets, reaching far into the interior of the island, and in their wake came the fleets of the traders, who bought fish and fur from the Indians. Those were the two great staples of more than 100 years ago, and they are still in the lead—

in fact, are the only resources on which the degenerate remnants of the once powerful tribe depended for a livelihood.

Thirty-six hours' ride by rail and steamer from Portland, Ore., will land one in the heart of this, the wildest region to be found anywhere west of the Mississippi river.

White men are scarce along the west coast, about the only representatives being the storekeepers at the Indian villages. To supply the wants of these few white traders and to carry the mail the Canadian Pacific despatches a small steamer every seven days.

MOST INTERESTING TRIP.

For the last year the Queen City, Capt-

^{*}Exchange

ain Townsend, has been covering the route, and a round-trip voyage on this craft is one of the most interesting trips that can be made in the same length of time anywhere in the west. More than half of the voyage is spent in cruising well inland on bays and inlets that run back from Barclay, Kyoquot, Notka, Clayoquot, Quatsino, and other "sounds" which lead out to the open sea. The steamer usually makes her first stop out of Victoria at San Juan and then at Carmanah Point and Cape Beale.

The most important landing place in Barclay sound is the new cable station at Bamfield creek. This is where the Australian cable leaves the shores of North America, and there are about twenty men employed here, some of them being fortunate enough to have their wives with them. After leaving Bamfield Creek, the Queen City steams up the Alberni canal far inland to the old town of Alberni, where the ships from England loaded "timber" fifty years ago. The ruins of the old mill are still in evidence, but it has been many a day since a deep water-carrier sailed up this beautiful inlet.

The west coast of Vancouver Island is rich in historic lore, and there is much tragedy mixed with the history. In Friendly cove, Nootka sound, the Northwest America, the first vessel built on the Pacific Coast, was launched by Captain Meares in September, 1788, the American ship Columbia, Capt. Grey, being in the harbor at the time of the launching. Fifteen years later in the same cove. almost the entire crew of the American ship Boston, was massacred by the Indians.

OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

At Chayoquot Sound the red devils murdered almost the entire crew of the Tonquin, which had gone north from Astoria to trade. Then there were tragedies of the sea, almost without number, and in the early days the survivors of ships wrecked on the west coast frequently met a death on shore worse than drowning.

And over all this forbidden coast there rests a glamor of historic interest that will never be dispelled. The names of Gray Vancouver, Meares, Quadra, Cook, and a

number of others will be remembered until the end of time, and it was from the bleak west coast that they set forth to explore what is now known as Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. The names which these leaders of civilization in a new world gave to the rivers, bays, sounds and mountains (Rainer excepted) are still in use and always will be. For this reason alone the west coast will always remain a locality of absorbing interest to both Canadians and Americans in the Pacific northwest.

"The graveyard of the north Pacific" is the sombre and expressive name that was bestowed on the west coast of Vancouver Island so many years ago that the identity of the man who named it has been lost. Time has not changed the significance of that name, and the harvest of death and destruction of property still go on. Big square-riggers, schooners, barquentines, steamers and even men-of-war have all found a common grave on the shores of this wild stretch of coast line.

A few of these wrecks were of sealing schooners which were driven ashore in a fog, but the greater part of them were vessels bound in or out of Puget Sound. There have been many wrecks and a considerable loss of life along that death-haunted region between Cape Flattery and Gray's Harbor, but there are so many stretches of beach and little coves along there that dead bodies and wreckage usually wash ashore in a condition that renders identification impossible.

FEW GOOD HARBORS FOUND.

With the exception of two or three good entrances the west coast of Vancouver Island present no such favorable front to the ocean. Rough, ragged rocks, sharp and cruel in spite of the everlasting beat of the surf against them, extend down to the water edge, and under the surface hidden rocks and reefs, in many places, extend out for miles. On these the staunchest ships ever built are quickly ground to pieces and the unfortunate crew, seeking in the fog or darkness to effect a landing on the adjacent shores, meets with a similar fate.

Occasionally a wreck dodges the rocks which guard the entrance to most of these

harbors or coves and gets in where it can be identified before it is pounded to pieces. In a great many cases, however, there is just enough wreckage left intact to excite speculation as to its identity, and not enough to offer a satisfactory clue to the vessel it came from.

The Vancouver Island Indian seems to have suffered worse by contact with the civilization of the whites than any other coast tribe. The advent of the white man found this island populated by many thousands of healthy, well-developed Indians, but bad whiskey and greater evils that follow in its wake have caused the destruction of the race, and today there are certain tribes, notably along Quatsino sound, where the cry of the native papoose will never again be heard, the youngest Indian in the district being five or six years old.

Large numbers of the men have been lost in seal hunting in recent years, and as the seal hunters have always been the flower of the tribe from a physical standpoint the loss to Indian posterity has been severe. In every Indian village on the island are numerous vacant huts that will never again be tenanted by the red man, and deserted villages are by no means infrequently met with.

LOSS TO BE REGRETTED.

The destruction of the race, which is so largely due to the adoption of the white man's vices, cannot be regarded otherwise than with regret. In perhaps almost any other, part of the West this regret would be softened by the knowledge that the passing of the red man presaged the advent of a higher civilization. Here there is no recompense of the disappearance of the race, which even in its picturesque squalor added interest to a section of the country where nature was lavish in her gifts of scenery, but woefully stingy in passing out

resources of greater intrinsic value. When the last west coast Indian passes over to the great beyond, his place will not be filled by a superior order of being. The respectable white traders and missionaries who now lead lonely lives among them, having no more timber to work on, will return to civilization and the few remaining specimens of mankind will be the cultus squawman and their offspring, the latter in their development retaining all of the evil of both white and red men and none of either.

In justice to a scattering few hardworking prospectors and mine owners now trying to discover what the west coast of Vancouver Island was made for, the above statement should perhaps be qualified. There are numerous mines along the west coast and several hundred thousand good American dollars have been lost forever in an endeavor to make producers of them.

The Government, the Catholics and the Presbyterians have spent considerable money in schools and churches for educating and Christianizing the west coast Indians, but the results have been far from satisfactory. All of the religion that can be forced on an Indian in this country does not seem to diminish his love for lying and stealing, and the morals of both sexes are shocking. The girls, born into the world with a handicap of environment and blood, are taken up by the well-meaning but misguided Church people taught just enough to make them understand that there is a higher civilization and a better life than that which they are leading. Their intellects are not exactly dwarfed, but through centuries of tradition and breeding diverted into channels which run not with ours, soon enable them to understand that an impenetrable wall of caste forever bars them from closely with the better civilization of the outside world.



The Boy Crusoe.

By MARTIN HINTER.

Whereas, Crusoe the man, was on an island surrounded by miles and miles of water; this Crusoe, a boy, was at the edge of a lake with miles and miles of the howling wilderness about him.

It was by the sheerest accident we came across him, otherwise, no doubt, he would eventually, have succumbed to hardships and loneliness. He was almost demented from what he had endured both physically and mentally, when we found him.

I had received orders in April from the head officer in charge of the department to proceed overland from my post on the head waters of the St. Maurice to the post of Pointe Bleue, Lake St. John, on a tour of inspection, and this I was requested to do at the earliest possible moment after the lakes and rivers were free of ice.

This opening of navigation usually took place in that part of the country about the 10th of May, but I was unable to secure a guide until a month later and even he was a make shift, for the man had only twice made the crossing years ago when he was yet a boy.

But an Indian's bump of locality is so well developed, that I did not hesitate to start with him and a young Canadian as steersman.

The way we journeyed the distance is nearly three hundred miles. I have never seen a more difficult route to find. Some of the portages would lead off from a water-way in the most unlooked for places. My Indian was never long in deciding where to have the canoe pointed for the next portage, only once was he utterly at fault, and this was when we were about four days' journey from home, and what we considered halfway over.

It was on the biggest lake of the whole trip, long arms or bays, stretched in several directions from the centre, and after a long, consideration Shagunash decided the route must be down the bay to the Nor'east. I ventured to say this was at considerable variance from the general

course we had been going for several days but could not say more.

We kept on paddling down this indent and I saw the guite began to doubt, nevertheless on we paddled until we reached almost the very bottom of the bay. Shagunash jammed his paddle down in the water to wrench the canoe right about face, when George the Canadian said:

"Uegardez lee petit gargon!"

We all looked, and there in the edge of the woods stood a bit of a boy, with a scared, white face. When we got ashore the little lad fell down at my feet and burst into hysterical crying. For a long while my efforts to compose him, were of no avail, but eventually he overcame his emotion and quited down.

Then we heard part of his remarkable story.

He said, in October last, his father, Frederick Bellmore, and he, left the lower St. Maurice to come into the Pierrish Country to hunt, and that shortly after they reached the lake on which we found him; his father had sickened and died. It was the most heart-rendering story I ever heard.

The boy was too small and weak to carry his father's body out from the camp and bury it, so he dug a shallow trench in the wig-wam, managed to fix a blanket around his dead parent and rolled the corpse into the grave. After filling in the same he cut a number of trees and covered the place to prevent wolves and other animals from devouring the body.

Guided by the little Pierre, for such he gave us as his name, we visited this spot and found it as he had described. By my orders the men returned to the canoe for their axes and fell a number of other large trees on top of the pile to make quite sure of it being protected.

This finished to our satisfaction, the boy next conducted us to the camp the poor little fellow had made with his own hands and where he passed all those dreary, solitary months. The place was wonderfully well chosen and I could not but think a kind and watchful providence had led his steps thither after he had become an orphan and homeless.

It was a square fissure in the perpendicular front of a high rocky mountain, about six feet broad, ten or twelve feet deep into the mountain and the height was the sky line on top. With infinite labor he had closed up the six feet broad, leaving only a small space for him to crawl in and and this egress was securely fastened up at night from the inside by a stout door with double bars and a strong prop. log front was carried up to about eight feet on which a roof entended clear to the back, a hole being left for the smoke to escape. There was sufficient light from this hole to make all parts of the cave clear by day.

I told little Pierre to gather any small light articles he valued and follow us down to the canoe.

A reasonable time having passed and the boy not coming I returned to the cave to see what was keeping him.

Looking in the small opening, I saw a bundle tied up on the floor and little Pierre kneeling in deep prayer before a crucifix hanging on the wall, with his back towards me. He saw my shadow darkening the door, took the crucifix, kissed it and placed it in his bosom, saying "It was my father's."

With his bundle in his hand he followed me to the canoe in which we all embarked and paddled out of the bay with as much haste as possible.

Shagunash had now studied out his bearing, and this time, took us to the proper landing. The sun was now dipping behind the trees so we decided to camp there and take the portage in the cool of the morning.

That night, and the succeeding ones, before we reached Lake St. John's, little Pierre told ws, by the camp fire, of his solitary residence in "Dead Man's Bay."

Fortunately there were many rabbits close to the cave and Pierre, having kept up a line of snares, he subsisted principally on their flesh during the fall, utilizing the skins to line the interior of his hut, which made it very warm when the cold

nights of winter set in. Some of the skins he packed his blankets with to make them heavier and to retain the heat of his body.

He had a little flour, his father's supply, but this he carefully hoarded in case of being hard pressed for food when the bitter cold of January and February set in.

By the calamity of his father's death, Pierre had all at once become much older than his years. He realized that he was alone, over a hundred miles from any one, in a trackless forest, out of which, unaided it was impossible for him to get.

There is no doubt he was an exceptionally brave little fellow. Many a boy under such distressing circumstances would have run blindly into the forest, lost himself, and perished from exhaustion and misery. Not so with Pierre, as he said: "That first evening, after I had buried my poor father, I sat with my head buried in my hands and thought, and thought." "My father, when he became so weak that he foresaw his death was close at hand, managed, between his fits of coughing, to tell me many things I would have to do." "He made me promise to be brave, and not give way to my sorrow. He said God would surely watch over me and direct some one my way."

I could see the hand of Providence in clouding my guides intellect, and causing him to go down the wrong bay.

"My late father had two traps set for beaver in a small lake not far from my hut. These had not been visited all the time of his illness, so the next morning (knowing the path well by accompanying him) I set out to see these traps."

"I carried my father's gun on my shoulder as a defense, ammunition was too scarce to use on small game. It was well I was saving of powder and shot, because once during the winter, as I will tell you later, on, my very life depended on that gun."

"I found a beaver in each trap, one large and one small. The big one and my gun was all I could carry at the time, so I had to make two trips between the lake and my hut."

"I say my hut, but it was not built yet,

I merely had a fire place there and slept in the cut rock."

"It took me till the snow was on the ground to finish my fort, doing a little each day, after visiting my snares and chopping my night's wood."

"I skinned the beavers and smoke dried the meat for future use. This I also did with my surplus rabbits, until real cold weather set in and then I merely froze them."

"However I did not kill rabbits in any great numbers until the cold really did come. I simply got my hedges made and cut down quantities of young birch, tamarac and other tender wood that they are fond of, so they used to come and feed there regularly and others came from further off."

"The morning after the first light fall of snow I went up the valley to see what signs there were and the snow was fairly beaten with tracks coming from all sections."

"There was yet a week or ten days before the freezing up of the lakes. I knew there were other beaver in the lake 'my father had his traps in, but how to set the traps puzzled me, as I was not strong enough to press down the springs." "One spring I could manage but when I took off some of my weight to press down the other, up would go the first one. At last I thought out a plan. With a slip knot on a piece of cord. I put it over the spring and as I pressed down tightened the string until it was right down. I then tied it fast and pressed the other spring with all my weight, lifted up the pan and the trap was set and kept set by the one released spring. It was simple then to cut the other loose with my knife."

"It took me near half a day to get the traps opened and set in the water. One was on the rim of the beaver lodge and the other at the dam."

"I went back proud to my camp, but that night while lying in my blanket I realized what a risk I had run, for supposing the trap had sprung and caught me by the hand! I promised myself I would never take the risk again." My men having now turned in, I told Pierre to do likewise and continue his story next night.

The following evening after supper I got little Pierre over to the front of the tent, and he resumed his story, while I smoked and listened.

"One morning I found water frozen in a pannican and this scared me to greater exertion at my building and I labored at it for two whole days, and got the front built up the height I wanted it, or rather as high as I could put a ridge pole on, for I saw this was going to be the hardest part, and so it was, for I had first to lift one end a piece and block it, then do the same to the other end, and so on till I got it up to its place."

"For roofing I used round poles, put close together. The chinks were stopped with moss and then earth put on top of this."

"After getting so much done, and the weather turned mild again, I determined to take a day off and visit my beaver traps, which I did on the following day."

"Although I am only a boy, yet I understood that God was good to me, for in each trap was a beaver, a large and a small one, as in the first instance. The flesh of these two would support me for a fortnight and the skins would make me moccasins."

"I did not take time to open the traps, but cut the beaver's feet close to the jaws, hung the traps on a tree and hurried to camp with the large one on my shoulder, and had time to fetch the other before the short November day had closed."

"Firewood I had in advance, so all I had to do was pull my beaver into the hut, barricade the door, take my supper, and set to work, by the light of the fire, at the skinning. This took me far into the night, to finish the two animals. The fire had burnt low, but I did not replenish it as the weather was not cold."

"I was tared from my hard day's work, so offered up my prayers, rolled myself in the blanket, and in an instant was fast asleep."

(To be continued.)

Our Medicine Bag.

Last month we unfortunately credited Hornaday's American Natural History up to two separate and distinct publishing firms; Messrs. Scribner's name should only have been mentioned.

Three miles west of Edmonton, a four-teen-day journey with pack train, is the Jasper Pass. Here once stood Jasper House, an old Hudson's Bay post, and further west, but a few miles, the still older Henry House. The climate of this part of the Rockies is about the same as that of Edmonton, and from the Pass, southward to the Rocky Mountain Park, is one of the best caribou and sheep countries that we have.

Dr. Judson F. Clark has been appointed by the Government of the Province of Ontario to take charge of forestry work in the Province. Dr. Clark is a native of Prince Edward Island and is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College. He was a lecturer in the Forestry College at Cornell University and has lately been on the staff of the Forestry Bureau of the United States. His reputation as a lecturer and scientific student of forestry stands high and his appointment should add considerable strength to the development of forestry in Ontario. We are pleased to see Canadians returning to assist in the building up of the Dominion.

No camper or yachtsman should be without the Mayo Diamond Torch. The foregoing reads like an advertisement but it is not. It is, on the contrary, merely a deliberate expression of opinion drawn forth by the superlative virtues of the aforesaid torch. Everybody who has camped, especially in winter time, knows how provokingly difficult it is to start a fire with wet wood and damp matches. The Mayo Diamond Torch is a Brobdingnagian stick about four times as long as an ordinary match. The head will burn for twenty sec-

onds in a gale of wind, or in rain, or in snow. Unfortunately, these matches are not as yet procurable in Canada, but they are to be bought of all outfitters in the United States. They are "sure fire."

THE "MASSASSAGA" BASS FLY.

The Editor Rod & Gun in Canada:-

Two of us spent last Saturday afternoon on Lake Deschenes. I used what I thought would be very good bass flies and my friend used a "Massassaga" and a "Parmacheene Belle." He landed four bass and lost three, all on the "Massassaga." I did not rise a single fish. We cast over precisely the same water, and I believe that if I had used the "Massassaga" I might have done just as well as my friend, at least I see no reason why I should not have done, and he said the same thing. Certainly the "Massassaga" is a wonderful bass fly.

J.E.M.

Ottawa, 22nd June, 1904.

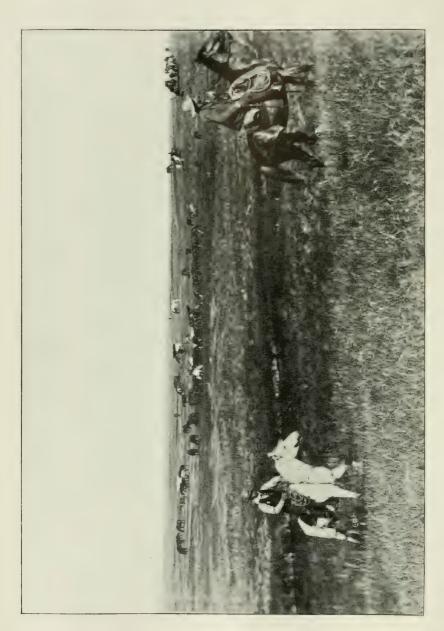
We regret to have to record the death of Hon. G. W. Stephens of Montreal, which took place suddenly on the 20th June last, while he was on a fishing expedition. Mr. Stephens took a prominent part in the public affairs of the Province of Quebec, and was always known as a liberal and public-spirited citizen. Of late years he had retired from active public life, but was a member of the first Forestry and Colonization Commission appointed recently by the Government of Quebec and submitted an able and well-written report, which contains much valuable material in regard to conditions in the Province of Quebec and forest management elsewhere, particularly in Norway. Hon. Mr. Stephens was a member of the Canadian Forestry Association.

From reports from British Columbia it appears that the season is generally dry and several fires have occurred which required considerable hard work to keep in check. The fire ranging staff is however



KO-KOM.

An Indian woman of the old-fashioned sort.



IN THE ANTELOPE COUNTRY, Alkali Spring Coulee, Southern Alberta.

well organized. Thorough protection has been provided for along the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains, thus conserving that important watershed. The watershed has been divided into ten districts, each in charge of a ranger. Throughout the rest of Canada the wet weather has prevented any great danger from forest fires. The new system of fire ranging adopted in Nova Scotia is reported to be working out satisfactorily. Reports have been received through the press, however, of forest fires in Cape Breton, which apparently did considerable damage, and threatened the town of Sydney.

The protection afforded to the wild things within the 5000 square miles of the Canadian National Park is beginning to have its reward. After having been exterminated on Mount Rundle, mountain goats have found their way back to their old haunts and only the other day three were seen on the precipices on the east side. They have also been seen recently on Mounts Sulphur and Cascade.

Some young rocky mountain goats were caught by Indian boys of the Shuswap tribe and shipped to the Rocky Mountain Park paddock at Banff. For two days they were fed with a spoon on diluted condensed

milk, and now they have been adopted by some domestic ewes and are doing well. The boys by whom they were captured had a hard tussle, as the little fellows did not submit to the rope without a desperate struggle.

A short time ago one of the buffalo in the animal enclosure at Banff, met with his end in a contest for leadership of the herd, with one of the older bulls. The meat of the animal was used by many in the village, and some found its way to the Indian reserve at Morley, where the Indian chiefs and head men partook of a regular old-time buffalo feed, the only difference being that at the feast of the other day a very devoted grace was said before and after the meal by one of the chiefs, says Crag and Canyon. The old Indian's grace was said in Cree and was something after the following:

"Dear Lord, we all thank you myself, and my brothers, for your big goodness in stuffing us with the strang meat of our bison. We thank you many times; and also we thank the old man bull for killing the young man bull of which we have filled on, and made us big and strong. Please dear Lord, have the bulls and cows fight

Gentlemen,—We are mailing you under cover electrotype of our new Ideal Rifle, English Model, No. 044½, which will be ready for the market about July 1st. When we issue our new catalog, we anticipated being able to supply it the first of this month but have been delayed.

It is on similar lines to our regular No. $44\frac{1}{2}$ Ideal rifle with drop frame and new sliding breech-block action but has a temered barrel, military pattern, rubber shot gun butt and is especially desirable for

field hunting purposes. In weight, the rim fire will be $5\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, just between the Favorite and Ideal No. 44. Is made for all standard sizes of ammunition, fitted with bead front sights and sporting rear and lists at \$12.00. This is fully illustrated on page 31 of our new catalogue, and, as this is an entirely new arm, believe your readers will be interested in having it brought to their attention.

Very truly yours,

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.



many more battles so that once more we will eat the buffalo before we die.

The Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association has sent out circulars to the members asking for lists of names of persons who might be invited to join the Association. There has been a gratifying response in the number of names forwarded, and invitations and copies of the Annual Report are being sent out to these persons. It is desirable that these invitations should be followed up by the members of the Association urging personally its claims to support on those whose names they have sent in. The success of the campaign for increased membership means much for the success and the extension of the usefulness of the Association. The interests for which it stands are of great national importance and have strong claims to public support. It is necessary, however, that these claims should be clearly understood and impressed if the public are to be aroused to take an interest in the movement and a little following up of the printed invitation will help in securing as members many who might otherwise not give the matter careful consideration.

The Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association has received a reply from the Department of Railways and Canals to the resolution urging that care should be taken for the prevention of forest fires along the line of the Transcontinental Railway, which was passed at the last annual meeting of the Association. The Secretary of the Railway Department states that the Department fully appreciates the great importance of every precaution being taken to prevent such fires in connection with the surveying of the route and the construction of the said Railway, and that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company have been written to by the Department with the result that they have replied to the effect that the importance of the subject and the desirability of their taking such action as is indicated by the copy of the resolution transmitted has their full sympathy; that they will be glad to do what they can in the direction indicated, and that their engineering department has been instructed accordingly.

A similar reply has been received by the Secretary of the Association from C. M. Hays, the General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, in reply to a copy of the resolution, which was sent direct to him.

One of the longest trips yet undertaken through the mountains will be commenced in a few days by Brewster Bros., of Banff. The party is headed by Fred Hussey, of Pittsburg, and Dr. Stearns, one of the well-known medicine manufacturers of Philadelphia. Eighteen pack ponies have gone ahead loaded with provisions, in charge of W. Potts. They are making their way to



The bullet here illustrated is the culmination of a long series of experiments by Dr. W. G. Hudson of New York City in conjunction with the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn. The latter state that it is a modification of the Hudson bullet No. 308256. It is one-sixteenth of an inch shorter over all, the point is shaped after the pattern of the U. M. C. Thomas bullet, the length of the bullet from under the band "C" is exactly the same as No. 308-256, the middle groove is filled, thus secur-

ing greater weight at the base and presenting more surface which increases grip on the rifling. The front band "C" is precisely the same as No. 308256. The ideal dirt catcher is retained. The weight of this bullet when cast from pure lead is about 200 grains and with an alloy of 10 per cent antimony, 10 per cebt tin and 8 per cent lead which mixture we recommend the bullet will be about 178 grs. which is nearly the same as the regular factory mid range bullet (180 grs.) Ed. Taylor Inspector of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. lately tested this bullet with 20 grs. of their new "Marksman" powder and secured about 1600 F. S. there was no fusion.

the Athabasca falls where the rest of the party will overtake them at an early date. The course mapped out is no definite one, but the time it will take will exceed four months. After leaving the Kootenav Plains, above the head waters of the Saskatchewan. the party will proceed through Wilcox Pass, down the Sunwapti, striking the Athabasca and following north to the Miette river, Here a permanent camp will be made, and during the summer the large rivers and surrounding country will be explored. In the fall Mr. Hussey and the doctor will make a collection of game heads and the fur-bearing animals of that part of the Rockies, and considerable time will be spent in drawing maps of the water courses and mountains for future travel. On Mr. Hussey's return he will outfit again at Edmonton to take an extensive trip to the Barren Lands after the

musk ox.

The world owes every man a living—and some of them collect the debt in a decided-ly original way. According to the Canadian Gazette of London:

"For the past six months a man, age about 30, height 5 feet 6 inches, complex-

The United States Marine Corps have just placed an additional order with the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., for another quantity of complete outfits with which to equip the various Marine Corps stations, each set consisting of an Ideal Loading Press with appurtenances, Universal Powder Measure No. 5, Armory Mould, bullet Lubricator & Sizer lubrication, etc. all of which are to be used in reloading the 30—40 Krag service shell with the Ideal bullet No. 308245 and a charge of 3 grs. of Laflin & Band's "Bulls-Eye" powder.

Reloaded ammunition of this description is said to be extremely accurate and very cheap, showing a great saving over the cost of new cartridges which fact the militia of the various states as well as Uncle Sam are not slow to recognize, as the use of reloaded ammunition for all ranges up to and in under 500 yds. enables the men to shoot a great deal more for practice at a very much less cost.

ion pale, hair, eyes and moustache dark brown, wearing a grey suit and cap with flaps, has been victimising Canadians and Australians here, by representing to them that he is steward or engineer on a steamship lying at Tilbury Docks, and that by the request of some notable person at Quebec, Halifax, or elsewhere, he has brought them a cariboo nead, and that it will be sent on by rail. The name of the person mentioned as the sender is generally familiar to those addressed, who, in anticipation of receiving such a valuable present, gladly advance the money to cover the carriage on the railway, etc. Needless to say neither the man, nor the money is seen again, and the caribou head never arrives. The police are desirous of forming this man's acquaintance, with a view of stopping the annovance both to persons on whom he calls and to the railway authorities, who have been very much pested by inquiries respecting the stag's head, which they have never received for delivery."

The government of the Province of Ontario has established regulations providing for the safeguarding of the forests by the insertion of a special clause in the agreements of all railway companies building railways through the newer districts of Ontario. The regulations consist of two clauses, one of which is:—

"It is hereby agreed that wherever the line of construction of said railway runs through lands of the Crown, which are not covered by timber license and the Government deem it proper for the projection of the forest wealth adjacent to the line of construction to place on duty a staff of fire rangers for the protection of timber, it shall be at liberty to do so, and all expenses incurred thereby, whether for or in respect of men's wages, or any other services, shall be borne and paid by said railway company."

The other clause is similarly worded and provides for the protection of timber under license.

By this means the control of this fire protection is kept in the hands of the department, and the department, with its experienced ranging staff, will be able to look closely after the work and see that adequate protection is afforded. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which is building a line south from Sudbury, and the James Bay Railway Company have heartily acquiesced in the arrangement, and it is expected that the results will be as successful as they have been along the line of the Timiskaming road, where an efficient ranging system has prevented loss by fire, though the line is constructed through one of the finest pine forest reservations in Canada.

Mr. Austin Cary has, as reported by the press, been making a statement to the effect that the estimates and descriptions of Canadian forests, which have appeared on this side of the line, have been much exaggerated, as his observation is that the timber and the condition of the forests is not nearly so good as has been asserted. Without any authorized report of the statement made or knowledge of opportunities for observation upon which it is based it is impossible to form a judgment as to how far this criticism is correct. Mr. Cary is a man of experience in timber matters and for years has made the forest a special study, so that anything he may say on the subject is worthy of attention.

As to the criticism of Canadian estimates, however, it may be pointed out that there are estimates and estimates, and undoubtedly some of them are overdrawn. As a rule, however, those issued in any official way are carefully made and while an estimate in regard to an immense country like Canada must always leave large margins of error in the present incomplete state of our knowledge, there are still large tracts of splendid forests in the Dominion and the more careful estimates will not be found to be so very far wide of the mark, even though some districts may not come up to the expectations that were formed of them. It is well, however, to emphasize the fact that an experienced forester, a practical man of business, for such Mr. Cary is, having managed the pulpwood limits of the Berlin Mills Company of Brunswick, Maine, for some years, should find ground for criticism of the condition and management of Canadian timber lands.

.The question has been often asked, whether it is possible to introduce any substance into the body of a tree or plant which will destroy insect or other parasites, but any attempts made with that object have been generally and usually justifiably discredited. The Forestry Quarterly, however, gives a review of some experimental work, which has been done by a Russian entomologist to determine the feasibility of some such mode of combatting the attacks of insects. The first point to be settled was the proper method to introduce the foreign substance, so that it might be carried throughout the whole body of the tree. Previous experiments in which crosswise, holes were cut in trees showed that a colored liquid introduced into such holes would rise to the top, but only in a distinct line in the shape of the cross formed by the holes and that it did not descend to the roots. But by cutting the holes under the surface of the liquid to be introduced it was found that it would pass through all the tissues of the tree. When the holes were cut in air the air filled the cut cells and, as it were, plugged them, although later the liquid was drawn upward by the transpiration force. The other question to be solved is as to the materials that may be injected into the tree to destroy the parasites with out injury to the tree. The experiments are not yet sufficiently advanced to determine this, but it is known that plant cells will absorb poisonous substances and in weak solution no injury to the tree might result. It is known that some fungi cannot develop in the presence of even traces of salts of copper, others, in the presence of green vitriol. The final issue of this experimental work will be awaited with much interest.

Trout fishing in the well fished streams of the old country is considerably more difficult than in most of our Canadian waters, and the reward in mere weight of fish is of course insignificant as compared with the rewards obtained by Canadian anglers—but, even so, it is a noble sport and a satisfying one. The Englishman is very thoroughgoing and never more in earnest than when he takes his pleasure, not

sadly, as the witty Frenchman said, but carefully, deliberately and attending with infinite pains to the minutiae of his art. From the days of Walton the masters of the craft have hailed from the British Isles, and English text books are yet the best, though wisdom must be used in adapting their directions of our fishing.

One of the latest, and a capital one, too, is "Trout Fishing" by W. Earl Hodgson, published by Messrs. Black, Soho Square, London. An admirable feature of this book is a colored supplement of artificial flies, of which the author says: "Although, if I be not mistaken, the book of flies now presented is the first of its kind, pictures of flies, arranged for other purposes, are not uncommon; but much more difficulty, I am informed, has been found in the attempts to reproduce the colors exactly. Within recent months, happily, there has been much progress in the methods of reproducing colored pictures; and I am confident that the effort in this volume will be found successful." This claim is certainly justified, and the colored plates of flies will be most useful to Canadian anglers. Many of these flies are as useful in Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia as in the British Isles, though many of our best "fancy" flies do not seem to have found favor as yet across the Atlantic. The price of the book is seven shillings and sixpence.

The prospector is the advance Herald of civilization, and few of us realize how much this Canada of ours owes to the plucky, enterprising men who are exploring the uttermost nooks and crannies of our western ranges.

F. B. Hussey of Pittsburg, Penn., is already well-known throughout the Canadian Park, having been in this part several times for the purpose of hunting, says the "Crag and Canyon" of Banff, Alberta:—He has just returned from a bear hunt with Jas. Brewster of this place, and C. P.

Blue Book on Arms and Ammunition is the title of Caverhill, Learmont & Co.'s 1904 book showing a full line of guns, rifles, and other sporting goods.

Price, of Golden, with a bag of four black bear, two grizzlies, and one cinnamon. The party started from Golden about a month ago down the Columbia River, and through the Big Bend Country. Wonderful sport was afforded the entire trip. They saw, in all, some twenty-five bear and in some cases where the bear was only wounded the first fire, they narrowly escaped a hand to hand fight with bruno. One large silver tip in particular proved the true fighting character of the grizzly of the Rockies. A shot from Mr. Hussey's Express rifle broke her front leg at which the bear rose on her hind legs looking for the cause of her pain. The boys were behind a sandbank about eighty yards away, and it was some minutes before the huge grizzly saw them, but during those few minutes, trees, stumps, roots and gravel flew in all directions as anything in her path she tore to pieces in her anger and pain. It was not until she was within twenty yards of the hunters that she was brought down with the fifth bullet, one through her head, two through her shoulders and neck and one through her heart. She proved to be a tremendous brute in size but owing to a mange of some sort her pelt was of no use. Her skull, however, will be one of Mr. Hussey's trophies of the Canadian Rockies.

The following extract from the report of the Minister of Finance of the Russian Empire on the Trans-Siberian Railway which shows that the same difficulties exist there as in Canada is given in the Revue des Eaux et Forets for February.

It is absolutely necessary to make a more complete, study of the taiga (swamp forests) and to determine the extent of land which may serve for the immediate settlement of the immigrants, or which it will be necessary to prepare for that purpose, whether by the labor of the immigrants themselves or at the expense of the state, and when that question is considered it will be necessary to give special attention to forest economy, the present condition of which menaces Siberia with great future perils. Nearly everywhere the forests are either entirely destroyed or devastated by the local population so as to become valueless. The lack of supervision on the one hand and on the other the increase of the price of forest products as a result of the building of the railroad and the development of steam navigation, are among the causes for the exhaustion of the forest riches of Siberia.

The chief scourge of the forests in Siberia are the fires due principally to carelessness and each year immense stretches of the most beautiful pine forests are devastated by fire. In the district of Altai, that granary of Siberia, which has a brilliant future, every year sees the burning of tens of thousands of acres of forests, the result of which is the laying bare of the sands. In the district of Kurgan moving sands have already formed and are covering the cultivated fields. In the province of Tobolsk nothing more remains of the famous forest of Ikovo, which in the reign of John IV. was celebrated for its squirrels, but bare sands and small scat-As a consequence of this tered trees. wholesale destruction of the forest, the climate of Siberia is certainly changing for the worse and it is probable that that is the cause of the drought which has existed for two years in Altai.

From the preceding it is absolutely necessary to carry on the study of the taiga in line with the forestry organization of Siberia. It is necessary to distinguish between the forests which have a protective character or of which the preservation is a matter of special moment to the state and those which occupy tracts suitable to being gradually transformed into agricultural lots for immigrants.

John Fannin is dead and Canada has lost the best working naturalist she has yet been able to claim as her own home-made production. He reached a ripe old age and was one of the most beloved and respected old timers of British Columbia. The Colonist had this to say about him:

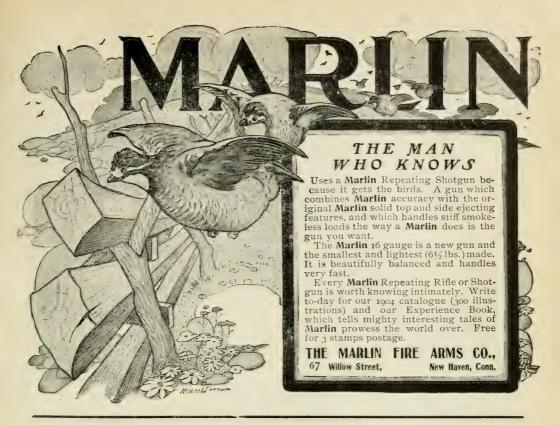
"Few men in British Columbia were more widely known than "Jack" Fannin. Crossing the plains from Eastern Canada in 1862, he plunged into the pioneer life of the province with its vicissitudes and its struggles with a cheery personality which soon won him the reputation of being one of the kindliest and most cheery souls in

the community. In common with all men at the period when he came to British Columbia, he followed mining with more or less success during "the Cariboo excitement," but soon found his natural bent in leading hunting parties in various portions of the province. In this he gained an experience which served him in good stead. when during the regime of the late John Robson's government he was appointed to the position of curator. This vocation suited him to a nicety, and to the intelligence and application which he brought to his task in the comparatively early days. British Columbia owes it that she has now so splendid a museum.

As a taxidermist and historian his talents were recognized all over the continent. He was paid innumerable compliments by high authorities for the specimens he had secured, and the skill and knowledge he had shown in their preparation for exhibition purposes. From an unpretentious nucleus of small birds, the museum grew under his supervision to its present magnificent proportions. Visiting representatives of New York museums and other noted institutions were loud in praise of his collection, asserting it was among the best of the kind they had ever seen. Notable amongst the types under his charge was the "Ovis Fanini," a specie of goat in a class by itself, known only to the Yukon country in the vicinity of Dawson, being given that name because of its discovery and classification by Mr. Fannin.

Deceased was born at Kemptville, Ont., on July 27, 1837. He was unmarried and has a brother and sister still living in the East. Accompanying him across the plains in 1862 were R. B. McMicking, J. A. Mara, John Bowron, G. T. Tunstall and many others now scattered over the province. The funeral will take place tomorrow."

A black bass weighing 6 lbs., 8 oz., 224 inches long and having a girth of 17 inches, was killed near Coboconk, Ont., by Mr. G. R. Symes, last month. He used a rod by Allcock, Laight & Westwood Company, Ltd., of Toronto



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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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HE objects of the CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION are:

The preservation of the forests for their influence on climate. fertility and water supply; the exploration of the public domain and the reservation for timber production of lands unsuited for agriculture; the promotion of judicious methods in dealing with forests and woodlands; re-afforestation where advisable; tree planting on the plains and on streets and highways; the collection and dissemination of information bearing on the forestry problem in general.

ROD AND GUN is the official organ of the Association, which supplies the articles relating to Forestry published therein.

This Association is engaged in a work of national importance in which every citizen of the Dominion has a direct interest. If you are not a member of the Association your membership is earnestly solicited.

The annual fee is \$1.00, and the Life Membership fee \$10.00.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary,

R. H. CAMPBELL.

OTTAWA, ONT.

Department of the Interior.

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada All communications for this department should be addressed to Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont

Ashdown Gun Club Annual Competition July 22

The annual competition of the Ashdown Gun club took place on July 22. This event has become one of unusual interest from the environment in which it has been placed. The shooting was done from a barge in tow of the steamer Alexandra, while sailing down the Red river, in the presence of a large crowd; who took advantage of the occasion.

The competition was inaugurated by a neat speech from Mr. J. R. Lindsay, who welcomed the visitors to the shoot, and explained the conditions under which it was to be conducted. Mr. Lindsay then called upon Mrs. G. A. Britton to pull the cord releasing the first pigeon, while Mr. Britton, who is president of the club fired the inaugural shot, which, by the way, killed the bird neatly.

The prize; a handsome cut glass vase, was presented to Mr. Lightcap by Mr. Lindsay, and the winner was informed that he had also won the proud title of champion of the Red river, Lake Winnipeg, and Hudson Bay.

A special consolation or booby prize for the gunner whose misses figured largest in the score, was provided by the club. This prize, a pretty little scent bottle, went to Mr. C. Lightly, who, out of the ten trys, killed one bird.

There were 29 entries for the shoot, scores in detail being as follows:

H. Soper 7, S. Tait 5, Dr. Dalgleish 4, P. Johnston 9, J. Turnbull 7, R. McKay 7, H. U. Lightcup 10, F. Yates 6, J. Reeves 7, S. McKinnon 7, W. Gates 5, H. Scott 7, R. Wright 4, D. Nimmons 8, C. Lightly 1, A. A. Britton 9, J. Peters 7, W.

Cranston 5, L. Burtch 6, O. F. Lightian 10, C. Sinclair 6, R. Tait 3, A. D. Jampbell 8, R. Rutley 3, R. W. Holland 5, W. H. Cross 8, J. A. Lindsay 8, J. B. Hampton 4, Mr. Sutton 7.

On the home journey the boat was cleared of guns and exploded cartridges and dancing was engaged in, music being provided by a string band.

The steamer reached her dock about 10.30 o'clock.



C. J. MITCHELL

We herewith show a cut of Mr. C. J. Mitchell, winner of the Labatt Trophy at the Springwood Gun Club tournament, held in London on June 16 and 17, a full report of which appeared in our July issue. Mr. Mitchell also won the championship medal at the Stratford tournament, described in this issue. Mr. Mitchell is certainly deserving of congratulations for the excellent showing he has already made this season. Big things are expected of him at the tournament at Brantford.

Tournament at Stratford, July 1 and 2

The shooting tournament under the auspices of Local Union No. 97, United Garment Workers of America, opened at Battershall's park, Stratford, Ont., on July 1st with a large attendance of shooters from Toronto, Toronto Junction, Brantford, London, Ailsa Craig, Ridgetown, Clinton, Stratford and elsewhere. From Toronto there were representatives from the National and Stanley Gun Clubs. The shooting was brisk, and for a windy day, the scores were good.

Ten events were pulled off, including that for the Garment Workers' trophy, a handsome cup valued at \$50, and the gold medal event, which carried with it the championship of America. The Brantford club won the trophy, breaking 99 out of a possible 125 birds. The Stanleys of Toronto were second with 92 and Clinton third with 85. The teams were composed as follows:

Brantford—Westbrook, Mitchell, Hacker, Barret, Graham.

Stanleys—Dey, Green, Pop, Wakefield, McGill.

Clinton—Doherty, Hovey, Dollie, Cantelon, Glover.

The gold medal event was the most closely contested event on the card. Some twenty of the best shooters entered and at the close of the first contest, J. Mitchell of Brantford and F. H. Conover of, Leamington, the popular representative of the Du Pont Powder Co., stood a tie at 46 birds each out of 50. The tie was shot off, both men scoring 23 out of 25. In deciding the tie Mitchell won by 24 to Conover's 22.

The other eight events of 20 birds each, money divided according to the Rose system, were finished as follows:—

Event No. 1.—20 birds—Scane, Ridgetown, 20; Hovey, Clinton, 18; Thompson, Toronto, 18; Dunk, Toronto, 18, Smith, Ailsa Craig, 17; Dollie, Clinton, 17; Graham, Brantford, 16; Wakefield, Toronto Junction, 16; Mahler, Ailsa Craig, 16; Doherty, Clinton, 16; Cantelon, Clinton, 15; Green, Toronto, 15.

Event No. 2.—20 birds—Green, Toronto, 19; Wakefield, Toronto Junction, 18; Smith Ailsa Craig, 18; Dollie, Clinton, 18; Thompson, Toronto, 17; Cantelon, Clinton, 17; Scane, Ridgetown, 17; Doherty, Clinton, 17; Graham, Brantford, 16; Hovey, Clinton, 16; Dunk, Toronto, 15; Baetz, Ridgetown, 15; Glover, Clinton, 15; Nicholson, Ridgetown, 15; Pop, Toronto, 15.

Event No. 3.—20 birds—Hacker, Brantford, 19; Thompson, Toronto, 18; Hartman, Clinton, 18; Dollie, Clinton, 18; Scane, Ridgetown, 18; Mitchell, Brantford, 18; Hovey, Clinton, 16; Green, Toronto, 16; Dunk, Toronto, 15; Smith, Ailsa Craig, 15; Mahler, Brantford, 15; McCall, Ridgetown, 15; Westbrook, Brantford, 15; Wakefield, Brantford, 14; Summerhays, Brantford, 14.

Event No. 4. —20 birds—Scane, Ridgetown, 19; McCall, Ridgetown, 19; Hacker, Brantford, 19; Westbrook, Brantford, 19; Cantelon, Clinton, 18; Hovey, Clinton, 18; Dunk, Toronto, 18; Wakefield, Toronto, Junction, 17; Barrett, Brantford, 17; Dollie, Clinton, 17; Green, Toronto, 17; Smith, Ailsa Craig, 16; Doherty, Clinton, 16; Glover, Clinton, 16; Thompson, Toronto, 15; McCall, Ridgetown, 15.

Event No. 5.—20 birds—Scane, Ridgetown, 19; Dunk, Loronto, 18; Green, Toronto, 18; Hacker, Brantford, 18; Mitchell, Brantford, 18; Westbrook, Brantford, 16; McGill, Toronto, 15; Smith, Ailsa Craig, 15; Hovey, Clinton, 15; Doherty, Clinton, 15; Cantelon, Clinton, 14; Dollie, Clinton, 14.

Event No. 6-20 birds—Green, Toronto, 20; Wakefield, Toronto Junction, 19; Scane, Ridgetown, 19; Dunk, Toronto, 18; Smith. Ailsa Craig, 17; Hacker, Brantford, 17; Westbrook, Brantford, 16.

Event No. 7—20 birds—Wakefield, Toronto Junction, 17; Westbrook, Brantford, 17; Mitchell, Brantford, 17; Dey, Toronto, 17; Scane, Ridgetown, 16; Cantelon, Clinton, 16; Hacker, Brantford, 16.

Event No. 8—20 birds—Mitchell, Brantford, 19; Smith, Ailsa Craig, 18; Cantelon, Clinton, 18; Hacker, Brantford, 18; McGill, Toronto, 17; Westbrook, Brantford, 17.

The tournament was concluded on Saturday, July 2, when seven or eight interesting events were shot off. There was a large attendance of sportsmen—everyone a

sportsman, genial fellows all—and the prizes were worth competition. This, however, was the first tournament held in Stratford on such an extensive scale and all the arrangements were made by one man, Mr. J. J. B. Meyers, president of the local Garment Workers' Union, who neither asked nor received the help, so far as preparations were concerned, of the local gun club, the latter organization feeling that the "shoot" was purely something which the Union had charge of. To say that everything passed off without a hitch would not represent the state of affairs exactly,

club third. There was keen competition, too, for the merchandise events, it being necessary to shoot off several ties to decide the winners. A couple of "jack rabbit" shoots proved interesting. In these events each man who broke two out of fifteen birds was entitled to a percentage of the purse. There were therefore more entries and the sport was keener.

Team Event-50 Birds.

Brantford, represented by Messrs. Westbrook and Mitchell; Westbrooke 38, Mitchell 45: 83.



"The Dupont Squad which shot through the entire program of the Grand American Handicap. Reading from left to right, Victor Dupont, 3d; Eugene DuPont; Victor Dupont, Jr.; Alexis DuPont; Eugene E. Dupont"

but the tournament showed what success could be obtained if the gun club of which Mr. Meyers is a member, took charge of matters, say next May 24th. The work would then be distributed over a number of shoulders and the result should be excellent sport.

The most coveted trophy of the second day was the prize presented by the city of Stratford. This was hung up for team competition, two men forming a team. The skilful Brantford team again carried off the honors. The Stanleys of Toronto were second, and a team from the Stratford

Stanleys, Toronto, represented by Messrs. McGill and Thompson; McGill 42, Thompson 40; total, 82.

Stratford, represented by Messrs. Turnbull and Meyers; Turnbull 41, Meyers 35; total 76.

Clinton, represented by Messrs. Doherty and Dollie; Doherty 28, Dollie 34; total 62.

Mixed team, represented by Messrs. Dey, Toronto, and Hay, Stratford; Dey 35, Hay 31; total 66.

MacLaren Cup—20 Birds. This trophy was presented by A. F. MacLaren, M.P., to be competed for by gun clubs resident within Perth county and is to remain in competition continually. Aspirants may challenge the holders after a period of a month or two weeks, as will afterwards be decided upon by a committee of management. Three teams competed on Saturday with the following results:

Team No. 1.—Turnbull and Rutherford, total 31 birds out of possible 40.

Team No. 2.—Hay and Meyers, 29 birds. Team No. 3.—Murphy and Fisher, 26 birds.

The trophy is now held by Messrs. Turnbull and Rutherford.

Merchandise Event-30 birds.

Some twenty men entered in this event, each shooting at 30 birds with the following result; Mahler, Ailsa Craig, 27; Westbrook, Brantford, 27; Scane, Ridgetown, 27; Hacker, Brantford, 26, Conover, Leamington, 26; Mitchell, Brantford, 25; Thompson, Toronto, 25; Smith, Ailsa Craig, 25; Dollie, Clinton, 25; Dey, Toronto, 25; Dunk, Toronto, 25; McGill, Toronto, 24; Pop, Toronto, 19; Meyers, Stratford, 19; Turnbull, Stratford, 19; Barrett, Guelph, 17; Doherty, Clinton, 17; Hay, Stratford, 17; Thorold, Ridgetown, 16; Grange, Toronto, 16.

It was necessary to shoot off for the prizes, three standing a tie for first place. The result of the "shoot-off" placed the competitors in this order: Westbrooke 1, Scane 2, Mahler 3, Hacker 4. The prizes were: 1st, a gold watch, presented by J. P. Mabee, K.C.; 2nd, a prize by the Stratford Clothing Co.; 3rd, a silver pen presented by Mr. N. F. Babb; 4th, a pair of gold cuff links by Mr. T. Gillespie of the Windsor Hotel.

Event No. 3-15 Birds

This was called a "jack-rabbit" shoot. In it each man breaking at least two birds was entitled to a percentage of the prize money. Fifteen birds were shot at and the result was as follows: Scane 14. Mitchell. Dunk, Hacker, 13 each; Conover, Mahler, Smith, Thompson, 12 each; Westbrooke, McGill, Dollie, 11 each; Meyers, Doherty, Hay 10 each.

Event No. 4-15 Birds

This event was like the previous one. Following was the score: Dunk, 14, Meyers 13, Mahler, Mitchell, Dollie, 12 each; Con

over, Hacker, 11 each; Smith, McGill, 10 each; Doherty, 9; Westbrooke, 6.

Event No. 5-20 Birds.

This was a regular 20-bird shoot, the money being divided according to the Rose system, by which each score represented a certain percentage, and the moneys were divided accordingly. The result follows: Westbrooke, Doersam, 18 each; Scane, Hacker 17; Mahler, Thompson, 16 each; McGill, Doherty, Pop, 15 each; Mitchell, Dollie, Dunk 14 each; Smith, Conover, Barrett, 11 each.

Event Eo. 6-20 Birds.

This event was of the same kind as the previous one and was finished in this order: Dunk, Conover, Mahler, Mitchell and Doherty, 18 each; Westbrooke 17; Scane, McGill, 16 each Smith, Thompson, 15 each; Dollie, Hacker, 14 each; Boersam, Barrett, Pop, 13 each.

Mr. Scane of Ridgetown won the prize of \$10 for the best average of the two days' shooting, making a percentage of considerably over 80.

Mr. Smith of Ailsa Craig won a year's subscription to "Recreation", which was offered as a special prize. He broke tenbirds out of a possible ten.

The excellent work of Mr. Chas. Logan of Toronto, financier of the tournament, was a credit to that gentleman. He was at all times master of the situation and preserved an even temperament, which at times was not easy. Much credit is due him for the smooth running of the various events. He was ably assisted by Mr. A. Dey.

The Garment Workers' trophy, the chief prize of the tournament, was said by the competitors to have been one of the best of the kind they had ever seen, and on every hand remarks of a complimentary nature were passed about the excellent value of all the other prizes.

The referces, Messrs. Buchanan and Brown, did their work with fairness and all contestants were satisfied.

BRANDON GUN CLUB.

Brandon, July 16.—The regular weekly shoot of the Brandon gun club was held last evening. The evening was cool and very windy, thus hampering good shooting, nevertheless, very good scores were made.

The following are the scores for buttons: J. Smith, gold, 20; R. Dowling, silver, 20; J. Higginbotham, bronze, 19; W. Hooper 17, R. Lane 16, Mrs. Waddell 16, M. Farewell 14, W. Williamson 13.

HYDE PARK CLUB, LONDON, ONT.

The regular shoot of the Hyde Park Gun Club held on Wednesday, July 20, resulted as follows:

10 bird shoot—H. Prince 3, Thos. Lewis 5, R. S. Rockett 0, James Fowler 6, K. Routledge 5, J. H. Stewart 8, S. Lewis 5.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC TRAP-SHOOTER.

To Mr. J.J.B. Myers of Stratford is due a large measure of credit for the success of the tournament that took place at Stratford under the auspices of the United Gar-



J. J. B. MYERS

ment Workers of America, on July 1st and 2nd. Those who attended the tournament all expressed their hearty appreciation of Mr. Myers' good work in connection therewith. We have pleasure in publishing Mr. Myers' photograph.

WINNIPEG CLUB SCORES.

The scores at the semi-weekly shoot of the Winnipeg gun club held on June 29th were as follows:

J. Lemon (gold) 23, H. Lightcap (silver) 23, W. Sutton (bronze) 22, R. J. McKay 22, J. H. Thompson 16, G. Andrew 17, C. Wellband 16, F. T. Cadham 14, R. J. Whitla 14.

B. class—C. Burtch (gold) 14, O. Light-cap (silver) 9, L. Fuller (bronze) 8.

Visitors—D. Bain 23, Dr. Bell 15 and A. Britton 20.

SPRINGWOOD CLUB MONTHLY SHOOT.

The monthly shoot of the Springwood

Gun Club was held on July 6th afternoon. Two events were shot for, the silver spoons and the President's buttons, both events being won by Mr. B. Glover.

In the first event, the scores were as follows:—Tillman 22, Redpath 14, Brock 16, Nicholson 16, Robinson 20, Bryce 22, Glover 24, Parker 19, Balkwell 15, Stone 11, Hughes 18, Reid 21, Webb 19, Nevills 20. In the secind event, the scores were: Glover 23, Tillman 21, Reid 21, Parker 19, Nicholson 18, Redpath 14.

TORONTO JUNCTION GUN CLUB SHOOT—JUNE 29.

The sixth shoot of the summer series of the Toronto Junction Gun Club was held on the Keele street grounds on June 29. The weather was favorable and some good scores made by a representative attendance of members.

Mr. Chas. Turp won the Class A Cup with a straight score of 25 birds, including his handicap. The Class B. Cup was captured by W. J. Sheppard, who had a handicap of seven birds. Following are the scores, with handicaps, at 25 birds each: C. Turp (2) 25, P. Wakefield (scratch) 23, J. H. Thompson (scratch) 23, G. W. McGill (scratch) 22, D. C. Walton (3) 21, H. Deye (3) 20, W. R. Wakefield (4) 19, J. Patterson (4) 19, C. Burgess (scratch) 19, D. J. Taylor (3) 18, W. J. Sheppard (7) 18, P. Ellis (6) 16, J. Hardy (4) 15, T. B. Jones (1) 12, J. G. Wright (7)12, R. Harper (2) 14, A. Sprowl (scratch) 14.

FORT GARRY GUN CLUB.

On June 30 the third shoot of the season between the Fort Garrys and the Winnipegs was shot off at the traps of the former club. The birds were difficult at times, but the weather conditions were very favorable. The first two shots were

16th Annual Dog Show

in connection with the

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W. K. McNaught, President. John G. Kent, Chairman. J. O. Orr, Mgr. & Sec.

The World Renowned Black Watch Band In Attendance Daily.

won by Winnipegs, but the Garrys turned the tables last evening, winning out by 192 to 169. There was a large number of spectators, and the match was a most enjoyable one. The teams were:—

Garrys—F. G. Simpson 23, W. Alder 17, J. McL. Holiday 17, G. A. Britton 16, P. Johnson 14, J. P. Turner 20, H. B. Totter 23, Dr. Bell 19, J. W. Scott 23, J. C. G. Armytage 20. Total 192.

Winnipeg—R. J. McKay 18, W. Sutton 15, H. U. Lightcap 20, Geo Andrew 11, J. H. Thompson 12, J. Lemon 23, C. Dodd 13, C. Bursh 21, O. F. Lightcap 17, R. J. Whitla 19, Total 169.

STANLEY CLUB SHOOT .

A special meeting of the Stanley Gun Club was held on June 23rd to arrange a series of shoots during the summer. It was decided to hold a shoot each week at 25 targets per man, handicap from 16 to 22 yards, for which a sterling silver spoon would be given to the one making the highest score, and to the one making a straight score, an extra spoon would be given. The first of the series was held on June 25, but owing to the short notice, there was a small attendance. The following is a summary of scores:—

10 targets—Thompson 8, Dunk 7, Hirons 7, Hooey 5.

10 targets—Thompson 9, Dey 9, Dunk 7, Hooev 6.

10 targets—Dunk 9, Thompson 9, Hirons 7, Mason 6, Hoaey 6.

Spoon shoot—25 targets—Dey 25, Thompson 23, Dunk 19, Mason 19, Hirons 16.

10 targets—Dunk 9, Thompson 8, Mason 7, Hirons 6.

Sweep—10 targets—gun below the elbow—Dunk 8, Thompson 8, Dey 8, Hirons 6, Mason 5.

Sweep-10 targets, gun down-Thompson 9, Dey 8, Dunk 7, Hooey 5.

MERCHANTS' GUN CLUB.

The Merchants' Gun club held an open shoot on Saturday afternoon, July 9, over their traps at the Beach, and some very good scores were made. Dr. Groves, T. Upton, H. Horning and W. P. Thomson tied for the high average, with 40 out of 45. In the Merchandise shoot, Groves and Thomson tied with 19 out of 20, and

Groves won in the shoot off. The following are the scores:

15 birds—Groves 13, Upton 13, Horning 14, Thomson 13, Hunt 10, Cline 9, "49" 14, "44" 10, Hogan 12, Ben It 9, George 5,

10 birds—Groves 8, Upton 10, Horning 9, Thomson 8, Hunt 10, Cline 9, "49" 9, "44" 10, Hogan 8, Ben It 5, George 6, Hodgson 6.

20 birds—Merchandise—Groves 19, Upton 17, Horning 17, Thomson 19, Hunt 18, Cline 18, "49" 13, "44" 14, Hogan 12, Ben It 13, George 12, Dynes, H. 15, Hodgson 13.

MERCHANTS GUN CLUB, HAMILTON.

At the Merchants Gun Club traps at Dynes' beach on July 2, an open merchandise shoot was held, and some very good scores were made. The members of the Hamilton Gun Club were the guests of the club, and a large number of spectators were present. The following were the scores in the various events, which were ten birds each:—

Horning 9, 8, 8, 10, 9, 8, 9.
Thompson 10, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9.
Upton 8, 8, 7, 9, 9, 8, 9.
Hunt 7, 5, 10, 6, 9, 8, 7.
Jarvis 7, 6, 8, 8, 6, 7, 9
Dunham 5, 9, 7, 8, 7, 5, 7.
Dynes 7, 8, 6, 7, 8.
Fitch 7, 10, 8, 8, 6, 9.
Coffin 5, 6, 6, 5, 7, 1.
Brigger 8, 9.
Green 8, 6, 8, 7.
Palmer 9.
McLean 10, 7, 9, 6.
Crawford 4, 6.

SHERBROOKE GUN CLUB.

Dominion Day Tournament.

One of the most successful tournaments in the history of the Sherbrooke gun club took place on Dominion Day. The weather was all that could be desired and each event came off without a hitch. The Mogar traps were used for the main events. Mr. Cameron of the Winchester Arms Co., and Mr. White of the DuPont Powder Co., were present. Mr. Bray captured the silver table spoon, being the high prize for the high gun of the day, making a score of 168 out of 180. Shooters were present from Ottawa, Quebec, and Derby Line. The

club is indebted to the following for prizes donated for the merchandise events: Sun Life Insurance Company, A. C. Skinner, G. A. Wiggett, J. S. Mitchell & Co., Kerr & Foss, J. Rosenbloom, O. E. Kinsead & Co, W. R. Webster & Co., Edwards Furniture Co., J. H. Codere, J. O. Duncan, Gendon Denault Co., L. A. Codere, Sherbrooke Cigar Co., Daily Record, Modern Bedstead Company, Dressault & Co., and Codere, Sons & Co.

The high average expert prize was won by Mr. White, making 160 out of 180. There were twelve events, No. 1 being at 10 targets, No. 2 at 15, No. 3 at 20, No. 4 at 15, No. 5 at 20, No.6at15, No. 7 at 20, No. 8 at 15, No. 9 at 20, No. 10 at 15, No. 11 at 20 and No. 12 at 15. The scores were as follows:—

F. A. Heney, Nos. (1) 5, (2) 12, (3) 17, (4) 13, (5) 18, (6) 9, (7) 17, (8) 13, (10) 14, (11) 17, (12) 13.

McDuff, Nos. (1) 8, (2) 11, (3) 19, (4) 15, (5) 18, (6) 15, (7) 19, (8) 13, (9) 20, (10) 15, (11) 19, (12) 13.

L. H. Hamilton, Nos. (1) 7, (2) 10, (3) 18, (4) 12, (6) 12, (7) 17, (8) 9, (10) 14, (11) 15, (12) 13.

C. G. Thompson, Nos. (1) 9, (2) 15, (3) 19, (4) 12, (5) 16, (6) 12, (7) 17, (8) 13, (9) 18, (10) 12, (11) 15, (12) 13.

S. Kamstead, Nos. (1) 8, (2) 6, (3) 12, (4) 9, (5) 11, (6) 10, (7) 12, (10) 12.

White, events Nos. (1) 10, (2) 13, (3) 18, (4) 15, (5) 17, (6) 10, (7) 18, (8) 14, (10) 14, (11) 17, (12) 14.

T. M. Craig, Nos. (1) 9, (2) 13, (3) 16, (4) 13, (5) 16, (6) 13, (7) 16, (8) 14, (9) 19, (10) 13, (11) 20, (12) 15.

"Redman", Nos. (1) 10, (2) 10, (3) 17, (4) 14, (5) 18, (6) 14, (7) 14, (8) 14, (9) 15, (10) 13, (11) 19, (12) 13.

J. Dumont, Nos. (1) 9, (2) 13, (3) 17, (4) 13, (5) 15, (6) 14, (7) 14, (8) 13, (9)

16, (10) 14, (11) 19, (12) 13.

J. Laudriault, Nos. (1) 8, (2) 10, (3) 17, (4) 13, (5) 17, (6) 14, (7) 19, (8) 14, (9) 16, (10) 13, (11) 19, (12) 14.

J. K. Boswell, Nos. (1) 6, (2) 9, (3) 16, (4) 11, (6) 11, (7) 12, (10) 7.

R. O. Montambault, Nos. (1) 4, (2) 4, (4) 10, (6) 11, (7) 12, (10) 11.

E. N. Pepin, Nos. (1) 5, (2) 13, (5) 14, (4) 13, (5) 19, (6) 9, (7) 16, (10) 10, (12) 11.

N. Candlish, Nos. (1) 6, (2) 12, (3) 17,

(4) 12, (5) 16, (6) 13, (7) 17, (8) 10, (9) 16.

P. Bishop, Nos. (1). 4, (2) 5, (4) 8.

W. Galbraith, Nos. (1) 8, (2) 9, (3) 17, (4) 14, (6) 11, (7) 17, (10) 13, (12) 13.

N. G. Bray, Nos. (1) 9, (2) 15, (3) 19, (4) 14, (5) 19, (6) 13, (7) 20, (8) 15, (9) 19, (10) 14, (11) 18, (12) 12.

J. B. Goodhue, Nos. (1) 10, (2) 11, (3) 16, (4) 12, (5) 18, (6) 12 (7) 18, (8) 8, (9) 16, (10) 12, (11) 16, (12) 13.

"Grindstone", Nos. (1) 9, (2) 7, (3) 15, (4) 14, (5) 16, (6) 12,

H. G. Ballard, Nos. (1) 6, (4) 9, (5) 9,

(7) 10, (8) 6, (11) 8, (12) 12. C. H. Clark, Nos. (4) 12, (6) 11, (7) 17, (10) 9, (11) 15.

High average, (expert)—White (180) 160. High average, amateur, Bray (180) 168.

WOODSTOCK GUN CLUB. July 14.

The gun club had a very successful shoot vesterday afternoon and evening. Some of the highest scores of the season were made. The events were as follows:—

Five bird shoot—Ratz 3, Thompson 2, Hartley 2, Willis 5, Walters 5.

Five bird event—Thompson 3, Hartley 5, Scott 4, McIntosh 2, Ratz 1.

10 bird event—Dr. Brind 8, Dr. Welford 5, Dawson 6, Thompson 8, Pyne 5.

10 bird event—Simonds 6, Walters 7, Ratz 6, Hartley 7, Scott 5.

10 bird event—Dr. Welford 5, Pyne 4, Dawson 8, Brind 7, Thompson 8.

10 bird event—Simonds 2, Hartley-5, Willis 4, Ratz 3, McIntosh 3.

10 bird event—Pyne 5, Dr. Welford 7, Dr. Brind 7, Scott 5, Thompson 7.

10 bird event—Hartley 7, Dawson 9, Walters 6, Dr. Brind 4, Whitney 4.

10 bird event—Pyne 8, Dr. Welford 10, Thompson 9, Simonds 4, Walters 7.

Jatk Rabbit, 5 bird event—Dr. Welford 3, Walters 2, Pyne 4, Simonds 2, Dawson 3

10 bird event (doubles)—Dr. Welf•rd 8, Walters 8, Pyne 7, Simonds 9, Dawson 9, Thompson 7.

Evening Shoot.

10 bird event—Dawes 8, Bonnett 4, Lane 5, McIntosh 7, Maynard 8.

Jack Rabbit, 5 bird event—Dr. Welford Bonnett 8, Lane 4, McIntosh 9, Maynard

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TIMISKAMING Moose, deer, bear, wildfowl, ruffed grouse, pike and dore.

TIMAGAMING Moose, deer, bear, caribou, ruffed grouse, duck, lake trout, trout, black bass, pike and dore.

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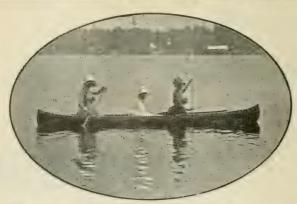
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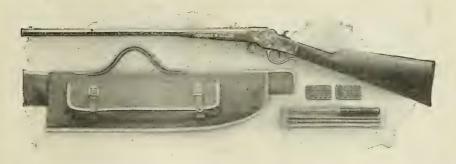
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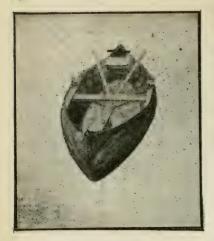
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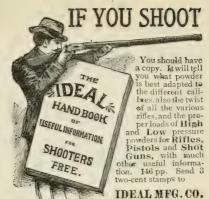


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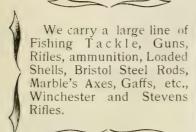
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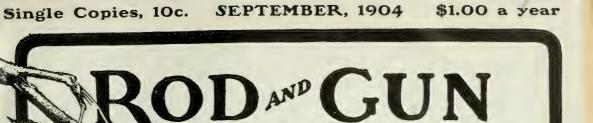
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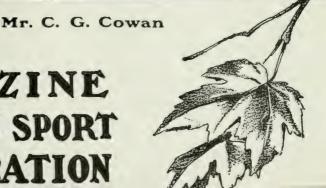
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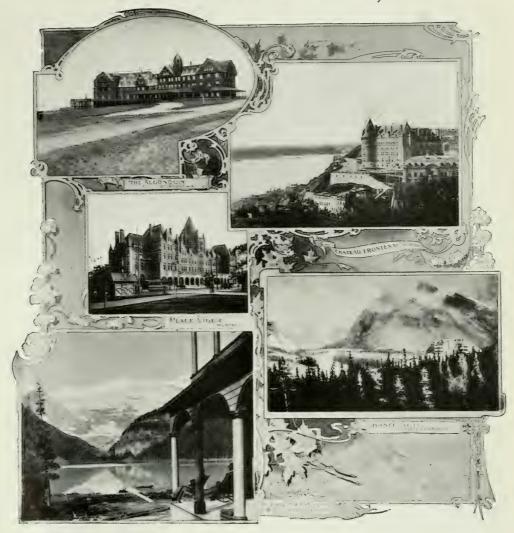
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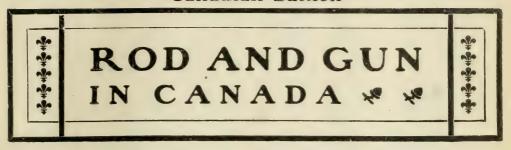
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VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1904

No. 4

Glacier and Grizzlies

By C. G. COWAN.

Some time ago I was encamped with two Indians and their families on the Great Divide of the Rocky Mountains. three hundred miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and at the source of two rivers, the Smokey and the south branch of the North Fork of the Fraser. The former eventually emptied its waters into the Atlantic, whilst the latter took its way to the Pacific. Between the rise of these two rivers there was a glacier of unusual size and appearance. For years I had heard of it from the Indians, tales were told of Indians that had gone to visit this " Mountain of snow and ice" and had failed to return. The natives now with me spoke of four grizzlies that made their home in this glacier; they had met them the year previous and called them the "Glacier family." They had as I afterwards found out, been within close range of these bears, and though they carried modern weapons at the time feared to discharge them at animals so formidable and "canny." Perhaps they thought of the Indian that never returned. At all events I could see they were not keen on remaining in this vicinity any longer than necessary. With me it was different. I had heard too much about this wonderful family of grizzlies to leave this valley without spending a few days in the endeavor to find them, and if possible "bag" at least one of the family. I commenced operations by killing two

caribou at different places. These animals were to act as bait. Four days after the death of the caribou I was crossing a small mud-flat, and saw the tracks of three bears. One was a full-grown animal, the others were apparently her cubs of last year. The tracks were so fresh I could not leave them. They took me out of the valley, high up on the ridge and over a steep knoll into another flat, where a small creek trickled through a thick cover of red willow, filled with ptarmigan, which rose with such a birr, as to fill me with a kind of trepidation as if I were in the very presence of the "Glacier family." A moment convinced me of my mistake and I returned to camp, keener than ever to become further acquainted with the mysterious Bruin family. Next day two of us visited the dead caribou. A wolverine and a woll had eaten of the meat the night before. As yet no bears had touched it, perhaps it was hardly decomposed enough. Day after day passed. Early and late I was on the mountain sides amongst the berries and wild potato patches, hoping to förestall this family at their morning meal, but with out success. One thing was certain, they were in the neighborhood still, as tracks confronted as wherever we went. It was evident they "made their rounds" only at night. We decided to imitate them in that respect. One evening just as I was getting ready to visit the carcass of the

caribou, my Indian told me he had seen four bears cross the bottom of the glacier. It was but a short distance from our tepee to where they had disappeared from view. We hurried to the spot, peeped over the sky-line and saw about a hundred yards below us, the old bear, the head of I had with me a 45.90 Winthe family. chester and was using soft nosed bullets and smokeless powder. The first shot struck him behind the shoulder, so he let us know, by tearing at the spot with his arm. I fired again and again, when came down on the ice, roaring loudly, as he fell. Here he would have lain until the end came, but for the slope and the slippery ice, which took him a hundred yards or more at a furious rate, when he fell at last over a perpendicular drop of sixty feet, where we found him stone dead. The skin was very light in color, and measured ten feet without any stretching. His upper teeth were all gone and his age might be not less than that of the glacier he died on. Having disturbed Mrs. Bruin, I was afraid she might change her home and cross over to the next range of mountains, and prepare there a new habitat for herself and family, but with grizzlies that frequent glaciers, it is not usual to change their quarters; they love the old place, and even if they do leave for a time, they often wander back, like a disturbed hare to her fawn, preferring as it were to be shot at, and it may be, wounded again, rather than abandon the old and familiar haunts. was so in this case, for days later we again ran across Mother Bruin and her cubs. Our nights were spent beside the dead carihou, which had now become really high and palatable to the grizzly. The third evening after I had killed the old bear I was sitting within twenty-five yards of the bait, anxiously listening and watching for sound or movement. The sun had gone down some time before, dulling the brilliant effect, which it had given to the glacier before me. Except for the trickling of a small creek not a sound was to be heard. The moon rose at its full and shone brightly on the snow capped mountains which looked coldly white in the distance. The solitary and melancholy grandeur of the scenery round me was beyond description. Suddenly my Indian poked me and at the same time I heard a gentle rustling in the bushes to my left front. It came on towards me. Could it be the remainder of the "Glacier family"? What luck if it was! Whether it bore relation or not to the trophy that now lay in my tepee, it was a bear, and grunted freely as it approached the carcass of the caribou. As it came more into the light of the moon I could see it was no black bear. It was a heavy set beast, with color like that of the silver tip. As it moved up to the bait, it's eyes glared hungrily and it growled savagely at the approach of another animal that I could not well make out in the dark, but later saw it was another bear. Then there came from the bush one more hungry mouth and all three fed ravenously from the dead caribou. My Indian was in such a state of excitement, I could feel him trembling beside me. I also had misgivings as to the ultimate issue of the scene before us. Here was the glacier family that I had remained three weeks in one camp, hunting day and night, to get a shot at. Here they were, all that was left of them, huddled together round the meat of my bait. Slowly we raised our rifles and almost simultaneously we fired at the old one. I thought she fell. We then fired at her young, who seemed utterly bewildered. One of them dropped, the other bolted into the bush. Then the old she rose, wriggled about until I fired again, and a third time, this giving her her quietus. Immediately out of the undergrowth and straight into the firing line walked the other animal that had bolted. My Indian seeing him first killed him instantly with the one shot, which I afterwards found broke the jugular vein.



The Boy Crusoe.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

(Concluded from the August Issue.)

"I know not how long I had been asleep when I was awakened by the most horrid sound I had ever heard. All was silent for a few moments and I sat up on my couch with hair erect and cold running up and down my back. I was straining my ears so intensely for that terrible noise to be repeated that I could actually hear my heart beat.

"Under the fear I then labored with, it was a relief to hear that mournful, blood-curdling sound repeated. I had heard a similar how! before from a husky dog at a Hudson's Bay Post I had visited with my father. My father had told me then that the husky dogs were part wolf, so this must be a wolf.

"As I thought this over, the howl was answered back on my beaver trap trail by another and another and yet others, and I realized that the fresh meat had drawn these savage brutes down on my camp, and I would in a few minutes be besieged by the band.

"I raked the embers together, and putting on some fresh pine knots, soon had a cheerful blaze, which helped to make me braver.

"The more I considered my situation, the less fear I had for my safety. Three sides of my hut were solid mountain, and the part I had built up was almost as strong.

"I had heard my father tell many wolf stories and I knew they could not climb. My door was stout and strongly fastened on the inside, so I calmly drew the charge of shot from my gun and rammed down a bullet in its place. I could hear the snarling of the brutes about the wood-pile, a few yards from the hut. I crept over to the door and peered out from a small slit I had purposely left as a look-out.

"The last quarter of the moon was just overhead and lit up the clearance. Two of the wolves were moving about in front, while I made out three others squatting on their haunches a little further back.

"I realized that unless I shot these sav-

age beasts I would never be safe away from the hut.

"Perceiving I had no time to lose, as once the moon got back of the mountain the valley would be in darkness, I pushed my gun carefully through the opening, sighted along the barrel and waited with my finger on the trigger till one of the moving wolves passed in front of one in the background, and at that instant I let go.

"One terrible howl went up and when the smoke cleared away I had the satisfaction of seeing both beasts jumping and rolling about on the snow. The other wolves seeing their friends acting so queerly pounced upon them and in a moment the whole five were mixed up in a tearing, fighting mob.

"I lost no time in reloading my gun and sending in another ball. One wolf only drew away after the shot and with the utmost speed I recharged and aiming steady for his beast, rolled him over dead.

"By this last one's manner he was just about to make off into the forest, where he would have been lost to me, and knowing he had escaped, would have always caused me alarm.

"The four appearing quite lifeless, I loaded my gun, made a fresh fire and turned in once more to sleep. When I awoke after a refreshing repose the sun was high up and a most glorious morning.

"Yes, not one wolf had escaped. The whole five lay where they had fallen. I took the skins off three and dragged the other two out on the ice, where they remained all winter."

Little Pierre got up off the log, said "Good-night" and retired to the men's tent.

The next day we got to Roberval, Lake St. John, and being high noon, the principal storekeeper of the village, Mr. Mener, asked my outfit and self to dinner before proceeding to the post at Pointe Bleue.

Mr. Mener was a man of about fiftyeight. He had come, in early life, to Lake St. John, to carve out a home, the whole of his possessions being, as he put it, "one extra shirt and an axe. Other settlers followed the road he had opened and this was the beginning of Roberval.

Mener, by years of hard work and shrewd business abilities, was now one of the very foremost men in the village, had the best store north of Chicoutimi, and money lent amongst the farmers at, maybe, a little higher rate of interest than is collectable by law.

I informed him of how we came by little Pierre and told him it was not clear to me what disposal I could make of the boy, who was now an orphan.

Mener reflected for a few moments, and while rubbing his nose with the index finger of his left hand, suddenly clapped his thigh with his right and said: "I have it.

"You leave the boy with me. My wife and I have no children. From what you have told me of the boy I like him, and further I like his looks."

"Well, if you will do that, Mr. Mener," I said, "the boy will have a good home. He is quick to take notice and no doubt will become of great assistance to you about the store. But how about Mrs. Mener. Perhaps you will consult her before I speak to Pierre."

"It is not necessary," he replied. "The fact is, we have been looking about us for several years, with the view of adopting a boy. The reason we have not taken one is because the boys that are suitable have too many relatives and we never could bring the boy up as we would wish. This boy, Pierre, however, will just fill our wants, and if you will see him and let me know how he takes the offer, why we can settle the affair off-hand."

I found little Pierre outside with the men, and drawing him to one side, explained to him Mr. Mener's offer and told him how fortunate he would be to have a good home and assurance of plenty. I further explained that I could do nothing more for him, now that he was amongst

The little fellow had sense enough to understand that to be adopted by Mr. Mener would be a good thing to happen and he said he was ready to stay and do all he rould to make himself useful.

This settled satisfactorily to both par-

ties, my men and I started for the last stage of our journey, to the post at Pointe Bleue. There I remained, the business on which I was sent taking up eleven days of my time.

This completed, I sent my men back overland to the St. Maurice, while I went down to Chicoutimi, and took steamer from thence to Montreal. I passed a few days in that city, rewriting my report, and when this was handed in to the office I received orders to proceed to Winnipeg for a new appointment.

I must retrogress this much to say, on my drive from Pointe Bleue to Chicoutimi, I called at Mener's passing and found Pierre happy and contented.

My new charge was Jasper House, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and there I remained for fourteen long years.

At the end of this time I was recalled to Winnipeg and ordered to proceed to Pointe Bleue Post.

Proceeding from Quebec to Roberval by the Lake St. John Railway, we arrived there towards evening and as we steamed slowly through the town I saw from the car window, a notice over the door of an up to date general store:

PIERRE BELLEMORE.

After supper, I strolled into the rotunda of the hotel and with some trepidation accepted the gentleman (with expansive shirt front and diamonds behind the desk.)

Did he know the proprietor of the general store on east side of railway track?

"Ah! yes, very worthy fellow for a French-Canadian."

"Old man, Mener, who is dead, adopted Pierre years ago. When he died left him everything, apart from an annuity to his widow. Doing well. Up-to-date and so forth."

With this information, I was confident that my boy Crusoe and Pierre Bellemore were one and the same. So lighting a cigar, I wandered down to the store to make myself known.

Entering, I saw a portly, well-built and good looking man leaning against a show case, with thumbs in the arm holes of his

vest and a broad smile of satisfaction overspreading his good-natured face.

Immediately, on the entrance of a supposed customer, he came forward to wait on me.

I simply stood and looked fixedly at him. As I had always been clean shaven the change in my appearance was not very great.

Pierre's eyes had a puzzled look in them for a moment and then with a glad cry of recognition he held out his hand and said:

"C'est possible! que c'est vous Monsieur Hunter?"

Lighting a candle, with trembling hands he shot the bolt in the shop door, turned off the acetylene gas and preceded me upstairs where he lived. He ushered me into the parlor, turned on all the gas jets there and called in a loud voice: "Marie! Marie!" In a few moments a bright, intelligent, good-looking little woman came in, whom he introduced as his wife.

The best in the house was brought out for my refreshment, and it was past eleven o'clock ere I stood before the hotel door and said "good-night" to Pierre.

During the couple of years I remained in charge of Pointe Bleue I often drove down from the Post and spent the evening with Pierre and his wife.

Why prolong the story, as far as human ken can see, Pierre is one of the substantial pillars of the growing town of Roberval.

He corresponds with me twice a year, upon the date on which I found him in the bush and upon New Year's day.

The former letter is always charged with an endless string of thanks, and the latter calls down all the blessings and good luck that any mortal could possibly desire.

Thus I conclude my story, leaving a strong, sober, honest and upright man, endowed with all worldly blessings, who was once "The Boy Crusoe."

Forest Areas Wasted."

The following report comes recently from Newfoundland: Severe forest fires raging in the interior at intervals for a month past have worked havoc with some of the finest forest areas we possess and these conflagrations have just culminated in the destruction of the lumber mill and settlement at Notre Dame Junction, together with the railway station and other buildings, the whole involving a loss of about sixty thousand dollars. The extent and gravity of these fires have caused greatest apprehension among lumber men and others interested in our forest areas as to what the future of our timber industry is to be, inasmuch as that these disasters are to continue the speedy extinction of that business is inevitable. Newfoundland stands differently in this respect, from its western neighbors. Every fisherman the island over exercises the right of unrestricted access to the woodlands for the purpose of cutting timber for fishery and other needs, and also

proceeds there when he wishes for trout or cariqou, camping near the streams and sometimes leaving camp-fires half extinguished to revive and destroy immense areas. Local and foreign sportsmen err in the same way and many other causes conspire to make these conflagrations more extensive and frequent than elsewhere. An experienced lumberman, who "cruised" over wide areas of our country last summer estimated that fifty million dollars worth of usable timber had been destroyed in our interior by forest fires, while the destruction wrought; this season must be immense. In all sections of the country these fires have been raging, and the lack of any rainfalls for nearly a month past has accentuated these adverse conditions, many settlements being threatened, and even St. John's itself endangered by one of the most recent outbreaks, which raged in the suburban areas and was quite visible to the citizens, so close to the town did it work its way.

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

Diminished Flow of the Rock River.*

This is the title of a bulletin recently issued by the Bureau of Forestry of the United States and gives the result of investigations made on the ground in consequence of an expressed desire on the part of citizens of the parts of Wisconsin and Illinois involved that the investigation of this question should be undertaken by the Bureau of Forestry. The local impression is that for some years past the Rock River has been decreasing in volume, or at least changing in the regularity of its flow. In summer the upper tributaries and smaller creeks have occasionally run dry. Should these changes continue, they would interfere with various industrial interests of the region. Numerous mills and other manufacturing plants in the towns along the river depend upon its water power. There are also dams and locks for slackwater navigation at the principal cities. A canal that extends across the State of Illinois from the lower end of the Rock River to the Illinois River draws upon the Rock River for a part of its water supply. Moreover, the agricultural interests of southeastern Wisconsin, including extensive cultivated and pasture lands situated among the numerous headwaters and smaller tributaries of the Rock River, rely to some extent upon these sources for sustained moisture in the soil, particularly during seasons of irregular or diminished rainfall. These various industries-manufactures, transportation, and agricultureare closely dependent upon a steady water supply, and therefore upon the forest, which is an agency of the first importance to this end.

The greatest length of the Rock River Basin in Wisconsin is 85 miles and its greatest breadth 65 miles. The area of the basin is 3,635 square miles, the surface is moderately hilly, the rise from the interior of the valley is gradual and usually the hilltops are not more than 100 feet above the intervening valleys, with an average slope of about three degrees. The low uneven topography has led to the formation of an intricate tributary system,

with numerous spring-fed lakes, which under ordinary circumstances furnish excellent means for an ample water supply.

The principal source of the water supply within the Rock River drainage basin is the precipitation, and the economy of its distribution depends largely upon the character of the surface on which it falls. The soil conditions vary on different parts of the watersheds, according to the exposure of the different layers of rock. On a foundation of Pre-Cambrian crystalline rock are overlaid sandstones and limestones of the Cambrian, Lower and Upper Silurian and Devonian series, superimposed which are the drift and morainic debris of glacial times. The glacial drift on the surface allows a very free percolation of the water. The sandstones underneath are also fairly pervious, while the limestones and shales offer no serious obstruction. The geologic conditions therefore may be said to be very favorable to a sustained and ample flow of the river.

This region at the time of its first settlement some sixty years ago was extensively covered with forests, which, like those now standing, were composed chiefly of hardwood species, including the bur, black, red and white oaks, basswood, hard maple, hickories, elms and ashes. swampy ground grew tamrack, white cedar, spruce, and willow. The total area of the forest at that period may be estimated conservatively at 75 per cent. Allowing 5 per cent. for water surface, this would leave 20 per cent. to be divided about equally between prairie land and the low, marshy meadows bordering the creeks and small streams.

Since the settlement of the region some marked changes in the soil cover have taken place. A large part of the forest has been removed and the land brought under cultivated. Most of the prairie lands have also been converted to agriculture, and many swamps and sloughs have been drained and tilled. A considerable part of the 10 per cent. of marsh land, however, still remains. The proportion of land types and

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canad'an Forestry Association.

water surface is estimated as follows:— Forest 30, cultivated land 57, swamps and uncultivated meadows 8, water surface 5.

Not only have the wooded areas diminished, but significant changes have taken place in the conditions of growth. Originally the forests contained a natural undergrowth of herbs, moss, tree seedlings, and shrubs, which preserved the moisture and aided in the formation of a rich, receptive mold. Some of the forests still retain this natural surface growth, but many of the farm woods have been given over to pasturage and have run to a dense matting of grass.

Since 1885 the rainfall for the district has slightly diminished, but in attempting to weigh the importance of this factor it should be remembered that the greatest fall from the average of 30.4 for any consecutive years was 3.3 inches. This does not appear to be a very serious loss considering the conservative tendency of the geology of the region.

The disturbance in the regulation of the water flow of the Rock River must be ascribed partly to the artificial drainage of cultivated areas, but chiefly to the changes that have taken place in the soil cover since the time of settlement. The custom of laving tiles and other drains and of cutting ditches to improve the condition of the fields prevails throughout this region and has resulted in a more rapid delivery of the rain water into the streams. Many of the swamps and sloughs that formerly helped to feed the smaller creeks and tributaries have likewise been drained to bring their rich soil under cultivation

The forest has an important influence on the distribution of water supply. Investigations carried on for a number of years in different parts of Europe have proved that the humidity within a forest is greater than over open ground, while the temperature is lower during the summer months, both within the forest itself and in its soil. These conditions as well as the protection afforded by the leafy canopy against the rays of the sun, materially retard evaporation. It should be remembered also, that the forest protects the soil from the drying action of the winds, which in open areas constantly absorb the moisture

from the surface. As evaporation increases very rapidly with an increase in the velocity of the wind, the opposition offered by the forest is a means of protection of the first importance.

A very instructive study of soil evaporation within and without the forest has been carried on at the experiment station connected with the national school of France. The results of 33 years of observation, recently published, are thus summarized:

It appears, therefore, that during the months of November, and April, for which complete data are available, the instrument situated on open ground has always lost about twice as much water as the one situated within the forest. . . . During the summer the difference is much more striking, owing to the presence of foliage, and varies considerably, being very decided as the temperature rises. The proportionate amounts evaporated outside and within the forest are as 3 to 1 in May, 5 to 1 in June, July and August, 4 to 1 in September, and 3 to 1 in October.

In winter and early spring the forest is useful in preserving the snow cover, which furnishes a considerable part of the water supply of the ensuing season. This preservative influence is less in deciduous forests than in such as are composed of evergreen species; nevertheless, the trunks branches of the trees and the dried foliage retained by oaks and several other species during a part of the winter protect the snow to a certain degree from the sun and wind. The leaf litter on the forest floor is also of some value, because snow that falls on it does not melt as readily as on bare soil. Scientific investigations have shown a decided difference in the preservation of snow on forested as compared with unforested areas, resulting in a more uniform and sustained flow of the streams where forests are present.

To appreciate the influence of a forest in all its aspects, the amount of moisture required for the growth of the forest itself should be taken into consideration; and the fact should also be noted that the crown cover of a forest intercepts some of the precipitation, which, therefore never reaches the soil. The loss occasioned by

the intervention of the crown cover, however, is not excessive, and may be offset in part by the effect that the saturated rolliage probably has in retarding evaporation from the soil.

The other element of loss, namely, the amount of water consumed and transpired by the trees, has been repeatedly investigated, but the subject is extremely comulicated. The consumption varies with the kind of soil and its physical condition, with the amount of the rainfall, with the condition of the atmosphere, and, in still greater measure, with the species of tree and character of forest. The figures resulting from these investigations consequently show very wide limits, and it still remains doubtful whether forests, as compared with field crops, require more water for their growth, or less.

A careful examination of local conditions shows that there are within reach feasible remedies which should at least mitigate the irregularity of water supply from which the community now suffers, and which can be secured without loss of productive power to the owners of agricultural land, but, on the contrary, with decided advantage to them. It is not proposed to turn good farm lands into woods, with the certain results of a net loss on the crop. But there is much land naturally better adapted for woodland than for agriculture. In many cases this now supports a sparse and inferior growth of timber, or none at all. A little care on the part of the owner would result in his having eventually a much more productive and valuable woodlot, and would at the same time help to equalize the stream flow, and so would benefit the whole region.

In most of the wood lots of Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois the forest is in bad shape. The leaf mold has been washed or burned away, or dried out by too much sunlight; the soil has become impoverished; the trees have had their vigor impaired by unfavorable conditions, or have begun to succumb to the attacks of insects and disease;; undergrowth and reproduction have been destroyed; the ground has been trampled hard by grazing animals; and the removal from time to time of the best timber, leaving its place to be filled up by inferior growth, has tended to a steady deterioration in the quality and make-up of the forest. These effects are the result of long-continued use of the forest with too little care of it. In consequence the private owner loses by the smaller yield of timber, and the community loses by the impairment of the water-holding capacity of the soil. woodland owners can be persuaded that it is a wise policy to restore normal forest conditions on their individual tracts for the sake of the resulting profit to themselves, a marked improvement in sustained stream-flow for the region should follow.

While expert advice is desirable, it is by no means necessary for the woodlot owner to consult a forester before he undertakes to improve his holding. Common sense and thoughtfulness in place of neglect will bring him a certain return. As soon as he has once awakened to the fact that wood is just as much a crop as hay, and that intelligent care will certainly bring a better yield and will increase the value of his property, the farmer will be in a fair way to become his own forester.

Conservation of Moisture in Soil.*

In the annual report of the work of the Experimental Farms for 1903 are given the results of observations on the conservation of moisture in orchard soils made by the chemist, Mr. Frank T. Shutt. The object of the experiments was to determine the

effect on the content of moisture in the soil which would result from different methods of treatment. The experiment was of course a local one, but the results are on the whole of general application. They have a special significance for those parts

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.



BY THE ATHABASKA.

The Cowan hunting party in camp.



ON THE DIVIDE.

Hunters camp in the Yellow Head Pass.



JASPER LAKE.

Mr. C. G. Cowan's pack train in the Yellow Head Pass.



CAMPING NEAR TIMBER LINE. Mr. C. G. Cowan's tepee pitched near a glacier.

of the West where the rainfall is light, and emphasize clearly the advantages of cultivation of the soil, whether in the growing of orchard or forest trees.

The observations at Ottawa were made during the months of March, April, May and June, and the time was particularly favorable for such work inasmuch as the rainfall for that period during 1903 was much below the average. The precipitation was in March 1.96 ins., in April 1.15, in May 0.24, and June 1st to 5th, none, a total of 3.35 ins., while the average for

five previous years for that period was 11.30 ins. The soil samples upon which the determinations were made were taken to a depth of 14 inches and consequently the percentages and amounts of water given in the following table are those present in the soil to that depth. The plots adjoin one another, the soil throughout the series is of a uniform character, a light, sandy loam, and the moisture content after the autumn rain of the previous season, as determined in November, 1902, when the winter set in, was practically identical for them all.

CONSERVATION OF SOIL MOISTURE.

Date of Collection.	Plot A. Cultivated 1902 and 1903.			In sod 190	lot B. 02 and 19	003.	Plot C. In sod 1902; Cultivated 1903.			
	Per cent.	Pound	ds per	Per cent.	Pounc	is per	l'er cent.	Pound		
1903		Tons.	Lbs.		Tons.	Lbs.		Tons.	Lbs.	
May 14th May 23rd June 5th	12.03 12.65	261 277 160	1218 89 1880	5·32 4·78 3·03	107 96 59	982 66 1552	11.85 6.5t 8.91	257 133 187	337 431 247	

At the date of the first examination, May 14th, the analysis showed the amount of moisture in the soil of Plot A. to be 12.03 per cent, about three per cent less than it was in the previous November. Much of this loss might have been prevented by earlier cultivation, the first harrowing and formation of the earth mulch being only two days before the collection of the sample for analysis, viz., May 12. Nevertheless, the soil was quite damp, both to the touch and in appearance. So far as one could judge it appeared to be amply supplied with moisture for the requirements of the orchard trees.

Between May 14 and 23 the rainfall was scarcely more than one-tenth of an inch. (.12). This probably was not sufficient at any time to thoroughly dampen the surface of the soil, for the precipitation occurred on four days of the interval and on no one of them exceeded more than a few hundredths of an inch. Practically speaking, it evaporated as soon as it fell, without benefiting the soil.

Now in spite of this adverse condition, this soil, by reason of its mulch, was able to hold its own; indeed, its moisture at this date was some half a per cent. higher than it was nine days earlier. No doubt there had been loss by evaporation from the soil, but the loss had been more than compensated for by water brought up from the subsoil by capillary action.

Between May 23 and June 5, a period of thirteen days, but three one-hundredths of an inch (.03) of rain fell. During the latter six days of this period there was absolutely no precipitation. Under this condition we find the moisture-content of plot A considerably reduced. This soil now held but 7.76 per cent. water. Probably if it had been cultivated again in this period (the previous cultivation had been on May 12th) it would have had a higher water content. As it was, the drying out process had affected the soil for more than a foot. It still contained, however, over 160 tons to a depth of 14 inches.

Plot B, which by May 14th was covered with a heavy growth of grass, green and luxuriant, contained less than one-half of the moisture in A, viz., 5.32 per cent. This means that somewhat more than 150 tons per acre, to a depth of 14 inches, had been lost from B. by remaining in sod, lost by

the growth of the grass and the capillary action that had been set up by allowing the soil to remain unstirred. The earth of this plot was already assuming a powdery condition.

During the second period this plot continued to lose and showed $11\frac{1}{2}$ tons less moisture per acre than at the date of the preceding collection.

The final examination of this soil showed it to be in a condition of powder. It had no adhesiveness and had the appearance of a soil thoroughly dried bv exposure to air. Its percentage of moisture had been reduced to 3.03, having lost 48 tons per acre since the date of the first collection three weeks previous. The grass was still alive, but showing very little vitality and no growth. The leaves of the orchard trees growing in the sod had begun to shrivel and fall. It was evident that unless rain came very shortly these trees would succumb. It is important to note that under these extreme climatic conditions the soil of Plot A. possessed 100 tons more water per acre in the surface 14 inches than that of Plot B., a very considerable amount.

In Plot C the sod had been turned under on April 13, one month previous to the date the first observation was made. Its moisture content was somewhat less than that of Plot A., but the difference is comparatively insignificant. The results of this plot give satisfactory evidence of the importance of turning under the previous cover crop at an early date in districts likely to be visited by a spring or early summer drought. By this means it is seen the moisture may in a very large measure be conserved.

The second examination showed that the

soil of this plot had dried out very considerably, losing almost half its waters. This was undoubtedly due to the fact that the turned over sod was not immediately disc-harrowed and an earth mulch formed. The drying atmosphere and winds freely permeated the heavy sod, abstracting its moisture. This points to the necessity of immediately discing and cultivating after the ploughing under a heavy sod, in order that capillary action may bring up water from below, and that a mulch may be formed that will prevent or retard its loss through evaporation. This plot was not disc-harrowed until May 29.

In the last period Plot C. contained 8.9 per cent. of water, an increase of practically 2.5 per cent. over that it possessed on May 23. This, it is considered, was owing to the disc-harrowing it received on May 29, followed by cultivation. By these means not only was surface evaporation largely arrested, but capillary action was set up, which enabled the surface soil to draw upon the water centent of its underlying soil.

This drought had taught a very important lesson in orchard soil management. It has emphasized the very exhaustive character of sod as regards soil moisture. It has furnished proof of the immense value of cultivation in arresting the drying out of soils, and lastly the necessity not only of early ploughing under the cover crop in districts where drought is likely to prevail, but also the desirability of further working the soil by disc harrow and cultivator in order to again set up capillary action with the underlying soil, as well as to create an earth mulch to prevent surface evaporation.

A Canadian Canoe Trip.

By CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

'Twas on a bright day in early June that we launched our three canoes in the waters of the Scugog at Lindsay, Canada, equipped for a two weeks' canoe and fishing expedition to Hollow Lake, about one

hundred and twenty-five miles to the north, in the Lake of Bays district.

There were six of us: two sons of the forest, Zack and his husky boy Beaver, of the Ojibway tribe; and four pale faces from the sky scrapers of New York. There

astute politician and official jollier of the party; "Cinders", agent for a patent food for babies of all ages; "Gaffer", who slept with his new patent gaff guaranteed never to "miss 'em'; and "Cascar", who worked while others slept.

The Indians of course were expert canoeists, and "Guv" likewise was no stranger to the paddle. The rest of us, while more or less familiar with the paddle in our boyhood days, were utter strangers to the canoe. By earnest application to business however, we learned to work our passage.

We did no fishing of consequence until the late afternoon as we neared Fenelon Falls at the head of Sturgeon Lake, which is a capital spot for lunge. Just here Cinders hooked and engaged in battle one of those sturdy warriors of the water. most simultaneously with the strike he leaped clear from the water, and we saw he was a monster. All hands dropped everything and watched the fun, meanwhile, of course, yelling words of encouragement and advice to Cinders. To Cinders it was the fight of his life, and to the lunge a fight for his, a fact which both man and fish appeared fully to realize. Cinders finally coaxed him in near to the boat, only to see him turn tail and run till the bunch of line left looked dangerously small. "Give him the butt," yelled Zack, "or he won't stop till he gets to the other end of the lake." Cinders promptly obeyed orders, both rod and line doing duty in a way to make a fisherman's heart glad, and before many minutes master lunge was sufficiently played to enable him to be brought to the gaff. We weighed him when he went ashore, and he tipped the scales at nineteen and one-quarter pounds. It was our record fish, and Cinders, as he had a right to be, was certainly the proudest man in Canada that night. We caught some good bass, too, but they were totally eclipsed by the lunge

After supper, and we nad gathered sufficient cedar for our beds, we built what Dr. Van Dyke has so beautifully called a "friendship fire" around which we sat and swapped experiences until, wearied with the exertions of the day, we turned in and slept as only tired men can.

The following morning we were up and

was "Guv", Canadian born and bred, the away early, carrying our canoes over the locks at Fenelon Falls, and paddling smartly through Cameron Lake, in order to get some good bass fishing in the fine pool at Rosedale Locks before the sun got too high. We equipped Beaver with a minnow hook and he jerked them out so fast that he kept us all supplied. Cascar caught three bass in succession here, which aggregated ten pounds in weight. The largest weighed exactly four pounds. He was lured from a deep pool at the foot of some rapid water, which made it difficult to reel him in. Again and again Cascar brought him up only to have him take the bit in his teeth and run away. He was finally brought within reach, however, and finished his career and his last fight in the jaws of Gaffer's automatic gaff, a martyr to science and man's desire to kill.

The fishing was so good that we tarried here until dinner time, after which our flotilla proceeded on up the river into Balsam Lake, at the northwesterly end of the group, known as the Kawartha Lakes, and certainly not surpassed by any of them in the beauty of its scenery or the quality of the fishing. There was just enough of a breeze to make the trip across the lake delightful. Camping time found us on the Gull River just below Coboconk. "There is a tavern in the town" here, and we attacked it in force for lemon soda the following morning. We asked the worthy gentleman who served us whether the soda was cold. "Wall," he said, "I don't just know, and I haint got no way o' tellin." He looked surprised when we suggested ice. But we finally got the ice, and were thereby enabled to touch the necessary spot.

During the next hour we lived the strenuous life, and no mistake. For the three miles between Coboconk and Little Mud Turtle Lake the Gull River is not exactly a flowing stream, but, rather, a gliding one. Cinders and Guv nearly had an upset in what a very famous angler might have described as "their excessive strenuousity against the silent force of nature," but we all finally reached the peaceful waters of the lake above, very much out of breath and entirely dry.

Between Little and Big Mud Turtle lakes there is another fine bass hole, in which

we tried our lack with good success. Gaffer caught a four and a quarter pounder here. Cascar tried his trolling spoon most faithfully in the pool, but only had his labors for his pains. He explained his persistency with a fish story for which Guv very positively vouched; so "dear reader", it must be true.

"I was fishing here a year ago for bass," he said, "when I got what felt like a perch bite, and as I started to pull in my line to see whether my bait was gone I had a strike which left me in no doubt as to what was on the other end of my line. My boatman was rather deliberate in his movements and I told him to watch out sharp for orders. I played that lunge for about ten minutes on my right rod and just as I was telling Guv to watch the artistic way in which I would bring him to the gaff, that monster started toward boat-bent for election. I yelled to the oarsman to pull out lively, but by the time he got busy and under way my lunge got plenty of slack line, jumped clear out of water, waved his tail in a fond farewell, and was gone. I reeled in and found a five-inch perch with my hook completely swallowed. The lunge had never been hooked at all; he had just been hanging on by the skin of his digestive apparatus, so to speak. Two or three times afterwards either that or another lunge chased perch in quite close to the boat, but we never could get him, and we named it the Jonah hole. I thought my old friend might still be here, but there seems to be nothing doing."

That afternoon in the Norland River we encountered a log drive, which completely blocked the river. This meant either a 24-hour wait or a boat drive for us, on a hay wagon, over about three miles of rough road, to get around the logs. We voted no delay and the overland route at the end of which we camped for the night.

The following day, our fourth day out, we made a big run, going through Moore's Lake and up the river to Minden, with only one stop for fishing with indifferent success. At Minden we added a few things to our stock in trade, and wrote our less fortunate friends at home that this was to be our last post office and we should be

lost to the world until we emerged from the forest either there or at Dorset.

We portaged by wagon from Minden to Mountain Lake, about three miles, arriving at the last named place just at dark with a thunder shower fast approaching. distance from the road to the lake was about one hundred yards, across a little clearing of pasture land, upon which stood a settler's cabin. Of all the people we encountered in that country these were the only ones who were not hospitable and generous. The mistress of this cabin was determined we should not cross her land. The Guv, with all his tact and wiles, could not procure her consent, and the shower was getting nearer and nearer. Zack proposed that we drown the woman. She interrupted our very serious consideration of this proposition by offering to allow us to cross upon payment of the sum of twentyfive cents. We had not thought to offer her money, never realizing that it was simply a hold up. She said we might also camp on her precious real estate for ten cents more. We squandered the money and accepted both offers. The next morning while selling us two quarts of milk for fifteen cents (most settlers up there would not take any pay for milk) she said:-"You're Americans aint you?" We pleaded guilty. She said: "Do you know John Rockefeller, the oil man?" We told her we did not belong to his Sunday school, but we knew of him. "Well," she said, "he is a second cousin of mine." Then in that hour were all things made plain, and Cinders lightly hummed:

"Full many a flower is born to blush un-

And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The following day we covered Mountain Lake and Kashawigamog Lake and reached the portage to Lake Boshkong, about two in the afternoon. We had dinner before tackling the portage, which was about half a mile in length, and seemingly, a quarter of a mile in height. We were all over, bag and baggage, by four o'clock, and as a storm was imminent and we were all pretty tired, the motion was unanimously car-

ried to join the Ancient Order of the Sons of Rest for the balance of the day. had just time to pitch the tent and stow our things away under the overturned canoes before the shower struck us. rain ceased as suddenly as it began, in a burst of sunshine, and we posed for our photographic artist. You will observe that Guy is industriously engaged in tonsorial art, the effect of a little local (feminine) color we had observed moving about a settler's cabin across the narrow lake. cheerfully, volunteered, a little while later, to cross the lake and ask the fair damsel we had observed from camp whether she could spare a chicken for our supper. course he got a chicken; one which might properly be said to be in its second springhood. Gaffer carved it with an axe and asked Guy what part he preferred. "A little of the dark meat," said Guv. "And Cinders, how about you?" Cinders said he would have "a little of the light meat." "Now see here," said Gaffer, "you fellows will have to be more specific than that; how am I to know whether you want a leg or a wing or a piece of the breast? Can't you tell what blooming part of the animal you choose for your own? Would you say to your sweetheart, for instance, 'Won't you come and sit on my dark meat and rest your head on my light meat?"" We all agreed that his point was well taken and gave him no further cause for complaint.

We found Lake Boshkong to be long and narrow, with fairly high hills on both sides, and the wind which swept its waters into white caps that day gave us all, we could handle to keep on top, let alone make much progress. However, by steady paddling, we finally reached its northern end and passed through the parrows, which are not over fifty feet wide, into beautiful Lake Sanora. In the middle of Lake Sanora on a rugged little pine-clad island, we found Dr. Humphrey's "shack", as he calls it, in reality a very comfortable camp. That genial gentleman was at home and welcomed us with the hospitality for which he is famous in that country. He spends a large part of his time on this little island, has stocked the lake with salmon and lake trout, and is a thorough sportsman. We learned from him that our easiest way to get to Raven Lake, which was one of the chain on the route to Hollow Lake, was to go back to the head of Boshkong and get a settler who lives there to bring the hay rack into play again on the overland route.

On our way back through the narrows we saw a beautiful doe, of which Gaffer tried to get a snap shot, but before we got near enough for a picture, she took fright and bounded into the bush. We pitched our camp there and caught a few of Dr. Humphrey's salmon trout for supper. For bait we used live minnows on an "Archer Spinner," than which there is no better bait to be found.

The following morning early we started on the four mile journey through the woods, keeping well ahead of the wagon, and ever alert for a sight of deer, which are very plentiful through there. We saw many fresh tracks, but no deer. We reached Black River about eleven o'clock, and instead of turning to the right, as we should have done, and thus working into Raven Lake, we decided to try Black Lake. recommended by a guest of Dr. Humphrey. We got there in time for dinner and found an abandoned lumber camp. The camp would be an ideal spot for deer hunters, in fact we saw a fine buck across the lake just after dinner, but we satisfied ourselves that there were no fish of consequence in the lake, so we started out about four o'clock in the afternoon and by many portages and carrys we managed before daylight was gone, to get our craft and outfit up the rapids and around water falls "to the point or place of beginning," as the lawyers say, where we unfortunately turned to the left in the morning. We were very tired and more than hungry, and would gladly have camped then and there, but the black flies made it simply impossible, so we launched our canoes and pushed on, hoping to find a more hospitable spot, where the temptation to swear was less irresistible.

As we proceeded, the river, which is really only a creek, developed into a swamp through which it became rather difficult to find the channel. This wound up at a log dam over which we lifted our cances only to find a lot of dammed logs. There are times, on every extended cance

trip, when one wishes he had an airship attachment, and this was one of those times. It was a night of difficulties. We eventually got to what we believed to be Wren Lake, from which we had been told a narrow winding channel led into Raven Lake: We spent an hour looking for the channel, which proved to be too shallow in two or three places to float us over. were wading along, dragging the canoes, Gaffer lifted his eyes heavenward, and inquired: "Oh why did I ever leave my happy home?" "Just for fun, old man," said Cinders, "and think what a lot of it you are having." One more short carry, over another dam, put us into Raven Lake, which was flooded with moonlight, and tired as we were, our spirits rose at the beauty of the scene. There was no swamp land here; no land at all, in fact, that we could discover; nothing but stone. We were finally fortunate enough at one o'clock in the morning to find an island of rock, which was flat enough to lie down on. We built a roaring fire, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and lay down, feet toward the fire, with that rock for a bed and the heavens above for a roof, and slept the sleep of the just. We naturally felt a little rocky after that night, but a good breakfast and dry clothes and a bright day make a strong combination, and we bravely tackled the half mile portage to Gun Lake.

If it is your ambition to eatch big fish, go to Gun Lake. It is angler's paradise. It is a mighty hard place to reach, as you have doubtless observed, but if this were not so it could not be a paradise in the very nature of things.

Our party caught salmon trout there all the way from three pounds up to eighteen. We hesitated to go in swimming, for fear they would eat us alive; they were so ravenous. We found bushels of huckleberries, too, and they were a most welcome addition to our food supply. The place proved altogether so attractive that Gaffer, Guv and Cinders decided to remain there, while Cascar and the Indians went on. They started about three in the aftermoon and reached Hollow Lake about three hours later, the journey being easier and shorter than anticipated. They remained

there from Saturday evening until Monday morning, during which time they saw three bear and five deer, and caught about one hundred brook trout. It was late for brook trout, and most of the fish caught were small ones. Hollow Lake and the streams running into it are great trout waters, however, and are reached with comparative ease was Huntsville and Dorset.

On Monday afternoon our party, once more reunited, and loaded to the teeth with huckleberries, started on the homeward journey.

On our way back we took in a settler's picnic on Humphrey's Island, to which the Doctor had given us a pressing invitation, and while there Guv acted as starter, judge and peacemaker for a "double ladies canoe race, open to all comers, for a prize of twenty-five cents." There was some discussion in our party about double ladies canoe races, but Cinders said that was all right; that "you never saw a double canoe; all canoes are single, but all ladies are not single." We asked him if he had ever noticed any double ones, but he waved us aside.

In the early afternoon we resumed our homeward course. As the twilight deepened and the stars came out and the moon rose over the hill tops, all reflected in the smooth waters of the lake over which our canoes glided so silently and swiftly, the beauty of the scene baffled description. Mile after mile we paddled, in unison, with no sound other than the rhythmic dip, dip, dip of the paddles, until Guv's fine baritone voice rose in song, in which one after another joined. Then indeed we made the welkin ring, and the sounds that were echoed and re-echoed across those peaceful waters, must have startled the wild creatures which inhabit the hills on either side.

We reached Coboconk Thursday evening, and as we were a little behind our schedule, we decided to finish our journey on the steamer which plies daily between Coboconk and Lindsay, and we slept on board the boat that night

When we reached Rosedale the following morning, Cascar and the Indians left us for one more fling for bass. He rejoined us that evening and told a tale of marvellous

luck, which filled our souls with envy, but that, as Kipling says, is another story.

We spent that last night together at Guv's home in Lindsay and on the following day returned to the land of the free and the home of the hustler, with a splendid coat of tan and pleasant memories of a vacation trip well worth anybody's while.

The White Cedar.*

The Cedar is a well-known name, for besides its common use in Canada, it is frequently mentioned in ancient literature. The Cedar of Lebanon was the principal wood used in the far-famed temple of King Solomon at Jerusalem, and it had also special functions in connection with the offering of sacrifices. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, was constructed of cedar. This wood, therefore, occupied an important place in ancient times and its use was not confined to temples, but it althe construction of so found a place in dwellings. Another important cedar is the Deodar of India, described as a tall and beautiful tree and corresponding more nearly to the ideal of the elevated language of the old chronicles in speaking of the cedar than do the present representatives of the Cedar of Lebanon. Hindoos it is venerated as a sacred tree. The word cedar is variously derived from Cedron, the name of a brook in Palestine, from kaio, to burn, referring to the use of the wood in sacrifices, and from the Arabic word for power.

In America there are two species of trees that are popularly known as white cedar. One is a southern species, which does not occur in Canada, but ranges from the southern part of the State of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, and is known scientifically as Cupressus thyoides or Chamaeey, paris spheroidea. The white cedar of Canada is, however, a different species, the scientific designation of which is thuya occidentalis. Thuya is probably derived from the Greek word thyon, a sacrifice, as the resin of the eastern variety was frequently used in certain localities instead of incense at sacrifices. Occidentalis means western.

An attempt was made by Michaux and others, but apparently without great success, to have the name white cedar confined to the southern species and to give the designation of Arbor Vitae to the northern This latter name means "tree of life", but the reason for so designating the species is not known, unless it is from some supposed virtue of its berries. Gerarde, who had only seen the Canadian variety, said of it that of all the trees from that country this was "the most principal and best agreeing unto the nature of man, as an excellent cordial and of a very pleasant smell." He also states that it was sometimes called Cedrus Lycia and that it is not to be confused with the "tree of life" mentioned in Genesis. But then the distinguished author of the Herbal is not generally accepted as a high scientific authority.

The White Cedar grows usually swamps or on cool rocky banks where the roots can reach water, although sometimes to all appearance it is growing on bare rock where there is no sustenance of any kind. The cedar swamp is a wellknown institution in Canada. It has supplied fence posts innumerable, for which the lasting qualities of its wood make it specially suitable, and it has also furnished most of the poles necessary to meet the demands of telegraph and telephone companies. The wood is reddish and somewhat aromatic, and is soft and light. largely used for the manufacture shingles, no other wood being used for that purpose at the present time in the districts in which it is found. As a railway tie it resists for many years the effects of contact with the earth and moisture, but it is not hard enough to bear well the

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

weight of the rail, or to hold a spike firmly and is never used on curves where naturally there is a special strain on the holding powers of the ties. The lightness induced the Indians to select it for the ribs and frames of their birch bark canoes and it is one of the materials now used for the construction of wooden canoes.

Thuya occidentalis belongs to the Order Coniferae, or the cone-bearing trees, but to the division designated as Cupressineae in which the cones are reduced to small dimensions and consist of only a few scales, having frequently more nearly the appearance of berries than of cones. In the Arbor Vitae the staminate and fertile flowers appear in spring, the latter developing into the somewhat ovoid, light green, clustered cones, which finally turn brown and open wide their scales, letting loose the seed. The true leaves are small and scalefike or awl-shaped on flattened branchlets, what are popularly called the leaves being in reality twigs. When bruised these twigs have a pleasant aromatic odor. They lend themselves readily to decorative purposes and wreaths and festoons are made from and houses at the them for churches The bark is gray out-Christmas season. side and cinnamon red below. It is fibrous and may be stripped from the trunk in As a consequence it long, thin layers. was one of the materials used by the Indians to sew up the birch bark vessels which they manufactured for domestic pur-

Usually the white cedar does not reach a large size in Canada, two feet being about the greatest diameter, but there are giants that have reached close to five feet in that dimension. The height does not, however, correspond to that of other species of similar girth, as the cedar tapers from the base much more decidedly than most other species and therefore does not attain the same elevation. This is a character that is distinctly noticeable and is one reason why the white cedar was seldom manufactured into boards or used for building purposes. It is a tree of slow growth and the reproduction of the now rapidly diminishing supply will demand a long period of time.

The cedar swamp perhaps does not recall to most people any great sensations of pleasure. To the farmer it brings up the memory of hard labor at getting out posts and fencing, to the person who may have to traverse it in summer a mixture of uncertainty as to his footing and of exasperation at the obstacles in his pathway. Sad memory recalls the day when the writer attempted the feat of passing through a close growth of small cedar with an extended fishing rod. The rod had a will of its own and frequently chose its pathway without regard to the wishes of its owner: it flirted with every twig and attached itself to every bough, while the dead branches snapped back in his face and the mosquito sang its pean of triumph in his ears. Truly the situation was an exhilirating one. Heat and perspiration strenuous remarks abounded. The smoke that ascended was not that of incense nor was it calculated to bring down blessings on the groves. Prejudices may thus be formed which are not easily broken.

But the white cedar has beauties peculiarly its own and particularly in contrast with other trees. The shades of green in the coniferous trees vary with the species and the Arbor Vitae is the lightest of all. The dark pines and the glaucous white spruce, the sombre hemlock, the red cedar, these and others, each has its peculiar tint and the lighter shade of the white cedar relieves with a touch of brightness the more sombre coloring which its darker relatives give to the landscape, and helps to complete such a picture in one color as only Nature itself can produce.

Thuya occidentalis is almost unknown in Nova Scotia, but is plentiful in New Brunswick and farther west. Its northern fimit is about James Bay and the Albany River and it is found as far west as Lake Winnipeg with an outlying tract at the mouth of the Saskatchewan River and at Cedar Lake.

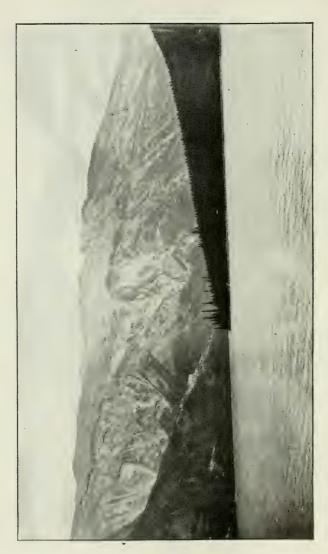
The Western White Cedar, Thuya gigantea, of British Columbia, is another species of this genus, and although generally designated Red Cedar is scientifically classed with the Arbor Vitae. On account of the sharp pointed short fronds it is impossible to grasp the foliage with the naked hand, and this renders this tree easily distinguished.

It is thus described by Professor Macoun: This is one of the finest trees of Western



A combination that worked well in the Rockies last year.





IN THE ROCKY MCUNTAIN PARK. A point on the south shore of Lake Minnewauka, 16 miles from Banff.

America, both as regards height and diameter. On the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway it first appears as a shrub on the mountains about Kicking Horse Lake, at an altitude of 6,000 feet, going westdown the valley of the ing Horse, it soon becomes a tree, but in the Columbia valley is rather scarce until about ten miles below Donald, where it forms large groves, and in the valleys of Beaver Creek and the Illecillewaet in the Selkirk Mountains, it reaches a height of over 150 feet with a diameter of frequently over ten feet. It occurs abundantly, and well grown in the lower parts of the lateral valleys of the Columbia-Kootenav valley on the northeast side, south of the Kicking Horse, but does not descend into the last named great valley which has a comparatively dry climate. In British Columbia this tree abounds along the coast and lower parts of the rivers of the Coast Range, northward to Alaska,

but is unknown in the dry central plateau, yet it appears abundantly on the slopes of the Selkirk and Gold Ranges.

On the coast the Indians manufacture their large canoes by hollowing out the trunks of these trees and such canoes sometimes show a depth of six feet from the level of the gunwale to the bottom.

One of its chief uses is in the manufacture of shingles and the larger proportion of the supply of the west comes from it. Naturally there is no difficulty in having them any width that may be required. Some of these shingles have already reached the East and it may be expected that as the eastern supplies diminish this will be more frequently the case and if values and freight rates reach anything like a reasonable proportion even the long rail haul may not prevent such a trade being established. The east must look to the west for more of her needs in the future.

A Satisfactory Tent.

By N. CAUCHON.

. The following notes regarding a very serviceable form of tent may prove interesting to the readers of Rod and Gun. The tent in question was originally designed, and then made, for use during explorations in the Rockies—where transport was by pack horse, when not, as was frequently the case, limited to man power.

The requisites sought were lightness and the greatest available amount of space. The writer made the first tent for use during the summer of 1894, which he spent in the Kicking Horse Canyon; this was of white, 8-oz. duck and weighed twenty-two pounds with its ropes. Subsequently, a tent of brown duck was made, the change in color being deemed advisable for several reasons. Firstly, when using pack horses the tent is the last thing to go on before the Diamond Hitch is the load. thrown. It covers the load, but as the pack is high and the tent "floppy", you have, in putting it on, to give it a toss in the air, so that it will drop into place well

spread on the load. This necessary flourish frequently gives your pack pony an excuse for a case of "nerves", and your freight is bucked off and scattered up and down the hillside, or along the trail as the case may be. The pack horse is not so liable to see ghosts when brown duck is used instead of white as the material for the tent.

Secondly, the writer, being a photograph fiend, found that brown duck shuts out more light than white, and so permits the use of the tent for dark room purposes, when it would, otherwise, be impossible to use it. Moreover, and do not think me lazy in saying this, it permits one to sleep a little longer, and bed is often a good place to be in when there is no particular rush on.

As regards size: my tents were made of five strips of canvas, a width in the centre on one side being removed, the doorway being covered by a flap two widths wide, with a double row of rings and snaps

to make the overlap tight when desirable.

Having the door at the side presents many advantages. In bad weather it can be propped up as a porch, and I eventually evolved wings that snapped on either side, joining it to the slope of the tent and cutting off wind and rain when in place. On a fine cold night, with a fire in front of the doorway, the flap may be thrown back over the ridge pole and the tent itself opened back allowing all the heat to penetrate and be reflected from the back wall. It is eminently a sociable tent; much more so than the usual "A" pattern. It has two further advantages, one is that it has more available room for the same size than those of the "end door" species, and, consequently, that in bad weather the beds need not be disturbed, as they are on either side of the aisle, which runs beneath the ridge pole; beds are made up with feet to the door and heads to the end of the tent, so that one can get up and go out without stepping on the beds.

The writer had a tent of this kind out with a party of four all told, and was away three months, with eight pack horses and saddles, about 1500 pounds of baggage,

during a journey of 350 miles through the roughest ground in British Columbia, ground which necessitated the cutting 60 miles of new trail, and the tent answered every requirement and gave the greatest satisfaction. One of the practical features of the pattern is that you may pile your saudles, packs, and ropes in the aisle over night, thereby keeping them dry, and anyone who knows the difference between using dry and wet ropes for packing will appreciate this feature. With a wet rope, no matter how well the Diamond Hitch may be thrown, the packs will work loose often more than once, causing great delay to the pack train.

This form of tent is also very easy to put up by one man, even in half a gale, and in big timber, where there are no small poles available, a rope strung between two trees answers as a makeshift ridge pole and support.

I have already given the length of the tent; the ends are equalateral triangles of seven and a half feet side. The ridge pole should pass out through the ends of the tent by circular openings; the supportsbeing outside the tent.

A Lake in the Far West.

By VIOLET L. ASTLEY.

Away out in the far west in a part known as the National Park of Canada lies a lake deep down in the valley with mountains rising on either side of it to a great height.

This lake is known as Lake Minnewanka or "Devil's Lake". It measures twelve miles long and one mile wide in the widest parts and about three-quarters in other parts. In places it is about three hundred feet deep.

In the deepest parts this lake is of a very deep blue outlined with a ring of green and in the shallow part along the shore it is a dark brown. These colors cannot always be seen so rich as at other times. When the sky is very black and a storm coming up the colors are very rich (the blue being deeper than the sky ever is

in these parts) but when the sky is blue and the sun shining brightly the water is of a brownish hue.

At the western end of Lake Minnewanka, situated about two hundred yards from the water's edge, is a nice comfortable chalet to which visitors are received with a hearty welcome. Often in the summer gentlemen and sometimes ladies go to this beautiful spot for fishing, some go for their holidays, others again for their health, but chiefly for fishing.

The fish caught in this lake are a kind of lake-trout or land-locked salmon, although that is about the only kind caught it is not the only kind there. A few years ago the government put some black bass in, but as yet none have been caught of this kind.

Very few sportsmen care for the fishing in this lake because the fish do not rise to a fly; they are trolled for. This is rather a slow way of fishing and does not make much sport in the end.

The bait used for this mode consists of a spoon (not too large) and two or three triple hooks with a little piece of fish wound round them. No fine gear is necessary, in fact more fish are caught with an old spoon and one triple hook tied to one end of a coarse fishing line than with a fine line and two or three feet of gut, with highly polished spoon and hooks trailing after it.

The largest fish that was ever caught in Lake Minnewanka weighed thirty-six pounds and the largest catch made in the last fifteen years is twenty-five in six hours.

This year (1904) a fish was caught in this lake weighing twenty-four pounds, by D'Oyly Astley (aged 13.) He caught it on an eight ounce steel rod, with line about the size of thread, which gave him great sport. After he had it on his line about half an hour he found it was too big for him to land by himself, and that it had towed his boat away out into the middle of the lake, where it was at least 200 feet deep.

There he knew he could not land it, and as he could not drop his rod to pull into shallower water, he had to call to his father to come and help him with it. When Mr. Astley got to him, he saw that it would be useless to try and land the fish in that water, as they would be sure to lose it, so he had to tow the boy's boat and the fish in to the beach to land it there, where he gaffed and killed it without any difficulty. This fish is now in the hands of the taxidermists in Calgary, and will shortly be seen in the government museum at Banff, Alberta.

Some three or four years ago two American enthusiasts from Fargo walked out to Lake Minnewanka from Banff (a distance of nine miles) to try the fishing. When they got there the proprietor of the Cha-

let told them it was rather late in the season to expect much of a catch, but that there was no harm in trying, so they hired a boat and tackle and left as soon as they could.

They rowed away up the Lake and out of sight of the Chalet, and remained so all day till about four o'clock in the afternoon; then they again appeared round the points and hurried back to land again as quick as they could.

When they landed they said they had caught two fish, one a lake trout, and the other was a different kind of fish altogether, in fact it was the first of its kind ever caught in that lake. This new fish had four legs and was a fur-bearing fish. It turned out in the end to be a wild cat, which they had caught on their way home.

The story they told was this. When they were on their way home, but still about three or four miles up the lake, they saw an animal on the beach some distance off watching them. When they drew nearer they saw that the animal was a wild cat. As soon as it saw they were coming towards it, it started to swim out to them. When it got to the boat, which was about one-hundred feet from land, it tried to turn it over with its paws, so as to get at the men, but they were too quick for the poor beast. They were up in arms in no time. One of them took an oar and hit him over the head three or four times. This of course stunned him a little. Then they pulled it into the boat and killed it, and rowed back to the Chalet as quickly as they could to show their prize.

It was very late when they landed, so they couldn't wait long; they just had some tea and bread and butter and started to walk back to Banff, carrying their wonderful catch on a pole between them.

They arrived at their hotel late that night and were very tired. The next morning they showed their wild cat to all in the hotel, who were very much surprised at this new kind of fish.

This is the only one of that kind of fish ever caught in this lake!



Our Medicine Bag.

A somewhat serious bush fire occurred in the Biscotasing district in Ontario in July, but no report was received of the loss. The locality was well patrolled by fire rangers, who did effective work in preventing the spread of the conflagration. The blaze was finally put out by a heavy fall of rain.

The Ontario Crown Lands Department has been informed by the rangers in Algoma Park that the capercailzie from Norway, which were placed in the reserve last year, have weathered the severe winter, and are becoming acclimatized. One nest, containing seven young birds, was found. The capercailzie is a game bird about the size of a wild turkey.

In the vicinity of the Crow's Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway serious forest fires are reported. There had been no rain in that district since the end of May and as a result a number of fires were started and seem to have got beyond the control of the fire rangers. It is hardly likely that the loss of valuable timber will be prevented.

We can make ourselves masters of the great forces of nature only by calling to our aid other forces of the same origin. Inert masses of masonry will never pro-

Sheep dog trials will be run in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition bench show to be held in Toronto 6th, 7th and 8th. Dogs need not necessarily be pure bred. They will be used for actual driving; first prize \$10, second prize \$5.00 in each class, and on the last day of the show the championship will be decided for a silver cup. Each dog will be required to take three sheep from the fold, past obstacles and over a bridge in less than fif-Obedience, activity, steadteen minutes. iness, wide working and penning will be considered in awarding the points. This is the first attempt at sheep dog trials to be held in Toronto Entry fees \$1.00 for each dog

duce the same results as the millions of living entities, such as the trees, the bushes, the herbs, the mosses, the innumerable inferior organisms, animal and vegetable, of which the whole constitutes a forest.

Are there moose in the foothills of Alberta? The answer to this question will be found in one of our illustrations, which shows a moose shot near Rocky Mountain House by an Indian, and now in the possession of Mr. Jesse Stewart, Innisfall, Alberta, who, by the bye, is willing to part with it for a consideration. The head is a very symmetrical one and better than the Manitoba heads.

The "Queen" Book of Travel is a handbook of information upon travel, published by the great English woman's weekly. It has been compiled by the travel editor, and he has done his work well, so far as he has gone—but British lands beyond the sea do not seem to have been included in his scheme, so the book has no bearing upon our particular field. The publisher is Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, London, E. C.

Reports from the State of Montana state that serious forest—fires have been raging in several districts. Some towns and villages were threatened and a number of buildings were destroyed. A fire was burning near Dayton Creek, a heavily timbered section, and it was feared that the forests would be wiped out. The county was covered with dense smoke and the burning

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company has issued a big game hanger, that will challenge comparison with any here-tofore issued. It is, we understand, a reproduction in color of a photograph taken in the Rockies. A hunter, of the frontiersman type, has made a successful shot at a fine bighorn ram, and is standing by it, with his Winchester (95 Model) showing with what weapon the deed was done. These hangers make capital decorations for the interior of a sanctum or den.

district was so extensive that the fire rangers could not control it.

According to a statement compiled by Mr. Geo. Johnson, Dominion Statistician, the number of mills employed in the manufacture of wood pulp in Canada during the year 1903 was 39, the output of which was 275,619 tons, an increase of 34,630 tons over 1902. Of this quantity, 187,871 tons were mechanical pulp, 81,808 sulphite and 2,940 soda. The total value of the output was \$5,219,892, of the amount exported \$3,013,441, leaving \$2,206,451 for home use. Of the export, Great Britain took \$865,826 worth and the United States \$1,890,448.

The Fish and Game Club comprising amongst its members the wealthiest and most influential men of British Columbia, met in extraordinary session recently in the Driard Hotel, Victoria, B. C., and unanimously passed a

resolution earnestly requesting the government to amend the Game Act so as to prohibit absolutely the sale of game of any kind in that province for three years. The club declares that unless this be done British Columbia will see the extinction of its game animals and birds, so fearful is the slaughter unceasingly perpetuated by the Indians.

Captain A. J. Kenealy is one of the better known writers on yachting in the United States, and, doubtless, needs no introduction to most of Rod and Gun readers, and they will be pleased to hear that his little work "Boat Sailing in Fair Weather and Foul", has just been re-issued in a wixth (and slightly revised) edition.

Boat Sailing has almost become a classic and a lengthy review of its contents would, of course, be superflous—suffice it to say that no better 50-cent investment is open to the Corinthian sailor than this. The publishers are the Outing Publishing Company, 239 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Catalogue No. 71 issued by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A., contains a description of many novelties. The "405 Winchester Smokeless" is illustrated and described on page 48. A 300 grain bullet, driven by sufficient nitro powder to give it a velocity of 2150 feet second, must, naturally, have an extremely low trajectory and great smashing power, and an analysis of its ballistics show that these results have been achieved. At fifty yards, the height of the bullet is but 1.04 inches with the sights set for one hundred yards; and at 200 yards the trajectory at half range is but 4.86 inches. Moreover, this bullet and charge "holds up" well for the half range trajectory when firing at 300 yards is only 12.82 inches. The metal patched bullet will penetrate 48 dry pine boards 3 inches thick at fifteen feet from the muzzle.

The 1903 Winchester Automatic Rifle .22 calibre is described and illustrated in this catalogue for the first time. We understand the demand for this little rifle has been phenomenal and that it is already a great favorite in Europe as well as in Canada and the United States. Ten shots may be

fired as fast as the trigger can be pulled. The recoil from the exploded cartridge ejects the empty shell, cocks the hammer and throws a fresh cartridge into the chamber.

Two new rifles will be ready by October 1. They are: a single shot rifle .22 calibre, much the same as the favorite 1902 model, except that it is fired by a thumb trigger and is listed at \$3.50; and a .22 calibre resembling the 1902 model, but with a longer, heavier barrel. This gun is stated by the manufacturers to be the biggest value ever offered in a weapon, whose list price is but \$6.00.

Since this catalogue was put to press, the Winchester Company has brought out yet another rifle, a modification of model 1895. It shoots the new rimless cartridge adopted by the United States government in connection with its new army rifle. The new cartridge gives a muzzle velocity of 2300 feet second, and a muzzle energy of 2644 feet distance.

This new catalogue and price list bears ample testimony to the success and remarkable energy of the company whose weapons are found in every land.

We are requested by the E. I. Du Pont Company, Wilmington, Deleware, to publish the following open letter to Mr. D. A. Plummer:—

"Mr. D. A. Plummer,

Dear Sir.—We wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter enclosing ten cents for a DuPont 1905 Calendar. However, you failed to tell us where to address you, and we trust you will enable us to "deliver the goods" by sending your full address.

Yours very truly.
E. I. DuPont Company,
Bureau of Advertising,
Wilmington, Del."

In a recent issue we called attention to the very complete catalogue of rods, reels, flies and tackle issued by Hardy Brothers, of Alnwick, England. Unfortunately there were one or two errors in our notice, and which we desire to correct. The catalogue is sent free to any part of the world—not upon receipt of a post office order for 1-6 (one and six pence) as was stated. The types made us say that Hardy Brothers have contrived a steel "sinker", instead of a steel "centre" for their builtup cane rods; moreover, neither they nor any other English rod maker had to borrow the split cane rod from America, for it was in fact an English invention. though our United States friends were the first to "catch on" and build these rods in large numbers. Messrs. Hardy build rods of cane, with or without steel centres. His Majesty the King of Italy has recently permitted this eminent British firm to use the Royal Italian Arms, and to style themselves "Manufacturers to His Majesty.''

Frances E. Herring is a very well known authoress whose previous works "Canadian Camp Life" and "Among the People of British Columbia," have been well received. She now sends forth a third volume "In the Pathless West" which issues from the press of T. Fisher Unwin, London. The authoress deals with those early days

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLE MODEL 1895.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. announce that they have adapted their Model 1895 rifle, which for so many years has been recognized as one of the best biggame rifles on the market, to handle the new .30 U.S. Government cartridge. The Model 1895 as adapted to this cartridge is

round nickel steel 24-inch barrel, which makes it very handy for hunting purposes. The new cartridge, known as the .30 U.S. Government Model 1903, is a cartridge of the rimless type, carrying a bullet of 220 grains, developing a muzzle velocity of 2,-300 foot seconds and a muzzle energy of 2,644 foot pounds, as against the muzzle velocity of 2,000 foot seconds and the



practically the same as the well-known Model 1895 for .35 gnd .405 caliber cartridges. The bore is .30 caliber, the same as the .30 U.S. Government cartridge, which has been used for the last nine years in the Model 1895 with such good allaround results, both for sporting and hunting purposes. The weight of this rifle is about 83 pounds and it is fitted with a

muzzle energy of 1,952 foot pounds for the .30 U.S. army cartridge. The advantage of this cartridge becomes at once apparent because of its increased shocking power, and on account of the high velocity developed, the mushrooming quality of the soft point bullet is especially good. The list price of the Model 1895 as adapted for this cartridge is \$30.00

when Colonel Moody and his Royal Engineers supported Judge Bebgie and preserved order among the sixty thousand red-shirted miners that swarmed up and down the Fraser in the early sixties, winning millions of gold from Hall's Bar, Boston Bar, Lightning and Willow Creek and other famous placers.

"In the Pathless West" is not a connected narritive of events, but a series of short vivid sketches of Frontier life in the good old B. C. days. Of course, the prosperous province of today is a long way ahead of the New Caledonia that once existed, yet a few there must be who regret the days that are not, for they were jolly in their way and the world went very well then; when the gray old-timers of today were young, lusty fellows with the wealth of a new world seemingly at their feet. The price of this book is six shillings.

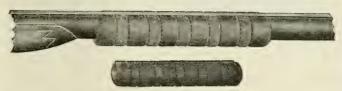
The Ontario Crown Lands Department has received a report showing the amount of timber cut during last winter on the lands of settlers in the Timiskaming District. Among the three hundred settlers no less than \$232,788 was divided, the purchasers being J. R. Booth, the E. B. Eddy Co., and the Rideau Lumber Company. The detailed figures of the cut, with the value of the timber, are as follows:—

Pine, ft. b. m2,608,894	\$26,088.94
Spruce, ft. b.m4,089,000	32,712.00
Tamarae, lineal 483,934	16,937.69
Cedar, lineal 3,641,212	91,030.19
Pulpwood, cords 13,232	36,388.00
Tamarac ties 202,029	24,243.48
Cedar ties 35,558	4,266.96
Jack pine ties 4,055	486.60
Cedar posts 10,572	634.32

\$232,788.18

This shows the assistance which the lumber industry gives to settlement. It provides a market for the settler for the timber required to be cut in clearing his land, and after it is cleared he may still dispose of the products to the lumber camps. There are many parts of Canada where settlement would have been practically impossible or where at least its hardships would have been greatly increased if lumbering had not been carried on concurrently.

It is rarely that a bull moose is weighed, and estimates as to the probable weight of a moose in his prime vary startlingly, even among old hunters. Many think that a moose hardly ever goes above five or six hundred pounds; others feel sure that moose that have fallen to their own rifles weighed, at least, twelve hundred pounds



The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. of Chicopee Falls, Mass., write: We believe it will be of interest to your readers to learn that we have just brought out the "Stevens Hand Shield" which is intended as a protection against excessively hot barrels on Single Barrel Trap Guns.

This Hand Shield is especially adapted to our Single Barrel Guns Nos. 185, 190 and 195, with top ribs, as illustrated on page 69 of our catalogue No. 51. It is made of black walnut, nicely scored at intervals, so as to afford a good grip, and is bored with a taper so that it fits firmly to the

barrel. The top of the Shield is open and is held securely on the barrel by friction against the sides of the top rib. The shield is very light and adds practically no weight to the gun.

At present it is made only in one size, for our 12-gauge shot gun, and is about 7 inches in length; with an outside diameter of 13 inches, the inside diameter tapering from one inch to 15-16 inch. The width at the opening at top, where friction against the rib holds the Hand Shield to the barrel is 3 inch., tapering to 11-32 inch. The price of same is \$1.50.

lt.

It is satisfactory, therefore, to be able to give the exact weight of a big Alaska moose that was shot by Mr. David T. Hanbury, the English explorer and hunter, whose work on the Barren Lands has just been published. Mr. Hanbury shot a very large bull moose on the Kenai peninsula, which weighed as follows:

Hide, paunch, intestines, lungs, liver	
and blood	275
Rump and part of back	180
Neck and forepart of back	215
One forequarter (without hoof)	115
The other forequarter	112
One hindquarter (with hoof)	135
The other hindquarter	134
One side of ribs	50
The other side	55
Brisket	50
Kidneys and tat	30
Scalp, fat, forefeet, and extras	170
Skull and antlers	115

Sportsmen of "All Sorts and Conditions" will find a plentiful store of interesting and informative matter in the August number of Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes. The range of subjects covered is as usual, very wide, and it is noticeable that the policy of making a freer use of

King's Patent Triple Bead Front Sight. is a contrivance for giving the choice between a white bead, a black bead, and a gold bead. The King sight is changed instantly. The heads are made of tool steel, the bases of machine steel, the pins of stub steel, and the springs of the finest spring steel obtainable. white ivory head, is best for ordinary use; the black bead for snow or target shooting and the gold head gives excellent results in timber and in a poor light. The price is \$1.50 and the maker, D. W. King, jr., 1417 Lawrence street, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

drawn last month, is adhered to. This feature adds very materially to the value of the periodical. The biographical sketch this month deals with the career of Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson, of whom a portrait appears as a frontispiece. He is the owner of the famous Yorkshire Grouse Moor, Broomhead, and some interesting details are given of the sport obtained thereon, during the season. When other English shootings fail, Broomhead may usually be relied on to afford what elsewhere would be deemed first-rate sport. The nature and

The name of Jaeger is known everywhere as standing for Purity and Excellence in the goods that bear it. To the farthest North with Nansen, through the dark continent with Stanley, to the Antarctic with Borchgrevink, their fame has been carried, and on the plains of India and the icefields of Greenland, Jaeger goods are known and relied on for absolute safety, comfort and protection from chill, whatever the climatic changes may be.

In Canada where the temperature varies from Arctic cold to sub-tropical heat, it is absolutely necessary to wear clothing which is adapted to great extremes, and this can only be secured by wearing Pure Wool throughout. The body being clothed in Porous Annual Fibre only, the skin is able to breathe and get rid of superfluous water and fat, which, under unsanitary clothing such as linen and cotton, it could not exhale, and the retention of which is a frequent cause of many supposed chronic disorders of the respiratory and digestive organs, rheumatism, lumbago, etc. Under the Jaeger Covering, the flesh becomes literally hardened, acquiring greater specific weight, and the body is far better fitted to resist the attacks of disease.

The great variety of goods shewn by Dr. Jaeger's Co., 2206 St. Catharine St., Montreal, should be seen to be appreciated. Their illustrated catalogue (No. 1) however, gives some idea as to the various lines and will be sent by them free on application.

Dr. Jaeger's treatise on "Health Culture", a handsome cloth-bound book 200 pages can also be had for the asking.



AFTER THE SHOWER.

Damp but very happy.



IN FLY TIME. On the portage.



A MIXED BAG.
"Zack," "Beaver" and "Cascar."



OUR FIRST LUNCH.
No table but famous appetites.



CAMP GIBRALTA. By Raven Lake, Ont.



DR. HUMPHREY'S CAMP. By the shores of Lake Lanora.

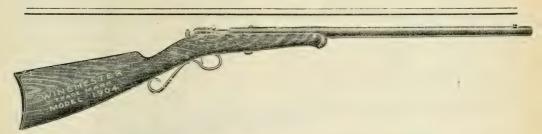
situation of the ground are favorable for grouse, but we read that the excellent results obtained are mainly due to skilled experienced management, extending over a long term of years. With "The Twelfth" so close upon us, an article on "Grouse Driving" will be read with special interest. A charmingly written article "Summer Trouting on the North Counfry Rivers" by Mr. W. Carter Platts will appeal to all; and to anglers in particular. Mr. G. S. Lowe furnishes an interesting account of the horses and hounds at Peter-The Racing, Polo, Cricket, borough. Fencing, Aquatics and other sports and pastimes of the month, are dealt with in separate articles or in "Our Van." These then are some of the features of an excellent number.

English shooting differs in many respects from Canadian, and it is not always safe to follow blindly the lead of the motherland, but when conditions are somewhat similar the results arrived at after profound study and prolonged English experiment may often be most valuable to us. Most winged game in the British Isles is now killed by guns that are in butts or

rides over which the birds are driven. A light, handy gun, bored to give an excellent pattern on the 30-inch circle at thirty yards, a fairly heavy charge of powder, and a light one of shot, have been found to give the best results on driven game.

The latest 'development in powders is the "33-grain nitro", so-called because 33 grains fill a measure set to hold a neat 3 drams of black powder. For a 12-bore using the $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch. or $2\frac{5}{8}$ inch. case, the charge is 33 grains and 1 oz., 1 1-16 oz. or $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. shot, while a $2\frac{3}{4}$ inch. or 3 inch. case should be loaded with 37 grains or 39 grains powder and 1 3-16 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. shot. Experienced hands, usually select the 33 grain—1 oz. and 37 grain—1—3-16 oz. loads respectively.

The latest and undoubtedly one of the very best of these 33-grain nitros, is the smokeless "Diamond" sporting gunpowder, manufactured by Messrs. Curtis & Harvey. In a communication recently received, the makers of this new explosive say: "The charge of 33 grains and 1 oz. is recommended as the most suitable one for this gunpowder in 12 bores, but there is no risk in making a difference of two or three grains either way. In fact for driven game, a charge of 35 grains and 1 oz. shot



This new Winchester .22 caliber takedown single shot rifle is the biggest value in a gun ever offered. It has a 21 inch heavyround barrel, adjustable rear sight, bead front sight, with a bright alloyed tip which will not tarnish, a handsome highly finished Schuetzen shaped butt stock $13\frac{1}{4}$ inclus long with a blued steel rifle butt plate. A well-shaped blued steel trigger guard affords a good grip and adds to the attractive appearance of the gun. The length of the gun over all is $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with a drop at comb of $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches and drop at heel of $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and its weight is about four pounds. The action used on this

gun is of the widely imitated Winchester bolt type, and is exceedingly simple, consisting of very few parts. When the gun is cocked, the action is locked against opening until the firing pin falls. This permits carrying the gun cocked without liability of the action jarring open. The gun is cocked by pulling rearward on the firing pin, which is made with a nurled head to afford a good grip. The gun will handle .22 short and .22 long rim fire cartridges. In appearance, balance, outline, and finish it compares very favorably with many much higher priced guns. The sights are accurately set by shooting at a target.

will be found to give most splendid shooting, the velocity being very high, the pressure low, and the pattern well maintained. Anyone using this charge will immediately recognize its advantage, as the shot reaches the game with extraordinary rapidity, and the amount of forward aiming allowance is thus reduced to a minimum."

Capt. Ed. S. Farrow, late instructor of Tactics at West Point, and formerly a commander of Indian scouts, has produced a couple of works that should appeal with particular force to the readers of this magazine. One of them, "American Small Arms," is a perfect encyclopaedia, and is illustrated with upwards of five hundred engravings. We do not think that a more useful work on American rifles has ever been published, and it brings the work of the late A. C. Gould up to date. The theoretical side of the subject is not dealt

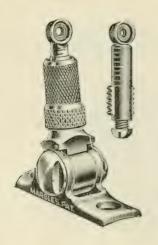
with very deeply. Capt. Farrow has preferred to give greater space to the practical and mechanical side of his subject. This was undoubtedly wise on his part, seeing that so many treatises have been written on the theory of explosives and projectiles. No matter how extensive a man's knowledge of American small arms, it is almost certain that he will find many rifles and shot guns described in this book that he has never heard of before, and moreover, they are all described intelligently and in plain understandable English. The publishers are the Bradford Company, New York. American Small Arms is issued only to subscribers, the price being \$5.00.

The second book, of which Capt. Ed. S. Farrow is the author, has been entitled "Camping on the Trail." Here the experience of the old campaigner shows up in every page, and we counsel our readers to procure a copy of this capital book if they ever have to go far back into the moun-

MARBLE'S IMPROVED REAR SIGHT.

After years of patient experimenting we now offer a rear or peep sight with some special details of mechanical construction, which we believe will be appreciated by every one who has or intends to use a peep sight.

Instead of one threaded sleeve for clevating the disk stem we use two. The bottom sleeve acts as a lock nut to prevent the clevating sleeve from being accidentally turned, thus altering the elevation. The shoulders at the top of slotted stem sock-



et are tapered downward and the bore at tip of sleeve is counterbored to match, so that the action on the stem is similar to a drill chuck or bit brace. Thus the stem is rigidly held at any elevation and any lost motion that might occur by continued wear is readily taken up. No matter how worn the parts may become, the disk stem is always held in perfect alignment.

Another very important feature is the flexible hinge joint. When the sight is up in position to shoot, it may be pushed forward to the tang or rearward to the tang, but will return automatically and precisely to the correct position for shooting. To fasten the sight down, it is only necessary to fold it rearward to tang and push the locking button rearward until it engages with recess in bottom of standard. It will remain in this position until released, and only at the will of the user.

Another improvement is the screw at bottom of disc stem for adjusting sight to point blank range.

Can be used with any front sight, but used in combination with our improved front sight it is perfection itself.

In ordering always mention make of rifle, caliber and model Price, perpaid, \$3,00.

tains. Chapters are devoted to The Horse, The Rifle, Medical and Surgical Hints, Equipage Supplies, Pack Mules and Packing, Marching, Camping, Indian Character and Chinook Jargon. This jargon is really a most interesting thing, although its vocabulary does not exceed some six hundred words, in fact scarcely more than two hundred words are commonly employed. In addition, however, many Cree words, Canadian French words, and, of course, numberless English words are introduced. One of the chapters that will appeal with special force to the big game hunter and explorer is that on cooking. It is surprising how little the ordinary backwoodsmen knows about the culinary art. It is all very well to take a cookery book into the woods and it encourages the hope that one is going to live famously, but when you find recipes that call for a whole lot of things that are never seen in camp, you begin to lose confidence in your book, and probably end by using it to light the fire, some day

when the wood is damp and there is no birch bark to be had. The methods of cooking recommended in this book are practical and such as United States soldiers use when scouting and travelling light. "Camping on the Trail" is published by the American Arms Publishing Company, Lippincott Bldg., Philadelphia.

It is well known that under the magnificent protection afforded them, moose, caribou and deer are increasing rapidly in New Brunswick. The following from the St. John Globe of August 9th proves beyond a doubt that there will soon be excellent moose hunting within the precincts of St. John city:

"St. John people had the opportunity of witnessing an unusual spectacle this morning. This was a moose quietly stalking through a number of the principal streets, nibbling some of the bushes in King Square, and calmly gazing at shop windows and at passers-by, many of whom

The Winchester Thumb Trigger Model is a novelty in .22 caliber rifles. It has the same simple and reliable bolt action which made the Winchester Model 1902 such a popular gun and caused it to be so widely imitated. When the gun is cocked, the action is locked against opening until the firing pin falls. This permits carrying the gun cocked without liability of the action jarring open. The gun is cocked by pulling rearward on the firing pin, which is made

the shooter is not so apt to throw the gun off the object aimed at in pressing down the trigger as when pulling it in the old way. The Thumb Trigger Model is made with a rebounding lock. It is a take-down and is made with an 18-inch round barrel, and has a $13\frac{1}{2}$ inch highly finished straight grip stock, having a drop at comb of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and a drop at heel of $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It inches and a drop of heel of $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It is fitted with a checked rubber butt plate



with a nurled head to afford a good grip. The Thumb Trigger, Model will handle either .22 Short or .22 Long rim fire cartridges. As its name indicates, the trigger, which is located on the upper side of the grip at the rear of the bolt, is operated by pressing down with the thumb. Simplicity and quickness of action are features of the thumb trigger. It is also claimed that it is an aid to accurate shooting, as

attached with lancy screws. The length of the Thumb Trigger Model from muzzle to butt is 33½ inches. It is furnished with an open rear sight and with a Winchester patented front sight having a bright alloyed tip, which will not tarnish. The sights are accurately set by shooting at a target. Notwithstanding the low price at which this rifle is offered, it is made with the same care as our other models.

were evidently much more disturbed at the presence of the moose than was the animal itself at the sight of so many strange objects. On Monday evening a large moose made its appearance in Pokiok. This morning it crossed to Milford and was seen by several persons. Later on it took its way down the river and about half-past six it landed on the Strait Shore, passed up Sheriff street, down Main street and along Paradise Row. Needless to say it soon had a large crowd in its train. For some time it hung about Spring street and other thoroughfares in that vicinity, still attended by a curious crowd. At last it tired of that section of the city, and Charlotte street merchants were soon greatly astonished to see a full sized moose passing along in front of their stores. King Square was its next stopping place, but evidently anxious to get away from its unusual companions the animal trotted down Sydney street. This was shortly after nine o'clock and until half-past twelve the visitor wandered around the lower part of the city. At the latter hour, tired out and dripping with perspiration, it sought rest at the foot of Queen street. Here a crowd soon gathered and some of its members illtreating the creature, Mr. Patrick Mooney had one of his teamsters place it upon a cart and drive it out to the country beyond Rockwood Park, where, free from dogs and its human tormentors, it is doubtless now reflecting upon its strange experiences. Mr. Mooney secured several pictures of the animal, which was a female, before having it removed.

As was to be expected, a number of different stories are now floating about. moose was seen, so it is said, on Queen Square at an early hour this morning; one was seen swimming across the harbor from the east to the west side about six o'clock; two wandered about the streets during the night, while still another tale is that a splendid appearing bull moose disported himself on Navy Island during the early morning. It is hardly probable, however, that more than one of the creatures explored the neighborhood as closely as the rumors would indicate. It is nevertheless a fact that two deer visited the city on Monday evening and early this morning, and were seen in the neighborhood of Winter street by several persons.

A meeting of the Lumbermen's Association of Western Nova Scotia was held at Bear River on the 21st and 22nd of July last and was attended by the leading lumber firms in Western Nova Scotia and the Chief Fire Rangers for the western counties. The chief matter discussed was the working of the Fire Ranging system as established by the Act of the last session of the Legislature.

The reports received by the Government from the nine Chief Rangers up to the present time have been of so satisfactory a nature that the Attorney General, Hon. J. W. Longley, was able to say in a very pleasing and able address at this meeting, that the rangers appointed by the Government were constantly reporting upon their duties and that they had succeeded in staying more fires that might have been disastrous than the public would ever know of, and the system was working splendidly in all the counties where chief rangers had been appointed.

Taking one county, the outline of the report is as follows: The first part of the season was favorable as there were frequent rains. This, however, was followed in May and June by extreme dry weather, and when fires happen to get started in the woods they soon spread over a large area if not stopped. Up to date in this county twenty-five fires have been found and put out under direct official instruction, and outside of some cordwood burnt early in the year, the damage has been nominal. About thirty-five acres were burned over and in that about half an acre of fair timber was partially destroyed. One fire was set maliciously, but the greater number of those started were from the carelessness of fishing parties. In this county last year 15,000 acres of timber land was burnt over and it is believed that with the present system in force no such conflagration would have occurred.

All of the Fire Rangers at the meeting agreed that the work they were doing as officers of the Government under the present Act was beneficial. The posting of notices and going among the settlers and

explaining the law regarding the setting of fires and the penalties entailed, has had the effect of preventing the numerous fires that spread so disastrously last year, from the indiscriminate burning of brush and meadow land. The organization is only now getting under way. This first year's work entails extra labor and time, in giving information and making proper appointments. A plan is being generally adopted to divide a county into sections under the charge of a sub-ranger, and the principle of the work is to prevent, check and put out a fire before it gets beyond control. It was a very pleasing leature of the discussion to find that the residents of the districts under supervision, that is to say, those living in the settlements, and where forest and wood surround them, cheerfully gave their appreciation of the working out of this new system for preventing forest fires in Nova Scotia.

One of the larger New York dailies published a newspaper article pretending to describe the low price and artistic artificial flies to be procured in Japan. The editor of Rod and Gun sent this article to a friend in Japan, who replies as follows:

"I have duly received your favor of the 20th ulto., enclosing newspaper article in regard to the cheap and excellent artificial flies made in Japan.

"I have already received a similar enquiry on this subject, enclosing the same article, and I hope if you come across the writer you will quietly push him overboard, or dispose of him, so that he will not write any more fairy stories of this kind.

"I am sorry to say there is no fly fishing to be had in Japan, as we know it at home and consequently no flies.

"I enclose copy of a letter from a friend of mine in Tokyo, who is the best authority I know on the subject, and I think his remarks dispose of the question so fully that there is nothing further to be said; and his suggestion to send to Aberdeen or Glasgow is the best that can be made.

"I am sorry that I cannot procure for you anything that would be of service. The small fly that is mentioned in the letter, made up in imitation of ants, would be of no use in home waters."

(Enclosure.)

27th June, 1904.

"That printed matter about Japanese tied flies is all "rot." The only hooks tied in Japan are in imitation of "ants", all the other specimens any of your friends may have seen in this country are copies of foreign flies. Japanese do not fly fish. One or two may have been taught by some resident or G. T., but as a pastime or sport, Japanese know nothing of using the fly. "Ai" and a small fish called "Haya" caught by floating a string of five or six representations of a sort of "Ant", but this is the only attempt. I have ever seen as a Japanese sport and I have been in Japan for over forty years and am a "mad" fisherman.

"Nakamura's information can entirely be relied on, as he is a very keen fisherman, and has often borrowed my "flies" and minnows and spoon baits to copy. He used to import "flies" from Glasgow to sell to visitors. I have often bought from him, but all the flies had been imported with the exception of a few imitations made by Nakamura, which were very clumsily dressed.

"Parlett of the British Legation, can give you the most reliable information about fly fishing. I think some of the Japanese fishermen at Yumoto near Tsuzenji, make their own flies for trout fishing in the river, but no one that I know makes foreign hooks for sale.

"You can't buy Japanese made flies, unless you specially order them to be made and give samples to copy.

"There is a great friend of mine at Sapporo, who makes all his own salmon and trout flies, but only for his own use. Tell your friends to send to Aberdeen or Glasgow for flies, etc., if they want any good ones."

The days of the automatic weapon are upon us and clear as sunlight is the conviction that within the next decade automatic rifles, shot guns and pistols will render all other systems almost valueless. The King is known to have been most favorably impressed with a Danish automatic rifle, and no doubt his influence is being

used to keep back the manufacture of the new Lee-Enfield, which is an admirably wise procrastination, if there is a possibility of the British services leading the world in automatic rifles.

The Austrian - Hungarian Ordnance Department has for some time been testing the Mannbebic, Luger and Roth automatic pistols, the later patterns being .38 and .40 caliber.

In automatic guns we already have the Browning, which although moderately successful, still "leaves to be desired," but according to the reports of the American and British patent offices, an apparently

much better arms has been designed, and no doubt it will be manufactured ere long.

Yet in spite of this evidently progressive spirit, there are some well-meaning uersons that would prohibit the use of automatic weapons. Because—some gunners might kill too much game. What a neat compliment to the automatic and what a poor one to the self-respecting sportsman!

The sportsman visiting Manitoba is restricted to fifty geese and twenty-five ducks a day. In the East he is perforce contented with about that number of geese in a year, even down the Gulf of St. Lawrence.



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Communications on all topics permining to fishing, shooting, canoning, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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The Official Organ of the Canadian Forestry Association.

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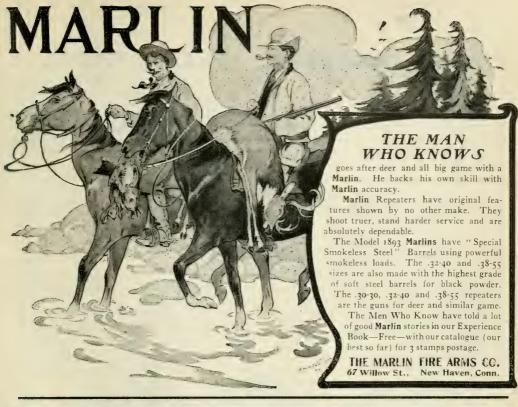
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HE objects of the CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION are:

The preservation of the forests for their influence on climate, fertility and water supply; the exploration of the public domain and the reservation for timber production of lands unsuited for agriculture; the promotion of judicious methods in dealing with forests and woodlands; re-afforestation where advisable; tree planting on the plains and on streets and highways; the collection and dissemination of information bearing on the forestry problem in general.

ROD AND GUN is the official organ of the Association, which supplies the articles relating to Forestry published therein.

This Association is engaged in a work of national importance in which every citizen of the Dominion has a direct interest. If you are not a member of the Association your membership is earnestly solicited.

The annual fee is \$1.00, and the Life Membership fee \$10.00.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary,

R. H. CAMPBELL,

OTTAWA, ONT.

Department of the Interior.

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Deminion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada All communications for this department should be addressed to Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont

Dominion of Canada Tournament at Brantford, Ontario

The Fourth Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting and Game Protective Association was held at the City of Brantford, Ontario, on Aug. 10th, 11th and 12th, under the management of the Brantford Gun Club.

Perhaps no more delightful spot could have been selected in the whole Dominion for this great national event in the trapstock of 100,000 Bowron targets to keep them going. Tents for the accommodation of the different clubs and ammunition companies and representatives were ranged in line behind the score, flanked at one end by the large dining tent. The row of gaily colored tents gave a pretty setting to the grounds. The back ground was perfect, the grounds pleasantly situated, convenient to



F. A. HENEY, Rresident, G. EASDALE, Secretary, Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooters and Game Protective Association.



T. M. CRAIG, Winner High Average Second Day.

shooting fraternity. The Association tournaments have become national in character, the membership including residents of, not only Eastern and Western Ontario, but also Manitoba and Quebec, and are attended by the best shooting talent in the Dominion. Situated at the hub of the shooting world in Canada, Brantford was particularly adapted for a tournament of such proportions as this proved to be.

The visiting sportsmen found that the Brantford boys had not been idle in the matter of preparation for the big affair, and that the arrangements were most complete. Four sets of Bowron. "Quick Set" traps, set Sergeant System, arranged in line, had been provided, together with a

the street railway and, apart from the wind and rain on the first day, which interfered with the scores, the conditions could not have been much more favorable for shooting.

The system of handicapping used was the modified sliding handicap ted Association last year and which seems to give the most satisfactory results. A handicap committee gave each shooter his mark start with each day according to his shooting ability, based, approximately, as follows:-a 90 per cent. shooter was placed at 19 yards; an 85-90 per cent. shooter at 18 vards; and 80-85 per cent. shooter at 17 yards, and less than 80 per cent. at

scratch, 16 yards. The system proved eminently satisfactory and could hardly be improved upon. Messrs. J. E. Cantelon, D. McMackon, G. W. McGill, Capt. Higginson and Dr. Overholt performed the delicate duty of handicapping to the satisfaction of every one.

The professional element was represented by J. A. R. Elliott of the Winchester Arms Co., F. H. Conover, Canadian representative the Dupont Smokeless Powder Company; N. P. Leach of the Ithaca Gun Co., Geo. Daudt of the Philadelphia Arms Co., R. H. Watson of the Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal; J. H. Cameron, of the Winchester R. A. Co.; John S. Cole, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and A. W. DuBray of Parker Bros.

The shooting generally was of a high order and demonstrated that as expert flying target shots, Canadians can rank with any on the continent. Their rapid advance in shooting ability is shown by the fact that while last year the high averages at Toronto were won with less than 90 per cent.—this year it required 93 per cent and 94 per cent to win first place.

The officers in immediate charge of the shoot were:—F. Westbrook, President; A. B. Cutliffe, secretary; J. T. Wallace, treasurer; Geo. Cashmore, Toronto, entry clerk; H. D. Freeman, register clerk; Wm.



P. WAKEFIELD, Winner High Average First Day







C. J. MITCHELL, Trophy Winner, Brantford.

Crawford, score clerk; F. Frank, compiler of scores; referees, Geo. Briggs, Toronto; John Morris, Hamilton; C. J. Page, Brantford; Jas. Heath, Brantford; squad hustlers, A. Waddington, C. Todd, A. Jones; pullers, H. Clark, L. Myers, A. Dey, Geo. Lamb. The thanks of the Association are due these gentlemen for the efficient manner in which they performed their several THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Association was held in the City Hall on the evening of Aug. 10th. Mr. Fred. Westbrooke, as president of the Association, presided. In the absence of Mr. Throop of Ottawa, the secretary-treasurer, Mr. G. Easdale, was appointed secretary pro tem.

Minutes of last meeting were read and on motion adopted.

Letters of regret at their enforced absence were read from Mr. T. A. Duff, Toronto, and Mr. A. W. Throop, Ottawa, the latter also resigning his position as secretary-treasurer.

the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, F. A. Heney; 1st vice-president, G. W. McGill, Toronto; 2nd vice-president, D. McMackon, Highgate; G. Easdale, Ottawa; secretary-treasurer; executive committee, W. A. Smith, Kingsville, W. E. Hall, Blenheim; r. Upton, Hamilton; T. A. Duff, Toronto; Capt. Higginson, Ottawa; J. B. Goodhue, Sherbrooke, P.Q.; W. P. Thompson, Hamilton; J. W. Aitken, Chatham.

It was decided without discussion to hold the next annual tournament at Ottawa. A vote of thanks to the retiring officers, donors of trophies and representatives of ammunition and gun companies for their presence and assistance was duly passed.



G. McMACKON, Trophy Winner, Brantford.

DR. CUTCLIFEE, Trophy Winner Brantford.

The question of the affiliation of Woodstock Gun Club was referred to the executive, as the case was covered by the rules of the Association.

The question of taking a portion of the accummulated funds of the Association for added money at the succeeding tournaments was brought up by Mr. G. W. McGill, who seemed to voice the feeling of the meeting in saying that the tournaments should be run rather for the benefit of the individual shooter than of the club having charge of the shoot. It was finally decided to limit the surplus of the Association to \$200, and to apply the amount of funds on hand in excess of this annually as added money at the tournaments.

The action of the Dominion Government in adding 15 per cent. to the already heavy duty of 30 per cent. on ammunition came in for a very proper amount of criticism, the feeling being that a sport that is doing more than other to convert Canadians into expert shots should not be thus strangled in its infancy.

HIGH AVERAGES.

The professional averages were:—1st day, Conover, 187; Elliott, 175; Daudt, 169; 2nd day, Elliott, 188; Daudt 178; Conover, 176. 3rd day, Elliott, 188; Conover, 178; Daudt, 175. Three days, Elliott, 551; Conover, 541; Daudt, 522.

Mr. P. Wakefield, Toronto, won amateur average first day, and with it a handsome oronze statue presented by Westbrook & Hacker Brewing Co., with a score of 186 or 93 per cent. The amateur average, second day, and the splendid trophy presented by Rod and Gun in Canada, was won by C. M. Craig, Sherbrooke, Que., with 187 or 93½ per cent. The amateur average

third day, was tied for by F. Westbrook and C. Summerhays, of Brantford, and won by Westbrook with 49 to 48 out of 50 on the shoot off. A handsome silver trophy presented by F. Hubert, Belmont Hotel. Brantford, went to winner of third day's average. The average for the three days was won by H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, with a score of 551 or 91.8 per cent. Mr. Bates thus became the owner of the handsome Beresford cup, he having a previous win to his credit for this splendid trophy.

THE FIRST DAY.

The principal feature of the first day's programme was the two-man team race for the championship of Canada won last year at Toronto by Messrs. P. Wakefield and G. W. McGill. Both these gentlemen had been shooting a very stiff race throughout the day and they were looked upon as probable winners. However, in a field such good shots it was unsafe to make any predictions as to the result. The two-man championship went to Hamilton, Messrs. T.Upton and M.Fletcher, winning out with the very excellent score of 39. The winning team was closely followed by four other teams, namely, Messrs. Bates H. Scane, Ridgetown; Conway and Mc-McCall, Ridgetown; Slaney and Heney, Ottawa, and Higginson and Cameron, Otta-



FOREST H. CONOVER, Canadian Representative DuPont Powder Co.

wa, each with a score of 38. The winning team received a silver cup each. Messrs. W. Wakefield and Walton, Toronto, received a pair of statues given for lowest score The full score was:-

F. Westbrooke 18, C. Hacker 19-37.

H. D. Bates 20, H. Scane 18-38.

Dr. Cutliffe 18, J. T. Wallace 17.

G. W. McGill 16, P. Wakefield 19-35.

J. M. Conway 19, Geo. McCall 19-38.

W. P. Thompson 17, Dr. Hunt 15-32. Redpath 16, Glover 18-34.

T. Upton 19, M. Fletcher 20-39.

D. McMackon 20, J. L. McLaren 17-37. Geo. Duńk 11, J. H. Thompson 14-25. Mallory 14, H. Cull 17-31.

C. J. Mitchell 16, C. Summerhays 18-34

J. Hartman 15, G. B. Smith 19-34.

H. T. Westbrooke 18, A. McLean 15-33.

trophy twice and another win will give her absolute possession of it. The following is the full score:-

Hamilton-Upton 20, Rasberry 19, Green 19, Thompson 19, Dr. Hunt 19, M. E. Fletcher 20, J. Hunter 19, J. Cline 16-151.

Brantford-F. Westbrooke 20, C. Summerhays 20, D. J. Lewis 17, C. J. Mitchell 17, C. Hacker 20, J. T. Wallace 16, Dr. Cutliffe 16, H. T. Westbrooke 16-142.

Ridgetown-W. A. Smith 19, McLaren 18, Conway 16, H. Scane 19, McMackon 20, McCall 17, C. Scane 18, H. Bates 18.—145.

Ottawa-Higginson 20, Heney 16, Easdale 14. Henry 17, Stanley 19, DesLaurier 15, C. A. Thompson 16, Cameron 14.-131.

THIRD DAY.

The third and last day of the tourna-



Winner Marlin Rifle and Silver Cup, Brantford, August 1904.



H. D. BATES. Winner High Average, Dominion Tournament, Brantford, August 1904. Trophy Winner, Dominion Tourna-ment, Brantford, August 1904.



W. A. SMITH,

J. Moore 18, W. Paulucci 15-33. N. G. Brav 18, T. M. Craig 18-36. W. Slaney 19, F. A. Heney 19-38. Capt. Higginson 20, W.L. Cameron 18-38 G. E. Holmes 20, J. E. Hovey 15-35. W. G. Doherty 17, J. E. Cantelon 19-36.

W. Wakefield 8, D. C. Walton 7-15.

J.M. DesLaurier 17, W.J. Henry 17-34.

SECOND DAY

The feature of the second day was the eight-man team championship race. Hamilton, Brantford, Ottawa and Ridgetown each contributed a team and the contest was very hot. In the result Hamilton team won out with the splendid score of 151 out of 160, over 94 per cent. Second money was won by Ridgetown with 145. Hamilton holds the trophy, a splendid cup presented by the Dominion Cartridge Co., for the year. She has already won the

ment was the most interesting of the meet, as the Mail Trophy five-man team race, the Grand Canadian Handicap and the Individual Championship of Canada were all booked for this day. In addition most of the ties for the trophies given in the individual events during the three days were shot off during the third day.

The contest for possession of the splendid mail trophy and the five-man team championship of Canada resulted in a tie for first place between Hamilton and Brantford with 233 out of a possible 250, with Ridgetown but three birds behind with a score of 230. In the shoot-off Brantford won out with a score of 230 to 226. This cup was won by St. Hubert's, Ottawa, in 1901; Ridgetown in 1902, and Brantford in 1903.

The Grand Canadian Handicap was won by Mr. F. Westbrooke of Brantford

the good score of 49 out of 50 from the 19-yard mark. The previous winners of the cup were Mr. A. W. Throop, Ottawa, in 1902, and Mr. T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke, P. Q., in 1903.

The hottest contest, of the many hot ones during the three days shooting was the last one shot off,-the race for the Individual Championship of Canada. The result of the first round at 50 targets left Mr. F. Westbrooke and Mr. C. Summerhays, both of Brantford, and W. A. Smith of Kingsville, a tie with 49. In the second round of 50 targets, Westbrooke lost his 5th, Summerhays his 29th and Smith his 38th bird, leaving the three again a tie with 49, a total of 98 out of 100. As it was growing late it was decided to shoot off the tie miss and out. Summerhays lost his 2nd target, Smith his 16th and Westprooke breaking his 16th won out. victor and vanquished were deservedly congratulated on the splendid scores put up in the contest.

FIVE-MAN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

Brantford—F. Westbrook 46, C. J. Mitchell 43, Dr. Cutliffe 46, C. Summerhays 50, C. Hacker 48.—233.

Ridgetown-H. D. Bates 47, H. Scane



FRED WESTBROOK,
Winner Grand Canadian Handicap Individual Championship,
High Average Third Day.



J. A. R. ELLIOTT, Winchester Expert, Winner Professional Average.

46, G. McCall 45, D. McMackon 43, W. A. Smith 49.—230.

Stanleys—G. W. McGill 44, P. Wakefield 44, Geo. Dunk 42, J. H. Thompson 47, Alex. Dey 41.—218.

Clinton—J. E. Cantelon 41, Doherty 39, G. E. Holmes 44, R. Graham 45, Dodds 44.—213.

Hamilton—W. P. Thompson 46, Dr. Hunt 44, M. Fletcher 50, T. Upton 47, J. Hunter 46.—233.

Ottawa—Higginson 46, Cameron 47, F. A. Heney 41, W. Slaney 45, G. Easdale 45.

Sherbrooke—C. G. Thompson 39, Dr. Stockwell 46, T. M. Craig 45, N. G. Bray 44, J. B. Goodhue 39.—213.

GRAND CANADIAN HANDICAP.

Thos. Upton 44, Dr. Hunt 43, W. P. Thompson 47, M. Fletcher 43, Geo. Dunk 41, P. Wakefield 45, J. H. Thompson 44, G. W. McGill 47, Elliott 49, Conover 47, F. Westbrook 49, Cutliffe 44, Mitchell 42, Summerhays 49, C. Hacker 45, Cantelon 34, R. Graham 42, J. Dodds 39, G. E. Holmes 44, W. G. Doherty 40, T. M. Craig 43, Dr. Stockwell 43, C. G. Thompson 39, N.G. Bray 42, H. D. Bates 46, H. Scane, 44, D. McMackon 43, Daudt 39, Redpath 43, Glover 37

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

T. Upton 48, Elliott 50, G. W. McGill 45, Conover 45, F. Westbrook 49, Dr. Cutliffe 48, C. J. Mitchell 40, Summerhays 49, C. Hacker 45, W. Slaney 45, Higginson 46, G. E. Holmes 45, H. D. Bates 47, H. Scane 48, D. McMackon 45, W. A. Smith 19.

The Full Score	ıst i	Day	and i	Day	3rd S.	Day B.	Tor	tal B.	
Thomas Upton	200	В. 174	200	179	200	181	600	534	89 p
Dr. Hunt	200	178	200	172	150	128	550	478	, ,
W. P. Thompson	200	168	200	175	150	132	550	475	
J. A. R. Elliott	200	175	200	188	200	188	600	551	91.8 р. с
M. Fletcher	200	170	200	180	150	136	550	486	•
Geo. Dunk	200	182	160	124	150	130	510	436	
P. Wakefield	200	186	200	169	150	135	550	490	
J. H. Thompson	200	163	200	154	150	125	550	442	
Geo. McGill	200	178	200	180	200	176	600	534	89 p. c.
F. H. Conover	200	187	200	176	200	178	600	541	90.1 p.c.
Fred. Westbrooke	200	173	200	181	200	188	600	542	90.3 p.c.
('. Montgomery	200	146	100	67	200	4.00	300	213	
C. J. Mitchell	200	171	200	174	200	168	600	513	85.5 p.c.
C. Summerhayes	200	172	200	179	200.	188	600	539	89.9 p.e.
C. Hacker	200	177	200	174	200	183	600	534	89 p. c.
W. L. Cameron	. 200	164	200	176	100	87	500	427	
G. Easdale	200	162	$\frac{200}{200}$	172 171	$\frac{100}{100}$	78	500	412	
F. A. Heney	200	171 178	200	172	100	84 85	$\frac{500}{500}$	426	
W. Slaney	$\frac{200}{200}$	154	120	95	100	0.0	320	$\frac{435}{249}$	
W. J. Henry	200	161	200	168	150	122	550	451	
J. E. Cantelon	200	171	200	158	190	1.24	400	329	
J. E. Hovey J. Dodds	200	167	200	171	050	121	550	459	
G. E. Holmes	200	175	200	178		.174	600	527	87.8 p.c.
W. G. Doherty		160	200	160	150	120	550	440	01.0 p.c.
J. B. Goodhue	200	148	200	154	150	71	550		
T. M. Craig	200	169	200	187	150	133	550	489	
Dr. Stockwell	200	168	200	173	150	129	550	470	
C. G. Thompson	200	174	200	170	150	130	550	474	
N. G. Bray	200	179	200	179	150	133	550	491	
H. D. Bates	200	184	200	182	200	185	600	551	91.8 p.c.
H. Scane	200	176	200	180	200	185	600	541	90.2 pc.
J. L. McLaren	200	164	200	173	100	83	500	420	
D. McMackon	200	169	200	174	200	185	600	528	88 p. c.
W. A. Smith	200	169	200	173	150	137	550	479	
Geo. McCall	200	174	200	164	100	82	500	420	
Chas. Scane	200	148	200	147	40	33	440	328	
J. Conway	200	160	200	1.60	80	67	480		
H. T. Westbrooke	200	156	200	144	100	79	500	379	
J. T. Wallace	200	167	200	154	80	65	480	386	
J. A. Hartman	200	168	160	127			360	295	
D. J. Taylor	140	92	1.00	104			140	92	
C. K. Baetz	200	144	160	124			360	268	
P. G. Doersman	200	146	$\frac{200}{200}$	147			100	293	
G. B. Smith	200	173	200	176	10	95	100	319	
N. Bluett	$\frac{200}{200}$	168	200	176	11)	25	210	193 356	
J. J. Moore	200	151	200	141	40	27	110	319	
W. Paulucci	200	159	200	140	100	78	500	377	
J. W. Aitken R. Watson	40	22	60	29	20		120		
D. S. Daudt	200	169	200	178	200		600		87 pc.
W. Parker	80	56	60	40	80		200		
F. W. Overholt	100	80					100		
Dr. Overholt	160	135					160		

D. C. Walton	80	59			-1()	23	120	82	
A. Henry	200	154	80	56			280	210	
H. Cull	200	156	60	41			260	197	
R. Barrett	200	158	100	83	80	68	380	309	,
Capt. Higginson	200	167	200	180	100	84	500	431	
Dr. Cutliffe	200	175	200	180	200	180	600	535	89.1 p.c
J. F. Collins	60	43					60		
H. Marlatt	120	106	. 100	78			320	184	
W. G. Mitchell	80	54		٠			80	54	
J. M. Deslaurier	40	27	120	91	80	62	240	180	
A. McLean	80	64			60	44	1.40	108	
E. A. Clifford	20	15	80	61	40	34	140	110	
S. M. Screaton	20	10	200	165	200	139	420	314	
D. J. Lewis	20	15	40	35	200	143	260	193	
B. W. Glover	20	18	200	164			220	182	
W. Wakefield	20	19	60	47	100	76	180	142	
W. E. Hall			200	165			200	165	
G. J. Mason			140	109	80	63		172	
H. Marshall			180	126			180	126	
J. T. Collins			100	74			100	74	
F. C. Stanley			120	59			120	59	
J. Wheeler			180	148	50	41	230	189	
M. Rasberry			80	73			80	73	
C. H. Anderson			80	655			88	55	
J. J. Cline			60	45			60 45		
N. Bull			20	10			20	10	
Green			140	122	100	75	240	197	
H. Dynes			60	43			60	43	
W. Singular			80	69	40	34	120	103	
F. Martin			40	35			40	35	
H. Marshall			20	18			20	18	
A. Boulton			10	31			40	31	
C. A. Thompson			40	23			40	23	
J. Hunter			1.00	88	80	65	180	153	
W. Lewis			80	56	100	69	180	125	
R. Graham					150	130	150	130	
Alex Dey					100	84	100	84	
J. Bowron					80	57	80	57	
A. Simpson					110	97	110	97	
A. Brown					110	93	110	93	
J. H. Hartley					40	28	40	28	
W. J. Henry					80	57	80	57	
J. Ingraham					100	61	100	61	
T. M. Sawden					100	82	100	82	
N. Williamson					100	81	100	81	
T. Sawden, sr					20	18	20	18	
Turnbull					20	18	20	18	

PRIZE WINNERS IN INDIVIDUAL EVENTS.

First Day.

Event No. 1.—D. C. Walton, Toronto, a gun cleaner for lowest score.

Event No. 2.—Prize, Marlin rifle, presented by Marlin Fire Arms Co., won by J.

J. Moore, Chatham, with 57 out of 60.

Event No. 3.—Prize, silver pitcher, won by C. G. Thompson, Sherbrooke, Que., with 39 out of 40.

Event No. 4.—Prize, Brewers and Maltsters' Cup, presented by the Brewsters & Maltsters Association, Toronto, won by Dr. Hunt, Hamilton, with a straight score.

Event No. 5.—Prize, gold medal, presented by Mr. John Spittal, King's Hotel, Brantford, won by Thos. Upton, Hamilton, Ont., with 40 straight.

Event No. 6.—Prize, \$25.00 in gold, presented by Eley Bros., London, England, won by H. D. Bates, with 40 straight.

Event No. 7.—Prize, silver bowl and spoons, won by C. Summerhayes, with 20 straight.

Event No. 8.—Prize, gold medal, presented by J. E. Cantelon, Clinton, Ont., won by G. W. McGill, Toronto, with 38 out of 40.

Event No .-Prize, silver water service, donated by Brantford Gun Club, won by C. Hacker, Brantford, with a straight score.

Event No. 10—Prize, gold watch, won by W. A. Smith, Kingsville, with 57 out of 60.

Second Day.

Event No. 1.—Prize, gun cleaner, for low score, won by F. C. Stanley.

Event No. 2.—Prize, silver cup, won by J. J. Moore, Chatham, with 39 out of 40.

Event No. 3.—Prize, silver tea service, won by J. Dodds, Clinton, with 57 out of 60.

Event No. 4.—Prize, gold medal donated by Thos. Upton, Hamilton, won by H. Scane, Ridgetown, with 40 straight.

Event No. 5.—Prize, double barrelled shot gun, donated by C. J. Mitchell, Brantford, won by Mr. Mitchell, with 40 straight.

Event No. 6.—Prize, \$25.00 in gold, donated by Eley Bros., London, Eng., won by D. McMackon, Highgate, with 40 straight.

Event No. 7.—Prize, gold watch, won by Dr. Cutliffe, Brantford, with 40 straight.

Event No. 8.—Prize, water set, won by Dr. Stockwell, Sherbrooke, Que., with 60 straight.

Event No. 9.—Prize, silver fruit bowl, won by W. L. Cameron, Ottawa, with 39 out of 40.

Event No. 10.—Prize, water set, won by W. E. Hall, Blenheim, with 56 out of 60.

Third Day.

Event No. 1.—Prize, sporting picture for low score, won by W. B. Glover, London.

Event No. 2.—Prize, gold watch, wor by Dr. Hunt, Hamilton, with a strenght score

Event No. 3.—Prize, handsome clock, won by T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke, Que., with 40 straight.

Event No. 4.—Prize, silver pitcher, won by Dr. Cutliffe, Brantford, with a straight score.

N. B.—The scores given include those made in shooting off one or more ties at 20 targets each.

NOTES.

Mr. du Bray, representing Parker Bros., was present during the tournament. Handsome, gentlemanly and debonair, he was one whom it was always a pleasure to meet and talk with. It must have been gratifying to him to see so many of the trophy winners shooting the "Old Reliable" Parker gun.

An unfortunate incident happened during the first day of the shoot. Dr. Overholt of Hamilton made a straight score. Through an error of the scorer he was given two ciphers, making his score 18. After the score sheets were taken into the office, the executive committee were called upon to correct the mistake. The rules of the Association required that any mistake in the score should be corrected by the shooter before shooting two more rounds. This had not been done and the committee were reluctantly compelled to carry out the rules notwithstanding their own feelings in the matter. The mistake was particularly regrettable in Dr. Overholt's case, as the doctor is a man of sterling honesty anh one who has done more, perhaps, than any other to promote trap shooting in Cana-

Messrs. J. H. Cameron of the Winchester Arms Co., and John S. Cole of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., were two very popular attendants at the shoot. No well regulated tournament would be complete without them.

During the last day of the shoot some necord breaking shooting was done by the Canadian amateurs. C. Summerhayes of Brantford,made a run of 105 straight. He and Fred Westbrook missed but 15 out of the last 540 shot at. W. A. Smith, runner up for the Individual Championship, made a run of 70 straight and a run of 167 out of 170. One squad composed of Rasberry, Upton, Higginson, F. Westbrook and Summerhayes broke 99 out of 100.

Some of the record scores were made

with C. J. Mitchell's own loads obtained on the grounds, showing that it is possible with practical knowledge and experience to furnish Canadians with good "home grown" loads.

"Injun" Conover, Canadian representative of DuPont powder, was a conspicuous figure at the shoot and had the satisfaction of seeing the majority of the shooters using its favorite brand of smokeless. Of the 77 shooters, 49 used DuPont. The winners of the two-man team shoot, the Hamilton and Brantford teams in the Mail Trophy contest, Fred Westbrook, winner of the Grand Canadian Handicap, and Individual Cnampionship, and Bates, winner of General Average, used DuPont.

Schultze, E. C. and Infallible, next to DuPont, were the favorite powders and some of the best scores were made with one of these brands.

Of guns, the Smith and Parker were most in evidence. The new A. H. Fox gun, in the hands of Mr. Daudt, was the subject of much interest.

Bates, wonner of High Average, did not do much talking, but "sawed wood" pretty consistently during the three days and made no bad breaks in his scores. His new Parker is a winner. He used U.M.C. Arrow loads.

N. G. Bray, Sherbrooke, Que., shot a Greener hammer gun and no gun on the ground mashed the targets better. If his gun was not so modern his scores were strictly up to date.

Mr. Throop, the late secretary and Mr. Duff, the late president of the Association, were much missed figures at the shoot.

Some of the best shots failed to land a trophy. G. B. Smith, Ayton, Ont., qualified for a prize in five and N. G. Bray in seven different events, but each failed to win on the shoot-off.

A special train for the shooters from Western Ontario to Ottawa next year is already Leing talked of.

7

We present in this issue the picture of Arthur W. du Bray, who represents Messrs. Parker Bros., gun makers of Meriden, Connecticut. Mr. du Bray is of English birth and parentage, was educated in the north of France and came to the United States from South America in 1870. From the year of 1875 to 1890 he was in the regular army and served with distinction on two Indian campaigns in General Custer's famous regiment, the 7th U. S. Cavalry.

Owing to his fondness for fire-arms he left the army in 1890 and accepted the position of travelling salesman and general agent for the firm he now represents, his territory including a,1 of Canada, all of the southern, some of the middle States, so that his duties keep him constantly on the move, as he travels from the Gulf of Mexico in the south to far away Edmonton in Alberta, Northwest territory. Mr. du Bray has attended most of the important tournaments given during the last fifteen years, to say nothing of many others while in the army, and is known from one



ARTHUR W. DU BRAY.

end of the country to the other. He is a member of the Riverton Gun Club of Philadelphia, and of the Kentucky Gun Club of Louisville, both famous for their well equipped pigeon grounds and the highest order of personnel, besides which he belongs to many of the best target shooting clubs, notably the Cincinnati Gun Club of Cincinnati, Ohio. While in the service in the West, he was elected President of the Association of the Northwest, under the name of "Gauch". Mr. du Brav has been a frequent contributor to the best of American sporting journals, and has done more .to popularize the use of small bores, by word of mouth, pen and deed, as game guns, than any one else on this continent.

Speaking authoritatively of the tournament just closed at Brantford, Mr. du Bray expresses himself as being delighted at the high order of shooting done, and predicts that Canada will soon have marksmen fit to pit against any strict amateurs.

Winnipeg Tournament.

The big trap shooting tournament held at Winnipeg, Man., annually under the patronage of the Dominion Exhibition at that city was held on the grounds of the Fort Garry Gun Club'on the banks of the Assiniboine, Norwood, on Aug. 1st and 2nd. What the Dominion Trap Shooting Association's annual tournament is to the East, this annual tournament is to the West and this year the western shoot almost rivalled in importance the great eastern meet.

Tom A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill., and Rollo Heikes, Dayton, Ohio, of the U. M. C. Co.; H. C. Hirschy, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; E. White, Ottawa,



MR. M. PUTNAM, Winnipeg.

representative of the DuPont Powder Oo., and C. D. Golpy, Nelson, representing the Dominion Cartridge Co., attended the shoot in the interest of their respective companies.

Mr. M. Putnam of the Hingston Smith Arms Co., had charge of the details of the shoot and performed his arduous duties, assisted by a corps of willing local enthusiasts, in a manner satisfactory to all.

This shoot is a sort of international affair, the attendance of expert shooters from "over the border" being very large. Out of compliment to the visitors and appropriately in connection with the international team race, the grounds were gaily decorated with the Union Jack and "Old Glory."

The shooting was over two Leggett traps. The weather the first day was ideal for shooting, but on the second day a

strong wind blew across the traps, making the shooting more difficult.

The event around which the greatest interest of the first day centred was the contest for the challenge cup donated by the Robin Hood Powder Company, and emblematic of the amateur championship of the Dominion of Canada. The veteran shot of Winnipeg, Mr. Frank G. Simpson, who has done probably more than any one to promote trap shooting in the West, captured the coveted trophy and accompanying medal, with the handsome score of 47 out of a possible 50. D. Bain of Winnipeg who last year won the Canadian championship trophy at Toronto, and F. J. Bailey were a close second, with 46. The win of Mr. Simpson was a popular one. Having won the cup five times, three times in succession, he is entitled to the ownership of it, but he generously decided to donate it to the association as a challenge trophy.

The contest for the Parker gun was a keen one, Parker, Stair and Sprague being a tie with 20 straight. In the shoot off Mr. Parker of Minot, W. Dakota, won out with a second straight score of 20.

Professional high average for the first day was as follows: Marshall 159, Heikes 157, White 145, Hirschy 144.

Amateur high average, first day, was:— F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg, 155; Stair (Crookston) 154; Graham (Sault Ste Marie) 153; Moire (Minot) 152; Kreger (S. Dakota), Parker (Minot), Wilkinson (St. Paul, Minn.), Sprague (Grafton) 150.

Second Day.

The events of the day were the international individual championship and the international team race. The individual championship was at 50 targets and was won last year by F. G. Simpson. This year Stairs and Graham tied for first place with 48 out of 50. In the shoot-off Graham scored 23 and Stair 22, the former thus winning the coveted trophy, a handsome gold medal.

The International team race, 11 men a side, 20 targets per man, was won by the American visitors with a score of 195 to 186, as follows:—

Canadian team-R. U. Lighteap, Winni-

peg, 17; F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg, 17; Sanders, Killarney, 17; Paul Johnson, Winnipeg, 17; D. H. Bain, Winnipeg, 18; M. J. Miller, Winnipeg, 18; Britton, Winnipeg, 17; Brodie, Boissevin, 16; R. J. McKay, Winnipeg, 16; D. G. McKay, Indian Head, 13; Geo. Laing, Indian Head, 20. Total 186.

American team—Stairs, Crookston, 17; Parker, Minot, 18; Sprague, Grafton, 19; Champlin, Minot, 19; Moore, Minot, 17; Kreger, Redfield, N.D., 16; Cavalier, Pembina, 18; Graham, Sault Ste Marie, 19; Wilkinson, St. Paul, 17; Hale, Grand Forks, 18; Lapp, St. Vincent, 17. Total 195.

The Winchester trap gun and Stevens hammerless gun, donated by Hingston Smith Arms Co., as prizes in Event 10, were won by Simpson and Sprague, respectively, after shooting off a tie of 20 straight, the former in the shoot off making a second straight a splendid run of 40 straight.

High average for both days:-Profession-

Geo. F. Webber, Station A., Detroit, Mich., manufacturer of hand-knit jackets for the sporting goods trade, whose advt. you will find on another page, says he knows of no reason why his goods should not sell in Canada. He has never made any special effort to sell his goods on this side of the Detroit River, although a good many special orders reach him direct from the consumer as well as the dealers. the States his jackets have superseded the sweater almost entirely with the shooters. He says there is not a dealer of any importance who does not sell the goods and nearly all the large wholesalers carry them in steck. He guarantees the goods in every way, material, fit, workmanship, and satisfaction to his customer. goods are strictly hand-knit and are fashioned to fit the form-man or woman.

Mr. Webber is an old Toronto boy, and he says he has a warm spot in his heart for the dear old town. His family still reside there and he visits in Toronto very frequently. Nothing offers greater pleasure to him yet than a trip up the Don. The old swimming holes are still there, although greatly changed, and he says he is not too old yet to "Chaw raw beef."

al, Heikes, 289; Marshall, 284. Amateur — Sprague 281, Graham 280, Stair 279.

The score:-Stair 170 154 140 125 310 265 Parker 170 150 140 118 310 268 Champlin 170 119 140 118 310 Moore 170 152 140 123 310 275 Kreger 170 150 140 120 310 270 Marshall 170 159 140 125 310 284 Heikes 170 157 140 132 310 289 White 170 145 140 125 310 270 Graham ... 170 153 140 127 310 280 Tucker 30 18 Hirschy ... 170 144 140 123 310 267 Wilkinson 170 150 140 113 310 263 Sprague:. 170 150 140 131 310 281 Hale 170 140 140 103 310 243 Simpson 170 155 140 124 310 279 Meldrum 170 127 140 112 310 239 McKay R. J. ...170 142 140 121 310 263 McKay G. ... 170 142 140 105 310 247 Laing 170 137 140 110 310 277 Chalmers 170 111 Saunders ... 170 135 117 140 310 252 Bailey 135 103 75 60 Harwood 120 68 Thompson . . . 60 42 30 Brodie 170 120 131 99 Williamson . . 150 113 Varcoe 90 55 60 45 Lane 150 110 60 46 Tweed 150 116 45 32 Black 45 21 15 -9 Farwell 150 9945 36 Welband 150 119 15 11 Spencer 150 116 75 51 150 125 120 100 Lapp "Muskrat" . .. 170 137 Miller 170 138 95 84 Lightcap 170 139 95 83 Orchard 120 86 Goepel 170 116 140 102 Farrel 120 96 45 36 Lemon 135 108 35 Burtch 50 39 110 58 Hines 135 96 Rutledge 15 9 Bertram 30 13 27 Gouin 60 Sutton 95 73 135 95 30 24 Cadham 30 24 30 24 Scott Britton 17 30 140 116

60 51

60 50

Johnson

Andrews	90	67		
Bain	60	48	15	12
C. Scott	45	36		
C. F. Lightcap	110	80		
Bell	15	11		
H. F. Thomp'n	15	13		
Campbell	15	7		
Cavalier			140	118
Putnam	30	18	15	14
Totten	30	17	30	15
Belvean	65	28		
Bourgouin	80	56		
Cooke	30	23		
Baldwin	50	36	30	20
Anderson	30	22	30	18
Turner			15	15
Merrell			45	29

NOTES.

In addition to the prizes mentioned, Mr. Sprague of Grafton, N.D., won a handsome

cup donated by Rod and Gun in Canada for high average.

Frank F. Simpson, winner of the Dominion Challenge Cup, within a year has carried off prizes for high average in Winnipeg Gun Club, high average for Fort Garry Gun Club, Western Canada championship and Winnipeg championship.

Tom A. Marshall and Rolla Heikes are veteran trap shooters, each with a long list of memorable victories to his credit. Mr. Marshal, has the distinction of being a twice winner of the Grand American Handicap at live pigeons. Both represent the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Mr. Hirschy, Minneapolis, is an expert at targets, having won his spurs at the Grand American Handicap. He represents the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

Mr. E. G. White, Ottawa, is one of the Canadian representatives of the famous DuPont Smokeless Powder and can hold his own with any of the cracks.

Essex Tournament.

An all day tournament at targets was held at Essex, Ont., on July 22nd, under the management of Mr. Frank Stotts, the popular proprietor of the Aberdeen Ho-

MR. FRANK STOTTS

tel, at that place. Mr. Stotts has recently removed from Detroit, Mich., to Essex, and in a short time has made the Aberdeen one of the best conducted and regulated hostelries in the west. He has for years taken a very active part in all sports connected with the gun and has made some record scores at the traps, especially at

live birds. Quite a number of shooters, therefore, turned out to spend the day with "Frank" at the traps.

The day was a very stormy one and the traps were making trouble for the management and the shooting was hard and puzzling, and with the heavy handicap, 16-21

" LEFEVER WINS."

At the New York State Shoot at Buffalo, N.Y., Ahg. 16th., 17., 18th., and 19th., , 1904, Mr. C. W. Hart, shooting his Lefever Arms Co. gun, won High Amateur average. Mr. B. Call, shooting his Lefever gun also won high amateur average at the Consolidated Sportsmen's Assn. shoot at Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 24th, 25th, 26th, '01. If you shoot the best its a Lefever. Send for 1904 illustrated catalogue describing our famous system of boring and containing valuable hints on loading and shooting. 50 cents buys Ideal Brass Wire Cleaner. It will not scratch the barrels. Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.

yards, prevented any record scores being made.

First high average prize was won by the Michigan crack, P. C. Wood, of Detroit, and the second average by W. A. Smith, Kingsville, Ont.

A handsome silver cup donated by Mr. Stotts as the prize in event No. 8, was won by Mr. Wood, with 23 out of 25.

F. H. Conover, the well-known and popular DuPont representative, was present and shot through the programme, making a fine run of 56 out of his first 60, especially when the severe handicap is considered.

After the shoot the tired contestants adjourned to the Aberdeen and regaled themselves with fried chicken and other good things provided for the occasion by the manager.

The following are the scores of those who shot through the programme.

Targets — 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 To'l

Wood 13 12 11 14 12 15 12 13 12—114

Conover 14 14 14 14 11 15 12 12 7—113

Conway 14 10 11 12 10 01 8 14 12—102

Smith 12 15 10 11 13 13 13 12 12—111

C. Scane . : 13 13 8 10 9 11 8 13 8— 93

H. Scane . . 13 13 11 12 13 10 14 12 12—110

F. Stotts . 5 8 7 6 12 4 6 6— 54

Buckshot 13 13— 26

H. O'Neil ... 7 — 7

Stotts' Cup Event—25 targets—Wood 23, Conway 21, Conover 16, Smith 20, C. Scane 20, H. Scane 20, Stotts 16, T. Totten 11, A. Ryall 8, Buckshot 21, H.O'Neil 12, Billings 9, Speechly 14, A. Orton 7, C. June 12, Wm. Millen 9, A. Billings 9.

It will be of interest to dog fanciers in general to learn that H. Clay Glover of New York has consented to judge pointers and setters at the Toronto Bench Show, and all classes at the Sherbrooke show. Of late Mr. Glover has experienced unique success with his dog remedies. These preparations have won the heartiest praise from dog lovers and are now being used extensively in Canaha and the United States, South America, Cuba, Hawaii and Australia. They appear to command a worldwide demand. Mr. Glover has distributed over 100,000 copies of his pamphlet and gives free advise to all dog owners desiring the same.

LONDON TRAPS.

Mr. Glover is a popular attendant at local tournaments. At the recent tournament of the Springwood Gun Club at London, Mr. Glover very efficiently performed



MR. B. W. GLOVER.

the work of secretary and entry clerk, the system of handling the entries being his own and one that proved eminently satisfactory to the visiting sportsmen.

Mr. Screaton is another "hot" member of this club and a promising amateur trap shot. He has already distinguished himself by winning the "Robinson Tankard", a handsome silver trophy donated for competition among members of the club by Mr. Wm. Robinson, London, Ont. "Sid" is very popular in the trap shooting circle, and is an all-round good fellow.

Both the above gentlemen, we predict, will take their place in the front ranks of Canadian trap shooters.

TROPHIES.

When a prize is being selected by a club or by an individual for his club, the desire is to have something original—out of the beaten track, such is the endeavor of the "Jewelry Parlors", Toronto.

Mr. Bailey has for several years made a study of prizes, trophies and medals, he having executed some of the most amportant pieces in Canada. He has just finished a handsome sterling silver loving cup, representing the International Polo championship. It goes to the Rochester club as first holders. A miniature cut of the trophy illustrates "The Parlors" advertisement on the inside cover of present issue.

A card of inquiry will bring you particulars and help you to choose

LEAMINGTON GUN CLUB TOURNA-MEET.

On Aug. 7th the Leamington Gun Club heldone of the most successful tournaments held in the West this year. shoot was under the management of "Injun" Conover, representative of Dupont Smokeless, and all the details of the shoot it is needless to say, were perfect. The personal popularity of the manager was largely the cause of the large attendance. Two sets of expert traps, set Sergeant system, were used and were kept busy during the day. Shooters were present from all parts of Western Ontario, as well as Michigan and Ohio. The Sandusky boys came over the lake on a steamer specially chartered for the occasion. Harry Scane, of Ridgetown, Ont., won high average with 140 out of 155; R. W. Hess, Sandusky, won second average, with 137, and J. Diest. Sandusky, third average, with 136. Event No. 1 was not counted in the average. We are unable to publish the full scores on account of lack of space.

CLINTON GUN CLUB.

The fourth shoot of the Clinton Gun Club for the Hovey Trophy on Aug. 28th, at 25 targets, resulted as follows:—J. E. Hovey 23, N. Bluett 23, G. E. Holmes 22, J. E. Cantelon 20, J. Dodds 20, W. G. Doh-

erty 16, C. Street 14, J. Ireland 13, F. C. Stanley 13. The shooting took place in a gale of wind.

The club will hold its fourteenth annual live bird and target tournament on Oct. 6th and 7th. \$350 will be guaranteed in purses and the shoot promises to be the "biggest little shoot on earth." Mr. J. E. Cantelon will send you a programme.

OTTAWA TRAPS.

In the team shoot between Hull and Maple Leaf, Ottawa, teams Aug. 1st, the former won with 93 to 86. The scores were:—

Hull—C. Bordeur 18, P. Walters 20, H. Viau 17, W. J. Henry 16, W. Watters 22. Total 93.

Maple Leafs—A. Larose 19, N. Lachance 19, Divine 10, Easdale 20, Trudeau 18. Total 86.

W. L. Cameron won the "Two Macs" hat with 48 out of 50.

General Trap Notes

E. C. Griffith won high average at Newport, R. I., with 311 out of 325.

Fred. C. Cutting, Rochester, N. Y., has presented Winnipeg sportsmen with a sterling silver trophy for local competition.

Feathered game, particularly prairie chickens and ducks of all kinds are reported to be more plentiful in all sections of Manitoba and the North-West Territories than ever before. The weather has been most favorable for breeding and many chickens may be seen taking care of as many as fifteen chicks.

The Hingston-Smith Arms Co. of Winnipeg, who are particularly interested in Western Canada and have correspondents in every section, state that in some parts the farmers are complaining that the Prairie chickens are destroying large quantities of grain.

Many parties from Eastern Canada, as well as from the United States, have already organized for a trip to this Sportsman's Paradise. One party from the U.S. have en route three car loads of camping outfit. The party will follow about the

middle of September in private cars. It is expected that most of this outfit will be like the majority of the outfits which were taken into the Yukon during the boom there, i.e., for the most part useless. The best outfits can be obtained from the Winnipeg dealers who have studied the various needs of sportsmen in the Great West, but they will get the sport they are after and no doubt sort up properly at Winnipeg, where everything may be had.

Major General Sir Frederick Carrington is on his way from England to join Hon. J. N. Kirchhoffer at York Lodge, the Senator's shooting box on Lake Manitoba. This is the famous resort where the Prince of Wales and party spent several days duck shooting. The Hingston-Smith Arms Co. of Winnipeg, who furnished the outfit for the Royal Party are also supplying Sir Frederick and his party.

Jack Fanning won high average at Ennis, Texas, with 390 breaks out of 400 targets shot at. He shoots Infallible powder.

Lords Alan and William Percy, sons of the Duke of Cumberland, have gone to British Columbia on a three months' hunting trip after big game.

Mr. Fred Gilbert has made some new records. At his home grounds, Spirit Lake, Ia., with targets thrown 55 yards, he broke 392 straight. He has, also, broken 85 straight from 22 yards. He burns Dupont.

At the Indian tournament, W. R. Crosby won the 90 per. cent. cup from a field of over 50 experts, after shooting off a tie with Fred Gilbert, with a score of 150 to Gilbert's 149. Crosby, at the end of the shoot, made a run of 219.

"The Canadian Black Birds and No. 2 Quick Set Traps were used at the Brantford Tournament. Mr. Bowron personally superintended the operating of the traps and is to be congratulated on the splendid result obtained. Mr. Bowron's Targets were used exclusively at the tournament The flight and breaking qualities were very highly spoken of by the shooters, especially during the Mail Trophy Event where so much depended on a good 'bird."

Mr. F. H. Sprague of Grafton, N. D., who was the winner of amateur high average at Winnipeg tournament, is an old and very welcome visitor at these tourna-

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ments, and more than one Winnipeg shooter was heard to say that if "Dad" Sprague together with his charming wife and daughter, had not turned up at this shoot, "the shoot would not be right." Nobody who comes to Winnipeg receives a heartier welcome than the Sprague family.

A successful tournament was held at Portage la Prairie, Man., Aug. 22nd, under the capable management of President Weaugeaut, W. F. Thompson and F. M. McDon-The Winnipeg team, composed of Lightcap, Andrew, Sutton and Lane, won the team race, with a score of 89 out of 100. Portage team composed of Harwood, Roxborough, Bailey and McDonald, were second with 81. Bailey of Portage la Prairie won the J. & E. Brown cup and gold medal emblematic of the Western Manitoba championship with 28 out of 30, with Thompson (Portage) and Miles (Virden) a close second, with 27. Over fifty took part in the shoot.

We publish this month the photograph of Mr. M. Putnam of Winnipeg, Man., manager of the Hingston-Smith Arms Co., of that city. Mr. Putnam undertook at the request of the directors of the Dominion Exhibition, the management of the Winnipeg tournament, reported elsewhere. There was an average of about fifty shooters in each event and each day's programme was

One of the very best reels made today is the Bernard "Triumph" dry fly reel, made by J. Bernard & Sons, 45 Jermyn street, London, England. It is made very narrow—\frac{5}{8}-inch. betweem plates and is fitted with large drum for winding in quick-



ly. Being made of special metal, it! does not corrode as aluminum and is lighter and stronger than bronze or gun metal. This firm is also famous for first-class fishing rods, and tackle, and have been in this business over one hundred years.

carried out with but little hitch or delay. The tournament was to have been held on the Exhibition grounds, but it was found that the new buildings had over-crowded the space and there was not sufficient room left to shoot in safety, so the tournament was held on the grounds of the Fort Garry Gun Club.

The Hunter Gun Club of Fulton, N. Y., composed of Harvey McMurchy, Geo. Lewis and Captain J. K. Chapman, won the Dean Richmond Trophy at New York State shoot at Buffalo, with 66 out of 75. In the Audobon Handicap, Fred Gilbert, from 22 yards and George Piercy, from 17 yards, tied on 46 out of 50 and took first and second prizes, piano and building lot, which they agreed to divide. Gilbert won high average in the open events with 459 out of 480.Elliott was second with C. Griffiths won amateur average with 446 out of 480. Harvey Mc-Murchy was high man in the State events with 457 out of 485. The Canadian trophy was captured by Thos. Upton, Hamilton, Ont.

We present this month a cut of the "Vented Rifle Muzzle", the invention of Mr. Perry E. Kent of Utica, N.Y. Vented Muzzle can be attached to any rifle by Mr. Kent, who has special tools for properly doing the work. The effect of the attachment, judging from the numerous testimonials Mr. Kent has received from expert rifle shots, both civilian and military, is undoubtedly to greatly increase the efficiency and accuracy of any rifle, the improvement, however, leing especially noticeable in old and worn rifles and with defective ammunition. Those who have tried the Muzzle claim that it reduces the "jump" at the muzzle, reduces the recoil, increases the accuracy and penetration with lower trajectory and is especially valuable in counteracting the effects of faulty

In this issue of Rod and Gun in Canada appears an announcement of Messrs Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., describing the merits of "Foot Elm," a preparation much in demand by sportsmen. Their advertisement is quite unique.



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P. O., SCOTCH LAKE, York Co., N.B. Canada Telegraph: Fredericton, N. B., Canada.

Marble's Improved Rear Sight Pat. Oct. 20, 1903.

This sight is different from any other sight or the market—BETTER. Not better because we say so, but better because it has four newly patented features.

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At New York State Shoot at Buffalo, N.Y., August 16, 17, 18, 19, 1904, Mr. C. W. Hart, shooting his Lefever Arms Co. gun, won

High Average Amateur

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Work of the I. O. F. During the Year 1903.

Paid to Widows, Orphans and Disabled Brethren	\$1,658,108.92
Paid in Sick and Funeral Benefits	\$192,163.71
Increase in Membership during year	- 14,123
Increase of Assets During year	\$1,234,237.27
Percentage Increase in Insurance at risk during the year	4.97%
Percentage Increase in Assets during the year	- 19-75%
Death Rate per 1 000 being .14 less than in 1902.	6.46

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Total Accumulated Funds nearly \$8,000,000

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ACCUMULATED FUNDS—HOW THEY GROW?

The following figures give the Accumulated Funds of the I.O.F. upon the 1st day of January in the different years mentioned, the period covered being from 1883 to 1904.

The figures need no actuarial comment.

They tell their own story, a story of ever increasing public confidence, prosperity and financial solidity.

public confidence, prosperity and financial	solidity.	
1st January, 1883, \$2,967,93; 1st January, 1884, \$10,857,65	A# 000	
Increase in 12 months	\$7,889	72
Ist January, 1886, \$29,802.42; 1st January, 1887, \$53,981.29	204 750	00
Increase in 12 months		86
Ist January, 1889, \$117,821.96; 1st January, 1890, \$188,130	.36	40
Increase in 12 months		40
Ist January, 1802, \$408,708.20; 1st January, 1808, \$580,507 Increase in 12 months.	85 9171 700	C.F.
1st January, 1894, \$858,857,89, 1st January, 1895, \$1,187,72		00
Increase in 12 months	\$328 367	22
1st January, 1896, \$1,560,373.46; 1st January, 1897, \$2,015,		44
Increase in 12 months.	\$455.110	92
1st January, 1807, 82,015,484,38; 1st January, 1808, 82,558,		02
Increase in 12 months	\$543,348	40
1st January, 1898, \$2,558,832.78; 1st January, 1899, \$3,186,3	370.36	
Increase in 12 months	\$627,537	58
1st January, 1800, 83,180,070,00, 4st January, 1000, 8, 778,	W 158	
Increase in 12 months		22
1st January, 1960, 80,778,503 58, 1st January, 1961, 84 477 7		
Increase in 12 months		64
1st January, 1901, \$4,477,492,22; 1st January, 1902, \$5,224,8		20
Increase in 12 months		36
Ist January, 102, \$5,224,854,58, 18t January, 1867, 80,210,0 Increase in 12 months		50
1st January, 1903, \$6,219,071.17; 1st January, 1904, \$7,453 3		29
Increase in 12 months		97

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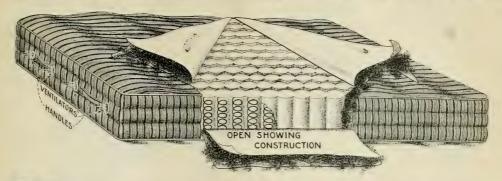
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	Freet 6 inches wide	. 16.50
	I feet wide	
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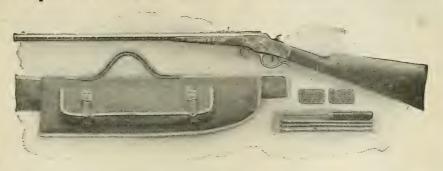


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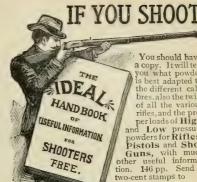
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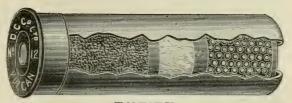
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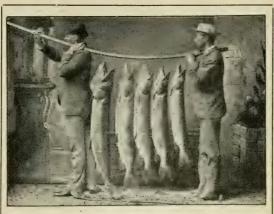
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Fig 1.



Fig. 2.

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Flg. 3.

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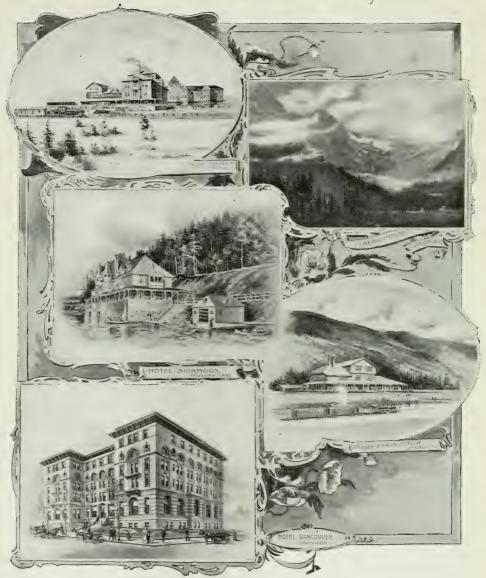
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1904

No. 5

A Woman on the Mississaga.

By WAHNAPITAE.

Winnebago!

At this call from the conductor of the Canadian Pacific Railway our party of campers, consisting of three ladies, twenty three men and boys, and seven guides, alighted from the train at Winnebago, which is simply a name on the map, and even then not found on all maps, though the new Rand & McNally has given it a place. It is northwest of Sudbury Junction, Ontario, Canada, 130 miles.

Our first impression of the place was one of surprise, as we could see nothing there but a beautiful clear spring by the side of the track. There is also a railway siding, around which there will some day without doubt grow up a town of some kind.

After unloading numerous canoes and packs for the camp outfit, the train again started on its way to the Pacific coast. We all then began sorting our stuff, as six of us were to make a separate camp, twenty of the young men and boys having been up there since July 1st, before joining our party at Winnebago, to go down the Mississaga.

For a few moments the scene was rather a lively one, the guides and boys making themselves busy cutting tent poles and pegs, and pitching the tents, some of which were placed by the track, and others by the Winnebago river, which was but a short distance away. Soon the fires were going, the water boiling, and preparations for our first camp supper under way. Our dishes consisted of one enamelled plate,

cup, knife, fork and spoon, while for extra plates we had plain tin, which were used for serving plates, though most things were served right from the hot frying pan, or the boiling pail. For our first supper we had to eat some of the bulky things in order to lighten and lessen the size and bulk of the packs.

Upon our first evening nearly the entire party gathered round a big camp fire, telling stories and getting acquainted. It was all very jolly and we were sorry to break up. But knowing that there were other evenings before us, and also an early rising in the morning, we finally said "Good night." We three ladies occupied one tent, being most luxurious, we thought, with narrow mattresses of excelsior, laid on top of pine boughs. We had great fun preparing for bed, our quarters being smaller than usual, and most things were done on our knees. We each had a bag containing our outfit, which was composed of a pair of heavy blankets, one of light weight, a rubber pouch, and an entire change of clothing.

Our camp rig was an army blue flannel skirt (this being good on account of the two deep pockets) a heavy woollen skirt, heavy shoes or shoe packs, such as the Indians use, with woollen socks to wear over the stockings, a soft felt hat, and a sweater. We had extra long coats in case of cold or rain. However, I should never take a long coat again, as it was not once removed from my case and just made extra

and useless weight. A rubber coat, such as is used in automobiles, would be much better, taking small space, being light, and completely covering the skirt, either during walking or canoeing. A skirt four or five inches from the ground is about the right length, being short enough to avoid the bushes and much wet, and long enough to protect one from the mosquitoes, of which we had very few. Knitted socks for night wear are essential, as one is apt to unroll from the blankets. With all these, a Turkish towel, and a flannel wrapper, the outfit is about complete.

We were not long in getting to sleep and the first thing we knew again was in the morning Learing voices arousing the camp. To be sure it was only a little after five, but we were soon all up and out, as we were enthusiastic about our surroundings, and anxious to strike camp and be off up the river. This we accomplished about eleven, each of the girls giving a helping hand or rather head, having a pack on her back, suspended from her head by the use of the tump line stretched just albove the forehead. This carrying is of course not compulsory, but if one is able and falls into the spirit of the thing, one wants to help. Take at first a light load and add a little each day. Our packs being loaded, the camp ground being carefully looked over, (always a most essential and important duty, so that nothing be left behind) "good-bye" is said to Division B., who were to follow a day later, we step into our canoes, and are actually off on our trip of 250 miles.

One tenderfoot on boarding her canoe slipped from a log and fell into the water, filling her moccasin. This caused a little amusement to her companions, but filled her with disgust, that she should so soon make such a blunder. These things are, however, part of the experience and one soon becomes accustomed to them and takes very little notice of them. The best thing to do in such a case is to remove the moccasin, pour out the water and replace it without any fuss, all the time looking pleasant. Shortly after leaving Winnebago, Joe Saugeen, one of our Indian guides, called our attention to an Indian grave on the shore. On a little knoll a square of about ten feet was enclosed by a picket fence, in the centre of which was a tall wooden cross. The Indians have a great fear of death, burying their dead as soon as possible. The practical side also has to come into play, there being no easy way of carrying a body, so that it is generally buried wherever death claims it.

After paddling up stream through much burnt district for an hour and a half we came to our first rapid, which is crossed by a rough log bridge. Here we landed for lunch, the guides immediately preparing food, the men taking a swim, while the girls picked blueberries, of which there were a great quantity. Never before did I think that evaporated cream with water would be good on berries, but we all thought so that noon.

After luncheon we portaged all the things and started on, soon to come to two more rapids, around which some of the canoes were carried, while others were pulled over the rocks. From then on the river proved itself to be very snakelike in its build, twisting and turning many times, often so abruptly that though we could not see each other owing to the bush, we could speak across the stretch of land in the various ox-bows made by the river. This went on for an hour or more, everyone keeping up their hopes of getting to Lake Winnebago, the opening to which we could see far ahead of us. When we did reach the lake we were more than delighted with the sheet of water spread out before us, calm as a mirror, with its high banks reflecting the lights and shadows from the sun. We paddled about two miles up the lake, passing an Indian encampment, of which we afterwards discovered there were several on the lake.

Our camp that night was made in the thick bush, with a beautiful sandy beach just in front of us. While some set to work pitching tents and preparing camp, others of us went out fishing, having the good luck in a few minutes to catch enough for our supper and breakfast. These fish must have been decidedly hungry, as each one swallowed the hooks so far down its throat that it was difficult to extract them, until the jaw was pretty well cut to pieces, in a surgical operation. Here is one of the many times when the sheath knife worn in the belt comes into play. Do

not go on a canoe trip without one. These fish are much more firm and sweeter than those caught in more southerly waters. They certainly did taste good to us, as did all our meals. By going a little off our course we could have got bass and trout, the Indians told us, but our palates never tired of the fish we were catching. It was never difficult at any meal to get our party together, and no one was shy about letting his or her appetite show itself.

At this camp, Division A., as the college men called themselves, invited Division C., our party of six, to their camp fire, which was about one hundred yards or so from us. Here we had many songs, Division A. having composed several, with local hits on members of their party, touching on such subjects as growing beard, big appetites, misadventures, etc. The General here served out his last box of cigars, and the action met with a response in the form of the song: "For it was his last cigar."

On August 17th, our second morning, we were off at eight o'clock, this being our accustomed hour for breaking camp. Every one was fresh and ready for a long paddle, feeling no ill-effects from the work of the day before. It was a beautiful trip up the lake for two miles, everything looking so bright in the early sunlight. Passing a small island on our right, the General landed to blaze the canoe trail for Division B., which was following us. At the upper end of the lake we all noticed that our canoes suddenly dragged through the water, and we discovered that we were in such shallow muddy water that our canoes felt as heavy as lead.

The portage was in the left hand corner of a small inlet. Here we had to carry for three-quarters of a mile, over a hilly boggy portage, at the end of which we found quite a number of pitcher plants, from which the party refreshed themselves. We now came to a small mud lake, across which we paddled mud. It was rather shoving the canoe along, the bottom not being firm enough to even pole the canoe. This, however, lasted but a few minutes, and we then entered into a creek which seemed to be but the outlet of a large spring running through the tall grass. It was a queer but picturesque sight, looking

backwards and forwards to see the canoes winding through the tall grass, as the water was at times invisible, the men simply paddling the grass, while the canoes passed on. From this creek we emerged into another rather small lake, these two being the mother lakes of the Wennebegon River. We had no difficulty in finding the entrance to, or rather the outlet of, another stream.

Here our course changed and we began going down stream, heretofore having been paddling up stream on waters flowing down to Hudson Bay. I cannot be too positive, however, as some of the map-makers said we had only one short day up stream. We were now between 1400 and 1500 feet above sea level, this being of course a great height, considering that we were in about longitude 85.50 and latitude 45.40. We had about 800 feet to run down hill with the water before reaching Lake Huron. Again we entered a narrow stream, which was much overhung with bushes, so much so that in some places the General, who was still in the lead, had to chop a path through for us. It certainly was most picturesque to be winding our way among the alders, the bow paddle having to help a great deal, pushing the bow around the sharp turns. It was just such a place that if it were near home, a young suitor would like to take his sweetheart canoeing about the sunset hour, and the other party to the contract would like it too-that is after the first canoe, with the General, in it, had been through and the hard work done. But even for the unattached the trip could be nothing but pleasant, and would make a lasting impression on their minds. Just as in life we turn the corners to find us, which with some obstacles facing thought and some exertion are soon overcome, leading us at last to the beautiful havens of accomplishment; so we were now led to the beautiful Lake Kabushquashing, at which we arrived after a portage of one and a quarter miles.

We here saw "cached" a bag of flour, left by the Indians under a cover of bark until they could return from the woods for it. The Indians are very conscientious when finding a "cache" and very seldom is one touched except by the owner.

After a good luncheon of bacon, bread,

beans, and corn meal mush, with maple syrup, which was shared by both Divisions, we started on our way again, paddling but three miles, when we made a camp, Division A. on a rocky point jutting out into the lake; and Division C. in a sheltered little nook just beyond them. At this camp the boys very gallantly cut a trail from one Division to another, in the evening coming to escort the ladies to their Leautiful big white-birch fire. To show our appreciation of their courtesy we named the place Mekaunce (Trail) camp. By this time we in Division C. were necessarily becoming quite well acquainted, as intimacy is inevitable with a party in camp. were most fortunate in having a congenial party and one which took the good-natured side of everything. This means a great deal when added to the many pleasures of such a trip. These canoe trips have been organized for many years by our General and their growing popularity is largely due to the tact he displays, and the trouble he takes in organizing them. By his system the incongrous and the uncongenial cannot obtain.

We were also becoming quite attached to our guides, selected by the General, of whom two were Indians, and the third a white man, a trapper by trade. This was his first trip as a guide. He proved himself a good man, always ready to help with anything, was quite polite and attentive to the ladies and proved most excellent in running the rapids, as did also the Indians, of whom we thought a good deal, and in whom we learnt to place great confidence. Our permanent crew for each canoe was now made up and the canoes given names, each crew being anxious to have at the end of the trip the least marred and injured canoe. We had three "Oldtowns" from Maine, and one bark canoe. The former we liked immensely, and they proved very steady, good sea boats, easy to steer and paddle, and fast.

As we were about to leave camp on Thursday, the 18th, the General took photographs of both divisions in their canoes, making eight in all. It was an attractive scene, with the girls in their rough costumes, and the boys in khaki uniform with colored handkerchiefs tied round their necks. Shortly after leaving camp we

came to a fall of water, having to make a portage of half a mile, at the end of which we had our last luncheon with Division A. Our packs were getting into the habit of becoming very much mixed up at the end of a portage, which worked confusion and took extra time to sort. It was, then that the Colonel of Division A. left a bark letter instructing Division B. not to hurry on, as they (Division A.) were having enough trouble on the portage. During the afternoon we had a very pretty winding course down the river, passing under many "natural bridges" formed by fallen trees, the canoes having just room to pass under and between the branches. which extended into the water.

That night Division A, camped a bit further down the stream than we did-at least they thought they were going to do so, but by the river making a sharp turn (an oxbow in shape) they paddled quite a distance before they were brought up on the shore almost opposite to us, causing much amusement on all sides. We were in an open blueberry patch that night, though closely surrounded by trees. For the first time we made use of our little camp stove which had bravely stood the jeers of many of our party. It did good service for us, as by it we were enabled to have hot biscuits and blueberry pie. Necessity is certainly the mother of invention, as the lime juice bottle might have groaned out when used as a rolling pin. Great was our consternation when we sat down to supper and discovered that the bag of bread was missing. For a time long sober faces were noticeable around the camp, as that was a serious matter. Joe then decided to make a trip to Division A. to see if by chance they had found it at the portage. What a cheer went up as he climbed the bank, a broad smile upon his face and the bag of bread in his arms.

In the evening having two callers, and Harris, the guide from Division A., we spent some time in making maps of the route, as we each thought it to be, and many were the ideas brought to light. It was comical to see the very various directions we had taken according to the different maps and minds.

On August 19th we were all up early in our efforts to get to the fire, which was

burning just between the two tents. We had had a very cold night, ice having formed in the water pails. This was our only experience of the kind. We were off as usual at eight, soon passing Division A., who had not then broken camp. In half an hour we came to a pretty steep rapid practically a fall. The canoes were all unpacked ready to carry when we found that Clement, the white guide, had taken the hark canoe through them. He was so pleased with himself, that quick as a flash he was back for one of the Oldtowns, urging one of the girls to go with him. however, all thought discretion in this instance to be the better part of valour, and well it was in this case, as the canoe was half filled with water going down. It was too risky a place in which to take chances and one has to remember all the time how far away one is from civilization or help of any kind. "Save the canoes" is a good motto all through the trip. At 10.30 we had another portage to make, which all did save Shemahgan, who "ran" one of the Oldtowns down the rapids. He was fairly successful, although by coming in contact with a rock the metal bow was sprung just a bit. Again caution was the higher virtue. As a contrast to this swift water we now came to a quiet part of the river, landing at a pretty mossy little spot in the woods for luncheon. While the guides were cleaning and packing the dishes the rest of us amused ourselves by having a shooting contest with the doctor's rifle, our target being a small stick floating in the river. The temptation for the guides to shoot was too strong for them to resist, so they also came to the front, the dishes being allowed to wait for a few minutes. It was amusing to see the expression on their faces when they failed to hit the mark, which the General and Clement had hit, and which the others missed, partly from being unused to the rifle.

The afternoon again gave us a great variety of scenery. First we came to a log jam, over which we all climbed, the canoes being also carried over. Next some very swift and rather long rapids put in an appearance. Our guide as usual ran his canoe alongside the shore and then went ahead to see if they were safe to "run." The question was decided in the affirmative, but

with no extra weight in the canoes. So there was another stage of unloading and carrying of packs. It is remarkable how soon one becomes used to this, and takes it as a most matter of course part of the trip. We had to climb over a rather high cliff, from which we had an excellent view of the canoes going through the rapids. At the end, as we supposed, there was a nice quiet little pool, but as we walked down to it we saw, in a sharp bend of the river another water fall, over which we had no desire to go, so we continued the portage to the foot of this second fall, where we again loaded and started on our way. Very many moose and deer tracks were seen on the shore, and one deer we saw swimming across the river.

We camped that night on a high sand bank, finding there the remains of a very recently deserted camp. Our "Sherlock Holmes" discovered this by the warm sand ashes. Fresh boughs were laid for two tents, wood piled up ready for the fire, and a crane, having the poles suspended on it from which to hang the kettles. I asked Joe the name in Indian for a crane of that kind, and to me the answer sounded like "Goat kick, why not." I will leave it to some one who knows the Ojibway language better than I do to put it into its correct spelling garb. Lighting a fire, cutting a few more boughs, and pitching the tents, which was also made easy, the tent poles being ready cut, we soon were very much at home. What a delightful feeling it is to sit out in the open around the big camp fire, and feel that we cannot be disturbed by any trolley cars, trains, or other signs of civilization! How much at home a fire makes us feel in a very few minutes! How little we miss the daily papers! Surely some of us are inoculated with the "call of the wild" and are happy in getting back to our original way of living!

After a delightfully "soft night", as the guides described it, August 20th found us breaking camp at 8.30, a little later 'than usual. Division A. was now left away in the rear, so a letter on a piece of cedar bark was suspended from a branch overhanging the river, this and birch bark being the stationery used in the woods. The post office is a split stick used to hold the bark, and then driven into the bank. At

nine o'clock a small log jam presented itself to us. The regular portage was on the right of the river, and this some of the party used, though it was a mean one, being of clayish formation and very slippery. One member of the party was helping very enthusiastically with the packs and getting them down the bank. In her enthusiasm she picked up her own case, and using too much energy, threw it into the river. Fortunately it was immediately rescued, but her thoughts might easily be imagined as to the condition of the contents. She was "game" for anything though, and laughed it off as a joke on herself. The occasional burnt timber was a new experience, as since leaving Winnebago the foliage had been very dense.

Great excitement was caused after we had been paddling for a while by the arrival of a bear into our everchanging river panorama. He was loping up the side of a rough rocky cliff. Two or three shots were fired, which quickly brought up the other canoes, so that the occupants could see what was going on. Several of the party landed and scaled the rock, declaring that they could see the wounded bear. "Mr. Bruin' however had no intention of being taken prisoner, and carried in pieces to the States. He very cautiously slipped behind a rock, and probably had much fun in telling his associates about the party of "sports" whom he had seen and fooled. He must have been a hungry one, if his tracks were any proof, and his fondness of blue berries was only to be equalled by that of our party.

At 11.30 Joe brought us up alongside an insignificant little portage, at the same time saying "man tracks", showing that we were still in close pursuit of an, unknown party. Here we had lunch in the hot sun, and here we said "good-bye" to the Winnebagon River for two days; we were to see it again where it emptied into the main Mississaga. We tramped over a rather difficult portage of one mile, coming to a series of lakes through which we were to travel to Lake Minnesinaqua.

After that luncheon in the hot sun (nevertake a meal in the hot sun) we started on our way across the portage to a small lake. Shemahgan had said it was about one half mile across, so we took fairly

heavy packs. However, that mark was soon passed, then the three-quarter mile mark, and finally we came to the end, reaching a pretty little lake of very clear water. Glad we were to get there, as we had had a hot walk. It is wonderful though how soon one forgets the difficulties of the trip in the beauties which are ever before the tourist and the wonderment of what is coming next. That was about the only hot day we had, and it was hot only on land.

A ten minutes paddle brought us across the lake to a short portage of three minutes walk. We had now arrived at Long Lake, or Goshabowigamon, as the Indians call it. But only one of our party had ever been over this part of the route. Twenty-two years ago Joe had come up the lakes with Hudson Bay supplies. our place on Long Lake we asked him Thinking where the portage was. "there moment, he answered. point of land on which are pine trees with some shorter tall ones under them; the portage is around that point." And sure enough, there it was. Not once did he lead us astray, which to us, unaccustomed to wood craft, was very wonderful.

Goshabowigamon is seven and a half miles long with two narrows, making us think of a pillow made to represent a person, with a string tied around it to form the neck and another the waist.

About a mile from the lower narrows we turned to our right into a small bay, on the left of which we discovered the portage, but one quarter of a mile long. This led us to a tiny little lake, though ever so pretty, especially at that time of day; it was about five o'clock. The yellowish sunlight haze cast over everything was such an entirely different effect from what we had seen on the large lakes. We felt like throwing all the packs over to the other side, it seemed so almost useless to have to pack them all. I fear, though, had we employed this scheme, we would have been short of our entire out-fit.

Another quarter of a mile portage and oh! such a glorious sight as was brought to our view. It is impossible to describe my feelings and true impressions of Wiya-

wiagamon (Round Lake). It silenced me in its grandeur rather than making me exclaim, except once in a while when I could not repress a word of admiration. A large round lake, with islands and bays, nestled down in a bowl of high green banked mountains, the blue haze of departing day, spread over it as a mantle, and just enough wind to ruffle the water a tiny bit. What could be more beautiful? It gave one the feeling of being utterly away from every one, and yet not a truly lonesome feeling. It made one feel as if she were as near the top of the world as one could be, and yet protected from tempests by the surrounding walls of green.

Never shall I forget that paddle across the lake. Just before reaching the farther side our sense of utter possession was taken away from us by the discovery of another camping party—three geological surveyors, who had been out since the first of May. After a short call, from our canoe, we proceeded on our way, as it was growing dark, and we were anxious to make a certain camp for Sunday.

Going through a small stream of swift water we, in the leading canoe, had a pretty surprise in waiting for us at the end. Not twenty feet from us stood a deer on the shore. He looked at us two or three seconds, I think, as much surprised as we were, then dashed off into the woods and whistled quite a number of times. As we looked back at the shore he appeared again and looked at us. This made five duer that we had seen during the afternoon.

Another half mile down stream and we arrived at the grand Lake Minnesinaqua, which means "many points looking like islands." About a mile down from where the Mississaga River flows into the lake, on the south side of the lake, we found a beautiful camp ground with a long stretch of sandy beach for bathing, and a large rock on which we all thoroughly enjoyed a gorgeous moonlight evening.

It was on this lake two centuries ago that the Ojibway and Mohawk Indians had a great battle, the former completely wiping out the latter.

Fishing in this lake is excellent, pike and maskinonge being found in great abundance.

Minnesinaqua is ten miles long and a

wonderfully grand lake, with its high mountains and cliffs on every side, and points jutting into the water from every direction, forming most attractive little harbors.

Four miles from the head of the lake we entered on Aug. 21st into the narrows, on one side of which there is a high cliff, but which is fairly easily climbed. From here one may get a magnificent view of the entire lake and surrounding country.

Many, many times on the trip one is forced to feel the insignificance of oneself amidst all the grandeur. It makes one look, as he paddles along in a canoe by one of these cliffs, like a very small and insignificant unit indeed as we explore this new and beautiful world.

Making only a short Sunday afternoon paddle, we struck another portage of one half mile, at the end of which we again made camp, when we had our first rain storm. The tents were hurriedly pitched, in order to get things under cover. The little water down the rushes. This very brella held over it, we had a very jolly time preparing dinner and "dining out" or rather in, as we were all invited to the Doctor's tent for dinner, this being the only time on the entire trip when we were unable to eat out of doors.

Monday, the 22nd. We were now on the Mississaga River and started the day with rapids, the first three of which we all run. The latter was a bit difficult, there being title water down the rushes. This very frequently has to be portaged. The fourth was shot by one of the guides only, and he had some difficulty, having to pull into a rock near the end, where he emptied his canoe of water before continuing his way. The party were all very glad of the portage, as they found such quantities of tremendous blue berries. No matter how heavy the pack one may be carrying, the temptation to stop and pick berries is too strong to be resisted.

At 10.30, just at the foot of this rapid, we passed the junction of the Wennebegon and Mississaga Rivers, the former flowing into the latter at the right of the rapid.

We very shortly came to Aubrey Falls portage, in a bay at the left of the head of the Falls. It is one mile long, very hilly and stony, but one is able to take a

good rest half way over, leaving the packs on the trail and branching off to the right, where one gets a superb view of the Falls, 165 feet high. From the roar of the water as one approaches it some idea of its grandeur is obtained, but when the Fall is really in sight there is very little said at first until the realization of its beauty begins to sink into our minds. It is a broken ragged fall, with quiet little pools and narrow streams falling between crevices of the rocks. The great volume pours over the centre rocks to end in a pool of seething water at the bottom. One should really see it to know its beauties, as new features are forever bringing themselves to the fore. The resistless power of time and water are among the strong impressions received.

Two more rapids and much swift water were on our highway for the afternoon. As to scenery, it was very grand, the river running at times between high cliffs, then through rather an open country, where we could see the mountains in the distance, and finally into a white birch district, there being no evergreens on either shore.

Our camp "Wigwas" (white birch) was ever so pretty, but being at the head of a portage, we had some difficulty in finding dry wood. It is not really advisable to camp on a portage, as, being done so often, the dry wood in that vicinity has been pretty much burned. Of course, camping at a portage is a saving of time in packing and repacking.

Tuesday, the 23rd, was a day full of adventures, as from 8.30 until 12.00 we ran twenty-nine rapids, the water over the rocks averaging about ten inches. It was the most exciting morning we had had and all were hoping for more.

At luncheon time, there was a display of clothes on the stony beach in front of us, some of the hold-alls with their contents having gotten a bit wet going through the rapids. One heart was made sad by the wetting of a nice white shirt waist, which was being saved with great care for a grand and clean entry into Desbarats, where we intended to spend a week at the end of the trip. All hopes of this entry had to be abandoned and the camp outfit, in all its weatherworness, made its appearance in Desbarats.

As we all settled ourselves again in the canoes our cry was "more rapids", and we got them. We were almost satiated with them during the afternoon, but not quite, having to run twenty-eight "horse races", as the Indians call swift water, and three rapids. The last one, being a drop of eight feet in a very short distance, made it quite thrilling. All the canoes but Joe's shot in safety. "Caution," as we often called him, was shy about taking two ladies down, as canoes had been swamped in the waves at the bottom. After much coaxing and promises to keep perfectly still, we ran through in safety, taking in but a tiny bit of water. We all had great confidence in our guides by now, or we would not have attempted it.

Camping time was with us once more, but Joe was anxious to push on two miles further, where he said we would find a potato patch. Tired though we were that sounded most attractive and on we pushed, arriving at Squaw Chute after a short portage. Two log cabins were in evidence and pansies and nasturtiums, and a bit to the left was the potato and cabbage patch! And a real mining prospector and his cat! We soon had the old man, Mr. Ripley by name, digging potatoes for us, and no one was shy that night about showing how fond they were of "new boiled potatoes." Hard tack and sugar were also brought forth, much to our delight, as our supply of sugar was fast growing small, indeed "ladies only" had had sugar for two meals.

Our tents were pitched just by the foot of the Chute and during the evening we had a most glorious fire on the rocks, using logs, fifteen feet or more in length. These logs had been jammed up on to the rocks during spring freshets. Mr. Ripley spent the evening with us, telling many yarns, one being the cause for the name of the Fall. Many years ago a young Indian girl was carried over the Falls and drowned. She is now buried in front of the old man's cabin, as is also a young Indian boy, who was drowned at the head of the Fall. The graves are covered with heavy strips of birch bark weighted down with stones. Around the graves had been made a fancy picket fence, but this has now fallen to pieces. Only traces of it may be seen now.



WINNEBAGO SIDING.
"the scene was rather lively"



MISSISSAGA
"We all had great confidence in our guides by now or we would not have attempted it."



WENEBEGON RIVER.
A nasty little twister.



WENEBEGON RIVER.
The twister mastered.

On Wednesday, the 24th, we had our last rapid on the trip during the morning, which is considered a mean and dangerous little one, because half way down it there is a sharp turn, where there is a strong current or eddy with scattered rocks, then continuing down over numerous rocks. In all, it is a drop of about twelve feet, and excitement is high while running it. bark canoe, drawing more water than the Old-Towns, caused the men in it to step into the water occasionally, to ease it when following in our course. They would occasionally have to get out and lift it over the stones. This immensely amused the guides, especially Joe, who saw the funny side of all things and had a regular schoolgirl giggle, hard to stop when once start-

Our noon-day meal was at Tunnel Portage, which is a long one of three miles. By walking for two miles a team is secured for carrying the packs and canoes, three being carried over very easily in one load. While a guide has gone over for this (in our case the General did it, for which we had cause later to be very glad), an opportunity is given to visit the Falls and inspect an old mining camp, with the mill, etc. Then the walk across the portage is started. Members of the party may, of course, ride if they prefer it, but the road is really better for walking than driving. Half way across a break is made to the left, taking a path down, down to a view of the tunnel or gorge, where the river races, plunges, and races on again, between great solid walls of rock, not more than twentyfive feet apart. Two miles over the portage we came to a spring belonging to the farmer who owns the team. The spring was the springing of a surprise upon us in the shape of a bag of flour, two blueberry pies and a coffee pot full of milk put there by the thoughtful General. Right here let me give a piece of advice; and that is, if ever any one drinks from the side of a coffee pot let him first make sure that the spout is turned up, as while one member was drinking it was suddenly discovered that the milk was going to waist through a blue flannel pocket.

We camped but a short way below the tunnel, although we had hoped to reach Slate Falls two miles beyond. Seeing a

storm preparing to break over our heads, we thought it better to take the bull by the horns and make camp as soon as possible. We were in an open field, with nothing but burnt stumps around us. A farmer lived near by and he soon came to investigate his neighbors and see if he could be of any service. Great was our joy when he brought us a large pail of milk and one of cream, really, truly cream.

Supper over, we saw that everything was secure for the night, the tents having guy ropes put on them and everything in camp put under shelter. The precious cream and milk was covered and put into the river well weighted down with stones.

One member of the party proved that he had still some "tender-foot" in him. thought he had found a beautiful spot for his tent in rather a protected little hollow, and was snug when he and the two other men turned in. About two o'clock his mind was changed, for everything in the tent was floating in seven or eight inches of water; the storm having finally arrived in all its fury, and the water pouring down from the field into this same "snug little harbor." "Quit wetting me, that's a mean trick" were the words in his mouth with which one of the party awakened, but he soon realized the trouble, and there was a great scramble for the guides' tent, where Joe was busily engaged holding on to his tent pole. We women were not so badly off, as Joe had placed our tent on higher ground, so that as the wind abated we were all right and only wet on one side of the tent, where the rain first came in under the flap. everybody was good-natured and laughing, and all were looking forward to drying time in the morning. Some of our cameras floated around in that tent, spoiling some exposed films, and that was a saddening incident, because we had views that we thought a great deal of. Slate Falls was our next point of interest, and there we arrived at noon on Thursday, the 25th.

The scenery on the river had greatly changed before reaching this grand feature. There were a few farms scattered along the banks; the high mountains had disappeared in the distance and instead of deer and bear we saw just every day cows and

sheep. At Slate Falls we had another glorious bit, however.

Our first portage, from a quarter to half a mile long, was very stony, and shoes with a firm sole are most acceptable, unless oil's feet have become thoroughly hardened. I noticed that the guides changed from their moccasin, to boots. Slate Falls has been well named, and the portage should have the same prefix—the whole thing is slated.

To see the Falls one has to leave the regular trail and bear off to the left, going toward the river, where the tourist is well repaid in seeing the water rush over the rocks into a large pool below, and away to the left he gets a glimpse of noble Waque-kobing Lake. Here at our feet in the falls the logs are jammed into crevices of the rock by the awful power which has brought them thus far down stream, there to be left to be worn out and fall to pieces by the constant wear of the water, or hung up high and dry, until one wonders how they could have gotten so far above the river.

A short paddle (200 yards) brought us to Red Rock Falls, lower and much more broken than Slate Falls, but just as grand in a different way. At the foot of these we had to bid farewell to the Mississaga River, one of the grandest and most interesting rivers I ever expect or can hope to see, for the infinite variety of its scenery, and the swiftness of the water, which is as ever changing as its scenery.

Luncheon over, we took our packs for the last time and started over the portage to Lake Waquekobing, one short mile away. Here we took possession of a cabin, which has been built for a club-house, as the fishing and hunting in this section is most excellent.

There was a stiff wind blowing, causing a big sea on the lake and blowing down trees in the forest, three of which we saw fall. The lake was too rough for us to attempt crossing with our laden canoes, so that the men stayed over night in the cabin, but we girls, as usual, sojourned in our tent.

How civilized we did feel as we sat eating our dinner at a table in that camp with benches on which to sit, instead of our usual fashion of squatting on ground, and using a rubber blanket as a table cloth. The next morning we were up for a four o'clock breakfast, as we had to get across the lake, take a long drive, and catch the eight o'clock train for Desbarats at Dayton Station. The paddle across the lake was weird and most attractive, as we started in the moonlight, though by the time we had landed on the other side, two miles away, the sun was just ready to show itself above the hills. The air, just a bit crisp from the cold night, was delightful, and made us all anxious to keep on paddling. But there must be an end to all good things, and that was what happened to our canoe trip.

At Day Mills, on the southeastern side of Lake Waquokobing, we hired a team to carry the canoes and packs to the station at Dayton, five miles away, the girls driving over in a buckboard, and the men walking. As the train pulled into the station and we boarded it with all our stuff, and had to say good-bye to our guides, I for one was made to realize one great gift which has been given us by the Maker and Builder of man-that of memory. will be the pleasant moments and hours spent in going over in our grateful minds a trip which is filled with happy memories, with rich and deeply graven impressions; and at a high estimate we place the value of the friendships made during those eleven days spent in God's own country, where the hand of man has not yet done its destructive and beauty-marring work.

A Search for a Mountain Pass.

By C. L. THOMPSON

In the late afternoon of Thursday, August 16th, 1900, we were camped, looking

eastward, on the edge of a grassy pine covered bluff, well within the main range

of the Canadian Rockies. Across the wide gravel flood-bed of the glacial stream before us a long tree covered ridge rose on either hand to snow-covered peaks, one massive, suggesting an antiquated fortress, the other sharp like a pyramid. Higher up the valley-apparently closing it-three confluent glaciers * dropped from steep rock walls that seemed through the magnifying mists of a preceding evening had several fairly Himalayan in magnificence. Northward, down the valley, could be seen the higher rock peaks of the outer eastern ranges of the Rockies. It was an afternoon conducive to contentment and somnolence. For the moment a week of almost continuous showers had yielded to the temperate warmth of a sunny mountain day

On Tuesday of the preceding week, Frank McNichol, a lad from Western Ontario, who served as my cook and packer, had turned our horses' heads northwestward on the old trail that leads through an ever widening and narrowing valley, from Laggan on the railway to Howse Pass at the head waters of the North Saskatchewan River, and to the Athabasca Pass at the head waters of the river of the same name. In the impossibility of other plans for my summer outing, Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Banff, the well-known outfitter of exploring and hunting parties, had suggested that I endeavor to ascertain if there were a pass below timber line over the main range between the Howse and the Athabasca. The topographical survey at Ottawa knew nothing regarding it, and its existence was disputed by other authorities, but Wilson claimed that an Indian had told him there was such a pass over which horses could be taken provided the snow fall of the previous winter had not been heavy. Our journey had not been uneventful. I knew but the first twenty-five miles of the trail; Frank knew less-a matter of consequence with abundant time, since the valley walls held the trail in a narrow grasp and a distant straying was impossible, but a matter of constant thought to one handicapped by a limited holiday in a country more or less tangled with burnt fallen timber. Nor did the short holiday alone limit us. The first night out an inventory of our provisions showed that with the exception of a large margin of flour, we had hardly enough food for eighteen days—with three fords, two that the horses must swim; one dangerous from swift current over large boulders in its bed, at the forks of the North Saskatchewan — fords that in flood time might hold us for days, or stop us entirely. For the hot sunny days of July and August bring floods into the mountains.

So the contentment and somnolence of the late afternoon was joined to a satisfaction that on the morrow we would know definitely the secret of the pass. have stated that the trackless side valley up which we had wandered was apparently blocked four miles above us by the wall of the continental watershed, with its three confluent glaciers. Two days before we had turned from the Athbasca trail into this valley, slowly pushing forward at first, through inexperience and fear of bogging our horses, far up on the hillside where fallen trees made our pathway a purgatorial labyrinth, later taking courage of necessity, in the very stream bed, constantly fording and refording horse belly deep. As the valley opened, the first view had been one of disappointment. At its head, if at all, must be the sought for pass, and the glacier covered rock wall of the watershed apparently closed all hopes; apparently-for while we looked a storm began moving over the range from the Pacific and a long row ribbon of mist floated slowly across the face of the closing rock wall through a hitherto unnoticed depression on the right. It was at the entrance of the depression that we had pitched this, our final camp.

Our satisfaction was not quite complete. On turning up the bluff from the riverbed, we had found a blazed trail not more than ten or twelve years old, as the condition of the scars showed. Had we travelled a hundred miles from Laggan to find a well marked trail across an unknown pass? A stroll up the valley in the long northern twilight after supper—not, how-

^{*}I erroneously supposed at the time that the peak above the central of those glaciers was Mount Lyell, and I called the glaciers the Lyell Glaciers Mr. Outram who called my attention to my mistake stated that among other names suggested for the peak was Mount Alexandra. The glacial phenomena here are among the finest in the mountains and the whole mountain scenery is well worthy to bear the name. I have, therefore, called the peak Mount Alexandra and the glaciers the Alexandra Glaciers.

ever, along the trail-if it did not confirm at least did not remove the doubt. valley floor and both sides, for a very considerable elevation were densely covered with a luxuriant forest. The valley was drained by a very considerable mountain stream closely confined to its bed, which in the lowest half-mile was a deep, narrow rocky canyon, twenty feet broad, perhaps at most seventy feet deep, somewhat resembling the flume in the Franconia notch of the White Mountains, but narrower and with a vastly greater volume of water. At the head of the canyon an opening in the trees gave a limited view of the upper slopes of the valley. The northern side was a comparatively uninteresting stretch so far as could be seen of alp and broken rock; the southern, nearer at hand, was a pallisade of stone, somewhat resembling the Pallisades of the Hudson, but higher. This pallisade extended westward some miles, culminating in a sharp rocky peak.

Beyond this peak there was certainly a depression, but the view point prevented any judgment of its nature, except that it was probably not less than fifteen hundred feet above the valley bottom, and its face, if not a pallisade, at least steep. Over it on the west towered a triple crowned peak that I knew must be Mount Bryce. Beyond Bryce there was a depression, seemingly much lower than the first, and then at the valley head a snow-covered glacier, slowly but interminably rising to a distant fore shortened cone of snow that I correctly guessed to be Mount Columbia, the highest known peak of the Canadian Rockies. pulled up my sleeping-sack that night with the thought that the pass probably lay between Bryce and Columbia, closely under the former, probably between it and the terminal moraine of the Columbia glacier, and that the chances were balanced whethere the blazed trail indicated a trapper's cabin in the lower valley levels, or a way to the very foot of the pass.

(To be Continued.)

A Lady's Canoe Trip.

By MRS KNOX.

One of the interesting and diverting things to which tourists at Desbarats are directed is a canoe trip. There are several routes to choose from, all leading into wild forest country, by way of beautiful rivers and inland lakes. No one of these trips is prettier than the one which is most accessible of all, which starts at the virlage of Desbarats, or if one pleases, at There are bark canoes Kensington Point. of Indian make to be hired at Kensington Point, and guides to be found at Desbarats.

Birch bark canoes are better than cedar, being lighter for the portages and more capacious for the duffle. One birch bark and one cedar canoe did for a party of five that took the Desbarats lake trip recently. Two small tents, a few cooking dishes, an axe, a gun, provisions, with as little bulk as possible, and a blanket roll, made up the duffle of this party and it was none too light.

Desbarats river is a swift little stream, where it leaves the village and winds in

and around among the tall reeds for several miles. Low banks, which lead on to daisy flowered meadows, border the way, and overhanging raspberry bushes loaded with ripe fruit invite one to linger. We are rearing the woods, and a guard of high cat tails threatens our approach. The canoes are thrust through by sheer force, the crisp resisting stalks giving way, and the rampart is taken. The stream grows shallower, the channel narrower. If it is a hot day, the one who wades in the water while he guides the canoe with one hand will not trouble to remove his shoes, for they will dry quickly in the warm sun.

Now we are at the foot of the rapids, and the first portage. The bright shallow water runs swiftly over the huge boulders which block our way, making cool music. On either side are high trees, and the spot is very lovely. We are tired and hungry, and here is a capital place for our first camp meal. And while we dine, we plan what we will not bring next time. For even this short portage around these pret-

ty rapids is an argument in favor of "going light."

While we are resting and feasting and listening to the trickling sound of the water in the shadow of the great trees, some one told the story of the rapids, or as the Indians call them, the Wild Rose Maiden Falls.

"Once upon a time," the story runs, "there was an old chief who had become poor in worldly fortune. He had only a daughter, the beautiful O-ge-no-bo-go-quay, the lovely Wild Rose maiden. Two lovers wooed Wild Rose, one a sorceier, rich and powerful, the other a handsome and stalwart youth. The heart of Wild Rose turned only to the youth, but the chief father remembered the riches of the sorcerer, and the poverty of the youth.

"Here by the rapids the lovers met, here by the sound of these waters they said farewell. And here they planned to meet again when the pink blossoms came again on the wild rose bush. While they talked together fondly, under a nearby bush, the sorcerer lurked and listened, filled with anger and revenge. When the youth departed, and the maiden sat pensive and alone, the sorcerer approached her, and repeated his offers of love. O-ge-ne-bo-go-quay answered him with cold disdain, whereupon the wicked sorcerer cast a spell upon the frightened Indian maiden. Her little moccasioned feet sank slowly into the earth and in another breath a wild rose bush grew where O-ge-ne-bo-go-quay had been. The seasons came and went until a year had gone, and the pink blossoms came out again.

"One day the stalwart youth came and sat down here beneath these trees, and waited for his loved one, listening to the waters as he waited. A long time he waited and she did not come. And while he sat here lonely and listening, he heard something say, "cut me out," "cut me out." He took his tomahawk and struck the boulders, and the waters splashed high, and still the voice said softly, "cut me out," "cut me out." Then the young man saw the rose bush, and with one blow severed it, and out stepped O-ge-ne-bo-go-quay, full of happiness and joy. Then the lovers were re-united."

If you will listen carefully you can still

hear the water whispering the maiden's call.

With new vigor we take to our canoes, and are again on the river. But now the banks are grown suddenly high and rocky. We gather some of the great white water lillies that float on the quiet water, and carry them in our laps as we paddle on. Great bushes of greenery mirror themselves in the clear water, and here and there wild rose bushes make a spot of tender loveliness among them.

The river winds and curves, with new beauty at each turn. The climax of view is the glimpse of the lake caught through the high rocky opening of the river. The irrepressible, inhospitable rock walls, and the bright fire weed grows on the narrow ledges.

Desbarats Lake is about four miles long and two miles wide, and is enclosed by high banks covered with dense forests of conifers and hardwood. There is one low bank, and here we pitch our tents, and hurry in doing it too, for a patter of rain makes a shelter welcome. Soon the sun is out again, and we are out trolling. A good fish supper is the result. Then to bed, to "a couch of new pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces."

The next day we take the trip to the caves of Mutche Manitou. A short paddle across the lake brings us to the entrance of a blazed trail leading a mile and a half through the woods. Up a hill we go to a height of six hundred feet. Up and up we go, and by and by our laughter ceases, and the quiet hush of the great woods is upon us. Presently the guide points out a spring by the way, and we all lie down flat upon the ground and take a refreshing drink. The water is clear as crystal, and tastes of the sweet odors of the woods.

Here in our path is a fresh deer track in the damp springy mud. Under a bush at one side the guide calls our attention to a porcupine, and while he insists it would make a good breakfast, we decide to stick to fish, and let the "porky" go free.

We walk on for hours, we think, and to our query the guide replies he has been trying a new route, and thinks he is a little off. When the guide climbs a great pine tree to get his bearings, we conclude weare lost, but we are not far enough inland. to be frightened, and the woods are too full of interesting things for us to be cross, even if we are terribly tired and our feet go stumbling along.

The caves of Mutche Manitou are one hundred feet high. If you stick to the blazed trail you will not come out on top of them as we did. But you will not get the wonderful view of lake and forest and silvery wandering streams that stretched away for miles. It was well worth the nard climb.

We scrambled and slid down the steep rock sides, learning not to step on the treacherous moss for support, for it loosened its hold on the rocks easily, and was several degrees more slippery than the bare rock.

Here we are at the mouth of the largest of the three caves and we must climb up again to reach the dark entrance. The caves are huge and grandly beautiful. Inside, the damp, dripping walls are rose pink and opal, where the delicate green moss does not hide them. Our flaring birch bark torches gave out when we had gone one hundred and fifty feet, and we hastened back to the warmth and light of the outer world. We could have gone as much further.

Here dwelt old Mutche Manitou, the bad devil, who smote the rock with his magic mittens, and floods burst forth. If your guide is a pagan Indian, he will quietly burn a bit of tobacco, to appease the wrath of the great Mutche Manitou, and to insure safety from his wicked devices.

Diamond Lake is next in order, after Desbarats lake, and is reached by a long portage broken at intervals by small lakes, where the canoes are paddled. There is an unusually beautiful camp site at Diamond lake, and the fishing is excellent. There are bass beyond number, lake trout, pickerel and maskinonge.

Connected with Diamond lake by the Narrows is Bass Lake, and beyond that is Cloud lake, all beautiful and all full of fish. The Narrows is a shallow waterway, once dry land and filled with the whitened remains of pine trees. Here the moose love to come, standing head deep in the shallow water, where they are free from the tormenting flies. Here one morning we saw a great brown bull moose. He moved slowly off with ponderous splashings when he saw us, and stalked majestically into the woods.

That same morning we frightened a family of wild ducklings as we paddled along, and they skimmed off with surprising swiftness.

The woods about these lakes are full of forest folk. Great eagles are there, and the noisy loons that go running across the placid surface of the lake, splashing water as they run, screaming and laughing in horrid derision. At night, when the camp fires are lighted, the quiet silence of the night is suddenly filled with the weird toot-to-hoo of the horned owl. There are moose and deer and bear, and the sight of these is reserved for the quiet camper. There is a dear little fat chipmunk waiting for you at the camp site, who will come out and trustingly eat the scraps you toss him from your dinner. If you go there, do not spoil his faith in humanity.

The trip is fascinating, health giving and wholly delightful.

The Llewellin Setter.

By L. H. SMITH.

The Llewellin setter, which has become so famous on this continent, was produced in England by the man whose name it bears. This breed is a cross between the Laverack and the Duke-Rhoebe strains of English setter.

The Laveracks were dogs bred for many

years by Mr. Edward Laverack, and claimed by him to have had no outside cross for more than fifty years; bred in and in, till they presented a type of symmetry and Beauty to be found in no other breed. Mr. Llewellin improved their field qualities by crossing the best of them

with the descendants of Duke and Rhoebe, who were themselves dogs of most superior field merit. This cross proved such a great success, showing both beauty and field qualities, that dogs bred this way proved superior to either of the strains from which they came.

By this cross, Mr. Llewellin established a new type, and so successful were its representatives at shows and trials, that his own name was given them; a name by which they will be known as long as an English setter is used by sportsmen in the field.

The first specimen of this breed was imported to this continent by Mr. L. H. Smith of Strathroy, Ontario, in 1874. When the superiority of this strain was seen by American sportsmen, other importations followed; the result has been that today, of all the English setters which run in our field trials and are exhibited at our bench shows, nearly every one is a straight or grade Llewellin.

These dogs are of nearly all colors, but their peculiar, characteristic color is "Belton"—that is, a white ground with lemon ticks or black ticks, the latter showing through the white as blue ticks; the former is known as Lemon Belton, and the latter as Blue Belton. The Belton colors were unknown here till the Laveracks and Llewellins came.

In the early days here these dogs met with a great demand at good prices; but not more than superior specimens will bring now. Perhaps the most valuable domestic animal on the continent today is a straight-bred Llewellin setter, with a good field trial record. Those not understanding such things would be astonished to learn how much money would be needed to purchase a first prize Llewellin field trial setter.

Many of this breed have been kept quite pure; in-bred all the time on its own strain, no outside blood. One might think they would deteriorate and become weakly, or that those dogs of today are inferior to the first importations; but such is not the case. There are not so many handsome show dogs amongst them now as in their early career. This, perhaps, is because they have been bred for field trial qualities, and to the neglect of bench show beauty; but they are healthy and rugged; they have not lost size, and their field qualities are as good as they ever were. The field trial cracks amongst them today are superior to the early ones. The Llewellin setter today is the king of all setters and bids fair to hold this record for a long time to come.

Sport in England.

By A. H. SMITH.

Sport in England is a large subject, and in the English sense is held to cover horse racing, which in that country, includes less of what is shady and low than elsewhere. But in this article sport is going to be considered in the Canadian sense of the word, and to be strictly confined to its amateur side. To sportsmen contrast between England and Canada is very great. To the Canadian, England looks like an enclosed garden, and Canada, outside the towns, appears to an Englishman like one vast trackless wilderness. Allowing for these contrasts there will be found a good deal of connection between the sports of

the two countries, widely different as the conditions are and must be.

To commence with big game. It may be said that big game is practically limited to the northern part of Great Britain. Here in the remote Highlands it is possible to find glens which even the Canadian would admit to be wild enough; here deer roam at their own sweet will and undisturted, for the greater part of the year. It is only in the autumn that their peace is rudely broken into, and the rising of parliament is the general signal for a northern exodus, although the smaller waves have set in for some weeks before.

The King often goes north, if he has not a continental visit on hand, and the members of the greatest families in the land are to be found treading the heather. Some noble stags are to be seen in the Highlands, and every season a number fall to the sportsmen's guns. Deer stalking is a sport which even the Canadian admits to be arduous enough, and success requires the very best traits of a sportsman's character. While Scotland has the undoubted supremacy in this class of sport, there are some good herds to be found in Wales, and in England too, one notable instance of the latter being at Nostell Priory, the seat of Lord St. Oswald, where almost within sight of busy manufacturing towns in Yorkshire, the deer can be seen peaceably feeding in the park. Deer hunting in England is a comparatively tame affair. The deer is carted to the meet, and the frightened animal sometimes refuses to go away and declines to provide sport. On the other hand, a spirited stag will give such good sport and be hunted so often that he comes to be looked upon as an old friend. He even appears to enter into the spirit of the performance and goes off across country with a swing and a determination that supplies sport for a whole day. In the event of an untoward accident happening to such an animal, the whole field mourn his loss as that of an old friend. Up to the last years of the late Queen's reign the Master of the Buckhounds was a political personage, who went out of office with a change of government, and it was part of his duty to provide sport in the districts round Windsor with a carted deer. The near neighborhood of London brought down so many undesirables to these gatherings that they became notorious, and after some struggling, parliament finally abolished both the hounds and the office, the latter of which had long fallen from its high estate. There is, however, still some good hunting in Wales, in various parts of the West of England, and particularly in Devonshire. Needless to say in such a country as England these herds of deer have to be carefully preserved in order to maintain them at all. In the winters they become very tame, and in severe winters they are often fed.

But when people talk about hunting in

England, it is fox hunting that is nearly always meant. There is fox hunting more or less all over the country, and even the. great manufacturing towns are not exempt from the fever. Leicestershire is par excellence the hunting county in England, and the town of Melton Mowbray is its Mecca. From this centre the hunting radiates into the neighboring counties and thus spreads all over the country. Happy is the man (or woman) who can afford to occupy a hunting lodge in or near Melton Mowbray. The late Empress of Austria attended the meets here for several years before her death. It is the fashion in hunting circles for the several districts to be called "countries." A Master of the Hounds is elected by those who subscribe to the Hunt, and it is the duty of this gentleman to provide sport. In the season the hunting takes place on two or three days in each week, and it is a fine sight to see the huntsmen in their scarlet coats in charge of the hounds, the property of the hunt, and all the well dressed and well horsed throng that attends a fashionable meet. Proceedings used to commence with a generous, well served breakfast at some nobleman's or gentleman's house. The opening meet on the glorious first of November is still celebrated in this way, although the old-fashioned hunt breakfast, which used to mark every meeting, is now, like so many other pleasant things, but a memory. The invitations to the Hunt breakfast are never formal, but every member of the Hunt is included in the general invitation, and often indeed many outsiders partake of the host's hospitality. A move is made when the Master is ready and a fox having been found in some nearby wood, and got away, the whole field are soon in full pursuit. It must be remembered that England is a country where the fields are bounded by hedges and ditches and wherever the fox goes the hunt must follow. Spills are many, and the field generally gets thinned out, until very few are left at the death, if indeed the fox succumbs to his enemies and does not manage to evade his pursuers. Stories are told of old foxes that have been hunted often, and it is even alleged that they enjoy the experience-though to outsiders this may appear very doubtful. The farmers whose fields are ridden over,



RAPIDS AHEAD. On the Mississaga River.



RAPIDS PASSED.
On the Mississaga River.

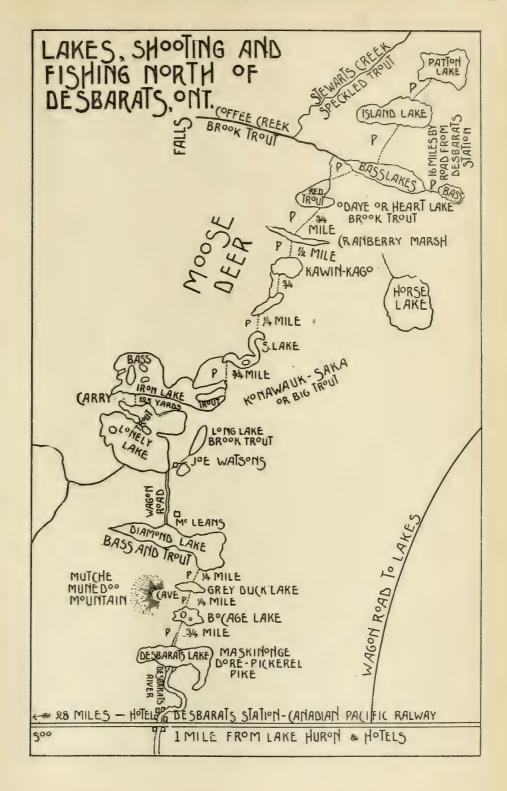


WENEBEGON
"Goat Kick Why Not" Camp.



ON THE WENEBEGON.

"We came to a log jam over which we all climbed, the canoes being also carried over.



whose hedges are broken down, and whose remaining crops are injured, are compensated from the Hunt's funds at the end of the season, while in the claims put forward are often included poultry, which have fallen victims to the depredations of Nothing but frost stops the Master Fox. hunting, and this healthful, hardening pastime is very generally and widely followed. Every one who can procure a horse and can ride has his day with the hounds, though needless to say, these do not all subscribe to the Hunt funds. In addition to fox hunting, men hunt hares, and some of these animals give good sport. A good hunter must be a first-class rider, and this sport develops not only men's muscles, but also their nerves, and enables them to think clearly in a difficulty and not get in fluster. So general indeed is hunting bver the whole country that considering he thickness of the population, it is surorising how much is done and how well the sport is maintained. Of course the supply of game is only kept up by strict preservation, and quite an army of men throughout the country find employment as game-keepers.

The bird shooting stands by itself, and gives sport of another kind. "The Twelfth" is a great day in England. This means the twelfth of August, and if parliament has not risen by that date, the government abandons all thought of controversial legislation, for the attendance of their followers cannot be reckoned upon in sufficient force, as that date approaches. The shooting season for grouse opens on that day, and people who own or can hire moors in Scotland or Yorkshire, or are invited by those in that happy position, look forward anxiously to the weather and scan the reports as to whether the birds are numerous and lively or not, or whether disease and hereditary enemies have played havoc amongst them. The sportsman who would shoot grouse must be a walker, and a good one. He ought, also, to be a decent shot and not endanger his friends who are with him on the beat. One of the mysteries of the restriction in the shooting season is to be found in the fact that quite early in the morning of the Twelfth grouse are displayed in the poulterers' shops in London. How this quick work is brought

about can only be known to insiders. outsiders the fact is impossible if coupled with strict compliance with the law. Sept. 1st it is lawful to shoot partridges, and another battue ensues. Great bags are made by successful sportsmen on well pre-On Oct. 1st pheasant served estates. shooting begins and neither for partridges nor pheasants is it necessary to go to the north of England or to Scotland. these birds are raised very generally all through the country, and in the north, south, east, west, and middle of England, the guns of the sportsmen can be heard waking the echoes of the woods on Sept. 1st. To outsiders it may appear difficult to distinguish between the two birds. The golden pheasant is not at all like the plump partridge, but in the excitement of the moment it is not always easy to see the difference between the two. In nearly every shooting party there is some novice who starts out in the morning fully determined to keep cool, and not to lose his head. But with the first rise of the birds from amongst the stubble there is pretty certain to be a "squeaker" (as the young pheasants are termed) and off goes the gun of the tyro. If he knocks the bird over many and dire are the threats of vengeance held over his devoted head, and all the pains and penalties of the game laws are, in imagination, evoked for his punishment. It is a mighty relief to all young sportsmen when Oct. 1st dawns and pheasants may be shot. The partridge is a hardy bird and thrives in all parts of the country. But the pheasant is more delicate, and if required in any numbers artificial rearing and feeding is resorted to. makes them delicate and with all care they are sometimes very scarce. The birds are generally "driven" towards the sportsmen by Leaters, though they are sometimes shot over dogs without beaters, and the latter is the true sportsmanlike way, and appeals to all who do not make a "bag" the be-all and end-all of their sport. The great advantage of shooting of this character is that it includes almost as many people as the hunting, and enables the benefit of outdoor exercise of the most healthful character to be enjoyed by thousands who would otherwise be strangers to it. Without doubt the English love of hunting and shooting has hardened the race, and had much to do with the Englishman's love of enterprise and adventure, which in its turn has led to his colonization of the world.

There is a good deal of rabbit shooting yet, despite all the persecution of which this little animal has been the victim. Up to quite recent years tenant farmers-and the majority of farmers in England are tenant farmers-could not shoot the ground game on their own land, even when the rabbits were eating their young wheat. But the Ground Game Act has altered all that, and the farmer is now at liberty to shoot such game on the land he hires, and not at liberty to make any agreement with his landlord depriving himself of that right. It was argued at the time It was proposed to give this liberty that it would mean the extinction of the game entirely. But this dismal prophecy, like so many others of a like kind, has not proved true, although it is said that hares are less plentiful than they used to be, but rabbits can still be described as a pest.

Then each particular section of the country has its own attractions. There are for broads, the Essex instance the Norfolk marshes, the Surrey downs, the Yorkshire moors, the Welsh hills, and a long and rugged sea coast, presenting every variety imaginable-long stretches of cliff, crag, and rock, with bold headlands, and snug little bays, beloved of smugglers in the old days; inlets of the sea, estauries, sluggish rivers, marshes, and even broadening lakes, like the Broads, which are a speciality of their own county and can be found nowhere else. There is a good deal of gull shooting round the coast, mainly by those who possess a gun of some kind and are not content-to do without killing something. These people are referred to contemptuous-Iv as "Cockney sportsmen," and while the term "Cockney" originally applied only to Londoners, it is now so widened as to include all those townsmen who do not know how to behave themselves when let loose in the country. As sportsmen they kill everything within sight, exercise no discrimination, and know no mercy. There are too many of these in England to be agreeable to the real sportsman, but they are an infliction from which no country is free, though they may be a little more troublesome in the old country, by reason of the density of the population, and the impossibility in many sections of the country of getting very far from one great town without coming near another. Indeed in the North, and also in the middle of England, the congestion is such that the stranger cannot tell when he leaves one town for another, and so closely do they run into each other that only experts in local boundaries can tell the distinctions. In severe weather there is wild duck shooting, but these birds are scarce and a good deal of patience and some hardening to the severities of the weather is needed for success in this sport.

Fishing is still widely followed, and though the Englishman is content with what the Canadian would think little of, the fact remains that on the whole the fishing is improving with the scientific methods of breeding and restocking which are now followed. This has no application to the manufacturing districts. Here the pollution of the streams and rivers has been carried so far that fish life is an impossibility in them. Of late years the public conscience has been so far aroused that what are called Rivers Boards have been appointed in South Lancashire and West Yorkshire. They found an appalling state of things prevailing, but notwithstanding the appointment of inspectors, and the giving of scientific advice for the treatment of refuse, very little improvement is to be seen by outsiders, and certainly fish are not likely in this generation to be again found in such rivers as the Aire, the Irwell, and the Medlock. But outside the manufacturing area a good deal has been done to improve the fishing and to cleanse and prevent pollution in the streams. Fishery Boards, whose duties are very different from the Rivers Boards mentioned above, are elected and engage in the work of restocking and preserving the fisheries. Good salmon rivers still are the Dee, the Wye, the Derwent, the Ouse, and many of the Scotch rivers and Lochs. But the majority have to be content with lesser fish, and the patient angler is satisfied with much less than would please his Canadian confrere. There is, nevertheless, good sport to be obtained all over the country.

large towns of the north have made gigantic reservoirs in order to supply their inhabitants with water, and Manchester and Liverpool have gone so far as to adapt natural lakes for this purpose. Manchester, which set the example in this respect, went to Thirlmere in Westmoreland, and Liverpool went to Wales. Birmingham has now followed suit, and for a long time the London authorities have talked of doing the same thing. The advocates of latter day utilitarianism argue that they have made improvements upon nature, and that these lakes, while enlarged and deepened; are really made more beautiful than before. Other corporations have gone to the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills for their gathering grounds and impounded the waters in great artificial lakes. The importance of these works to the fishermen is that the corporations allow local angling societies to stock these reservoirs with fish, and the members are then entitled to fish in what are really big lakes at certain seasons of the year for a nominal annual fee. The fish purify the water, while the public purse gains, and the delights of the pastime that Isaac Walton loved are thus opened to a very wide circle of lovers of fishing. It is a little pathetic to see in the neighborhood of the great towns many men and boys fishing in the dirty waters of the canals which pass through these places. This shows how universal is the love of the pastime. But with all the drawbacks mentioned, there are still many beautiful streams left in England, and fishing is one of the delights of the amateur sportsman.

Although the heading of this sketch is "Sport in England", it would not be complete without some reference to Ireland. Political agitation and agrarian crime have done much to prevent the average English sportsman from "discovering" Ireland. He has gone further afield and at times fared much worse. All that has been said of the delights of sport in England and Scotland applies to Ireland with tenfold force. The hunting is more exciting and of an altogether more reckless character, and with more than a spice of that personal danger which appeals to sportsmen. The scenery is wilder and grander, and the land more bare. The lakes are more beautiful, the fishing better, the riv-

ers less polluted, and the shooting, particularly in the West, is altogether of a superior character. Of late years efforts have been made, with a considerable amount of success to divert some portion of the great stream of traffic from England to the continent to Ireland. The railway companies have co-operated in this effort. Cleaner hotels and better accommodation have done much to attract a good class of tourists. But what has perhaps done more than anything else, the shine of Royal favour has shone upunhappy Ireland, and in wake of Royalty have followed many who otherwise would have remained at home or gone elsewhere. Even in the dark days of the Land League, when boycotting held its sway, the sporting instincts of the Irishmen found vent, and the agitators discovered that in some instances they would strain the loyalty of their followers to the breaking point if they ventured to prohibit the meets, and stop the sport of thousands. Reckless steps, like the wholesale poisoning of fish, were indeed taken, but the people speedily discovered that measures of this kind worked to their own injury, and soon stopped them. Now all this is of the past. The English, the Canadian, and the American tourists are welcomed to the country and made free of the best. There is a generous rollicking nature about the Irishman which makes him liked everywhere, but in no instance does he display this better part of his nature so freely as when at home.

The Briton, indeed, is at his best, whether English, Scot, Irish, or Welsh, in displaying what he can show of his native land and its characteristics, and sportsmen from this side if they can visit their fellows across the sea will find themselves heartily welcomed as members of a fraternity that knows no country, and recognizes no international boundary line. The true sportsman will find variety and pleasure in Great Britain, and although the country cannot compare with Canada for size and for abundance of game, yet the Canadian who visits the old country, without too strong prejudices in favor of his own land, will readily admit that while England has charms of its own, they may be emphasized in the matter of sport, and its

sportsmen are not to be outdone even by Canadians in the warmth of the welcome they extend to every colonial, and the manner in which they at once make him free of their amateur sports.

Mr. F. B. Hussey of Pittsburg, Pa., an old bear hunter in British Columbia, has had some great successes this year. Going out with James Brewster, of Banff, and C. P. Price, of Golden, he managed in a month's hunting to secure four black bears, two grizzlies and one cinnamon. The party sighted no less than twenty-five bears, and had one or two adventures which were quite exciting while they lasted. In several cases the bear was only wounded with the first fire, and a hand to hand fight with Mr. Bruin was narrowly averted. One silver tip gave a good deal of trouble and showed the fighting qualities of the Rocky grizzly to perfection. A shot from Mr. Hussev's Express rifle, fired at a distance

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of eighty yards, broke her front leg. hunters were behind a rock and the bear did not immediately sight them. But rising on her hind legs, she looked for the cause of her pain, and trees, stumps and gravel were thrown in all directions. At length seeing her foes she made towards them, and not until she was within twenty yards of them, and five bullets had been put into her, did she drop. One of these bullets went through her head, two through her shoulders and neck, and one through her heart. It was a pity that owing to a mange the pelt was not any good. But the head will be mounted, and will remind Mr. Hussey and his friends all his life of this Rocky Mountain adventure.

Boredom and One of Its Antidotes.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG. .

Energetic, self reliant, inventive, living in a fast developing and ever-changing country, the American, and even the Canadian, is sometimes bored-generally because of the monotony of his work. Relief has been found of late years in exploring the haunts of nature. The child finds infinite amusement in what the elders think trifling things, yet those elders should, and often do, envy the child's capacity for amusement. A good deal of wrong headed amusement is pursued in the effort to drive off boredom-strong drink, tobacco, and cards, are excessively indulged in by the women of the present generation. Another class of women take their strong drink stimulants in tea, and coffee. Some men take to horse racing, stock gambling, and lower grades of sport. But the right thinking turn to Mother Nature, and she cures them of boredom. The love of country life is largely on the increase, and the taste for mechanics is growing. The best

cure of all is to be found in the woods and waters, in which the artificial life is cast off, for a natural one. The incessant toil, the anxious thought, and the strenuous life of the dwellers in large cities can find real relief there. The woods also give relief in other directions. It is the present fashion to crowd the holidays into one short period of summer. But the woods are delightful in mid-winter. They have great charm in May, and are perhaps at their best in September and October. It was the fashion fifty years ago and in the last century to think the country an absolutely uninteresting wilderness, only fit for men and women of no mind, and a place to be shunned by the intellectual. Now, as Lady Frances Balfour well says in a recent contribution to the London "Morning Leader" -"The modern taste is to belaud the country, for unfortunately the amusements which are the products of cities are not restful, because they contain no change for

the eye, nor change of thought." This dislike of field and forest will wear away fast now. Many people have learnt of the delights of the lives of the aboriginal Indians, and live in tents, and move from place to place as their own sweet, wills prompt them. They love the poetical motion of the canoe. They love the work of paddling and portaging. They go into the woods in a soft and weak condition with appetites palled and muscles shaken. They come out fit for their share in the work of the world, and with a little trouble and care this wholesome state of being can be kept up until the opportunity comes for the next outing in the woods. Those who are wise will maintain at home by means of a judicious use of physical culture the good they have gained from their outdoor experience. A good deal can be done in this way without boring one's friends by too much physical culture. A reasonable amount of walking, a little attention to muscular development, some study of nature, its fauna and its flora, (in which assistance can be found in many inexpensive publications) will give healthy occupation to both mind and body. We should in addition cultivate hygiene in our food without becoming faddists. A sure and immediate result is a certain amount of strenuosity which develops itself within us. When to this incentive to physical well-being can be added the feeling that the nation demands of us, that we should be at our best both physically, and mentally, a much higher ambition takes possession of our souls. feel more enjoyment of our ordinary avocations in life, whatever they may be. Our sleep is sounder, and our tempers are in-New realms of pleasure finitely better. brighten our horizon. These feelings are infectious. Where perhaps one could be induced to go into the woods a few years ago, ten are now clamouring to be of the party. In short life has new joys. Those who go through this experience are not only adding to the length of their days, but also to the intensely enjoyable relaxations of their lives. One strongly accentuated benefit that the writer has received from his holidays in the woods is the great benefit that has resulted to his eyesight. He is fifty-two years of age, and has worn glasses to read and write for some

ten years. After two or three days in the woods, paddling during the day, carrying a small pack of from 25 to 100 pounds over portages, stopping both paddling and carrying when feeling tired, such is the relief to overstrained nerves obtained that for ordinary reading and letter writing the use of the glasses can be dispensed with in a way that would be quite impossible while in the city and at ordinary avocations. Another immediate benefit received from the exercise of all the muscles, which is involved in a canoe trip, has been to enable the writer to do certain little gymnastic feats of boyhood days, which for at least twenty years he had found quite impossible of performance.

For all who feel bored in mid-winter an effective means of dissipating the wretched feeling, and gaining much in return, is to indulge in a snow shoe tramp in Northern Canada. About the best place for such an experience the writer has found is on the north shores of Lake Huron. The reason for this is that the country is hilly and sheltered, and yet there are flats between the hills which make the work not too hard for beginners, while the hills afford shelter from the winds. Another advantage in that northern country, and a great one, is that the snow and the air are singularly dry throughout the winter. On the south shores of the great lakes there are heavy falls of wet snow, which make walking and camping disagreeable. The writer remembers taking a trip in mid-winter to cure an attack of black-larynxgitis, acquired during a stormy, blustering stay in Chicago. The doctor wished the patient to go to bed for a week, and to take inhalers for the throat. The advice was only partially taken and that part carried out in the Indian fashion. The writer boiled balsam gum in the woods, and held his head over the steam, covering his throat carefully all the time with a blanket. No doubt the treatment was beneficial, but it was the tramping all day in the open air, and sleeping in an open shelter, with a big wood fire at one's feet, that worked the cure absolutely inside of a week.

To those who wish to try this health cure a little advice as to the proper food for the woods will not come amiss. Don't be persuaded to take rations and health

foods or condensed soups. They are all vanities. Take good breakfast bacon, and the fish and game you can procure. Shoot the partridges in the woods. Fish through the ice in winter. Take some whole-meal bread, of the kind that is better on the fourth day after it is made than the first, and is good for ten days, and have it wrapped in waxed-oiled or tissue paper, which almost hermatically seals it. You will find that these foods while light, easily digested, and slightly laxative, will give you all the strength that you need. Evaporated or

dried apricots are very good and easy to carry, but cook only enough for a meal, as the acid in them is liable to affect the tin vessel in which you are almost compelled to carry them. Add to this bill of fare any little things that can be packed with ease and do not materially add to the bulk or weight and see that everything that can spill is done up in cotton.

In conclusion we would emphasize our statement that air and duly apportioned exercise will cure almost all ills, and will kill the demon ennui.

The Old and the New.

By C. C. FARR.

(Continued from the August Issue.)

I am writing of the days that are not, of the past, and of the old, days that brought their cares, which are forgotten, and only the memory of that which was pleasant remains, for such is life. We linger lovingly upon the few bright spots of a toilsome, strenuous struggle.

The opening of the car door, by the conductor, who explains that the grade is too heavy to admit of the whole train being taken up at once, admits an icy breeze, which reminds me that this is winter, and the new, hence we do not run on to Timiskaming Station, but follow the branch leading to Kippewa Station, through the valley of the Gordon Creek.

This valley has a history; one almost legendary; the other, more recent, but still not of the immediate past.

In the prehistoric days, when the Iroquois hunted the Ojibewais, even as the Ojibewais hunted the lower animals, this valley saved the lives of many Indians, whose scalps, otherwise, would have decorated the belts of their inveterate foes, the Iroquois.

When hard pressed by the pursuing canoes of the enemy, and certain death would have been the result of capture, the Ojibwais would head for this way of safety, which leads straight to the intricacies of the mazes of Kippewa Lake, where even habitues can lose themselves,

for a while, so tortuous are the windings of this extraordinary lake.

As those who have seen it know, it is an octopus in water. The ramifications of its bays, and tributary lakes are endlessly confusing, and calculated to baffle the hottest pursuit, on the part of those who are not familiar with the topography. In some cases, when the more venturesome lacustrine pirates would be carried away by their greed and love of slaughter, for the primary object of these excursions were scalps and furs, they would fall into the pit that they had digged for others, being lured through some narrow, rock-bound inlet, the shores of which would be lined with the men whose scalps they were hunting, ready prepared, with bow and arrows, with stones, and all the primitive weapons of the age, watching for the chance to pour a murderous and unexpected 'fire' from their point of vantage. Tradition tells of many such encounters, in which the biters were bit, and unexpected retaliation overtook the confident pursuers. Of such historical importance, in the distant past, is the succession of small lakes and creeks now known as the Gordon Creek, the Indian name for which is "Kabastayguan", (the place where the water goes ashore), meaning that when the water was high on Lake Kippewa, the water would cross the barrier dividing this valley from the Kippewa, and flow down to the outlet, which joins Lake Timiskaming, thirty-two miles further north. It was on this account that the idea struck some of the lumbermen of the Kippewa that this would be a more economic and quicker way of bringing timber from off the Kippewa lake than by the natural route, and results have proved that their ideas were correct.

I happened to have been present when the water was first turned on through the cut that had been made across the low rocky barrier, separating in low water the two systems, and the result was somewhat The slides that had been awe-inspiring. constructed in the bed of the small creek were smashed to pieces. In some cases, especially in that portion that intervenes between the site of Lumsden's mill and the Ottawa River, the water, when obstructed by portions of the broken slides, shot up over twenty feet in the air, and the roar of waters was deafening. Boulders of hundreds of pounds in weight were rolled along the bed of the creek, as if they were made of wood, but the rumbling of their passage betokened that they were composed of something more solid. It took some years to bring this creek to its present state of perfection, for Nature resented the innovation, having intended the channel for a far smaller body of water. To-day it is perfect, and an illustration of the ingenuity of man.

But I have been growing very hungry while all these thoughts have been surging through my brain, and am becoming convinced that one cannot live on reminisences, no matter how classic they may be.

The conductor has disappeared, and I, instinctively, feel that he is filling the aching void, while I await his sweet pleasure to bring the remaining portion of the train up the grade, and by so doing bring menearer to my dinner.

Now comes an illustration of the new, for an energetic looking little man, evidently divining my condition of semi-starvation, produces from various bags comestibles, which he sets before me, with the remark that he hopes I will pardon the liberty. No man ever received more full or swifter pardon than I accorded to this good Samaritan, for I was an hungered, and I fell upon the good things that he pro-

duced in a manner that emphasized the lines of care, already written upon the face of his good little wife. He was an intending settler, on his way to Timiskaming, and he had come thus early in the season in order to be in time. I thought that he was in time for much tribulation, for Kippewa station was fully eighty miles from his destination, and it was the railway terminus. The rest of the journey had to be performed by sleigh, over the frozen surface of Kippewa, with all its traditionary "slush", and through bush roads that would be hard to follow, except for the illdefined sleigh track, kept partly open by the tri-weekly passage of His Majesty's mail. He had with him his flocks and herds, even to his wife, and I admired his courage, for it is by such men that the bush is transformed into agricultural Edens.

The toot of the engine proclaims that we have not been entirely forgotten, and in a few minutes we are climbing up the gorge of the "Kahastayguan". The snow is very much in evidence, and were it not for the fact that in days gone by, I knew nearly every foot of this water-course, there would have been very little to interest me. As it is, I recognize spots where men were drowned in the early days of the inception of this scheme, and it used to amuse me when I would hear that such and such lumber firm had been very unlucky, they had lost so many men on the drive. I often used to wonder how about the men that were drowned, were they not unlucky also? A shriek of the whistle announces that we are at Kippewa, and there is a general hunt for impedimenta.

By this time, such is the appetite producing nature of the atmosphere, I am ready for another good meal, and I think that I must, in my thoughts, have maligned the conductor, for I see him make a meal that would have been an impossibility, if he had eaten when I was awaiting the engine to haul me up that steep grade.

It is pleasant to be travelling in such a country, for everybody seems so friendly. The officials of the railway, from top to bottom, fairly vie with each other in doing little kindnesses, and a civil question always receives a civil answer, which is somewhat rare on railroads.



DESBARATS ISLANDS.

The end of the Mississaga canoe trip at Desbarats.



MUTCHE MANITOU MOUNTAIN.
Looking at the Caves from Bocage Lake, Desbarats.



WHITE CEDAR.

Thuya Occidentalis.

I am relieved to find the mail-carrier awaiting the arrival of the train, and better still, he has been expecting me, so my passage is secure, no mean thing in a country of chances, such as this is.

The sky is threatening, and after due consultation, we decide, as the train is late, to defer our start until the morning.

This gives a chance to look around me, and make some comparisons between the old and the new. Many changes are in evidence since I first stood upon these shores, and as my space is limited, it would be well for me to leave these matters until the next issue, which, if long experience counts, should be interesting.

(To be Continued.)

Forest Fires in British Columbia.

Some forest fires have occurred during the present summer in all parts of Canada, but they have on the whole been kept well in check except in British Columbia. The wealth of the forests of British Columbia is immense, the size and quality of the timber is unsurpassed; on the Pacific Coast are found to day some of the greatest areas of virgin timber in any part of the world, and to them Eastern Canada and the farthest East is beginning to look as the most promising source of future supplies. The settlement and development of the western prairies, increasing at a phenomenal rate, is opening up a new market which will steadily and inevitably enhance the value of every tree standing in the forest. Every tree cut down and utilized in the ordinary processes of the lumber industry means business to the province, employment to the people, revenue to the government. Every tree burned means practically a dead loss with no hope of its repair in the present generation. The work of a century is destroyed in a few minutes and without any adequate purpose or end to justify the destruction.

Reports from almost all directions in British Columbia give notice of fires, but the most destructive so far are on Vancouver Island, and in the East and West Kootenay districts. In the vicinity of Nelson great damage has been done to mining and other property. One fire in East Kootenay is thus described by a local paper.

"The fire started at Skookum Chuck and is growing larger every day. It has spread over a large area and is now travelling south at the rate of a mile every day. It has a width of from twelve to fifteen miles and has now reached a point about eighteen miles south of where it started. A large amount of fine timber has been destroyed. No one apparently is officially interested enough to stop this fire, which has already burned over an area twelve miles wide and eighteen miles in length. The area burned is estimated at 216 miles."

The causes of fires are various, but the part which natural forces, such as lightning, play in their outbreak is comparatively small. As a rule the action of man comes in as the chief cause contributing to the starting of forest fires. Carelessness on the part of hunters, prospectors and others, is frequently the occasion from which develop serious conflagrations. disregard sometimes shown by prospectors for the interests of the lumber industry is such that if those engaged in that business were to have the power, and were to similarly use it, of injuring mining, it would raise such a storm of protest that the act would not soon be repeated. Fires break out with great frequency along the lines of railways. Probably there is some carelessness in regard to the equipment of locomotives. We have received a communication from a correspondent calling attention to the large number of fires starting along the railways and particularly during the present season in the Crow's Nest Pass, and urging the importance of the companies being required to use all preventive measures. It is of the utmost urgency that lo-

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

comotives should be properly equipped, but even the best equipment possible will not prevent the escape of some sparks from engines using solid fuel, whether coal or wood, and protection is not complete without some plan of patrol or provision for extinguishing incipient fires. In this respect the railway companies may be fairly asked to take action and to impress upon their employees that preventive measures are necessary and should be taken immediately whenever the necessity arises.

A government system of fire ranging is an absolute necessity in all circumstances, and we endorse strongly the position taken by the British Columbia Lumberman in regard to the matter, as stated in the following paragraphs:—

"There should be a Provincial Fire Warden appointed for the Province, paid by the department—at a salary made worth his while in accepting the position—who shall be authorized by law to hold investigations and secure convictions, and who shall be furnished with deputies representing every fire district of the Province during the season when such are required, and whose sole duty shall be that of enforcing the provisions of the Bush Fire Act. He must

be a man of strong personality, free from prejudice one way or another, and must be allowed a free hand in the discharge of his duties. His office might be a sinecure some years, but in a season like the present he could have saved his salary to the Province for many years to come in avoiding much of the enormous damage which has already been done.

"It has been clearly demonstrated this season that the Bush Fire Act as it presently stands is of no force or effect, and though the Act in itself is fairly sound, until its provisions can be enforced it is worse than none at all. The first duty of the Government then is to see to its enforcement, and for that to be done a responsible staff of officers must be appointed, who will see that the provisions are carried out in every detail. There need not be a large staff of these, but a few, who were energetic would answer the purpose. They would be able to secure convictions, as their whole time for a period would be given up to the task, and after there were a few wholesome sentences administered to the careless or the criminal, the number of forest fires would soon materially decrease."

The Red Cedar.*

Though it may be asserted that the Red Cedar is more handled by people generally in Canada than is the wood of any other tree, yet it is one that is usually little known. It is not of common occurrence in the Dominion and the opportunities of becoming acquainted with it in the living state are not widespread, but every schoolboy and school girl requires it, no office is completely furnished without it, it is the vade meeum of the newspaper reporter, and the dependence of the man who has taken to heart Captain Cuttle's advice on the collection of information: "When found, make a note of." The mystery in regard to it is easily solved when we learn that another name for this tree is the pencil cedar, and that at least 500,000 cubic feet of red cedar wood, the product of at

least 125,000 trees, are used annually in the manufacture of lead pencils in the United States. For this purpose a wood of great softness and firm, even grain is required, and these qualities are found most satisfactorily combined in the red cedar.

There is a southern species of red cedar, known as/Florida Cedar (Juniperus Barbadensis), but its range does not extend far north of the State whose name it bears. The Red Cedar of Canada (Juniperus Virginiana) is found from the Southern States northward to the Province of Ontario, where its northern limit appears to be on a line from Ottawa to Parry Sound. In the State of Tennessee it is found abundantly, and there it reaches its best development. A diameter of as much as five

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

feet has been known of good sound timber. In Alabama trees of two feet and more in diameter are frequent, with a height of from ninety to one-hundred feet, two-thirds of which is clear of branches. Many of these trees have become unsound at the base and have fallen to the ground, but the wood of such trees is considered to be softer than when standing, and is preferred for pencil making. In Canada this tree is of smaller size and is found growing scattered along rocky banks. most abundant in the Bay of Quinte district, and was evidently more so in early days, for in 1800 a vessel, the "Prince Edward," of sufficient capacity to hold 700 barrels of flour below the hatches, was built near Kingston of this wood. It is still used for naval construction, but more largely for telegraph poles, ties and other purposes, where a wood of lasting qualities is required. In Canada, however, it has practically ceased to become a commercial commodity. The wood is red, compact, of a soft, even grain, and is very durable.

The foliage of the Red Cedar is a much darker green than that of the White Cedar, and the branchlets of the twigs are not so broad or flattened. The leaves are small and scale-like, so inconspicuous indeed that they are frequently overlooked as such by the common observer. The cones are represented by small terries, which contain one or two angular grooved seeds. are dark purple in color when mature, but are covered by a white bloom, which shows out very distinctly in contrast to the dark foliage. As an ornamental tree, the red cedar fills a very useful place, especially in earlier years, when its pyramidal form is very regular and shapely. In later years it becomes rather irregular and broken, and loses some of the freshness of its foliage.

Our Medicine Bag.

Hotels in a new country may be anything from a sod shanty to an ambitious summer resort hotel. People going out fishing and shooting would do well to inquire from the railroad management as to the character of the so-called hotels in different localities.

The government of the Province of Quebec is moving in the direction of providing increased protection to the forests from fire by considerably enlarging the staff of fire rangers. The staff has certainly in the past been much too small for the vast area under its charge and any move to make the protection of the forests more effective should receive the hearty support of the public.

We commend to the perusal of those of our readers who would like an exciting canoe trip with fishing, and a good moose, deer, and bear hunting ground, the article entitled "A Woman on the Mississaga." This is par excellence the ladies canoe trip, for those of the fair sex who are not content with paddling about summer resorts through meadows and by farm houses, but who feel within them the "call of the wild."

The Canadian Pacific Railway Tourist Department reports among other departures in August that of Dr. Clifford Brookes, a member of the Badminton Club, London, England, on a tour in the Rockies; and Sir H. W. A. Riply, Bart., and his brother, a couple of young cavalry officers, going into the wilds of New Ontario on a fishing expedition. While American tourists have invaded Canada in considerable numbers, we have had fewer English visitors than we would like to have. The Badminton Club is one of the most aristocratic and exclusive of the swell London clubs, and all its members are enthusiastic amateur sportsmen.

New England Ferns and Their Common Allies is a guide to all the ferns of New

England and some of their allies- clubmosses, horsetails, etc., etc. It contains brief and untechnical descriptions of over sixty species or varieties of ferns with eleven of the allies, and points out more distinguishing marks of difference: between species resembling each other than are found in any other work. The illustrations of which there are nearly fifty, are from direct prints of specimens on photographic paper, and are absolutely accurate. It is Lelieved that they will prove more helpful to beginners than any series of fern pictures that has heretofore appeared. book is provided with an index and a glossary, and also tables listing the species fruiting in each month of the season, and showing what species may be looked for in each particular kind of soil and environment. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the price is \$1.25.

Northern New Brunswick must be a paradise for sportsmen, if one of the Yankee papers is to be believed. This is how the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram describes the recent experiences of a party of its citizens in New Brunswick, and as a descriptive piece of writing it is a distinctly fascinating picture:—

"Big bull moose swimming the sparkling Richibucto river, within plain sight of the sleepy little sawmill town of Rexton; 12-pound salmon trout flashing their golden scales in the sunshine and turning up their white bellies at the bottom of many dark and deep pools; oysters and clams so plentiful that the natives do not consider them good enough to eat; fishing or shooting every month of the year, and big game and small game of all sorts so plentiful that no one would go across the road to see a caribou or pay 25 cents for a venison dinner."

How to achieve success, continues to make reading in the daily papers. Fortunately for true sportsmen success is not measured by the quantity of gant they slaughter, or the number of fish they catch. In either case too much simply means waste and spoils the harvest for those who come after.

Heavy reading is not in much favor with sportsmen and perhaps the success articles are not very carefully studied by them. After all it is not possible to lay down any hard and fast rules to success. Those who accomplish this object are fortunate not merely in the chances coming their way, but in having the gifts of courage and determination which enable them to take advantage of the chances when they present themselves. If the philosophy of Shakespeare be correct, and we all have at least one chance of fortune, there are many who do not perceive when the tide runs in their favor, and consequently do not take it at the flood.

The Rev. C. F. Yates, of Golden, B. C., who takes a great deal of interest in the welfare of sportsmen, and who is himself in the highest sense of the term a sportsman, writes to "Rod and Gun":--" One quite large party, who camped near Carbonate and crossed the summit of the Selkirks going down the Beaver Valley to Glacier, enjoyed the trip exceedingly, so I am told, and quite unexpectedly (for they were not on a bear hunt, a number of ladies being in the party) shot a grizzly on the way." Mr. Yates also encloses a letter from Mr. J. W. Schultz, of Gaviota, Santa Barbara Co., California, stating that he wishes to change his hunting grounds to the Golden, B. C., country, as he has not the heart to disappoint the people, which he is obliged to do in asking them to come to his old hunting grounds. There is good country round Golden, which can be easily reached by steamer or rail without much packing, and Mr. Yates is always ready to tell bona fide sportsmen about it.

Writing in 1900, Mr. Abbott Kinney, of Los Angeles, California, gives the following comparison of the alteration of water flow caused by the burning of the watersheds:

The watershed fires affect the first tier of mountain springs disastrously. The reduction in permanent water flow from these springs by such fires is from one-quarter to three quarters of the regular supply. Comparing the flow from the Deer Creek Springs, with watershed unburned, with springs on each side of it, on burned districts for the past two years of light

rains, we find a slight shrinkage in the Deer Creek supply and a frightful shrinkage in the springs from the burned watersheds. The exact figures are: Burned watershed, Cucamonga Canyon—ordinary flow 210 miner's inches; after fire, reduced to 29 inches. Burnt over and second growth again burned on Alder Canyon—former flow 6 inches; after fire, absolutely nothing. Deer Creek Canyon, unburned—ordinary flow, 48 inches; in present dry year, 40 inches.

The following is an extract from a recent letter from a correspondent in Graven-hurst, Ontario:—

"A continuous residence in Muskoka of forty-three years-where I settled as a very young man-has convinced me that the future of Ontario depends very much on the judicious use of the timber resources of the great Laurentian country lying at the back of the older Ontario; where so much could be done at small cost in the preservation of country unfitted by nature for ordinary cultivation, but which is the home of the White Pine, and where the second growth timber is making a most vigorous and encouraging growth over rocky lands which have been fire swept in some cases two or three times, but which only needs protection-in the first place from fire and in the second from the injudicious and unscrupulous lumberman who cuts everything of value.

"The indiscriminate granting of lands to professed settlers, who strip the hemlock bark and logs off and leave the refuse to spread the forest fires, should be looked to by the province as soon as possible."

I have read a number of savage criticisms about English shooting and the very large bags of game that are made in that country. I have seen these criticisms in reference to the records of shooting of two or three thousands of birds by one party. I am thoroughly Canadian and thoroughly democratic, but nevertheless these tory Englishmen do not deserve the name of game hogs, which has been so frequently applied to them. The birds that they shoot are of their own raising, they shoot them on their own land, and therefore the public is not robbed of any of its rights, as they

would be in the States or Canada, where the fishing and shooting is more or less free to all. Then the Englishman shoots on the wing, and in this respect he is a good deal more of a sportsman than many of our people, who go into the woods and shoot the partridges on their roosts. writer once raised a great many hundred chickens and instead of having them killed in the ordinary way, by wringing their necks or bleeding them, he kept his hand in by blowing their heads off with a gun. can imagine someone who might have caught him at it, attacking him very fiercely for this action. But it was a successful arrangement, and much more pleasant for the chickens than being chased round first of all before being caught, and then having their heads sawn off with possibly a dull knife; or having their heads wrung off, after one or two excruciatingly cruel swings in the air. The gun did the business quickly and effectively.

There must be good fishing in B. C., to judge from a recent issue of the Nelson Times, in which the following items appeared:—

"The fishing was good on Sunday and some large strings were brought in by local fishermen. Joseph Bradshaw and H. Bush caught fifty-seven on Sunday between the city and Granite bridge. The largest fish weighing three pounds.

"Les McBeath fished in Cottonwood lake and brought home fifty-three fine brook trout.

"N. M. Cummins and five others went to Kokanee creek and the result of the combined endeavors was three hundred beautiful mountain trout.

"Clarence Zelazney, of the staff of the Hume hotel, was among the successful fishermen on Sunday. His catch was over seventy, many of them of very good size.

"E. Rinker, of the steamer Kokanee, reports the daily catching of leviathans, at Kaslo, salmon weighing from 30 to 40 pounds, are not uncommon, but the landing of such prizes requires unlimited patience, as well as skill and experience.

"E. E. Phair is perhaps the best local authority on the habits and haunts of fish near Nelson. Mr. Phair is not seeking fame as a fisherman, but those wishing a

day's sport and feel that they can't afford to waste time exploring, would do well to consult him as to locality and bait."

We have received a map from the Hudson's Bay Company with all their posts in Canada marked upon it. It is a most interesting map, for on it is outlined some of the finest canoe and hunting trips on earth. This map is difficult to reproduce, but we will be glad to give information to anybody making enquiries on the subject. The information furnished by the Hudson's Bay Co., together with what we have ourselves secured by experience and otherwise make us feel a little confident in our ability to lay out canoe trips for those who know what enjoyment is to be obtained from this form of recreation. To illustrate the information given in the map we might say that the distance from Athbasca Landing to Peel's River (Fort McPherson) is 1854 miles and the distance is covered by steamer, canoe, boat, road and Red-river cart. The freight is $13\frac{3}{4}$ cents per lb. down and $21\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound up for 1854 miles. This is not too much for such a distance. It is two thousand miles in a northwesterly direction from Edmonton, the northermost station of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Ft. McPherson. Meals are charged at forty cents, each. Lesser rates are charged to other Points, the trip to Pelican Rapids being \$5.00 per head, with three-quarter of a cent per pound for freight, 150 pounds being allowed free. There are many other points that we would like to give, but space does not permit. We hope in some future number to return to the subject.

The map on page 237 shows how to get to the fishing and shooting north of Desbarats, 28 miles east of Sault Ste Marie. Really good fishing can be had all through the season.

On a canoe trip no fish should be wasted. The surplus which is too badly hurt to be returned to the water should be cleaned, salted slightly, and cured as supplies. for the next day, when it will be found to be better flavoured than on the first day.

Moose, deer, and bear are plentiful in the country north of Desbarats. The fish and game are easily reached by driving north fifteen miles on a fairly good road to Bass

Lake. The liverymen at Desbarats have wagons specially constructed to carry canoes. Bass Lake is a fine place to camp. You can get good milk, butter, eggs, bread and potatoes half a mile away from the camp. Bass, speckled trout, and salmon trout can be caught close by, and north of Bass Lake, and southwest therefrom, along the canoe trip trail marked on the map, there is very good shooting. This is the first season that the country has been made known to the public, so that it is not shot out; indeed, it has never been shot over by sportsmen at all. Some of the carries are a little long, but they are through a good hunting country in primeval forest. The canoe route brings you back to the starting point at Desbarats. The trip can be made in three days, but three weeks can be spent pleasantly upon it. There is a nice little canoe trip of one day from Desbarats northward.

At Desbarats there is a good store at which to outfit, and a fairly comfortable country hotel. Write Cariboo Jack McLeod, Rydal Bank, Ont., or John Reid, Desbarats, Ont.

The creature without nerves exists, but the well nerved enjoy life at its very best. How can our nerves be made and kept well?

Almost anyone will tell you today, and rightly, that open air is the one great remedial agency for badly strung nerves. How can our nervous ones take the prescription?

I prescribe to the nervous of the kind that have the use of arms and legs, and who have hearts and lungs still capable of some action, and who yet think themselves ill; who are despondent, are absolutely indisposed to physical and mental exercise, and care little about their food; life and action in the open air.

So often and so successfully have I helped in improving such people into healthful, happy, energetic, hungry souls, that I cannot refrain from telling my fellows the secret of it all. It is "enjoyment" of open air. I emphasize and reiterate the word enjoyment. Open air without enjoyment is good, but to an infinitely less degree than when every moment of its breathing is made pleasureable.

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, Kingsville, Ont.

Dividing the Money.

The system of dividing the money at the recent Chicago Trap Shooters' Tournament was something new in trap shooting circles. The Chicago Club adopted a class but instead of making four or system. more classes and dividing a certain per centage of the purse among those in each class, the whole money was divided equally among those in the three highest places. For instance in a 15-target event, those who scored 15, 14 or 13 shared equally, so that a 13 score got as much as a 15. The object of the system was to give the average shooter a better chance to get a fair share of the money. Mr. E. B. Shogren, the secretary, in explaining the system, says: "We all know that a strictly per centage system shoot is wholly in favor of the expert amateur. The shooter who can do no better than 80 to 85 per cent. must 'break two or three straights in a day's programme to enable him to draw back his full entrance. If he lands in the 13 or 14 hole, and no better, he feels he has shot his limit, and when he receives his day's winnings he finds he is about a ten dollar bill shy. Now, it is just this very proposition that the real amateur is up against every time he attends a shoot, and he has just about come to the conclusion he is about tired of donating a share of his money to two or three expert amateurs, who take in all the shoots and are always in good form. One may say, handicap the good Even if you put him at 19 or 20 shot. yards he seldom fails to draw out the big end of the purse. The good shots are few; the medium shots are ten times as great. I firmly believe that if the 80 to 85 per cent. shooter is given a chance to win, just as

much as the shooter who averages 90 per cent, and over, there will be many more of the 80 per cent, class of shooters in attendance at all tournaments.

Take a day's programme, consisting of all 15-target events, and make three moneys. For example: say that thirty shooters are entered in one event, at \$1.50 each; the purse, less the targets, will be \$36.00. Twelve shooters are in the money. The following will represent the difference between a per centage division of 50, 30 and 20, as compared with the equal division system, where all three places receive like amounts of money. Example:

Percentage division, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Two shooters break 15, each will receive \$9.00.

Four shooters break 14, each will receive \$2.70.

Six shooters break 13, each will receive \$1.20.

Equal division, three moneys:-

Two shooters break 15, each will receive \$3.00.

Four shooters break 14, each will receive \$3,00.

Six shooters break 13, each will receive \$3,00."

The idea, however, is not original with Mr. Shogren or the Chicago Association. Capt. Money in his excellent work on pigeon shooting suggested this system, and his reasons are best given in his own words. He says: "At the present moment the chief difficulty with inanimate target shooting to be solved seems to be to find out some way of preventing the best shots from carrying off all the money, both at

club shoots and at tournaments, without so badly handicapping them as to make them stay away altogether. It should be remembered that these experts have had their day of beginning and have seen others better than themselves carry off all the valuable prizes; by dint of hard practice and studying out of the matter they have succeeded in winning their way into the the front rank of shooters; it, therefore, would be eminently unfair to shut them out from a fighting chance of winning. plans have been tried, but I know of none so far that has proved successful. undoubtedly true that at the present day the poorer shooters do not have a sufficiently fair show. I think that the best solution of this difficulty would be to give all the men who can shoot well enough to find a position, an equal division of the money; this, of course, applies to class shooting only, where there are three, four, or five moneys, according to the number of entries. The great benefit of this arrangement lies in its once and for all doing away with any such thing as dropping for places. But there is more in it than that. No matter how poor a shooter a man is, he can at times shoot better than at others, and, if he can shoot at all, would occasionally find himself winning as much money as the best shot on the ground and would be so pleased with that performance that he would be encouraged to persevere and try again and again. On the other hand, the expert shooter, who would never fail to get a place in every event, would get a steady return from his shooting,

though not able as at present to make a living out of it, at the expense of the poorer shots.

To encourage the experts to attend, a certain number of events might be shot, when the prizes would go to a more limited number, according to the number of entries. In all events, whether at live birds or inanimate targets, I would make it an invariable rule that in case of a tie between two, three or four, according to the number of shooters, division of the money should be compulsory."

At the recent Dominion Tournament at Brantford, there was some dissatisfaction expressed at the result of the system of dividing the money. The Rose system was the one used. There were five moneys and owing to the equalizing effect of the handicap almost every shooter, in some events at least, got a place in the money. The result was that no one got very much and none were satisfied. It would, apparently, have been better to have had four instead of five moneys under such circumstances. In my experience, the average shooter will not go far to attend any tournament unless he sees, by a perusal of the programme, that there is a chance to win something worth while, if he only gets up the proper amount of speed. He will take his chance of losing readily if there is, also a prospect of winning. None but the callow member is attracted by the prospect, only, of "getting your money back."

The Chicago club's system has a good deal to recommend it and combined with average prizes ought to work out very satisfactorily.

The Pastime Gun Club of Stratford.

The Pastime Gun Club of Stratford was formally organized in 1894. Previous to that time two local clubs had existed and matches were carried on occasionally between them, but shoots were held in a desultory manner only, and devotees of the art felt handicapped on that account. Ten years ago, however, the "Pastimes" and the "Classic Cities", for that was the

name of the other club, were amalgamated under the name of "The Pastime Gun Club of Stratford," a constitution was drawn up and officers elected, the first officers being as follows: Hon. Pres., Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, M.P.P.; President, J. G. Hess, ex-M.P.P.; Vice-President, Wm. Boles; secretary-treasurer, J. S. Square; Captain, A. H. King; Directors, J. H. Mock, Wm.

Gillard, Ald. Thos. Savage. All the charter officers are still members except Mr. Mock, who passed away several years ago.

From the amalgamation of the two clubs regular shoots have been held with the result that many excellent shots have developed, amongst whom the genial captain, K. C. Turnbull, is probably conceded the best. He shoots his 85 and 90 per cent. the season through. Secretary Boles is another reliable man, and is also Vice-President D. D. Hay, jr. Past president J. G. Hess, though nearing the three-score and ten mark, is as enthusiastic as of yore, and almost as expert as ever. Others who might be mentioned are: Wm. Gillard, Frank Nash, Ald. Thos. Savage, J. J. B. Meyers, Peter Stewart, S. Jackson, Mr. Thorold, John Rutherford. Last season the club offered two gold medals, one for juniors and the other for seniors, the best averages being won by D. D. Hay in the senior class and Peter Stewart in the junior class.

The officers elected for 1894 were:—Hon. President, John Brown, M.P.P.; President, Ald. Savage; Vice.-president, D. D. Hay, jr.; Captain, K. C. Turnbull; Secretary-treasurer, Wm. Boles; Directors, Thomas McCurdy, P. Stewart, S. Jackson.

During the past season considerable impetus was put into the club as a result of the tournament held under the auspices of

the Local Garment Workers' Union, the ruling spirit in which was J. J. B. Meyers, under whose efficient management the shoot proved so successful. The tournament occupied July 1st and 2nd, and the prize carried off by the Pastimes was the MacLaren Trophy, a splendid cup donated by A. F. MacLaren, M. P. This cup is to remain in competition continually, and during the present season shoots were held weekly, which resulted in the cup being held by almost all of the members for at least a week. On Labor Day, when the competition for the cup closed it was won for the season by A. W. Fisher. On the final score Mr. Fisher and Mr. Gillard stood a tie, but the latter had not shot sufficient times during the season to qualify in the finals.

Through the efficient work of secretaries, past and present, an accurate tally of all the shoots of the club in the past ten years has been preserved, and these scores show many interesting matches in which teams from Carlingford, Clinton, Mitchell, Avonton, and other surrounding towns and villages have taken part.

The season just closed has brought out considerable new blood, and a number of promising shooters have already developed. The MacLaren Cup competition next season should bring out many more and make better shooters of many of the older members.

Portage La Prairie.

The twentieth annual tournament of the Portage la Prairie Gun Club was held on Monday, August 22, 35 shooters being in attendance from all parts of Manitoba. The weather was very fine and with the exception of a very bright sun, was an ideal day for shooting.

The event of the day, the Western championship, was won by Mr. F. J. Bailey of Portage la Prairie, by breaking 28 out of 30. This is twice Mr. Bailey has held this cup, having won it in 1903.

The team shoot was won by the Fort

Garry club of Winnipeg, with the score of 89 out of 100.

The social side of this club's tournament has always been greatly enjoyed, but this year under the capable management of Madames Wesgant and Thomson, assisted by several of the young ladies of the town, surpassed anything heretofore. In the afternoon they served tea and coffee and light refreshments, in one of the big tents erected on the grounds.

Mr. W. H. Thomson was field captain, and did his arduous duties with much cre-

dit to himself and his club, while "Mine Host" Kennedy, had charge of the refreshments.

Scores:-

Witmer 9	13	10	19	14	10	10	135	85
Miller12	11	13	27	11	16	9	135	99
O'Reilly 7		15	17	11	11	10	115	71
McCowan 8		11	17	9	10		100	55
Burch 9	7	7		12	14		90	49
Dowling11		13	22	14	14		100	74
Skeele	11	9			13		55	33
Cox	10		20	15	16		90	61
Thomson				11		9	35	20
T	ear	m S	Sho	ot.				

Fort Garry Gun Clubs, Winnipeg—W. H. Lightcap 23, G. Andrew 21, W. H. Sutton 22, R. Lane 23. Total 89.

Portage Gun Club, Team A—P. J. Harwood 21, W. N. Roxburgh 22, F. J. Bailey 20, S. M. Macdonald 18. Total 81.

Winnipeg Gun Club, Team A—A. Britton 17, D. H. Bain 18, H. Bourgain 18, P. Johnson 21. Total 74.

Virden Gun Club—C. W. Wainewright 18, P. Woolhouse 16, G. A. Woolhouse 18, N. Miller 21. Total 73.

Winnipeg Gun Club, Team B—J. W. Holiday 18, W. Schwartz 20, H. Belireau 17, N. H. Lightly 16. Total 71.

Portage Gun Club, Team B — W. H. Thompson 18, Dr. Weagant 23, Wm. Cox 15, J. McCowan 12. Total 68.

Virden (Man.) Tournament.

The fifth annual meeting of the Virden Gun Club was held on the club grounds, Aug. 19th. Indian Head, Brandon, Winnipeg, Rapid City, Moosimin, and Portage la Prairie were well represented among the visiting sportsmen.

The weather was fine. The club grounds are nicely situated with fine club house and fairly good back ground. The shooting was over a Leggett trap.

The officers who had charge of the shoot were: C. W. Wainwright, Patron and Field Captain; Mrs. Wainwright, Patroness; W. J. Gyles, President; W. A. Bridgett, Vice-President; N. T. Miller, secretary-treasurer; G. A. Woolhouse, P. F. Woolhouse, and H. Hoover, managing committee, and W. W. Joslyn, referee. Rev. Robertson and H. R. Beaubier, assisted by T. M. Hynman,

cashier of a local bank, looked after the office and did their work well.

The Hingston-Smith Arms Co. was represented by Mr. C. M. Scott, while Mr. C. A. Britton looked after the interest of the Ashdown Hardware Co.

Mr. Frank Simpson, three times winner of the Dominion Championship, was present, but did not shoot.

Mrs. Houlding shot in a couple of events, one on the regular programme, and did very well. She shoots very quickly and her shooting always drew the attention of the crowd.

The following is the score:-

- 67						
lsd	1sd day		day	3rd day		
S	13	S	13	8	13	
Bailey95	80	135	97	230	177	
Britton95	68	65	47	160	115	
Williamson95	82	135	98	230	180	
Harwood95	7.9	125	91	220	170	

Houlding95	72	100	68	195	140	Miller95	63	135	108	230	171
Harvey95	65	120	83	215	148	Mutton95	73	135	91	230	164
Meldrum95	73	. 120	83	215	156	Harrison95	62			95	62
MacKay95	77	70	51	165	128	Neff 95	66			95	66
Dunn50	35	25	11	75	46	Gillman95	67			95	67
Scott95	82	65	47	160	129	Woolhouse P. 95	64	135	94	230	158
Weagant95	69	15	10	110	79	Bridgett10	5	15	9	25	14
Wainewright, C.	W. ·	_				Cooke70	55			70	55
95	72	135	81	230	153	Sutherland70	47	40	19	110	66
Dowling 95	77	125	91	220	168	Varcoe25	18	15	10	40	28
Woolhouse, G. H	[. —					Campbell25	0			25	0
95	65	135	85	230	150	Crew25	6			25	6
Wainewright, C.	F.—					Sage25	13			25	13
95	33	135	24	230	57	Schwartz25	16	125	100	150	11.6
McNiven95	62	90	46	185	108 a	Mrs. Houlding.		10	5	10	- 5

Some Claybird Reminiscences.

The artificial bird was probably shot for the first time in Canada at the Woodbine, Toronto, early in the August of 1880. Mr. J. L. Rawbone had presented the Toronto Gun Club with a thousand Ligowsky clay pigeons (value then \$20). The shoot was under the management of W. McDowall, assisted by the late Capt. Andrews, the life saving hero. About twenty-five members, including the genial president, Robert Wilson, participated in this new kind of trapshooting. The scores ranged from two to ten out of twelve birds shot at. The manager, who had previously shot glass balls; won the first prize with ten; the second prize being won with six. The clay pigeon ran for three years and was succeeded 'by the Peoria blackbird, which in about the same period gave way to the present bluerock. The flying target was not a howling success at the first by any means. In fact most of the old shooters swore there was no sport in it at all, and held it in about the same degree of contempt that horsemen had for the bike, when the craze was at its height. However its good we don't all think alike, for while no sportsman would think of comparing the target to game shooting, there is a heap of fun in smashing saucers, that is if you can smash 'em, and it's usually the other fellow that does not care to shoot at those things-he prefers something with feathers. The McDowall-Oulcott tournament at Eglinton in the winter of '82 was really the first match of importance in Toronto. It was for merchandise prizes and had an entry list of forty-five. The first prize was a handsome shot gun, and was won by that sterling all round shot, Jack Townson. In the following June a second big shoot was given by Messrs. McDowall and Ambrose, at the Don flats, Toronto. It lasted three days and was full of interest. The leading event was at fifteen clay pigeons, unknown angles, with the gun down. T. Ambrose of Cincinnati made a straight and captured first and W. McDowall, with 14, took second prize. The veteran, John Wilson, was referee, and acted as he does today, with the utmost impartiality.

The local clubs, the Torontos and Owls, did not go in very strong for the new shooting, and it was not until the Stanley Gun Club was formed in '87 by a dozen or so enthusiasts, amongst whom were Charlie Riggs, Alex. Wyness, Fred Emond, Tom Sawdon, Billy McDowall and others, that target shooting really commenced to boom. The club was named in honor of the two Stanleys, Governor-General Lord Stanley and the great African explorer, who was The club then at the zenith of his fame. shoots at McDowall's started weekly grounds, one week for President Riggs' gold watch, and the next for a breechloader, each prize to be won three times.

The rise was eighteen yards and the winner went back three yards at each win. Mr. Riggs won his own prize, and put it up again, it and the gun being won after nearly a year's competition by Fred Emond and Tom Sawdon respectively.

It was shortly after this that the Mail Printing Co., through the good offices of Mr. C. C. Norris, (then one of Toronto's best shots) offered the handsome Mail trophy for the team championship of Canada. This splendid cup has been the leading at-

traction at all big shoots and contributed considerably towards the formation and subsequent success of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. At the grand tournament given by this association last August at the Woodbine, instead of fifteen shooters, we find one-hundred and fifty, and instead of 1,000 clay pigeons, over 50,000 blue rocks shot at. It looks as if the clay dub was here to stay.

W. McDOWALL.

Goderich Tournament.

The third annual tournament of Goderich (Ont.) Gun Club was held on the club grounds on Sept. 5th and 6th. There was a fair attendance, Clinton, Hamilton, Ripley and Kincardine being represented.

Great interest centred in the contest for the Robin Hood Challenge Trophy at 100



THOS. UPTON
Winner of Robinhood Challenge Trophy, Goderich.

targets. There were four entries for this. The scores being T. Upton, Hamilton, 94; C. J. Mitchell, Brantford, 92; Hovey, Clinton, 91; Cantelon, Clinton, 87. Hovey won it last year with 91. The winning score is the highest that has been made in the contests so far. The score:—

First Day.

Targets - 10 15 10 20 15 10 15 20 10 T'l. Cantelon 8 12 9 13 15 8 9 18 8 100 Hovey 9 10 9 17 10 9 11 16 8 Graham . . . 9 13 9 19 13 8 14 16 9 110 Ross 9 9 7 11 9 8 11 Watson 9 13 9 10 8 Irwin 8 7 6 16 11 7 11 11 8 Bishop 8 9 7 16 13 9 7 13 8 90 Pretty 7 11 7 15 10 10 12 14 10 McDermott . . 6 5 15 8 Upton 9 18 14 10 14 15 10 Roughvie 8 13 5 12 14 9

Second Day.

Targets—20	15	10	15	20	10	15	T'1.
Hovey19	11	7	14	17	9	12	89
Upton 18	15	10	13	18	9	9	92
Cantelon 17	12	9	15	14	10	8	85
Mitchell 17	15	9	12	17	7	12	89
Pretty 14	12	10	8	18	6	13	81
Irwin 14							
Bishop	12	8	12	16	6	11	78
Ross 7						8	
Watson	14	8					
Tillman	13	8	10		8	12	
Brown							
Roughvie	10		9				
Morris							
TT / 2 751 1 22			1	1	4		

Upton and Mitchell won the two-man team event, with 30 straight.

WEST LORNE TOURNAMENT.

The third annual shoot of the Eric Gun Club was held at West Lorne, Ont., Sept.

5th and 6th. Mr. J. M. Conway, West Lorne, one of the best amateur shots in the west, and F. H. Conover, the wellknown and popular Dupont representative, were in charge of the shoot. The weather was fine and seemed favorable for good scores, but for some reason the averages were not high. The shooting was over expert traps, Sergeant system. The attendance was not large, only fifteen shooters taking part. This condition, however, has not been unusual this year, the average attendance at the different local shoots being small. The handicap was 16 to 20 yards.

The total programme called for 245 targets. Conover won professional average with 213. Amateur average was P. C. Wood 208, Harry Scane 201, Charlie Scane 186.

WOODSTOCK GUN CLUB.

Woodstock, Sept. 17—The much talked of and often postponed shooting match between the Rice Bay Club and the Altadore Club came off yesterday at the Gun Club grounds and resulted in favor of the Altadores. There were six events shot off, but the big match attracted the crowd. The birds were thrown fully sixty yards, and with a stiff wind, the shooting was made most difficult. The scores were as follows, at 25 birds:—

Altadore Club—Dawson 17, Virtue 16, Thompson 16. Total 49.

Rice Bay Club—Pyne 15, Welford 14, Mills 10. Total 39.

Sweeps at Ten Birds.

Name.	Targets-10	0	10	10	10	10
Virtue		1	5	5	7	6
Thompson	!	5		10	7	7
Welford		3	7	7	5	5
Brind		2				
Dawson		7			6	5
Pyne			8	6	7	
Mills			4	7	7	7
Powell			3			
Willis					6	
McIntosh					4	

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

Hamilton, Sept. 10.—The annual meeting of the Hamilton Gun club was held at Lambert's hall last evening, with a large attendance. The annual report was presented and showed a handsome surplus, the tournament held by the club having been a great financial success. The year has been the most successful in the club's history

from a shooting standpoint, its members having won many trophies in the various shoots held throughout the country. President Upton won the high Canadian average at Buffalo and the Goderich shoot, and with Vice-President Fletcher won the twoman championship of Canada. Dr. Hunt won the Ely gold prize at this shoot. W. P. Thomson won the Illinois handicap at Chicago, and the Grand Arthur handicap shoot, and J. J. Cline won the Grand Inglewood handicap. The club again won the chaminonship of Canada at Brantford, with its eight-men team. Taken as a whole the club has proven beyond doubt that it has in its midst the best amateur shooters in America, and in the shoots of the past year have even surpassed the shooting of some of the best professionals. At the Brantford shoot they put in a squad of five men, who scored 99 out of a possible 100, the first bird having been missed. This is a record. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: T. Upton, president; M. E. Fletcher, vice-president; J. Hunter, secretary - treasurer; H. Graham, assistantsecretary; G. Crawfard, field captain; J. J. Cline, Dr. Groves, W. P. Thomson, executive committee; A. R. Dunham and W. P. Thomson, auditors. It has been decided to again hold the annual live bird tournament on Jan. 17, 18, 19 and 20. This is the premier live bird shoot of Canada. The club decided to hold a series of fortnighly shoots until the hunting season opens, the first shoot to take place on Saturday, September 24.

LONDON TRAPS.

The Springwood Gun Clun held a club tournament on Labor Day morning, five events being on the programme. The attendance was good, as also were the scores.

The principal interest was centred in event 4, which was a 20-target race for the L. C. Smith gold medal, value \$15, and six other prizes in silver. In this event Parker scored 18, 17 plus 1; Temple scored 18, 16 plus 2; J. Brown scored 18, 14, plus 4; J. Brown scored 18, 16, plus 2. And these four divided fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prizes without shooting off the tie.

Messrs. Webb scored 19, 18 plus 1; MacBeth

19, 17 plus 2, and Glover 19, 19 plus 0. In shooting off the tie Glover scored 17, Webb 15, and MacBeth 14, Glover winning the gold medal, MacBeth first prize and Webb second prize.

The medal has to be defended three times before becoming the winner's property. S. Screaton immediately challenged for it, and in the shoot-off scored 14 and Glover 17. Glover thus retains it and has to defend it twice more.

In event number five, which was for silver spoons:—In class AA Glover won, score 18; in class A, Nevills won, score 18; in class B, J. Brown won, score 17; in class C, Remington won, score 14.

The scores follow:-

2 210 1500	, 10.5 1.511								
	Event-	-1	2	-3	4	5.T	ie T	ie S.	В
Name.	1	0	20	10	20	$20 \ 20$	20		
Screaton		6	15	6	14	18	14	100	73
Parker .		9	14	7	17	16		80	68
Nevills .		4	7	3	12	18		80	4.1
Webb	1	0	14	4	18	16 15		100	77
Brock		7	15	4	17	14		80	57

Balkwill 4 13	5 16 17	80	55
Glover 7 19	6 19 18 17 17	120	103
Remington 5 13	5 12 14	80	49
MacBeth 6 15	8 17 15 14	100	75
F. Brown 5 5	6 14 8	80	. 38
J. Brown 5 16	3 16 17	80	57
Bryce 3 9	4 7 14	80	37
Finch 111	4 10	60	26
Temple 7 11	4 16 15	80	53
Joe 6 14	1	40	21
Whittaker 4 13	0	40	17
Day	10	20	10

TORONTO TRAPS.

We are pleased to note the entrance to the arena of shooting of the Riverdale Gun Club of Toronto. This young and energetic association has been organized with the following officers: W. Best, President; C. Argue, Secretary and J. Miller, Treasurer. Other members are: J. Jennings, E. Flint, F. Powell, W. Jones, R. Callender, F. Morgan, J. Matthews, A. Tomlin, D. McIntosh, C. Rayner, H. Pashby, J. Hare,

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T. Hore, W. Johnston, J. Avann, W. Martin, W. Spidall, E. McCormack, A. Warren, E. Eliott, C. Curtis.

The club will hold shoots on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week. The present

WOODSTOCK TRAPS.

The Woodstock Gun Club held one of the most enjoyable shoots of the season at their grounds on Aug. 11th. The principal event was a 20-bird race, for which three prizes were donated,-1st, a year's subscription to Rod & Gun in Canada; 2nd, 1-dozen street car tickets to the grounds; 3rd, a box of shells.

The scores were:

Targets-10 20 10 10 T'l prs. C. A. Pyne 4 13 5 22 Dr. Welford 6 24 J. E. Thompson 8 3 32 15 J. J. Dawson ... 4 18 35 7 M. Virtue, jr. 6 14 31 H. A. Willis 3 9 12 25 S. Dawes 8 13 4 23 J. Maynard 9 10 4 C. H. Zirhorst ... 4 4 Douglas Thompson 4 18 14 Dr. Brind ... 2 12 J. S. Boddy ... 6 19 10 15 10 Davis 4 15 L. Walters 11 F. Meadows 10 7 17 G. Vance 7 3

J. J. Dawson won 1st prize, with 18; J. E. Thompson 2nd prize, with 15, and M. Virtue and D. Thompson tied for 3rd prize with 14.

3

F. Hyde

WINNIPEG TRAPS.

At the Winnipeg traps, Aug. 9th, Mr. H. U. Lightcap made the first straight score (25) of the season, winning the gold medal. The other scores were: R. J. Whitla 21 (silver medal), O. F. Lightcap (bronze Donohue 16, F. C. Cutting (Rochester, N.

DOES YOUR RIFLE SHOOT OK?



medal), 21, J. H. Thompson (15), J. O. Y.) 23, E. E. Lightcap 13.

The scores Aug. 11th were: H. A. Lightcap (gold) 24; R. J. Whitla (silver) 13, W. Sutton (bronze) 20, J. H. Thompson 17, J. McIntyre 8, E. Lightcap 16.

Ashdown Gun Club scores August 9th were:-W. Gates 21, G. S. Wilson 20, S. Tait 20, R. Wright 20, F. Yates 20, H. Soper 19, C. Sinclair 15, L. Burtch 14, J. Turnbull 13, and S. McKinnon 9, Bourgouin 22, H. Bellivean 17, C. H. Oughtred 17, and N. Lightly 16.

BRANDON, MAN., TOURNAMENT.

The annual trap shooting tournament of the Brandon gun club was held on the cub grounds, Aug. 10th, and proved to be the most enjoyable and successful yet held in the history of the Wheat City trap shooting. A large number of clubs from outside points were represented, including Killarney, Fort Garrys, Winnipegs, Portage la Prairie, Virden, Yorkton, and others and every event was keenly contested. Fort Garrys finished with chief honors, their team, composed of Messrs. Bain, Johnson, Britton and Turner, winning the Brandon challenge cup, open to teams composed of four members of any club in the province, and the high average for the day was won by Paul Johnson. Brandon finished second in the team shoot, and R. J. McKay, of the Winnipegs, won second average. A strong gusty wind blew across the field, making the shooting at times very difficult, and playing havoc with many of the scores. Even the "old stand-byes" found it no easy task to uphold their reputations, and termed it a "ring-tailed snorter." It was a great day for the L. C. Smith guns, which composed the majority of those present, and in all events they proved to be veritable "mug-hunters" winning over two-thirds of all prizes. praise is due to Mr. Bob Lane of Brandon for his energetic services as manager of the tournament, and for the arrangement and successful carrying out of the programme. Owing to the lack of hotel accommodation the Brandon boys are to be thanked for the generous hospitality in accommodating the outside shooters, and in giving one of the most enjoyable shoots held in many seasons. The scores in full are held over for lack of space.



Chas, Hacker, Fred Westbrook, Chas. Sunmerhayes, C. Montgomery, C. J. Mitchell WINNER OF MAIL TROPHY, 1903.

Won by Brantford Team, 1904. Dr. Cutcliffe shooting in place of C. Montgomery.

SPORTSMEN'S GUN CLUB, AYTON, ONT.

The Ayton Gun Club was organized in 1901 with 14 members. Owing to some dissension in the Club it was re-organized in 1902, with Peter Doersam, President; G. B. Smith, Secretary, and C. Boetz, referee, and the club is in good condition today. Messrs. Smith, Hartman, Doersam and Boetz, considering the time they have been trap-shooting, have done some good work. Mr. Boetz met with an unfortunate accident, partly losing the sight of his right eye, which has compelled him to shoot from the left shoulder, but is shooting well considering the change he had to make.

Mr. Hartman, to the regret of the whole club, has removed to Winnipeg, where he will keep up his trap shooting with the lo-



G. B. SMITH

cal club. He joined the club in 1904 and although he had never shot a gun before soon got to shoot from 85 to 88 per cent. Mr. Doersam has acquired a high percentage, with little practice; does fine work at the trap and very often lands the medal from the rest of the boys. He attends tournaments frequently. Mr. G. B. Smith has turned out a fine shot. Although he has been a field shot since he was 12 years old has improved greatly since he commenced trap shooting. He does some fine work, both in the field and at the trap. Has always been a thorough sport and through him the club was organized. He is a pusher and through him three other gun clubs have been started, namely, at Neustadt, Clifford and Walkerton.

Mr. Smith thinks that our Canadian government, instead of advancing the duty on guns and ammunition, should grant a bonus to the Dominion shoot to help make it a success. He says: "They are spending money to introduce riflemen, which is very

good of them, but let it be understood that men who are posted on trap shooting and were never trained to the rifle, will pick up a rifle and do equally as well as those trained to a rifle, therefore, I say to our Government, do something for our trap shooters as well. When I came to this town all our members could handle either rifle or shot gun and while they joined trap work, they can today pick up a rifle and shoot with any trained rifleman."

Ayton Gun Club is an affiliated member of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association and several of its members,—Messrs. Smith, Doersam, Hartman and Boetz,—attended the recent shoot at Brantford and made some good scores. Mr. Smith did especially good work, breaking 329 out of 360, with his new Ithaca gun, which he had never shot before.

STRATFORD TRAPS.

The Pastime Gun Club of Stratford, Ont., have just ended their season's shooting and have had a very successful year. The club have averaged ten shooters each week. Mr. Fisher has carried off the honors for the season, in winning the McLaren Cup for this year. Mr. Hess has, also, held the cup. The following are the season's scores at 25 targets:—

July 12—Jackson 14, Boles 17, Hess 15, Savage 16, Rogers 14, Murdock 16, Myers

July 19—Jackson 12, Fisher 13, Bell 16, Rogers 12, Murdock 15, Myers 20, Savage 12, Hess 13, Boles 19, Chippi 12, Clegg 11.

July 26—Rutherford 16, Brown 14, Jackson 14, Rogers 12, Hess 13, Murdock 11, Savage 12, Chippi 11, Orde 10, Myers 20, Bell 20, Jones 12, Boles 17.

Aug. 5.—Myers 20, Hess 17, Bell 20, Boles 17, Murdock 12, Savage 16, Jones 18, Murphy 15, Jackson 17, Fisher 16.

Aug. 12th—Bell 20, Savage 15, Boles 17, Hay 16, Monteith 11, Hess 14, Jones 13, McCurdy 16, Fisher 19, Myers 12.

Aug. 20th—Hay 20, Hess 14, Murdock 11, Murphy 17, Jackson 16, Myers 15, Stewart 11, Fisher 14, Boles 23, Bell 21, Savage 17, Jones 13, Murphy 12, Jackson 14, Thorld 15, Meyers 18, Clapp 14, Atcheson 18, O'Brien 14.

Aug. 30th-Murphy 15, Savage 18, Bell

21, Jackson 15, Gillard 13, Orton 10, Stewart 14, Murdock 16.

Sept. 5th—Fisher 20, Gillard 20, Boles 17, Hay 17, Bell 19, Jones 16, Murdock 14, Murphy 17, Jackson 16, Savage 17, Hess 15, Rutherford 17, Thorld 18, Rogers.

GEO. H. BRIGGS OF TORONTO.

Sportsmen in all parts of the country will readily recognize Mr. George H. Briggs, a man of many sports and a hustler in any branch with which he identifies himself. He is passionately fond of the gun, and is an expert in the punt, afield or at the traps. He has been at the head of most of the large shooting tournaments for the past twenty years, and although not now taking such an active part, no big shoot today is complete without the



GEO. H. BRIGGS

smiling and good natured George as a participant or referee. He occupied the president's chair of the Toronto Gun Club for several years, and also the same position in the Stanley Gun Club, of which he is still a member. He was a referee at the recent Dominion shoot, Brantford, and, as usual, gave general satisfaction.

TRAP AND FIELD NOTES.

Mr. Thomas Jenkins, of the well-known firm of Jenkins & Hardy, Toronto, is enjoying a shooting trip to Manitoba.

Duck shooting in Quebec this year opened on Sept. 1st, instead of the 15th of Sept. as formerly. Hunters report ducks plentiful at many points in the Gatineau district.

J. L. D. Morrison, St. Paul, Minn., who has demonstrated his ability at the traps,

is the newest addition to the ranks of professionals, having been engaged by the U. M. C. Co.

Duck and chicken shooting in Western Canada is now in full swing. More than the usual number of chickens and ducks are reported, and residents of Manitoba and Territories are having a royal time with the gun.

The trap shooting fever is spreading in the Northwest Territories. Weyburn has a good club, with Mr. Griffin of the Union Bank, secretary. Regina, also, has a give club, with Mr. Mitton, manager of the Bank of Commerce, secretary.

Fred Gilbert in eleven successive days' trap shooting, commencing Aug. 20th, shot at 1,885 targets and broke 1,819, an average of 96½ per cent. During that time he shot in five different States, on eleven different grounds, and with eleven different aggregations of shooters.

The Ontario Government has passed an Order-in-Council prohibiting quail shooting in that province until Nov. 1st, 1905. The quail crop in Western Ontario owing to several successive bad breeding summers and severe winters, has become very short and the action of the Government will be appreciated by all true sportsmen.

Halbrite, N.W.T., with a population of 150, has about 25 sportsmen. They have a live gun club and shoot almost every evening during the summer. Dr. Bowman, Lowe, Sibbald, Hess and Stewart, are the leaders at the trap and are all business men who can afford to shoot. Messrs. Bowman, Lowe, Hess, Hill and Stewart got 312 ducks on the first day's shooting.

Harry Scane, Ridgetown, Ont., attended the Consolidated Tournament at Grand Rapids, Mich., and shot some. Out of the three days shooting at 200 targets each day, he brove 176, 174 and 173, a total of 523, and won third average out of a field of crack shots. W. R. Cosby, Winchester representative, was king bee of the tournament, winning high average each day, and for the three days scoring 580 out of 600.

It has been my good fortune for many years to cure myself and others of many of the ills that flesh is heir to by means of canoe trips, snow shoe trips, summer walking tours, sun baths on the plains and western deserts, long sailing cruises, long drives, and steamer journeys. Of all these, the best and easiest are canoe trips in summer and snow shoe tramps in wintercamping out every night in both cases, and for both amusements we must take to the woods. Most people grow to be, and to know themselves to be, fairly well in a very few days of this kind of life, but obstinate cases have taken a month or more before pronouncing themselves cured. The only medicine is work, and that is compulsorv. It is wisely administered, sometimes in allopathic doses, but generally in homeopathic at the start. It is rarely unpleasant to take as prepared. It consists in walking, paddling, knapsack carrying, and swimming in summer; with a regimen of snow shoeing, ski, tobaggons, skates, chopping, and possibly a little driving in winter. The patients are subject to discipline -even the old.

I can treat a much larger number of patients than those now under my charge, as my establishment is some three thousand miles long and three hundred wide; it is situate in the great balsamiferous northland, being mostly in the forest primeval.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Thompson Seton visited the Hiawatha Indian play on August 15th. They spent several days there and were very much interested in the Indian handicraft and in the Indian development that is going on at Desbarats. Mr. Seton drew some original designs for the Indians based upon Indian ideas. He made himself a very great favorite with the Indians during his stay. From Desbarats he went to Winnipeg, where he lectured to large audiences. After an extended trip through Manitoba, he has just returned to Winnipeg, and the "Free Press" of that city says:

"The visit, Mr. Seton told a representative, was made with the purpose of investigating the zoology of the Lake Winnipegosis region. A great many observations were made, a good deal of information collected, and several specimens of various sorts secured.

The whole region Mr. Seton thinks a splendid one, the timber being especially fine. Elm trees were found as much as seven feet in circumference, which would be equal to a diameter of a little more than two feet. Not only is this timber valuable in itself; it shows the soil to be capable of the very best results in crop production.

"And the game," Mr. Seton said, " is even more plentiful than in the old days, thanks to excellent game laws. The people of Manitoba," he added, "do not realize how fine a game region their province is. It is one of the very richest, and that because it is in many ways a central point. It is midway between east and west, midway between north and south. It gives a home to the prairie animals, and to the forest animals as well. The mountains have not so abundant an animal life simply because they have nothing like such an ample supply of food."

At Winnipegosis, Mr. Seton had a surprise in store for him in finding that a genuine raccoon pelt had recently been brought in by the Indians from a point so far north as Waterhen river, the farthest north "coon" on record. The Indians had no idea what manner of animal they had secured.

"It is a common idea," Mr. Seton said, "that there are many varieties of snakes in Manitoba, as black snakes are said to be found here and there." As a matter of fact he has found only two varieties, both harmless, the green snake and the common garter snake.

"I was so much pleased with the country," Mr. Seton said, "that I determined to return next year in company with some scientific friends. We will, if we can secure a schooner, and if we cannot, will build a houseboat."

Asked with regard to the book he has in course of preparation upon the natural history of Manitoba, Mr. Seton said that the first volume covering the quadrupeds and fishes would be ready within a year. This will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Seton's own inimitable drawings. He has been accumulating material in this connection for the past two years."



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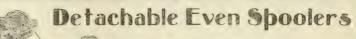
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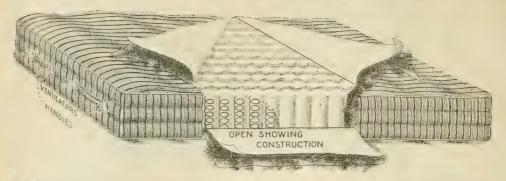
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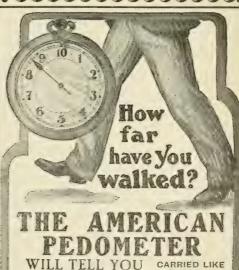
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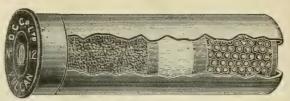
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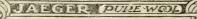
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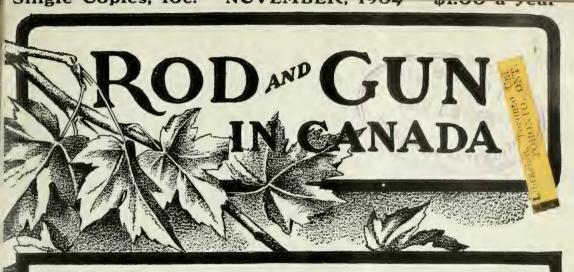
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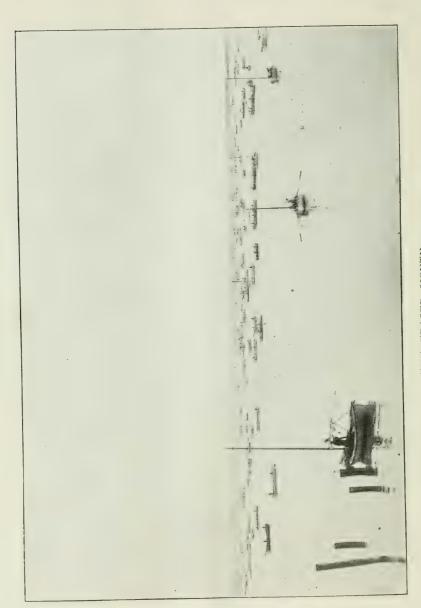
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1904

No. 6

With The Indian.

By C. G. COWAN.

To the sportsman, the man fond of freedom and Nature, fond of the wilderness and the solitudes of the mountains, I know of no country to be compared with the northern region of the Rockies. For many years it has been my good luck to spend at least some part of the twelve months, north of that wonderful institution, the Canadian Pacific Railway, trapping and hunting with the Indians. The particular trip I am about to give an account of occurred some years ago, and took me to the head waters of the Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Frazer rivers. I purchased my provisions at Edmonton, one of the most thriving and beautifully situated towns in North-Western Canada. It was a simple outfit, and only consisted of the bare necessaries of life for twelve months. Thirteen pack horses carried it all. I had two halfbreeds, Alexis and Alfred, and an Indian, called Jack, to accompany me. It was in early spring we left behind us the lights of civilization; the warm winds and hot suns were doing their utmost to rid the ground of the snow. Our journey to the mountains occupied the best part of fourteen days. The road was a narrow pack trail, through forests of pine, over netted masses of fallen timber; across swiftly running rivers, and through almost bottomless muskegs. On arrival at mountains we found our horses fagged and unable to go further without rest and feed, so, we selected a good valley, made perm-

anent camp, and remained here for several weeks. We were now at the entrance to the Yellow Head Pass, and sheep and goat were plentiful, so there was no scarcity of fresh meat. White fish were, also, in abundance in waters close by, and every day we remained here our horses showed signs of improvement. One day, whilst hunting with Jack, I met a half-breed Iroquois, and after some conversation with him, agreed to visit his camp next day. I found him living with his wife and family in one lodge, his brother with his wife was in a tepee close by, and two other lodges of Indians completed the camp. The whole party were known as Rocky Mountain Indians and lived entirely by hunting. They objected to white men hunting in this section of the mountains, but thanks to the officer in charge of the H. B. Co. store, where I bought my provisions, I received a good introduction to this little band, and they did all they could for me. To make a long story short, I joined them at once, and instead of wandering about in mountains quite unknown to me I was guided by one of the most civil and courteous halfbreeds to the best hunting fields in the Rockies.

We were now a party of sixteen, men, women and children. The head man and guide was John, a most congenial companion to travel with. His brother Alex, who I regret to say was afterwards killed by a white man in a dispute about beaver skins.

was also a useful friend to me, and with these two men, their families, and their followers, I travelled to the head waters of the Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Frazer rivers. I had brought with me a crosscut saw and other tools necessary to build a comfortable log cabin, and whilst the horses were resting and gaining flesh, we put up substantial winter quarters, located in a place convenient to wood and water, in the centre of a good game country, and close to where there was plenty of trapping. This completed, we gathered together one night outside the cabin and held a great "tea dance," (there was also a little Hudson's Bay rum.) The Indians and half-breeds came from the adjoining valleys, and on that night I became known to all in the Yellow Head Pass. own lot I suggested we should visit the country around the head waters of the Saskatchewan, and after caching in the cabin such things as we did not require, we started. As I looked back on the train of pack animals,-the men, women and children that followed us,-for John was leading, I thought to myself a happier lot never started on journey before. Even the dogs, and we had plenty of them, wagged their tails freely as they moved off in rear.

From the Athabasca to the Saskatchewan we found a rough trail. We travelled up Rock Creek, killing mountain sheep and goat every day as we moved on. Alex and myself would take the side of the Mountains, just above timber limit, on foot, whilst the remainder of the party, with the horses, kept at the bottom of the valley until they heard us shoot; then Alexis and Jack would bring two or three of the ponies to where the shooting occurred, and, if we had made a kill, the meat would be loaded, and all would return to the trail, where the women usually had a comfortable camp already established. In this way we went on for eight or ten days, until our arrival at Saskatchewan river. Here we remained several weeks, hunting elk, sheep and bears, in one of the most beautiful countries it has ever been my lot to travel in. The meat of the animals we killed was carefully cut up, spread on poles, and properly dried and cured for winter use. There was a salt lick close to our camp, visited daily by num-

bers of sheep, yet the big rams seldom ever came to lick. One day, about sunrise, I counted no less than seventy-two wending their way in single file, down to the salt. Out of this lot we killed seventeen, which doubtless the reader may think unsportsmanlike, but remember the number we had to feed, the distance we were from any means of purchasing food, and the long winter before us! Our stay on the Saskatchewan did not last as long as I expected. My party had seen the fresh moccasin tracks of other Indians, and were afraid there might be trouble if they were caught hunting in grounds not their own, as every little band of Indians had their own portion of the valleys and mountains: to hunt in, and they consider it a great breach of etiquette to hunt in other fields, without first acquainting the Indians who had the prior right. (Making trails, etc., gave them this right.) I agreed to a certain extent with my party, so we retired, leaving this magnificent field of sport, with every horse heavily loaded with dried meat and trophies. We arrived at the Athabasca a week later, deposited our loads in the cabin, and started within a few days on our next trip, which took us onto the summit of the Rockies, near the head waters of the Frazer river. Here we were in a country teeming with caribou, and after each day's slaughter, I can call it nothing else, as we had to kill freely in order that we might obtain sufficient meat for winter use, the Tom Toms of my companions would strike up and weird and melancholy tunes would reach my tepee until late in the night.

It was now getting on in the season, snow had already fallen to some depth, so we hastened back to the Athbasca river and made ready for winter. The thermometer registers daily below zero and the charm and pleasures of tent life have gone, but there are yet fascinations for me. To know this country perfectly and to have an accurate knowledge of the animal life in it, one must have the experience of a winter. It is only at this season one begins to realize what the natives can endure; what cold, what fatigue, and sufferings, what hunger and deprivations. On one occasion I had travelled some forty miles to a mountain where sheep ranged in

the winter, with a view to procure even a little fresh meat. I had Jack and three ponies with me. The snow lay deep on the ground, which made travelling very slow, yet I was able to cut off a portion of the journey by crossing a lake, which was frozen to such a thickness as to bear my cayuses. Darkness coming on we had to camp en route, so we made for some pine trees, where smoke was issuing from an Indian wigwam, off saddled and turned loose the ponies. Entering the tepee I found a squaw frying the entrails of a mountain sheep, and pouring off the grease into an empty tin. Another, much younger and beautiful to look at, with long jet black hair hanging loosely down her back, was scaling a white fish. Two youngsters, half clad and smeared from head to foot with the scales of the fish, hid themselves behind the women. The men of the lodge were out and had been off for three days visiting their traps. They returned that night, loaded with fur-bearing animals, and one of them told me they had not eaten, excepting a porcupine they killed, for fourteen hours, and here in their camp was nothing but a few fish and some black tea, yet they had still before them five months of a nearly Arctic winter. We got some flour and bacon in from my packs, and before they turned in for the night, we all had a good meal. They had laid two skins near the fire and wished me to camp in the lodge. I did, and was soon asleep, but not for long, as some one woke me, by adding more logs to the fire. Then we all seemed to rise as if by instinct, tea was made and drank, we had a smoke, and lay down again. Then the dogs wormed in one after the other and we all fell asleep. Leaving a little flour and bacon, and taking away a beautiful marten skin, I left the lodge and its hospitable occupants, and moved to the sheep mountain, where we encamped until we had secured enough meat to load the horses. We took the same trail on our way back and met with an experience on the lake that I shall find it hard ever to forget. We were about half way across, when a blizzard came up from the northeast, a blizzard such as I had never encountered before. The atmosphere was filled with drifting snow, making it impossible to see a yard ahead of us; the

wind struck the lake with such force as to blow the snow from under us, and the lake became a sheet of black glare ice, the horses could no longer travel, and were lying down, bleeding freely from their mouths, which were cut and lacerated from the many falls on the ice. The increasing cold was unbearable, we unloaded the horses and piled the loads in the air, then we dragged the horses by the tails and slid them into position, making a wall high enough to create some shelter. saddle blankets we put over the horses, our own bedding we wrapped round ourselves, and lay down on the ice, back to back, with the horses. Night came on and with it a drowsy feeling, and a dreadful longing for sleep, our hands and feet were freezing, and I could see clearly if we remained here, one long sleep would be the last end. The gusts of cold wind, sleet and snow drifted furiously over the lake, as Jack and myself, leaving the horses to their fate, made for the shore. Jack took the lead, carrying with him a portion of the frozen meat. We reached the timber, but not before both of us were slightly frozen, and it wasn't until our fire, which we had kindled with great difficulty, began to throw out heat that we knew how badly we were to suffer. The wind abated about midnight, but the snow kept falling steadily all night, and at daylight we found the horses had gone ashore on the opposite side of the lake. Bringing them back, we loaded them with the meat and on the evening of the same day arrived at the cabin.

It was now nine months since I had left civilization, and although I sometimes felt lonely, and at times, for a moment, doubted if the near neighborhood of my own race was not absolutely essential, I gained much satisfaction in the feeling that I was alone: the only white man in the valley, that the mountains and the game on them, the rivers and the lakes and the fish in them, were mine; that the snow shoe trails I had "broken" all through the mountains bore no footprints but my own, my Indian and the wild animals that the medicine on our shoes lured to destruction. What man, under like circumstances, could help gaining a perfect knowledge of the country, and the animal-life in it? One day I left camp alone to follow one of my old

trails some few miles, then to break a new road, through the deep snow down to a small creek. I had turned off my old trail and was busy preparing a place to set a marten dead-fall, when I had a presentiment someone was watching me. I looked back on the trail, thinking Jack might have followed me, but there was no one in sight. Yet! I could feel there were eyes upon me. Dropping down on my knees I continued the making of the trap, only for a second, and I was on my feet again, looking anxiously around me, and I believe I felt like calling out. For the moment my thoughts darkened. Had I fallen a prey to the awful superstitions of the race I lived amongst. No! there before me, moving slowly from behind a fallen tree, was a huge timber wolf. It pleased me to see something, but when I recollected my only weapon of defence was a small hatchet, it would have pleased me more if the whole thing had been imagination. I watched him closely, with his tail gently wagging and his eyes rivetted on me, he moved a few vards nearer, stopped, sat up and looked at me. What a target, had I my rifle! For want of something better to do I commenced chopping at a sapling beside me, which I pushed when ready to fall, so that it would drop across the wolf. As the tree fell, he jumped to one side, showing freely those beautiful teeth. Then he howled until the howl echoed and re-echoed through the forest. Slipping my feet quietly into my snowshoes, I started towards the cabin, looking round at every second. Presently his mate joins him, and they both follow on my trail. It was an exciting walk and lasted until I arrived within a few hundred yards of the cabin, when the wolves suddenly turned from the trail and beat a hasty retreat into the thick undergrowth.

It is now the end of February, perhaps the best month for trapping, at all events we are getting plenty of fur every day. Our supplies are beginning to run short, all the dried meat we put up in the summer is finished, besides the fresh meat of twenty-eight caribou, that two wolves had driven off their range on the summit of the mountains, where the snow is blown off, into the deep snow on the side where the animals could no longer travel, and were about to be killed by the wolves when an

Indian spotted them, and collecting his forces, surrounded and killed every caribou.

The trapping was a pastime I enjoyed keenly. As I write now, I can hear the familiar sound of my snowshoes, going through the great forests of fir trees, where that strange stillness of Nature always prevails, where that rasping caw of the raven, or the weird velp of the covote. brings one to a standstill for the moment. On one occasion, whilst visiting my traps, I came upon the carcass of a full grown deer, which had evidently been pounced upon, dragged to the ground, and killed by a lynx, at all events these were the only tracks in evidence. I built a minature fence of willows round the carcass, leaving three small openings, putting a trap in each. Next day I found the lynx in one of the traps. The following day I got a wolverine, and on the evening of the third found to my astonishment a beautiful specimen of a golden eagle, which I released, to fly back to its mate and its "Bald Mountain" home.

The snow was still deep on the ground, yet it was soft enough for the horses to travel, consequently we rounded them up from the valleys they had pawed in all winter. Some were fat, others too weak and thin for the trip so many hundreds miles back to civilization. The fat ones we made ready, loaded with skins and trophies and after a farewell shake with my good mountain friends, our homeward journey commenced. We had little or no food when we left the cabin, however three days travel brought us to a salt lick, where we killed two mountain sheep, the meat of which we partly dried, and lived on for many days. As we journeyed the ice in the rivers and creeks began to break up, the snow melting filled to the banks the smallest water courses, all of which we had bridged by felling three big trees across, and placing pine boughs on top. The horses took fright going over, crowded each other and one unfortunate pony, pack and all, was pitched off into the rushing water some distance below. Alexis, ever good with a rope, lasooed the pack the first throw, and in three minutes from the time of the accident, all was well, and we were again on the move. We had finished the sheep meat, and as rabbits were scarce, we were compelled to kill a horse. Our victim was "Buck," an animal fairly fat and useless in a muskeg, therefore more deserving of death than any of the others. On its flesh we dragged out an existence for eleven

days, when we met a party of prospectors, from whom we traded a sufficient quantity of flour to satisfy our wants, until our trip came to an end, and the comforts of civilization commenced.

Indoor Rifle Shooting.

By STEPHEN P. M. TASKER.

Now that the cold weather is approaching and one is planning for diversion during the winter evenings indoors, there appears to me nothing so amusing and entertaining as small bore rifle shooting, and this can be done and a range fitted up in almost any garret or cellar about as follows:

In the first place, as 25 yards is the standard distance for 22-caliber and indoor shooting, we shall try to get that distance exactly, or if this is not possible with the location in question, measure off $12\frac{1}{2}$ yards and the regulation target can be reduced one-half, as by this method you can accurately compare your scores with those made by the best amateurs and professionals as they appear each week in the shooting and fishing magazines. For instance. The German ring target being used almost exclusively, we will reduce it one-half and instead of having a 2-inch bull at 25 yards, with one-quarter spaces, we will have a 1-inch ring with oneeighth inch spaces, and ignoring the diameter of the bullet (which theoretically should be also reduced one-half), a score made at 121 yards of say 240 would be exactly the same as if made at 25 yards, and we can compare these with what others are doing. It is a much better way to shoot at a standard target and keep a score for every one than to shoot at any old mark, as you can keep no line on your shooting and you will not know at the end of a season if you have improved or not. It is a good plan to average every 100 shots and you will then notice your improvement, besides you can change the sights, etc., and note the different effects on your scores, but on this point give every change a good long trial, say 1,000 shots, before you try some-Finally, and as soon as thing else.

possible, settle on what you think you would like best, and what you made the best average shooting with, and stick to it for good.

Going back to the target, you can get these 25-yard $4\frac{5}{8}x5\frac{1}{2}$ paper German ring targets with a 2-inch bull's eye at almost any gun store for \$3.00 a thousand, but if you have not this distance have a die made for a new target for a couple of dollars and you can get them that way cheaper than by buying from a store. I think my die with 10,000 targets cost \$10.00, and, of course, for the next lot they will be considerably cheaper, not having the die to pay for. These targets, as shown, have a 1-inch bull's-eye, are 4x4, which is large enough to catch all your shots, or pretty nearly when you first start to shoot, and in a little while you will be surprised to see how you can keep in and around the bull's-eye. Five shot scores are enough on one target and a possible would be 125, the smallest circle (4-inch) being 25, and decreasing one for every one-eighth of an inch, regardless of the diameter of the bull's-eye; when you make scores of 120 with a possible of 125, you are doing very well. Some of the best shots can do a hundred at the rate of over 124 out of a possible 125, but this is practice, and don't be surprised-if you are a beginner-if you don't do anything better than 100 or less. So much for the target question.

There is nothing that I know of more exciting than trying to make each target better than the last, or to equal or excel some rival. It is an amusement, both manly, beneficial to body and mind, very reasonable, cartridges only costing from 22 to 27.5 cents a hundred, depending upon the make. But I wish to say right here if you have a good rifle—and good rifles are so

cheap-do not use the B.B. or conical bullets, as they will cut your rifle out in a short time, and if you wish to keep the noise down, as you probably will indoors, do not use the black powder cartridge, or for that matter the semi-smokeless, but stick to the Winchester or U.M.C., greaseless, smokeless kind. They are clean, make but a little report when shot, and your room is as clean after firing a couple hundred shots as before you started. can be bought in lots of 1,000 for \$2.75. You will want a good light at the target, and if there is a gas main near, a branch can be run right to your target for a dollar or so, and have a three joint fixture added that you can get the correct position for a reflector. An ordinary gas jet with a dollar reflector is good, but better still have a Wellsbach burner and one of their special reflectors installed. These are about \$2.50. If you or your friends are shooting poorly, you can move the light accordingly, and you will have a light that is almost perfect for the purpose, throwing a strong white light directly on the target and not being visible from the rear. the shooting position you will need no light and a very small one at the side or Better dispense with it if you can see to work your gun, as the target will appear all the sharper; it is easier on your eyes. Probably the most important detail outside of the rifle itself is the back ground to the target proper.

Sketch 1. You will have to have something like the following: If you want it made as cheaply as possible, have a flat iron plate about a foot square and a quarter of an inch thick with two holes drilled on each vertical side about one inch from the edge, and one or two holes in the top to support it. Do this with wire as string will chafe and break. On each side screw a piece of hard wood about 2x2 inch., and on this nail a piece of pine board one inch thick, on which you can thumb-tack your targets. The bullets will go through the board and flatten out on the plate, dropping to the floor, where a box or piece of paper can be placed to catch the splinters. If you put the board directly on the iron the bullets in a very little while will split and break the board up, but when there is a space they simply perforate a little hole and do no further damage. Of course in a little while the side pieces will be chewed up, as it were, by the splinters of lead and will require renewing. These act for two purposes. First: Keeping the board off the iron, and second, preventing the particles of lead from going off at right angles to the shooting. A better plan yet than this, but costing a little more, is made as follows:

Sketch 2. Instead of using the hard wood side bars have the plate flanged, as shown. With this arrangement it will be but a minute or two to put on a new board and will more than pay for the labor and annoyance to have the plate made in this manner. Either of these target plates can be cut, flanged and drilled for a very little at almost any machine or boiler shop. Mine cost \$2.50.

Whilst you are ordering the wooden boards order a dozen or two from the saw mill, or buy a board of $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch cheap lumber, planed or unplaned, and saw the whole lot up. At the start of your shoot you will probably want to place your single target in the center of the frame, but after you become more proficent you will place four on the board, and as almost every shot goes in or near the bull's-eye, four holes will be cut in the board and the remainder will last for a long time, for excepting the stray or bad shots, the shumb tacks will make the only holes.

And now last but not least, the rifle. I was going to say any rifle will do. There are so many good ones on the market, and they are so cheap that it matters little which you get, as long as it is an American arm and not a Flobert You cannot go wrong in getting a Winchester, Marlin, Savage, Stevens or Remington, but whichever you do get have it bored and rifled especially for the 22 short cartridge. This is a point overlooked by most people, as they think a gun will shoot any and all, equally good, but this is not the case. While it looks well to say your rifle will shoot the short, long, extra long, long rifle, etc., there is nothing in it, and unless you stick to one you cannot shoot well with any. For your purpose, the short is the best and stick to it. The long and extra long are no good and the long-rifle makes too much noise, and is no more accurate excepting at long range. The short is capable of almost perfect accuracy at 25 vards, and is a good killer for small game when you take your little gun to the woods in the fall, as you should when after large game. Then use the hollow point cartridge. It keeps the camp supplied with grouse, rabbit, etc., and does not alarm everything as the other 22's do. It is an incentive to practice in off seasons with the little fellows and sort of keeps the hunting fever down until you can get away with the larger and more powerful arms. Generally speaking, the heavier the rifle the steadier you can hold, besides a heavy rifle makes less noise, but on the weight question your own strength will settle it. Personally I can shoot a six-pound rifle better than I can a ten-pounder, but each one will find a weight which will suit him best.

If you have never shot, buy a little \$5.00 rifle and start in, and in a little while you will want something better, or if you know something about this game, start in and get a first class outfit, say a single shot, seven to twelve pound rifle, set trigger, Swiss or Scheutzen butt plate, and specially fitted with a palm rest, if you can shoot better that way.

If you have a rifle that you think anything of, no matter how cheap (and you can get a fine accurate little rifle for \$3.75), take care of it. No matter how late or tired you are, immediately after shooting take it apart and clean it thoroughly inside and out, but especially inside, as smokeless powder residue is ruinous to a rifle if allowed to stand a couple of hours. Run rag after rag well soaked in

any of the good cleaners through the barrel until it is thoroughly clean. Always clean with a brass rod from the breech end. A very small wear on the grooves at the muzzle caused by the cleaning rod will be ruinous to good shooting.

Then as to sighting, no matter what priced rifle you buy, have it fitted with Lyman sights, which will cost about \$4.00 and more than double the value of your arm, besides making it so much easier for your eyes and greatly improving your scores. If you want to go one step further have a low power (say about 4) telescope fitted, costing about \$10.00, instead of the Lyman or open sights. This addition makes rifle shooting even more fascinating, besides making the target and game very distinct. It does away with the strain on ones eyes in focusing, and adds a little to the weight of the rifle, thereby making steadier holding for most people. Although a telescope enlarges the target it also greatly magnifies the tremor when aiming, and the old fashioned view that a man so sighted had lots of advantage is going away.

In most all matches they are allowed without being handicapped, as some shoot better with them and some without. Anyhow they are especially helpful for near or defective vision, so this apparent defect should keep no one from taking up small bore rifle shooting. You will be a more valuable citizen by familiarizing yourself and becoming proficient in the use of fire arms, besides it tends to influence one's habits in his desire to keep himself in the best possible condition for friendly rivalry or to excel his own records.

The Common Juniper.*

Any person who is at all observant must have noticed in dry, rocky or sandy pastures, or in open glades, clumps of a low spreading evergreen shrub, set down in uncertain and irregular order, but with a characteristic and independent individuality. With its low-set, compact form and its

outthrust branches it seems to challenge any intrusion upon its right to occupy its chosen space of ground with a defiance as sturdy as the "Nemo me impune lacessit" of the emblem of bonny Scotland. And he who accepts the challenge will find that it is not altogether an empty one, for the

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

common Juniper, which we have been describing, will enforce its defence with its sharp, forward-pointing leaves, which make it difficult to grasp the branches of this shrub with the hand, and can make themselves felt even through the clothing. Juniperus communis is found in two forms, a somewhat erect one, which is the type, and a low spreading variety distinguished by the name alpina.

The leaves are arranged in whorls of three, pointing forward or upward. They are awl-shaped and prickly-pointed. The lower side of the leaf is green and looking from directly above the spreading branches the whole shrub has a green appearance. A view from the end of the branches, however, gives an impression of whiteness and

we see that the upper surface of the leaves are a glaucous white. The flowers are unusually dioecious, that is, the male or staminate flowers are on one plant and the female or pistillate flowers, from which the cones are formed, on another. The cones are small and berry-like and of a purple color when mature, but are covered with a glaucous white bloom, which makes them a conspicuous feature against the green foliage. They are more regularly spherical than the cones of the Red Cedar and are marked at the top with a threefold division, indicating the three seeds into which they separate. The odor of the berries is aromatic and pleasant. them is distilled the oil of juniper, which is made use of in medical practice.

Dogs That I Have Known.

By M. B

When the editor of Rod and Gun asked me to write something about dogs, I felt that he was rather out of his latitude, as it is now many years since I was actively in the dog circle, but like all old fellows, as age creeps on, I suppose I become reminiscent and will write about things of the past, which may prove slightly interesting to the present and show that even in the long by-gone days dogs had their place and were quite as good as those which the present age is producing and mind you not so much stress was laid on pedigree then as ability. On this point I well remember a very prominent Irish terrier man in Ireland, after looking over his kennel, I was much taken with one of his dogs, which to me appeared by far the best of the lot. I asked him for the pedigree; his reply was: "He carries it on his back." So that many of the dogs of the present age may trace their pedigree to such. But I am getting away from my text-"Dogs that I have known." Well the first dog that I knew of, for I never saw him, he was killed many years before I was born, but his memory was very dear to the family, and as well as I can recollect, his name was Hughie. He belonged to my father; who was at the early part of the last century a Manchester merchant, who did his own travelling with his own gig and horse, with "Hughie" as an accompaniment. The stories told of what that horse and dog did filled my earliest recollections, but to particularize some of them is rather hard to place on paper. When my father came to Ireland the dog was with him, at the same time he had large interests both in Manchester and Glasgow, Scotland, and he had to make frequent visits to each city, the dog "Hughie" generally going with him. On one occasion he did not take "Hughie", but had him tied up; but Hughie was not to be balked of his trip to Glasgow. So next day, getting away from his confinement, he made for the docks, and took the next ship for Glasgow. his arrival there he tried to find father at my sister's, but he was told that the Governor (as everybody called him) had gone home. He went straight back to the vessel and came home to Ireland without a slip. I have been told that Hughic knew every day in the week. Sundays, of course, he always went to church, and if none of the family went, the sexton used to open the door of the high pew where the family



COWAN PARTY ON THE TRAIL.
Fording the Pembina River, 100 miles west of Edmonton.



 ${\bf ROUGH-TRAVEL.}$ Cowan party fording the North Saskatchewan River near its source.



 ${\rm AN~UNUSUAL~HEAD.}$ One of the largest Mountain Goat Heads on record.



THROWING THE DIAMOND HITCH. The start of the Cowan party from Edmonton.

worshipped to admit him. He would curl himself up till after the sermon, then he would sit up and give a satisfied yawn, and the sexton would open the door of the pew and he would go home. Tuesday was market day at our nearest town and Hughie would betake himself to a place on the bridge about a quarter of a mile from home on the road to that town, to wait till father came along. Friday was market day at a town the opposite direction. Hughie would be waiting till the Governor came there, and many other stories were told me. His end was tragic. He was killed by the first train that ran over the first railroad in Ireland, the Ulster rail road, which has since merged into the Great Northern R. R. So much for dogs that I have not known.

The first dog that I did know was a Landseer Newfoundland, white and black, called "Mary." She was kept as a watch dog, always tied up, and very affectionate to those she knew, but desperately vicious if strangers came about her. The only peculiar events in her life were connected with deaths in our family. The night my sister died Mary slipped her collar and came up to my sister's room, and laid under her bed. The same thing happened when my father died six years later; she slipped her collar and went straight to his room and we dared not remove her till all was over; she was never loose all the years between these events. How could she know that the Angel of Death was hovering over the house; this is one of those things that no one can explain, they happen. What telapathy could have caused this watch dog to know things that were to happen is bevond us.

The very first dog I ever owned was a little rough broken-haired Scotch terrier, "Dandy" we called him. I was a very small boy when I brought him home in my pocket and kept him shut up in an empty oat bin for several weeks lest my father should find out I had got another dog on the place, but Dandy became one of the family and on one occasion saved my father's life. My father was a very old man at this time and very nearly blind, but Dandy used to accompany him on his walks about the place, and on one occasion my father fell into an open ditch and could not get out.

Dandy was with him and when he saw the trouble he came right up to the house, got mother by the dress and pulled her towards where father was lying. She would not go at first, but Dandy was insistent and she finally followed him and found the Governor lying at the bottom of the ditch and unable to help himself. I don't remember any other facts about Dandy, but he was a good little dog.

My next venture was a big smooth-coated Irish terrier, called "Rock," the best dog on water rats and rabbits I ever knew; he seemed to know exactly the spot that a rat would rise in the water, and would be there. Many a happy evening I spent with Rock after the river rats. As for rabbits bolted by ferrets, he never let one of them pass him. He was most agreeable with the ferrets, although they would nip him sometimes.

These were the days of my childhood, and it was many years before I could again take them up as companions and assistants. School and college were not times when I could follow out my love of dogs, but as soon as I was well over the preparatory stages and launched out with a profession and a living to make, dogs were my hobby and I think I have seen and owned about as many as most of the present generation.

My first venture was in a son of McDonagh's English setter, "Ranger," who was a good field dog and gave me many good days amongst the quail and partridge. Next I became an ardent supporter of Gordon setters, and with a bitch I imported from Ireland, "Moll III." (Duke Leah) I raised some good field dogs; the best of them was from a cross with Moore's "Grouse." He was decidedly the best heavy weight Gordon setter ever in America. I also owned Maplebeck's "Blossom", who was nearer the style of the Malcolm Gordons than any imported Gordon. som" left me Champion "Argus", than whom a better shooting dog I never owned for style, nose and bird sense, and I imagine there are some of "Argus's" descendants in this country, who are as good bird dogs as their owners wish.

Next to Gordon setters I became interested in Cocker Spaniels. I imported

"Black Bess", who at her first litter by Bob III., gave five first prize winners and some champions; she was a good little dog, and always won, except once, when shown, but was retired when the long and low cockers were brought to the front. Next in succession was "Lass of Breda," a bitch that was never beaten. "Bene", a pup of Black Bess won champion honors on the bench, the two were very much alike, but Black Bess was much heavier feathered, and I may be allowed to tell a tale about these two bitches when on the show circuit; they are both dead and I think the judge is retired, so no harm can be done.

"Black Bess" and "Bene" were entered at a show in Cleveland, when "Black Bess'' was turned down as being out of shape and too old, "Bene" was in the puppy class and won. The next week there was a show at Cincinnati, where both bitches were entered under the same judge. The man who had charge of them was very much disappointed at Cleveland about "Black Bess", so at Cincinnati he put "Bene" in "Black Bess" " kennel, and having clipped "Black Bess" in the meantime, he showed her as "Bene" and the result was that both won firsts, the old bitch as a pup, and the pup as a full grown dog. I did not know of this for a long time after, but it shows how a judge may be worked by a clever dog handler.

Among the Cockers that I can remember as making a name before the long and low craze came in was Otis Fellow's "Dandy", and he was a good one, and a son of "Nellie", a bitch I owned, who also gave me a prize winner in "Darkie," also straight and

short. About the time "Darkie" won, the craze for the long and low Cockers came in, and in disgust I quit Cockers and took up Irish terriers. The first that I imported was "Norah" (Spring-Nettle), a fine bitch and as a prize winner I never had a better, but as a companion she was all that any one could wish-kind, affectionate and loveable-and at the same time able to take care of herself. Next came a rather smooth-haired son of Gailic, called "Rock" whose chief object in life was to fight; he left me some good pups, but his end was tragic. I could not keep him, as he was in trouble always. A friend wanted a dog to be with his horse and "Rock" was very good with horses, but he did not like the groom, who went after him with a hay fork. "Rock" got the groom by the cheek and in that position he was found and killed by a policeman's revolver.

Next I owned "Garry Owen", who was one of the old sort, not all jaw, but with a good coat and a splendid set of legs and feet; he had the proper Irish Terrier character, ready to fight or be agreeable, and the very best of companions. Old age settled him and I was very sorry. After this Dr. W. H. Drummond gave me a bitch by Commissariat, "Tartar-Gotter," which won me some prizes, and now I have only one of her daughters, a good little terrier.

Thus far I have written of dogs that I have owned or belonged to the family, and yet I am far from through with dogs that I have known, but if the editor will permit, as a continuation in our next, I would like to say something of the dogs I have known during the last thirty years.

(To be continued.)

Angling Notes.

By WALTER GREAVES.

In boat fishing for trout I generally use a light rod of $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet, an enamelled line and a fine, but strong, cast of 9 feet, to which I usually attach three flies, the stretcher being a size larger than the droppers, so as to facilitate casting. In lake fishing one need not be afraid of using

large flies, as hooks No. 3 are not a bit too large at times. I consider flies dressed on hooks from No. 3 down to No. 7, about right, as a general thing. Sometimes I use them as large as No. 1, and as small as No. 8 or 9. The Pennell-eyed hooks are excellent, for many reasons. In the first

place, you can carry such a large assort ment without the troublesome snells ways getting twisted or broken at the head, and in the second, you can change in an instant onto gut that is already soaked and ready for use. In making your own flies there is the additional advantage of not having to tie on gut or gut eyes. The flies also wear much 'better. Anyone accustomed to using these hooks for trout flies will not, I think, return to the ones without eyes. All that they need is a fair trial. The knot, if properly tied, is so satisfactory that it can be done and undone in an instant, and it is very easily learned. It must, however, be tied properly, so as to tie itself, so to speak, the loop running over the eye of the hook when tension is applied to the gut,-it is simply a running noose, in fact. I have used these hooks also for salmon flies and found them very satisfactory; the same for As a rule, however, I prefer black bass. the forged O'Shaughnessy for salmon flies hooks). The Dublin Limerick hooks are also very good for this purpose, but they must be A No. 1 quality. On the Pennell hooks I notice that I seldom lose a fish. If I do, I generally feel or know that it is caused through carelessness on my part. If the fish is well hooked and properly handled, you will not easily lose him off a Pennell hook. That is my experience and the experience of several of my angling friends,-some of them very good fly-fishermen.

I have lately made a trout rod of red cedar, 10 1-3 feet long (without dowels), that is the butt and middle joint are red cedar and the tip is lance-wood. So far, I have not put it to a severe test and cannot, therefore, say whether it will stand well. It certainly casts beautifully, and I am inclined to think it will prove an excellent rod. Care must, of course, be exercised in its use or it would no doubt

snap, as red cedar is a brittle wood. It would not be a safe rod to place in the hands of a person not accustomed to a light rod. I will perhaps let you hear more about it some day.

I was much disappointed with the fishing this season. It so happened that the bass did not take well in any of the waters I fished, at least when and where I happened to fish. The opinion expressed by local anglers was that the water was too high. I cannot quite understand why that should have prevented the fish taking. My opinion is that the fish were not there and that the cause of this was the unlawful netting and taking of bass out of season. I know the latter was done to a very large extent in some of the waters where I fished with poor success (no wonder). It seems a great pity that people cannot be made to observe the close seasons for fishing, and also to fish in a legitimate manner. If this were done, the fish would multiply at an enormous rate in some waters and would afford excellent sport to fishermen with the rod and line throughout nearly the whole Dominion, for there are sufficient waters, if properly protected, to furnish sport to all comers and to meet all reasonable demands. If something is not done before long many of our best waters will, however, be entirely depleted. Restocking is very well, but what is the use of restocking these inland lakes if the fish are taken out during the close season or netted at any time? It is simply a waste of money, I think. Until the "natives" can be made to understand that it is to their interest and advantage to see that the Lakes are properly protected, I am afraid little can be done in some localities, as it is impossible to keep a watch on these so-called "guardians" and their friends, many of whom look upon it as their right to take fish at any time and in any manner, to salt down for winter use.

New Brunswick.*

The Province of New Brunswick has been brought prominently before the public re-

cently in a special way by the celebration on the 24th of June of the present year of

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

the three hundredth anniversary of the visit of one of the great pioneers of France in the New World, De Monts, to the harbor of St. John. On the anniversary of the feast of St. John De Monts landed at the mouth of the river to which the name of the feast day has been given and thus brought it into the light of history. During the French regime, however, no sustained effort was made to colonize the province and the history of its development begins with the advent in 1783 of the United Empire Loyalists, whose devotion to their king and country led them to forsake their homes in the United States after the American Revolution, and begin anew the task of subduing the primeval forest to civilization and of developing among their hard-won clearances and under new skies a loval community, in which the deep longing of the patriotic heart might find satisfaction and peace. Such devotion to an ideal is the index of a spirit of strength and endurance, which is no mean basis upon which to lay the foundation of a country.

When the Loyalists landed at St. John the province was practically an unbroken forest of pine, spruce, fir and hardwood trees. The means of access to the interior were by the waterways, principal among which is the River St. John. With its source in the State of Maine, and forming for part of its course the international boundary, the greater and more important section of its channel lies wholly within New Brunswick. It has formed a great avenue for the lumber trade of all the district reached by its tributaries and still brings down large numbers of logs from the State of Maine every year to the mills at St. John City, in addition to those coming from the forests on the Canadian side of the line.

The area of the Province is 27,500 square miles, or 17,500,000 acres, and of this probably at least seven million acres would be better suited for timber production than for agriculture. Along the southern border on the Bay of Fundy is a ridge of granite and crystalline rocks more or less interrupted, and which is cut through by the St. John and other rivers, but by which they are dammed back into lake-like ex-

pansions. Immediately to the north like a great wedge driven in from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lies a triangular tract of carboniferous sandstone, with its apex reaching beyond the St. John River in York county, and including the capital at Fredericton, and its base stretching from Westmoreland county north to the Bay of Chaleur. Situated along the north-western side of this triangle is a belt of slate and limestone, with tracts of granite, which rises to a general height of about 500 feet and forms the principal watershed of the province, throwing off the Tobique other smaller streams to join the St. John on the west, the Mirimachi, the Nepisiguit and their tributaries to the east, and the Restigouche to the north. This is the great lumbering district of New Brunswick, and down these rivers are floated the logs, consisting largely of spruce, which are the annual contribution of the forest to the wealth of the province. Here is also the haunt of the moose, that has made the hunting grounds of New Brunswick famous, and the streams that form the hiding places for salmon, that delight the heart of many a happy fisherman. the northern St. John valley nestles the county of Madawaska, with its happy Acadian population and its fertile fields of intervale land.

White and red pine in early days formed no inconsiderable part of the forests of the province, but the quantity, especially of white pine, has so seriously diminished that they do not now bulk prominently in the product. Spruce is the principal wood of commerce and is exported largely to the . British market. By most eastern operators it is looked upon with more favor There are three species of than pine. spruce, the white, the black, and the sometimes uncertain variant red. lock, balsam fir and white cedar are the other coniferous trees, but they do not occur in any large areas of continuous stand. The deciduous trees include red and yellow birch, and also two species of the white (Betula alba var. populifolia and B. papyrifera), hard and soft maple, white, red and black ash, beech, American elm, and in the southern part of the province butternut and basswood. Red and vellow birch

are the hardwoods of greatest commercial value, but white birch is also in good demand for spool wood.

The lands were at first administered by the Imperial authorities and in 1824 the following instructions were given by His Majesty's command to be observed by Thos. Baillie, Surveyor-General:—

Whereas we have been graciously pleased to give instructions unto our right trusty and right entirely well-beloved cousin and counsellor, George, Earl of Dalhousie; Captain General and Governor-in-Chief in and for our Province of New Brunswick in America, for the regulation of his conduct in granting lands to our loyal refugees, who have taken refuge in that Province, and others who may become settlers therein, and amongst other things to signify our will and pleasure that no grant whatever be made of lands within our said Province until our Surveyor-General of the Woods, or his Deputy lawfully appointed shall have viewed and marked out such districts within our said Province as reservations to us, our Heirs and Successors, as shall found to contain any considerable growth of masting, or other timber fitting for the use of our Royal Navy; and that our Surveyor-General of Lands in our said Province shall not certify any plots of lands ordered and surveyed for any person or persons whatsoever, in order that grants may be made out for the same until it shall appear unto him by a certificate under the hand of our Surveyor-General of the Woods, or his Deputy, that the land so to be granted is not part of or included within any district marked out as a reservation for Us, our Heirs and Successors, as aforesaid for the purpose before mentioned.

Further instructions to the Surveyor-General in the same year were as follows:

It is therefore our will and pleasure that and you are hereby authorised and empowered to give license in writing to any of our subjects in our Province of New Brunswick, to cut down such white pine and other trees growing upon the waste land which you shall judge to be not proper for the use of our Royal Navy.

Certainly the Surveyor-General of the Woods had a large undertaking on his hands to examine the whole province and mark out the lands to be reserved for timber, and consequently the instructions were not carried out. These instructions were in accord with the usual practice of the Imperial authorities in dealing with the timber of the North American colonies. Provision for the requirements of the navy, and particularly of white pine for masting, was a matter of supreme importance in the days of the wooden ship and when, as at the present day, the navy was the first great line of defence of the Empire

Previous to 1827 lands in New Brunswick were disposed of on payment of certain iees, but in that year instructions were given that sales should be by public auction, and of not more than 1,200 acres to any one person, provided the land did not contain any considerable quantity of valuable timber.

It is not necessary to follow all the changes of the land administration, but tracing particularly the development of the regulations for timber lands, we find that in 1829 it was ordered that no license for cutting timber was to be granted except after proper survey of the land and precaution was to be taken against waste in the destruction of the timber.

In 1831 the receipts from timber on Crown Lands were £10,820. From the evidence given before a committee of the Legislative Assembly in 1833, it appears that the procedure in connection with the issue of licenses was that on the 1st of April and from that date to the 1st May in each year applications for timber berths, accompanied in each case by a fee of 45s, were received from all persons indiscriminately. On the 1st of May the applicants were advised whether their applications could be complied with. If there were two or more applicants for one piece of land, one of them was given three months within which to pay the tonnage, and the other applications were returned. The dues were one shilling per ton for white pine and 1s 3d for red pine. The survey fee was a special tax of 3d per ton to cover the expense of survey of the limit.

A mill reserve might also be obtained by anyone who erected a mill, of timber lands in the vicinity thereof, but in 1833 instructions were given that such reserves should only be disposed of by public auction.

In 1831 a reservation for ten years was granted to Jos. Cunard of that part of the Nepisiguit River above the Falls on condition that he should make every effort to improve the navigation at the Falls; and should take out a license to cut one thousand tons of timber per annum. This reserve raised strong opposition, and as there were other serious complaints gainst the administration of the timber lands, a committee of the Legislative Assembly was appointed in 1833 to make full enquiry. After taking evidence from a large number of persons, the committee reported:

That the existing monopolies of timber and extensive mill reserves have a most injurious effect on the commerce and trade of the country, destroying competition, preventing the introduction of capital and retarding the settlement of the province.

That the additional charge within two or three years past of three pence per ton on timber in lieu of survey fees for laying out the berths operates as a heavy burden, which is greatly aggravated by the surveys being seldom performed.

Partly as a result of this agitation the Imperial Government in 1837 surrendered to the Provincial Government the control and income of the Crown Lands and revenue within the province. New regulations were adopted, which provided for five year licenses, the dues to be 2s. for white pine and 2s 6d for red pine. The average cut for the three years ending 1837 was 116,-600 tons timber, 16,829,000 feet lumber, and the dues were £16,416. The average export of pine and birch timber was 249,-926 tons, of masts and spars, 6,119, and of deals 73,250,423 feet, the export being considerably larger than the cut on Crown Lands.

The chief market for the forest products of New Brunswick was in Great Britain, in which market colonial timber was given a special preference from 1787, when a duty of 6s 8d per load of fifty cubic feet was placed on foreign timber, increased by 1819 to £3. 5s. per load. Owing to the agitation pointing towards free trade which was taking place in Britain, the

Legislative Assembly in 1831 passed an address to His Majesty and the Imperial House of Commons, urging that the protective duties against Baltic timber should not be abolished, as it would result in the ruin of the trade of the province, on which practically all its interests depended, and that timber being the only export of the province, it would be impossible to pay for manufactures from the Old Country, and that trade would also be destroyed. Addresses in a similar vein were sent on subsequent occasions, but in spite of all efforts the duties were finally completely abolished in 1866.

The collection of revenue from timber by dues on the cut on the limits was continued till 1844, but in that year an Act, which had previously been before the Assembly on several occasions in some form, was passed, providing that an export duty should be collected on all timber going out of the province, thus obtaining a revenue from timber cut on private lands, as well as from that cut on Crown Lands.

In 1867 New Brunswick entered the Canadian Confederation, and according to the last report of the Surveyor-General, previous to the change in status, the receipts from timber were \$80,882.68, the amount of \$56,415.58 being provided by the export dues. Under the Confederation agreement the export duty was abolished, a special allowance of \$150,000 annually being made to the Province from the Dominion treasury on account of the relinquishment of this source of revenue.

Mileage was then the only source of revenue from timber berths, but in 1874 dues on the cut of lumber were provided for and licenses were made renewable for two years. In 1883 licenses renewable for ten years were granted, and in 1892, before their expiry, a commission was appointed to enquire into the lumber trade. It was then decided that licenses should be granted renewable from year to year for twenty five years, or to the 1st August, 1918. The policy of the Government is to retain possession of the timber lands, and they are disposed of under license by public auction, the upset price in all cases now being \$20 per square mile, and the annual charge for The dues on pine and renewal \$8.00.

spruce logs are \$1.25 per thousand feet, having been increased from \$1.00 during the present year, it being considered that the improved condition of the lumber industry justified the increase. In order to prevent speculative holding of timber berths, ten thousand feet of lumber must be cut each year or the dues paid on this quantity. No spruce or pine trees are allowed to be cut which will not make a log at least eighteen feet in length and ten inches at the small end. The revenue for timber for the year 1903 was \$169,528.

New Brunswick, in common with the remainder of Canada, has been cursed with forest fires, and frequent mention is made of them in the reports of the Commissioners of Crown Lands.

In 1825 occurred one of the greatest fires known in history, generally designated as the Mirimachi fire. During the summer there had been very little rain, and in the fall the whole country was dry and parched. Fires were burning everywhere in the forest, the smoke rose in all directions, obscuring the horizon and darkening the sky. An ominous tint was over the whole atmosphere and the air was close and oppressive. The 7th October was a day of perfect calm, but in the evening a brisk gale sprang up, fanning the flames and sweeping them before it. As one writer describes it: At eight o'clock the wind increased to a swift hurricane from the west and soon afterwards a loud and appalling roar was heard, with explosions and a crackling like that of discharges of musketry. The air was filled with pieces of burning wood and cinders, which were driven along by the gale, igniting everything upon which they fell. The roaring grew louder and sheets of flame seemed to pierce the sky. The people ran hither and thither, some gave up in despair, some took refuge in the river, domestic and wild animals mingled in the general rush for safety. In the space of a single hour the fire swept over the district north of the river, destroving everything in its path. The sweep of the fire in northern New Brunswick extended for one hundred miles and 'covered an area of 6,000 square miles.

Some indication of the rate of growth of trees in New Brunswick is found in the

measurements of trees in this burned tract as made by a member of the Geological Survey staff about the year 1890, or sixty-five years after the fire. Poplar (Populus tremuloides) was found with a girth of fifty-one inches above the roots; white spruce (Picea alba), fifty-four inches; black spruce (Picea nigra), forty-eight inches; fir (Abies balsamea), forty inches; red pine (Pinus resinosa), fifty-two inches; paper birch (Betula papyrifera), forty-four inches; sugar maple (Acer saccharinum), thirty-five inches 'hackmatack (Larix americana), thirty-one inches.

In 1885 the first Act for the Preservation of the Forests from Fire was passed. This Act follows the general line of such statutes in Canada. Fires are not allowed to be started between the 1st May and 1st December, except for clearing land, cooking or other necessary purposes, and then every possible precaution must be taken both in the selection of the location and in the extinguishment of the fires. The penalty for violation of these requirements is a fine of twenty to two hundred dollars. Railway locomotives must have spark arrestors and other proper means of preventing the escape of fire, and section men must keep careful watch to extinguish and prevent the spread of fires from the railway. In 1897 statutory authority for the appointment of fire rangers was obtained.

While the legal enactments are probably sufficient for the purpose for which they are intended, they are, however, but partially effective, as is shown by the fact that it is estimated that during the year 1903, 200,000,000 feet of timber were destroyed by fire in the Province of New Brunswick, although in many places no estimate was made, and that forest fires caused the destruction of one village and of many buildings and other private property elsewhere. Lumbermen try to protect their limits by putting on fire rangers and the government also appoint wardens. Public opinion is, however, little interested and carelessness is more the rule than the exception. This is clearly exemplified by the statement of a gentleman who was in close touch with the matter of which he spoke that after the 24th May, a public holiday, the numerous fires left by heedless

picnicers and hunters gave a most exasperating amount of labor and trouble to the owners of timber where these visitors had passed. In the depth of the forest the danger is small. Destruction stalks around the borders where an advanced civilization brings its enlightened and enlightening methods into action.

The past history of New Brunswick has been closely bound up with the lumber trade, lumber was her great initial export, and has remained the staple to the present day, the forests have yielded the materials from which her homes have been built, and the settlement of her fertile valleys went hand in hand with, and was in large measure dependent upon the development of the lumber industry, the forests have been an unfailing source of income to the state and have furnished employment to many, and brought affluence to some. In the lumber camps, along the rivers and in the mills are developed a strong and sturdy population with the physical basis for a virile race.

From the 7,000,000 acres of forest land, at the reasonable average of 100 superficial feet per acre there might be drawn an annual crop of 700,000,000 ft., the dues on which at the present rate of \$1.25 per thousand would be \$850,000, a splendid revenue for the province. This is a practical possibility, it is no vague ideal, it is based upon calculations made from the results of forest management, where it is carried on scientifically, and where the annual acre product may reach five or six times the quantity quoted. Such a position cannot be reached without long and strenuous agitation and labor, but the practicability of such a result should surely appeal strongly to the imagination and to the common sense of all thinking people. And the lands which may be devoted to this purpose, and from which this revenue may be drawn, are lands that are almost totally useless for other purposes.

The forests form a great recreation ground for the people. They are the home of the game animals, and they regulate the supply Brunswick is famed for both hunting and fishing, and at the museum of the provin-

cial capital may be seen specimens of her productions in this respect. Fredericton is beautifully situated on the River St. John, and some good genius must have whispered to its founders of the possibilities of trees in a scheme of decoration, for these have been preserved and the tall, graceful elm is a striking feature of the landscape. One of the most interesting of the many interesting exhibits in the museum are two photographs of salmon, obtained by patient and continuous watching, one showing a salmon in the middle of the leap up a water fall, and the other showing where the leap has been unsuccessful, and the fish is dropping back in failure.

Most unique of all, however, is a copy in the library of the Legislative Assembly of the original edition of Audubon's Birds of North America. The great naturalist, after years of study and, preparation, and many disappointments, set himself to the task of showing in their natural coloring and surroundings the birds with which his long study in the woods had made him familiar, and which his training as an artist had fitted him to portray. The work was projected on a magnificent scale, the birds were all to be shown of natural size, and for this nothing but a large folio leaf would suffice. The drawings were made by the author, and each plate was colored by his own hand. The task was too stupendous and the expense too great. Only four copies were completed of this large edition, but one of the copies was secured by the Government of New Brunswick. The drawing and coloring are marvellously true and faithful to nature, and the colors are undimmed by the years that have passed since they were laid upon the sheets. They remain as a monument to the greatest naturalist of America, and their testimony to the great industry and ability of their creator is no less striking than the beauty and artistic skill with which the design was carried out. The opportunity of seeing such a monumental work would more than repay a visit to the charming capital of New Brunswick, even if its natural beauties were much less attractive than they are.





 $\label{two-good-HEADS} TWO\ \ GOOD\ \ HEADS.$ The mountain sheep heads from the Canadian Rockies are the finest of all.

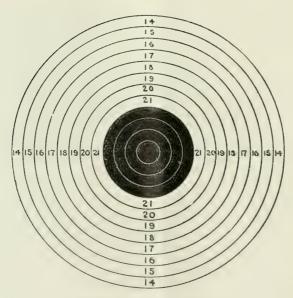


 ${\bf HALF\text{-}BREED-HUNTERS.}$ From a photograph taken by Mr. C. G. Cowan in the Rockies.



A BAG OF MOUNTAIN GAME.

It is well to undergo some hardships for such trophies.



GERMAN RING TARGET.
Showing all divisions.

A Search For A Mountain Pass.

By C. L. THOMPSON.

(Concluded from October Issue.)

We overslept the next morning, and it was nearly nine before the immediate necessities of camp life were completed. There seemed, however, no cause for anxiety over the delay. The morning was warm and sunny and a night in the open with a good fire, extra sweater and stockings, is not an unmixed evil. We left the camp by the blazed trail, that stared depressingly at us for a little less than a mile. The last scar was as deep and conspicuous as the first, but circle as we might the axe marks went no further. We walked rapidly as fast as one might through a forest thickening with a growth of young pine-hurrying the faster, as a damp wind was beginning to blow down the valley and the upper peaks were already mist swept. Unexpectedly at about one o'clock, we came upon our first open view on the edge of a gravel pit, where two tributary streams fell in twin water falls to join the main stream above this junction distinctly glacial. As we dropped into the gravel pit, it began raininganother of the storms that made infamous the weather of the Canadian Rockies that summer. Fortunately the clouds were not low and a glance made all plain. The ice and snow from Columbia swept across the col towards Bryce and it was not there, but in the depression between Pallisade Peak and Bryce that the pass, if it existed, lay. The depression was fully as high as I had expected, but scattered trees fringed the sky line, and the slope though toilsome, did not seem difficult. I studied my watch. If the storm continued, it would be invisibly dark in the lower forest by nine. If we could reach the watershed by three, we might have half an hour on the further side (allowing the return down hill to save us that much time) and yet sleep in camp. If we failed in this, it meant a sleepless night, turning interminably before a fire in steaming clothes. The shortness of our remaining time made the excitement of this race against time preferable, but it seemed hardly fair to force it involuntarily upon Frank. I explained

the situation briefly, adding we could return and by an early start make it certain on the morrow. Frank unhesitatingly replied: "If it is there we will get it today."

Across the stream on the lower slopes to the Pass, the character of the forest completely changed. Spruce, not pine, was dominant; a tangle of rotting trunks and branches, half buried in a moist vegetable mold into which the foot sank heavily. Suddenly, about eight hundred feet above the stream we broke across the edge of a basin-like ridge, and looked desparingly down on a beautiful blue lake, that lay directly across our path. On the shore we found a well worn animal trail, the hair of goat, the recent track of bear, a certain promise of a pass and the easiest line of approach. That line led us to the farthest corner of the lake basin directly under Bryce, to a ladder of fallen stones that served our purpose well. It was a quarter of three when we stepped from the top of this stone ladder to a succession of low, rocky ridges or ledges, running transversely from Mt. Bryce. Between the ridges were damp, mossy depressions, and gently trickling rills, pretty certain signs of a height of land. We began to run. On the third ridge our vision changed like the sudden lifting of a fog.

A great trough-like valley lay below us, carpeted everywhere with sombre evergreen, save where a wandering line of grey streaked with silver marked the draining stream twisting through its gravel floodbed. A blanket of cloud hung five hundred feet above us, below the air was clear and we could see as though a grey tunnel, miles distant, the black rock feet of an unknown mountain range that apparently, closed the valley. Bryce towered above us wrapped in a mist that occasionally fell from the shoulders, never from the head. From unseen heights a dirty glacier dropped earthward, then twisting suddenly westward, ended in a depressingly muddy moraine at our feet. Across the width of the Pass, directly beneath the hidden Pallisade Peak,

and much lower than where we stood, a second blue tree-girt lake lay just within the Atlantic drainage. Looking backward, the clouds covered the summits of the low peaks that made the farther side of our camp valley, humbling them to the level of a mountain plateau. For all we knew, we were miles from human contact, in a dripping mountain fastness, where none save Indians and possibly a forgotten white hunter had ever stood. The mysterious enfolding of the storm clouds added to the loneliness of the scene.

It was three o'clock, curiously enough the very last moment that could give us a hope for a return to camp. Scattered flakes of snow were beginning to drift eastward, and the drawing of the wind through the pass chilled us, no longer exercising thoroughly. We ran down the Pacific slope to the shelter of some dwarfed spruce, and there ate ravenously.

At half-past three we turned to go. A race through dripping woods, balancing on slippery logs, stumbling, splasning, rolling through boulder-strewn streams, a race

that was not won until we stumbled at half-past nine in complete darkness into camp.

I might tell you how on the next day we explored the Alexandra glaciers to the foot of thin ice falls, of our homeward journey, how we picked our way through a groaning patch of burnt timber, while a suddenly arising thunder storm sent the standing trunks swaying and crashing around us; of how the bell mare, whom Frank was riding, bucked at the Saskatchewan Forks, sending him flying into the stream; of how we finally swam the ford, riding so low in the water that only the horses nostrils and the riders head and shoulders swam above it; of the wonderful summer snow storm on the twenty-fourth of August, the last full day out; of an all-day tramp through it to a supper of damp biscuit and condensed milk, the last save dry flour of our provisions, and of our sound sleep that night in wet blankets, on the damp floor of a deserted miner's cabin, but an account of all this would make my story too long in the telling.

Planting of White Pine.*

The Bureau of Forestry of the United States has recently issued a bulletin on "The Planting of White Pine in New England" prepared by Harold B. Kempton, which contains much information of interest in regard to this tree, which holds such a prominent place in the Canadian lumber industry.

Between the years 1820 and 1880 was a period of enthusiastic white pine planting in New England. Men were then able to foresee the time when the marketable white pine would be gone and the rise in prices would make the planted timber of economic importance. Those owning lands covered by shifting sand began to realize that their property might be put to more profitable use in forest production. Large plantations were made by private owners

and some few by corporations. At the end of this period there were said to be in Massachusetts alone forest plantations of white pine to the extent of over 10,000 acres. About 1880 the interest began to decline, largely because it was found possible to bring lumber from the immense supply in the region of the Great Lakes at a lower transportation rate than had been expected, and until the past few years little other planting was done.

The methods used during the first period varied greatly in different places, for little was known about practical forest planting. The initial outlay was frequently so great that when the interest on the investment is considered the planting proved to be very unprofitable. In most cases it was done by men of considerable wealth,

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

who desired to establish a forest as quickly as possible. They, therefore, bought trees which had been several times transplanted and which were 8 to 20 inches high. Such trees usually cost not less than \$10 per thousand. Counting about 2,000 trees to the acre, which was the average number used, the outlay for seedlings alone is \$20 per acre. Compound interest at 5 per cent. during the period of growth brings this single item of expense to not less than \$80 per acre for mature trees. Adding to this taxes and other expenses, the commercial impracticability of such planting is readily seen.

In some instances the first outlay was small, and it is these plantations which now prove that white pine can be planted in New England at a profit.

Special examination was made of several of these old plantations. Some of them were on pure drifting sand, and others on sandy loam of a mixed character. These plantations show satisfactory results when the objects for which they were planted, which were not in all cases timber production, are considered. The general results of the investigation show the following conclusions:—

While seedlings grown in a nursery may be profitably used, those grown in the forest, when properly treated, grow successfully. Experience elsewhere shows that it is not necessary to leave a portion of sod adhering to each seedling. If the earth be carefully shaken off, and the roots puddled in a mixture of rich earth and water to prevent drying, as good results are obtained and at much less expense. In a few cases successful seeding has been practised. The seed was sometimes sown broadcast, and sometimes in prepared spots. It has frequently proved successful where practised on rather bare areas, or on pastures under conditions which favor natural reproduction. On the other hand many failures have resulted from experiments in broadcast sowing of white pine seed. In all recorded cases it has been unsuccessful on cut-over lands having a heavy sprout growth.

Close planting, that is, 4x4 feet, is practicable whenever thinning can be done within twenty years, but unless the de-

mand for small timber is great, it is not advisable to plant so closely, for the first thinning cannot be made except at an expense that it is unwise to incur. Planting at 4x4 feet causes a decrease in growth between the fifteenth and thirtieth year. Shortly after that time the best trees become dominant and resume a rapid growth, while a large percentage become suppressed and die. Closely planted trees, however, produce the straightest and cleanest boles and hence timber of the finest quality.

A moderate width, 6x6 feet, yields the best results where early thinning cannot be practised. Wide spacing, 8x8 feet, should never be adopted unless the object be protection, for the result is usually a low, dense, bushy tree, of little or no timber value.

In early planting a great variety of mixtures were used. Some of these proved successful, but others were not suited to the growth of white pine. The pure white plantation has usually made a satisfactory growth, but its use, when nursery stock has to be bought, involves a greater outlay than is necessary. A less expensive tree may be used in mixture with it, and if properly chosen will not diminish the products of the plantation. Red and scarlet oak have been used with success, but white Scotch pine oak is of too slow growth. makes a useful mixture, but is as expensive as the white pine. Norway spruce grows satisfactorily on account of its early, maturity and the quality of its wood. pine is not a good neighbor for white pine, for in most cases it grows more rapidly than the latter and, when planted in equal quantity with it, shades it too heavily with its broad spreading crown. There is also another difficulty that the white pine is more tolerant of shade than the red, and consequently shades out the side branches of the latter, forming a clear bole, while the branches of the white pine continue, so that the tree is almost valueless for timber. The dead branches of the red pine decay and fall, while those of the white pine adhere tenaciously to the trees.

For economic forest planting there is probably no other tree which can be used in mixture with white pine to greater advantage than the sugar maple. Its shade

enduring quality, its relative growth, and the readiness with which it may be obtained are all in its favour. The main disadvantage in planting pure white pine forests is the large initial outlay. Sugar maple seedlings may be obtained for one-half what pine costs, and the mixture makes it necessary to plant only just enough pines to form the future stand. For the first twelve years the annual height growth of the two species is about equal. Then the maple begins to spread out, while the pine continues to grow rapidly until, by the time it is twenty years old, it has secured a substantial lead. Meanwhile the thick and spreading crown of the maple has killed out the lower branches of the pine. It has now fulfilled its part and may be removed if use can be made of it. If not, it will gradually be killed by the rapidly advancing growth of the pine, which will by this time form a complete forest cover.

In case planting is decided on and the planter wishes to grow his own plants from seed, white pine seed may be purchased at a cost of \$1.50 per lb. when the seed is plentiful, or at \$3.00 or \$4.00 per lb. during the period between good seed years. "Seed years" occur once in four to seven years. Seed-bearing cones are found usually in small numbers on scattered trees in the interval between seed years. Since white pine seed requires two years for development, it is possible to predict a seed year twelve months previous to the time for collection. The cones of white pine, which average about six inches in iength, bear from 50 to 75 seeds each. There are about 28,800 seeds to the pound. The percentage of germination of fresh seed is 70 to 90, and if the seed is sown carefully in drills on suitable soil and cared for in the proper manner, fifty per cent may be expected to produce seedlings which will live to the transplanting stage. If, however, seed be sown broadcast on soil not properly cared for, a frequent result is not more than 2,000 to 5,000 seedlings to the pound. At that rate it would pay the planter better to buy two or three year old seedlings from a nursery, or collect them from the forest.

The best soil for seeding is a deep, porous, sandy loam. In such a light soil there

is less danger of damping off from excessive moisture or of heaving from frost action. The land should be ploughed moderately deep and harrowed until thoroughly pulverized. The beds may preferably be four feet in width, and the rows of seedlings 6 to 12 inches apart. Under favorable conditions germination takes place in from ten to fifteen days. Growth for the first year is slow and the young plants are very tender. They, therefore, require shade and care. Movable frames of lath, giving half a shade, should be placed over the beds at a height of almost twelve inches.

Either hilly, level, gently undulating land or low, moderately dry land is suitable for white pine planting, provided the ground covered he not too dense. Low land, which is wet or marshy, is entirely unsuited for planting; on such land the roots decay and the trees fall before they are big enough to use. Cleared land is best adapted for pine plantations. Land with scattering brush growth may generally be used without any cutting. Land where the brush growth is dense should be partially cleared before planting is attempted. Cut-over lands, where the tendency to sprout is slight and where natural reproduction is of inferior species, may frequently be planted to advantage in whole or in part, such planting depending on the present stand of valuable seedlings or sprouts and the density of the shade. Burnt land usually shows a tendencv to support rapid-growing, worthless species. Planting may frequently be practiced the season after a fire, or on land where the growth is not very dense.

Fall planting is sometimes advisable in the north, but spring planting is usually best. Trees planted in the fall are subjected to the heavy frosts of winter, and unless the soil is particularly well adapted to hold them the plants are likely to be heaved out.

Correct pruning is of great value. It changes inferior to first-class timber. It should be done about ten years after the trees have been planted, before the limbs have died. The trees will then average from ten to twenty feet in height. They should be trimmed as high as can readily be reached with a hand axe. Pruning should

be done in July or August, when there is just enough secretion of pitch to cover the wounds, preventing the access of air and excluding fungi. The cut should be made close to the stem to insure a thorough covering of pitch and the more rapid healing of the wound. The healing over and complete disappearance of the wound is then very rapid. In most cases it will be practically completed in two or three years.

An estimate is made of the return from such a plantation on the following basis. Taking the value of the land per acre at \$4.00, all the expense incident to planting at \$4.84, and taxes at two per cent. for forty years \$3.20, and allowing compound

interest thereon for the whole period at four per cent, the total is \$50.99 per acre. At the age mentioned the trees would be from eight to twelve inches in diameter, and although not of sufficient size for timber, would sell for box boards, for which they are worth from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per cord on the stump. Reckoning forty cords to the acre and the price at \$4.00, this would give a return of \$160 per acre, being the exact figure received for such ? plantation a few years ago. This would leave a net profit of \$109.01, or a net annual rental of \$1.15 per acre, paid at the expiration of forty years, in addition to four per cent compound interest in the money invested.

The Growth of Tree Roots.*

The Forestry Research Station of Switzerland has published its Seventh Annual Report, and according to a statement in the Revue des Eaux et Forets, gives some most interesting results of a series of investigations of the laws under which the subterranean portions of trees are developed. The observations have been carried on for three years on young plants aged from one to six years and belonging, among others, to the following species, namely, silver fir, white and Scotch pine, beech, oak, birch and maple. Two methods of making the observations were employed.

The first was to take up young plants periodically, and at short intervals, from the soil of the nursery, which had been softened by watering, and to examine their roots.

The extremities of the rootlets in the coniferous trees are colored with a deep tint when they have ceased to increase in length. If elongated filaments of a clear color are found a rapid growth may be concluded; if the filaments are short, the increase is slow; if they are wanting, vegetation is suspended. However, the newlyformed extremities become colored only at the end of a time, sometimes fairly long.

Eight to twenty days is necessary for the color to appear in resinous trees, and for deciduous trees it varies from three to six weeks. In summer the rootlets color more quickly than in autumn or winter.

The second method was to place the plants in glass-covered boxes, sunk in the soil in such a way that the roots could be kept under observation.

The results established by the investigations are as follows:—

The development and production of roots are not continuous during all the year. They are interrupted by periods of repose, which, in addition, do not correspond exactly to those when the aerial parts are at rest.

Among the resinous trees vegetation of the roots is entirely suspended from November to March or April. Among the deciduous trees on the contrary this vegetation does not undergo any complete interruption in winter, since the roots were seen to develop even in the middle of that season when the temperature became mild. The month of February and the beginning of March are the least favorable seasons for the growth of roots.

The deterrent effect on vegetation in

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

winter is a consequence of the lowering of the temperature of the soil. Its complete suspension among the coniferous trees during the winter is without doubt a fact of adaptation to more rigorous climates and has become a hereditary quality.

If the times of reawakening of the aerial and subterranean organs in spring are compared, it is established that in general the roots develop first. The beginning of their growth may precede by several weeks the opening of the first buds, but sometimes this period is reduced to only a few days. larch seems to be an exception to this rule: Mr. Engler established a delay of more than a month with that species of the roots over the aerial growth. The same fact has been observed for the alder. This phenomenon of the precedence of the roots is the more remarkable that the soil has in early spring, as is known, a temperature lower than the air. It may then be accepted as proved that the roots of most of the species are developed at temperatures lower than those which are necessary to the vegetation of the aerial shoots. The difference appears very small, however, for the four species of pine observed (Scotch, mountain, white and 'Austrian'. coniferous trees in general the minimum temperature necessary for the growth of the roots is from 5 to 6 degrees centigrade; for the sycamore, maple and the beech, it is only 2 to 3 degrees.

Besides the winter rest the growth of the roots undergoes another interruption due to the dryness of the soil during the summer. This interruption may last three to eight weeks, according as its beginning is more or less early. It occurs at the end of the summer, that is to say, in August and September, a time at which the water content of the soil reaches its minimum at Adlisherg. According to the meteorological character of the summer, the period of summer rest may last a longer or shorter time and be advanced or retarded.

To the summer rest succeeds in October a new period of activity, more intense and more prolonged among the deciduous than among the coniferous trees.

It is at the beginning of summer that the roots develop most rapidly. Mr. Engler has measured increases up to 21 milli-

metres (about four-fifths of an inch) a day with a plant of oak; the mean maximum for all the plants of that species observed being eleven millimetres, and occurring in the first days of July. For the oak the maximum occurs at the end of June, or the beginning of July; the growth is then 9 millimetres a day; for the fir and Scotch pine 6 millimetres.

These entirely new observations throw light on the question as to the most favorable time for planting the coniferous and deciduous trees. The French foresters had noted and the rule had been formulated that it was better to plant deciduous trees in the autumn and coniferous trees in the spring.

According to Mr. Engler, it is the custom in Mediterranean countries to plant in the autumn, as it appears that the Romans used to do. From the experiments carried out by the Austrian station of forestry research it appears to be clearly settled that the spruce and the pine should be planted in the spring, while the deciduous trees may also just as well be planted in autumn. These diverse facts of experience are explained, Mr. Engler says, with much reason if one considers that the essential conditions for the success of a plantation are the following:

Immediately after being placed in the earth, the roots should enter upon a period of active growth in order to produce quickly organs of absorption capable of providing for the expenditure of water caused by evaporation from the aerial parts.

On the other hand, it is necessary that the plantation should be made at a time when transpiration is reduced to a minimum.

These conditions are best filled in spring when vegetation commences to revive. In a country where the summer is dry and the fall mild and humid, and especially when there is reason to expect a dry spring, it is on the contrary the autumn which is the most favorable season.

If the deciduous trees stand well planting in autumn, it is because they lose very little water by evaporating in winter, and that their roots form hairs before the arrival of the great cold.

While the result of these observations

cannot be transferred to Canada without modification, still they throw some interesting light on the influences that affect the growth of trees, and may serve to show the direction in which we may look for an explanation of the facts observed in regard to the best time for the setting out of plantations.

How to Collect Plants.*

By W. T. MACOUN.

While Nature Study does not necessarily involve the accumulation of natural history specimens for the purpose of forming a herbarium, a collection of insects or of bird skins, the making of a collection is undoubtedly of great value both as a means of bringing the student into closer contact and more intimate acquaintance with natural objects, and of inducing a continued and well directed study of them. If one decides to make a collection, it is of the greatest importance that he begin in the right way. It frequently happens that young people, and adults as well, in their enthusiasm, begin collections; but, through ignorance of the best methods of collecting and preserving their specimens, these are improperly made, or, through not knowing the way to preserve them, are soon destroyed by insects, and the collector's enthusiasm is dampened. It is then difficult to get him to start again.

It was felt by the Council of the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club that very useful work would be accomplished by giving a demonstration of the best methods of collecting and preserving natural history specimens so that anyone who wished to begin a collection might do so in the right way. Accordingly, a special meeting of the Club was held on April 26th, 1904, and demonstrations were given by experts in various branches of science. Mr. A. G. Kingston described his methods of observing and identifying birds with a field glass. Dr. Jas. Fletcher spoke on the advantages of the study of Entomology. Dr. H. M. Ami discussed the collecting and preserving of geological specimens. Demonstrations were given of the mounting of plants by Miss Macoun; of insects, by Mr. A. Gibson and

Mr. W. Metcalfe; inflating caterpillars, by Mr. C. H. Young; preparing geological specimens, Mr. Geo. Burland.

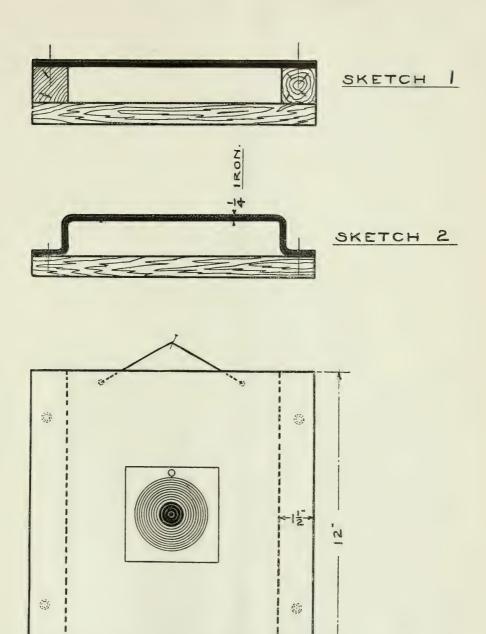
In addition to the addresses and demonstrations already referred to, Prof. J. Macoun told how to collect, mount, and preserve botanical specimens, and, in order that as many as possible may get the information thus given by him, the most important points with regard to collecting and preserving, are made the subject of this Nature Study article, and it is hoped that the other addresses which were given will be published also.

Prof. Macoun said that it was necessary, first of all, to have the desire to make a collection of plants before beginning the work. Unless the student had the desire, little benefit would be derived from it. A good herbarium was a proof that there had been a desire. In collecting plants, it is not very important what they are carried in while out in the field, providing they do not wilt before pressing. The lack of a tin case should not deter one from getting specimens, as a basket answers the purpose very well; but the best practice is to put the plants when collected into the plant press at once. A trowel or a strong knife are convenient for digging up the plants; but these again are not really indispensable, as strong fingers will dig up almost any specimen. A good plant press is made with two boards, each made of three pieces of wood nailed together. Each piece is very thin, but great strength is obtained by having the middle piece with the grain crosswise. Joined in this way the boards will stand all the pressure they will get without breaking. The best dimensions for a plant press are 12x18 inches. When tak-

^{*}Reprinted by permission, from the Ottawa Naturalist, July, 1904.

en to the field, the boards may be kept in place by means of a stout shawl strap, by which also sufficient pressure can be given. If possible, there should be two extra boards at home made of ordinary inch wood, between which the plants may be put the day after they are collected, and pressed by means of a strong strap or some heavy weight. When one is going on a collecting trip, enough papers should be put in the press for all the specimens that are likely to be obtained; but, the lighter the press, the better. Newspapers cut to about the size of the press or a little smaller and of a single thickness of paper are very convenient for putting the plants on, and filter paper or blotting paper for covering the specimen and to absorb the moisture.

When one is making a collection, it is well to try and obtain a typical and perfect plant of the species, as, once an inferior specimen is dried and mounted, one is not likely to get a better one, and perfect specimens add very much to the attractiveness and value of a herbarium. It is sometimes puzzling to the beginner to know what is a good specimen, as a sheet will apparently only take a plant of a certain size. If the plant is a small one, the whole of it should be taken, the roots being carefully separated from the soil so as to injure them as little as possible. If flowers and fruit can be obtained on the same speeimen, so much the better; but usually it is necessary to collect a plant when it is in full flower, and then when the fruit is nearly or quite full grown. In order to get the whole of a large plant on a sheet, it may be bent either once or twice, in order to do it. It is much better to do this than to lose the roots or root leaves, the latter especially being sometimes necessary in identifying specimens. If the stem or root of a plant is thick, it may be cut down its centre, leaving one side intact. Specimens of trees and shrubs may be made of branches a little smaller than the sheet, the important point being to get the whole of the flower cluster, if possible, and one or more well developed leaves. When a plant is laid on the piece of newspaper in the press, the temptation is to spread the leaves out carefully to prevent their creasing. This is a great mistake and many a fine specimen has been spoiled in this way. Some plants will stand such treatment, but many will not. As a rule, the most satisfactory way to do, is to lay the plant on the newspaper, placing the leaves or flowers so that the specimen will look fairly symmetrical, and then without trying to take out all the creases in the leaves, put on the filter paper or blotting paper and press the specimen with the hand or between the boards, if there is only one plant to put in. The next day, when the plant has wilted, some of the creases can be readily smoothed out; but, after the plant is pressed, these are not noticed nearly as much as when fresh; and, indeed, they sometimes look better, as when the under side of the leaves show here and there, it makes a pleasing contrast, and it is important also at times to show the under side of the leaf as well as the upper side. Some of the more delicate ferns may be dried with advantage between two pieces of newspaper, the drier being put on top of the newspaper. This avoids disturbing the specimen when changing the driers, as the upper piece of newspaper need not be removed until the plant is dry. The specimen when once laid on the newspaper should not be removed from it until it is dry. When a plant is wilted and not dry, it is very difficult and sometimes impossible to replace the specimen without injuring them. An exception may be made with very succulent plants or fleshy plants, when both upper and lower papers should be changed to get rid of the moisture as soon as possible, and sometimes it is necessary to dip the plant in boiling water in order to kill it. Some plants retain their color fairly well, even if improperly dried, but the majority lose their original color unless they are dried quickly and properly. Plants should be dried as rapidly as possible after the first day, and in order to do this the driers should be changed at least once a day, and, if possible, twice at first. After the first day or two, when the excess of moisture has been removed, the hotter the driers are, the better the results will be, and, in order to have the driers quite hot, they should be heated on or at the stove and put on the specimens at once.



A MINIATURE TARGET. Mr. Stephen B. M. Tasker's design.

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RED CEDAR.

Juniperus communis.

If it is not convenient to heat the papers in this way, they may be dried outside and not especially heated. As some plants dry much quicker than others, the best results will be obtained if a thin piece of wood is kept between the plants which are in different stages of drying, as, if this is not done, a plant which would dry very quickly is kept moist by others of a more succulent nature. Some plants will dry in two or three days, and some take nearly two weeks. One can easily tell by the touch when they are dry.

Many a collection of plants has been ruined by insects after it has been made, and

the enthusiasm of the collector may die with the loss of his specimens. The poisoning of plants after they have been dried should never be neglected, and the sooner it is done, the better. One of the best formulas for this purpose is: Sublimate 11 drachms; carbolic acid, 11 drachms; alcohol, 12 ounces. A small brush is used to apply the poison, which should be painted over all the plant that is exposed, the flowers especially getting a full share, as the insects will frequently destroy the flowers when they will not injure another part. Alcohol is used instead of water, as it evaporates without leaving a stain on the paper.

(To be Continued.)

Our Medicine Bag.

Dr. Sterns, an American sportsman, and his party, have been most successful on the Athabaska. A large collection of trophies that fell to their rifles has been brought to Banff.

Sportsmen should not forget that owing to the bad breeding season last spring and the hard winter, the Ontario government has wisely prohibited the shooting of quail until November 1st, 1905.

Two Semenos sportsmen, Messrs. McNeil and Mutter, made a bag of twenty brace of pheasants upon the opening day for that game in British Columbia, namely Oct. 1st. This is the record bag so far recorded from Vancouver Island, to the best of our belief.

Dr. Mayo Robertson of London, one of the leading English surgeons, who attended the medical convention in Vancouver a short time ago, spent two weeks near Alberni on a hunting trip and secured two splendid elk heads, a panther and several deer.

The King Edward Hotel at Banff was saved from burning the other night by a faithful dog. It seems that "Carlo" began to howl so loudly about two o'clock in the

morning, that the stablemen had to go out to chastise him; when they found that the Chinese cook had thrown some live ashes against the side of the building, which was beginning to burn merrily. Yet some people think a dog has no sense.

Since the announcement of the extension to November 20th of the open season for moose and red deer in Ontario, north and west of French River, Lake Nipissing and Mattawa River, requests for extensions in other parts of the Province have been numerous. The Ontario Act, however, only gives authority by order in Council for extension in the territory named. Other extensions can only be made by the Legislature.

We hear very good accounts of a trail leading from Emerald Lake, British Columbia, to the Beavertail and its tributary, the Kitwetnok. It is said on head waters of the latter system there are large pasture meadows, where big game abounds, and numerous lakelets, well stocked with trout. This trail, if followed, leads to the head waters of the Blaeberry, or through Houses's Pass to the head waters of the North Saskatchewan.

One of our contributors writing from

Minnedosa, Manitoba, says: "The crop of chickens is very good in this district, but they are hard to find sometimes. I have made some very nice mixed bags—not too large, as the weather is very hot, and we did not want to waste." If all shooters in the Northwest were as full of the proper spirit as "Niven", we should not hear so much about the scarcity of game in some of the more thickly settled portions.

Somebody has been seeing large numbers of passenger pigeons in Southern Manitoba—but we are very much afraid that an examination of any of these birds by a competent naturalist will show that they are not passenger pigeons. The passenger pigeon is undoubtedly gone with the Dodo and the Great Auk, and nevermore shall we see this magnificent bird flashing past us, with the sun reflected from the beautiful bronzed feathers of the head and neck as from a golden armour.

A Montreal sportsman, whose chief victim is the erratic snipe, walked off the gang plank of the Longueil boat the other night humming the following lines:

"When your heels hit hard, and your head feels queer,

"And your thoughts rise up like froth on beer:

"When your knees are weak, and your voice is strong,

"And you laugh and laugh at some old fool song-

"You're drunk, my boy-you're drunk."

We think he was right.

To skin game heads, cut neck skin from shoulders, cut up back of neck to a point between horns, then right and left to base of each horn, peel skin carefully around horns, cut through ear roots, pull skin over face, being careful not to cut eyes and the tear duct or pocket below eye, nostrils and lips; leave inner skin of lips and nostrils; shave off all flesh adhering to skin, salt well and dry, flesh side out; avoid folds or wrinkles in skin while drying; clean skull and keep the jawbone.

The new road which is now being built from Sudbury to Toronto, will open out

the best territory for fishing and shooting of any of the new roads now being built in Northern Canada. The country is dotted with lakes and river expansions from ten to fifty miles in length, containing bass, trout, and maskinonge. All who take advantage of the opening of this new country should help in protecting the game from the commercial pirate, and out-of-season poacher. We shall feel extremely thankful for any information that will stop the devastation of these virgin lakes by netting or dynamite.

Hunters and guides from the north of Quebec, and the north of Ontario report an increasing number of wolves. Some of them say that the deer runs are covered with what looks like dog tracks, but which are in reality wolves' tracks. In view of the fact that deer form a great attraction for money-spending tourists, should not the Government put a good bounty upon wolves, so that the increasing number of moneyed men who come into the north hunting may not be decreased. realizes that the State of Maine enjoys an annual revenue from summer residents and tourists of five millions of dollars, and that we have ten times the territory of the State of Maine, surely it is a good economical government that will legislate in the

Rod and Gun in Canada,

Montreal, Quebec:-

Gentlemen.—We have completed arrangements for the manufacture of a two trigger gun, hammerless, fitted with our patent hand detachable locks, non-ejector, and special steel barrels for either game or trap shooting. These guns could be retailed in Canada at about \$125, and considering they will be first rate weapons, fitted with the latest detachable locks, they should be very popular in the Dominion amongst men who are looking for a thoroughly sound gun of English manufacture. Interchangeable locks can be fitted at an extra cost of 55 shillings per gun.

Yours faithfully,
Westley Richards Co. Ltd.
Bournbrook,
Birmingham, Eng

direction of protecting the deer, both from the poacher and the wolf.

A correspondent, R. L. M., of New York City, sends a very kind criticism of Rod and Gun. After paying it some pretty compliments, he is good enough to point out a few of its defects. Realizing that R. L. M. is animated by nothing but the kind-

est feelings towards the magazine, we read what he has written with a great deal of interest and heartily agree with most of his conclusions. Several of the changes he suggests have been under consideration for some months, and we think that before long he will be better pleased than ever with Rod and Gun, but this magazine will not follow the lead of certain competitors

Rod and Gun Pub. Co.,

Gentlemen.—We believe your readers in general are becoming more and more interested in telescopes, as the demand for telescope sights has more than quadrupled during the last two years, and we think this is largely due to the popular prices we have placed on high grade goods. Our line today is the most complete offered by any maker of telescopes, and we are just placing on the market the Stevens "Little Off-Hand." The tube is only one-half inch in diameter, and $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, with proportionately small detachable mountings, which can be instantly removed from the

get glass, it will be found useful for hunting purposes as well. The power is four diameters, and the price, including mountings and rib, \$25.00, without rib \$20.00.

We have also brought out a telescope with Aperture and Pin Head. This is a decided innovation in telescope making. Heretofore rifle telescopes have been fitted with cross-hairs, and while it is generally conceded to be the best form of sight, there are some who think they cannot use them, and to accommodate this class of shooters, we have designed a telescope with aperture and pin head. They are made in exact proportion to the ordinary sights, and in one size only. The telescope is designed



rifle and replaced without disturbing its adjustment. Has narrow, steel rib sliding in groove in forward mount, with fine screw adjustment for both windage and elevation. The field is not quite so large as the ordinary telescope, but as this is designed for target work exclusively, the matter of field is not important. As regards brilliancy and definition, it is equal to large 'scopes of the same power. Is a most convenient little glass, as it does not necessitate an extra case for the rifle. The rifle can be carried in the regular case and the glass instantly removed and carried in the pocket. Although intended for a tar-

especially for these sights, and they cannot be applied to telescopes of other make. They are furnished with detachable mounts; power, five diameters; price, \$18.00.

All Stevens Telescopes can be fitted to rifles of any standard make. We are sending you under separate cover electrotype, illustrating the Stevens "Little Off-Hand" and telescope with Aperture Pin-Head, and the latter will be the most interesting of anything that you have ever published in regard to telescopes to subscribers that are interested therein.

Yours very truly,
J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.

and start a "correspondence department," in which it would be necessary to write letters under a nom de guerre, in order to provoke a discussion. Whatever appears in Rod and Gun is what it purports to be, and we think that any measure of success that has been achieved has been largely owing to the honesty of the course pursued.

We have a letter from Warren Station, Ontario, in answer to inquiries, saying that starting from that station, which is 43 miles west of North Bay, Neepawassing Lake, 18 miles long and dotted with islands, abounds with fish, and the country round it is famous for its game. The Indians say that moose, deer, and bear are plentiful, and that it is a good canoe trip from Warren. One can get a very good canoe trip by leaving Sturgeon Falls for the West Bay of Lake Nipissing, going by steamer across that great Lake, which is some 70 miles long, canoeing up the west Bay of Lake Nipissing, and connecting lakes, to the Neepawassing Lake, paddling from that lake down to Veuve river, to what was the old Veuve River station, now Warren. There are fair hotels at Warren, and the same may be even more truly said of Sturgeon Falls. Sturgeon Falls is also a very good outfitting place. From Nov. 1st to 15th, which is the open season for moose and deer, it is a very good territory.

"Our Big Game," is the companion volume to the one published a year ago upon the winged game of the United States, by Mr. Dwight M. Huntingdon.

That work received an unusually favorable reception at the hands of the sportsmen of this continent, and, no doubt, the present volume will meet with a ready sale. Like everything else that comes from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, the book is admirably printed and the illustrations are as good as can be. The description of our bears, deer and other game is strictly in accordance with the best authities, so Mr. Huntingdon's work is really a first-rate manual of the big game of North America.

We have read the book with a great deal of pleasure, yet we do not think it is quite equal to Mr. Huntingdon's first work; he not seemingly have had the same experience in big game shooting that he has had in wing shooting. Especially is this noticeable in his descriptions of our more strictly Canadian game, such as moose, caribou and bear. As we have said, the publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons; and the price is \$2.00.

A sportsman living at Ridout, the next station west of Winnebago, Ont., writes that the trout at Nemegos, two stations west of Ridout, are speckled trout of large size. They are taken in the river running into the Lake at the Station and weigh from one to four pounds.

The trail to Pishkinogama, north of Ridout, is by water, with a few portages.

The river is within a hundred yards of the station, and is very high now, which will make it easy paddling, though there may be danger of the water being too high for the portages. Our informant says:-"I cannot give you more information of the trail to the south from Ridout, as I have not seen any Indians for some time. The Indians are all on the hunt now. The Hudson Bay post at Pishkinogama is closed, which is a good thing for the hunting. The trail to Lake Wakamagaming, south of Winnebago, is probably better from and see the Winnebago, I will wait Indians and find out what they advise as to the best way to Pishkinogama, and also if it can be reached from Winnebago. The Ridout River runs west on the south side of the track instead of east. There is a lake at Kinogama, the station next west of Ridout, which is full of pike, and it is a very good place also for deer. There are a few good places for deer near here. They can be reached by taking the hand car in the morning with the section men." This is intelligent information, and full of interest.

The most notable paper in an excellent number of Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes is that on the "Agnes Family of Racehorses." The author is well up in his Stud Book and in turf history, and he makes an exceedingly interesting and suggestive story of the family which owed its being to the mighty Priam and whose ma-

ternal ancestor was the £14 Annette, with her daughter Agnes. A review of this line involves notice of such horses as Orville, Agnes's daughter, Lily Agnes, and of course Ormonde; some portraits illustrate this article. A description of the way to obtain trout fishing in Norway, includes some good reproductions of photographs, and should be found helpful as well as entertaining. '"G.T.T.B." writes with knowledge and discernment on a timely subject, "The right way to beat a Grouse Moor." Mr. Augustus Grimble contributes a capital paper on "The Salmon and Trout Rivers of England and Wales." An appreciative review of Mr. T. A. Cook's new "History of English Racing" with illustrations therefrom, occupies a few pages, and Captain Miller reviews "Irish Polo". He is inclined to think that Irishmen on the average ride much better than Englishmen, but they don't keep their ponies long enough to be really well mounted. Watkins Williams writes on the "Migration of British Game Birds." General Sir John French, the most brilliant of cavalry leaders, furnishes the subject of the usual portrait and biography.

Rod and Gun has received the following letter:—

Dear Sir.—I thought I would drop you a few lines and let you know how I got along with the Austrian Princes.

We got nine goat and some deer. They were actually with us about fifteen days. We had a try for some moose, but the weather was very bad while we were down in the moose country, and although we saw some we were unable to get any.

We saw some black bear at the foot of a slide, when we were stalking some goat one day, but we did not go after them as we thought our chances were better for goat than they were for the bear.

The Princes were very much pleased with their trip, and asked me to write them and give them a full report of all the parties that were at present in the mountains under our care.

They also said that they would try and come out again and send all the parties they knew that hunted in America to this district, as it was the finest scenery in

America according to their thinking, and had the best chances of game.

In about a week I again leave here with the Earl of Suffolk and Fred Hussey's brother. They will be here about a month or six weeks. This will be our last party very likely, and then we will be ready to go east at your call.

Excuse bad type writing, as I am only an amateur at this kind of work.

Yours very truly,

James Brewster.

Banff, N. W. T.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, have published a book by Francis M. Ware, called "First-Hand Bits of Stable Lore." Mr. Ware is the manager of the American Horse Exchange in New York, and has been recognized for years as one of the foremost American horsemen.

This is an eminently practical work and the outcome of a life's experience among horses. Mr. Ware goes straight and hard to the point, and he has packed away an immense amount of information, advice, and suggestion in a volume that is, withal, extremely interesting. It is a pleasure to read a book by a man who knows his subject so thoroughly and writes with such humor and point. It treats nearly everything,—from buying a horse to the management of a pack of hounds,-but its burden throughout is on the thousand and one details connected with the management of the individual horse by the individual rider or driver. The contents consists of the following: I. Horse Buying and Horse Trying. II. As to "Soundness." III. Stabling and Stables. IV. Stable Management. V. Condition and Conditioning. VI. The "Green" or Unacclimated Horse and his Care. VII. The Horse's Education. Mouths and Manners. IX. The Foot and its Treatment. X. The Appointment Fad. XI. The Saddle - Horse. XII. The Hunter and his Education. XIII. The Steeplechaser and his Schooling. XIV. Riding for Women and Children. XV. Four-in-Hand Driving. XVI. Coaching and its Accompaniments. XVII. Management of a Pack of Hounds. XVIII. Showing Horses.

The price is \$2.00 nett.

I spent three weeks in Belleville during the month of August, and while there fished a good deal on the Bay of Quinte for black bass, writes our correspondent, Mr. Walter Greaves, I used the fly nearly all the time, but occasionally trolled with a spoon, a thing I, however, would not have done if bass had been fairly plentiful. The fact is that black bass have become very scarce in recent years in the Bay of Quinte, at least in that portion lying near Belleville. I heard of some good catches being made near Northport, and at the head of the Bay, near Trenton and Nigger Island, but I did not visit those localities. My best catch was made in the mouth of the river, where I landed nine black bass one evening, all on my "Massassaga" fly. They were, however, small fish, with the exception of one of about 21 pounds.

What a pity it is that owing to the netting,-at least I presume that is the cause, from what I heard,-the fishing is so poor in this beautiful sheet of water. I remember the time when my brother and I used to go down to "Massassaga" Point, or Ox Point, and, with the fly, catch a dozen or more beautiful black bass in a very short time. If the parties at fault could only be made to understand what an advantage it would be to the locality if the fishing were brought up to its former excellence (and this could be very easily done) surely they would stop this netting for the sake of what might be made out of the American and other sportsmen who would visit the locality in considerable numbers. I hope the matter will be taken up before it is too late. For one, I certainly will not visit the Bay of Quinte a-

It may be interesting to remember that our Canadian furs are just now the most fashionable of all known furs. Prices rule higher in consequence, but when made up by expert furriers their beauty is such that they amply repay any reasonable outlay. Messrs. W. E. Orr & Co., Toronto, are showing the newest and prettiest designs in all Canadian, as well as in all European and Asiatic furs, and correspondence with them, or a call at their show rooms, will repay the intending purchaser.

gain for fishing, with matters in their present shape.

All Western papers deal more or less with the protection of game. At Calgary there is a decided movement in favor of putting some restriction upon the killing of game, which it is claimed, is being indulged in too freely. No doubt more game has been killed, both in and out of season, than was good for the stock, yet we cannot help thinking that much of this outcry is prompted by selfishness. In all the little Western towns there are storekeepers and clerks who like a day with the gun, but are not able to go very far a-field, in consequence of the limited time at their They find, of course, that the disposal. game is decreasing and without going into the why or the wherefore very deeply, they jump at the conclusion that some change should be made in the game laws. all the tinkering of the game laws in the world, will not prevent the gradual decrease of game as civilization advances, unless we follow the European plan and fence in large estates, restocking them from season to season. This is entirely opposed to the free and easy ideas natural to a new country, where sport has heretofore been free as the air to all.

Further west, even in the City of Vancouver, sportsmen are clamoring for more protection, but the British Columbian sportsman is, as a rule, the shrewdest of his class, and there the legislation demanded is so eminently in accordance with reason that we trust it will eventually become law. The sale of blue grouse, willow grouse, pheasants and quail is sought to be prohibited, and this seems the most effective way of limiting the game killed out of season, which is almost invariably shot or snared by market hunters, for the sake of the few dollars they can obtain from the hotels, restaurants, and game dealers. According to the Victoria Times, a game license should be enforced, as it is stated there is no efficient machinery for enforcing the law, and that it is only just that the sportsman should provide that machinrap about the protection of game, and obery, seeing that most people do not care a ject to putting their hands into their pockets even to save it from extermination. It will be rather interesting to know, what sort of reception this proposition meets with down on the Coast.

"Stalking Sketches" by Capt. Hart Davis, is the latest contribution to the literature of English sport. When a Briton speaks of stalking, he generally means stalking in Scotland, where the sport is undeniable, even though it be somewhat artificial. Capt. Hart Davis is a famous stalker, and a good writer. His book, which is illustrated from his own sketches, is one that should find a resting place on the shelves of every man who is fond of what we call, still hunting.

Of course, tracking wild deer in the North American forest is a very different matter to stalking an animal, whose apvearance and previous history is wellknown, by the aid of a professional stalker, who carries your rifle and when the right moment comes, takes it from its case, hands it to you and bids you shoot. We Canadians have to do a little more for ourselves, and naturally we do not envy the Britisher his Scotch stalking, seeing that we have something a good deal better over here. But it must not be thought that Scotch sport is anything but delightful. The writer once asked Dr. Rainsford, now of New York, but then of Toronto, where he had had the best deer shooting, thinking, that as he had crossed the Rockies in the old days before the Railway, and lived with the Indians for months, he would name some point in British Columbia, but to our surprise the reply came: "In Scotland."

It will surprise many Canadians to learn that a red deer stag sometimes weighs 310 pounds clean. This makes him as heavy or heavier than the biggest Ottawa deer. It is a very good 'buck that will weigh 325 pounds as he falls, although larger animals have, of course, been frequently shot.

Capt. Hart Davis gives some useful advice as to the outfit necessary to a stalker in Scotland, and part of this advice will apply in Canada. He is very much in favor of a single barrel rifle, to carry the .256 Mannlicher cartridge, but is very much opposed to a repeater.

We have no doubt that Capt. H. Davis is

perfectly correct so far as Scotch shooting is concerned, but for our forest work, where we have to jump a deer and take snap shots at him, the repeater is a much more serviceable weapon.

British Columbia sportsmen, who stalk big game in the mountains, will find Captain Hart Davis' experience of considerable value, because the stalking on the mountain uplands of that Province is very much akin to Scottish sport.

The book is published by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.

The successful breeding, exhibiting and management of dogs are arts, and fine arts at that. Moreover those who are proficient are by no means numerous, and the masters are conspicuously rare. Practice, experience, reading and a natural aptitude are needed to make a perfect breeder, handler or exhibitor. Yet much, very much, may be learned by a careful study of such a work as "Kennel Secrets," a new edition of which has just issued from the press of Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

"Ashmont" has acquired the confidence of thousands of dog owners, by the excellent advice given in the first edition of this book, as well as in a companion volume, "Kennel Diseases," and they will no doubt welcome the present greatly enlarged volume.

Part I. treats of Management, and discusses foods, kennels, exercise, grooming and insect pests.

Part II. is devoted to exhibiting, one of the branches of dog management about which there is much needless mystery, and the reader is told how to order the necessary preparatory work, how to feed and condition, and is given some excellent advice as to handling a dog in the ring and on the bench.

Part III. is for the breeder; the man who is not content to merely buy, but must join the select band of fanciers who are ever striving to improve the breeds they have taken in hand. Kennel Secrets is abundantly illustrated by half tone portraits of many prize winners, which should educate the eye of the young dog owner, so that he will acquire an intimate knowledge of the correct conformation of the different breeds.



BOVRIL

in the camp

is the cook's best friend

He can depend upon **BOVRIL** at all times, and under all circumstances.

A cup of hot **BOVRIL** is grateful and comforting to the sportsman when fatigued or chilled through after a hard day's hunting.

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Don't fail to take a good supply of it with you.

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

The Official Organ of the Canadian Forestry Association.

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Clinton (Ont.) Tournament.

The Clinton Gun Club tournament scheduled for Oct. 6th and 7th at both live birds and targets was a big success. The weather first day was ideal. There was a stiff westerly breeze, which put vim into the flight of the birds, and many remarkable kills were made. Shooters were present from Detroit, Leamington, Fingal, St. Ridgetown, Hamilton, Thomas, Port Frank, Exeter, Crediton and Seaforth, Kincardine and Blyth. High average for Clinton was made by J. E. Cantelon, R. Coffee, St. Thomas, and G. E. Holmes, of Clinton each missing a total of four in the programme. The scores were as follows:-

First event, ten live birds—P. C. Wood (30 yards) 7; M. E. Fletcher (29 yards) 8; C. W. Scane (30 yards) 9; J. Dodds (28 yards) 8; R. Coffee (30 yards) 8; P. Kerr (28 yards) 8; C. Harlip (27 yards) 5; J. Johnston (30 yards) 5; Geo. McCall (29 yards) 9; F. J. Mills (28 yards) 10; J. E. Cantelon (29 yards) 9; Dr. E. Holmes (28 yards) 8; R. G. Graham (26 yards) 6.

Second event, 15 birds, \$100 guaranteed—P. C. Wood (30 yards) 11; M. E. Fletcher (30 yards) 13; C. W. Scane (29 yards) 9; H. Scane (30 yards) 12; J. Dodds (29 yards) 10; H. Coffee (31 yards) 13; F. Kerr (20 yards) 11; Harelip (26 yards) 12; J. Johnston (29 yards) 14; Geo. McCall (30 yards) 9; J. E. Cantelon (30 yards) 14; Dr. E. Holmes (29 yards) 14; F. Miller (29 yards) 11; R. Graham (26 yards) 12.

Third event, five live birds, gun below the elbow until bird was on the wing; use of one barrel only; all 26 yards—Wood Fletcher 4, C. W. Scane 3, H. Scane 4, J. Dodds 3, F. Coffee 5, F. Kerr 1, Harelip 2, McCall 4, Cantelon 3, Holmes 4, Johnston 1, Miller 3.

The miss and out events were won by Fletcher, H. Scane, R. Coffee, Kerr, on scores of five straight.

The following were the scores in the target events:—Wood shot at 200, broke 171; Cantelon, 200—171; Graham, 200—168; H. Scane, 200—167; Glover, 200—160; Doherty, 200—158; Conover, 200—157; Dodds, 200—155; Hovey, 180—150; Bishop, 180—136; McCall, 160—125; W. Ross, 160—121; Fletcher, 140—116; Ingram, 120—87; Givley, 120—78; C. Scane, 100—80; R. Ross, 60—45; Coffey, 40—25; Holmes, 20—17; Mills, 20—12; Hartlieb, 20—11.

NOTES.

High average was made the first day by J. E. Cantelon, G. E. Holmes and R. Coffee. On the second day the first event was ten live birds, which was won by J. E. Cantelon and J. E. Hovey with straight scores. High average in target events was won by J. E. Cantelon and P. C. Wood of Detroit, high average for both days being won by the former, with a score of 197, II. Scane second with 192.

An extra live bird event was shot in which J. E. Hovey from 28 yards and J. E. Cantelon from 30 yards made straight scores.

10 events at 20 targets were shot in which P. C. Wood of Detroit and J. E. Cantelon tied for high average, second place being won by R. Graham.

G. E. Holmes and J. E. Cantelon each won \$21.65 in the second event, in which the club guaranteed \$100.

P. C. Wood of Detroit did not shoot live

birds in his usual form, but tied for high average in targets.

C. J. Mitchell of Brantford, who was unavoidably absent through sickness, always attends the Clinton shoots.

The usual way for a referee to call the result of the shooting is "dead" and "lost", but when a live bird escaped Conover would say "gone to the tall timber", which was very consoling to the shooter.

Outsiders as well as home boys were pleased to see "Shorty" win high average.

Straight scores were made in programme events by H. Scane and C. W. Scane of Ridgetown, F. J. Miller of Port Frank, R. Coffee of St. Thomas, J. E. Hovey and J. E. Cantelon of Clinton, H. Scane getting

the only straight in target events. R. Graham and J. E. Hovey tied for second average second day.

The total scores of the leaders on the second day were: P. C. Wood 171, J. E. Cantelon 171, J. E. Hovey 168, R. Graham 168, H. Scane 167. Straight scores were made by H. Scane and C. W. Scane, Ridgetown, F. J. Miller of Port Frank and R. Coffee.

The shoot was under the management of the secretary of the local club, Mr. J. E. Cantelon, who was assisted by J. S. Cole of Detroit, F. H. Conover of Leamington, and J. Ireland, vice-president of the local club.

Forest Conover, Dupont representative, referred the live bird events to the satisfaction of all.

London (Ont.) Trap.

Ten-bird event:-

Day Fortner . .

The Springwood Gun Club held a very successful shoot Sept. 28th, it being a team event, five men to each team, 25 birds each man, the teams being captained by W. A. Brock and B. W. Glover. Brock's team were the winners by two birds. On Wednesday previous a team shoot was held, captained by the same men, and on that occasion Glover's team won by two birds, so that this shoot made a tie on the two shoots, the first score being:—Brock 92, Glover 94. Second score—Brock 91, total 183; Glover 89, total 183.

After the team shoot A. Webb challenged B. W. Glover for the L. C. Smith gold medal, which was won at the club shoot on Labor Day, the conditions being that it must be defended three times. Glover had already defended it once against S. M. Screaton, and was again successful in defeating Webb, Webb's score being 16 and Glover's a straight score of 20. The medal has to be defended once more before being the property of the winner.

The scores follow:-

Team shoot, five men, 25 birds each—Brock 14, Brown 20, Arnott 22, Day 12, Fortner 13. Total 81. Glover 22, Blackburn 20, Wilson 7, Whittaker 16, Bowman 14. Total 79.

Brock 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Brown 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1— 5
Wilson 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0-7
Webb 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 - 8
Day 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 - 8
Blackburn 10101111000—5
Medal shoot, 20 birds—
Webb 00111111011111011111—16
Glover1111111111111111111111111
Extra event:—
Glover 11111111111111111111111111111
On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, the tie between
the Brock and Glover teams was shot off,
resulting in a victory for the latter. Glov-
er having four men to Brock's five:
25 birds each man:—
Glover 01101110111111110111111110-20
Anderson 11110001101011111101001111-17
Gurd 110011110111000100101010001—13
Reid 01011100110111001010101011—14
_
Total 64
Total 64 Brock 0001001010000001001110111—10

0010010010111011100010011 -- 12

1111110111010101011111101001-18

1010011001110000110000001-10

The total scores in the three shoots are: Brock 17, 14, 10; Brown 17, 20,13; Hughes 14, Balkwill 17, Whittaker 12, Day 15, 12, 12; Arnott 22, Fortner 13, 18; Finch 10. Total 236.

Glover 23, 22, 20; Gibson 22, Reid 17, 14; Bowman 15, 14; Wilson 9, 7; Blackburn 20, Whittaker 16, Gurd 13, Anderson 17, Adams 8, Total 237.

LIVE PIGEON SHOOT.

A live pigeon match was held at the Springwood Gun Club grounds on Saturday, Sept. 24th. The birds were an excellent lot of good hard flyers, and some good sport was had. The scores:—

Rooks	2	1	2	1	2	1	1-7
Glover	1	2	1	1	2	2	2-7
Reid	2	0	0	0	0	0	1-2
Avey	0	1	0	1	1	2	0-4
Hedley							



S. M. SCREATON Winner Robinson Tankard

Mr. C. B. Wiggins, an amateur, shooting from the 19-yard mark at the tournament held at Litchfield, Ill., Sept. 6, 7, under the auspices of the Central Illinois Trap Shooters' Association, established a new world's record from the 19-yard mark, making a run of 125 straight, shooting a Lefever gun. He also won high average over both expert and amateur for the entire tournament, breaking 334 out of 350 targets. At the tournament held last week at Staunton, Ill., from 18-yard mark, Mr. Wiggins broke 176 out of 180 targets, breaking the last 92 straight, winning high average for the entire tournament over amateur and professional. Mr. Wiggins always shoots his Lefever ejector gun.

ANNUAL TORONTO JUNCTION GUN CLUB SHOOT.

The annual shoot of the Toronto Junction Gun Club was held on the Willoughby avenue grounds. The weather was very disagreeable and wet, but there was a larger turn-out than ever before. were 36 entries. In the evening the annual banquet was held at the Peacock Hotel, with the president, David Walton, presiding. After the president's address, the toast of the King was duly honored. The toast to Canada was duly responded to by Mr. T. A. Duff. The Gun Club was spoken to by G. E. McGill. Sister Clubs was responded to by J. H. Thomson of Stanley Club and R. H. Shaw of Rosedale. Speeches were also given by A. J. Anderson, Carl Zeidler, J. P., and J. Paterson, while for the press, J. B. Spurr, E. B. Wright and S. Marr responded. Songs were given by G. P. Wakefield, E. R. Rogers and Mr. Townsend, and a clarionet solo was rendered by J. B. Spurr. The president then distributed the prizes, which were very handsome. The large silver trophy for the first prize winner in the

Below are the places visited and the scores in detail made by Mr. Fred Gilbert during his New England trip:—

Aug. 22—Pittsfield, Mass, 148 out of 150—with 23-25 from 22 yard mark.

Aug. 23-96 out of 100.

Aug. 24-Henniker, N.H.-165 out of 175.

Aug. 25-Auburn, Me.-193 out of 200.

Aug. 27—Portland, Me.—188 out of 200—(25 straight from 21 yds.)

Aug. 29—Lawrence, Mass.—194 out of 200—(last 90 straight.)

Aug. 30-S. Framingham, Mass.-135 out of 135.

Aug. 31—Newport, R. I.—196 out of 200. Sept. 1.—Danbury, Conn—122 out of 125. —(Runs of 121.)

Sept. 3.—Norwich, Conn.—198 out of 200.—(and 67 unfinished.)

Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—184 out of 200.

Total-1819 out of 1885.

The above shows an average of 96½ per cent. made during a period of 15 days at 11 tournaments or exhibition shoots in five different States.

summer series went to P. Wakefield, while the first prize of the day was won by T. A. Duff. In addition to the prizes in the summer series and at live birds, there was a merchandise shoot at blue rocks for prizes given by merchants of the town. The results were as follows:

Class A, at 15 live pigeons—T. A. Duff, 14; C. Burgess, 14; H. A. Shaw, 13; E. W. McGill, 13; H. Playter, 13; J. Townsend, 12; P. Wakefield, 12; J. Williamson, 12; Carl Zeidler, J. P., 10; James Hardy, 10; C. Kemp, 9; Geo: McDonald, 10.

Class B, at 15 live pigeons-J. Douglas,



THOMAS A. DUFF Winner First Prize of Day at Annual Toronto Junction Gun Club Shoot

14; Geo. Mason, 13; A. Clayton, 12; Charles Turp, 12; D. Walton, 9; J. H. Thompson, 8; W. Wakefield, 8; H. D'Eye, 7; A. Neindorf, 6.

Class C, at 15 live pigeons—A. Sproule, 12; D. J. Taylor, 11; R. Harper, 10; J. Wright, 9; W. J. Shepherd, 9; A. Hicks, 7; P. Ellis, 7; E. R. Rogers, 7; F. Monk, 5; J. Bennett, 4; Dr. Mason, 4; J. Paterson, 4; Dr. Hackett, 3.

Summer series, class A—A. P. Wakefield, 1; E. W. McGill, 2; J. T. Thomson, 3; D. J. Taylor, 4; W. Wakefield, 5. Class B—P. Ellis, J. P., 1; W. J. Shepherd, 2; A. Sproule, 3; T. B. Johnson, 4. Merchandise shoot—E. W. McGill, T. A. Duff, C. Turp, D. J. Taylor, C. Kemp, W. R. Wakefield.

Toronto, Ont.

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CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.

The Robin Hood Powder Co.'s valuable trophy, which became the personal property of Mr. Frank G. Simpson of Winnipeg, Man., by his third successive win of the amateur trap shooting championship at the annual Winnipeg tournaments, has been redonated by Mr. Simpson for perpetual competition among Dominion amateur target shots. The trophy is valued at \$200.00 and is a prize worth shooting for.

The contests will be open to any Canadian amateur trap shot, without restriction as to club membership or affiliation and and will be annually at Winnipeg.

Trap Notes

Hamilton (Ont.) Live Bird tournament is fixed for Jan. 17—20, 1905.

At the Pennsylvania League tournament at Pittsburg, Pa., Kelsey broke 332 out of 350; Atkinson 326, Fleming 314, Calhoun 327, Irwin 321, Davis 321, Squier 326, West 311, A. G. King 311.

Crawfordsville (Ind.) fall shoot was well attended. The programme for both days called for 450 targets. The best scores were: Crosby 439, Burnside 435, Flynn 421, Riehl 418, Brown 408, Voris 391, Stillwell 384, Heffley 382, Keck 380, Snyder 330.

Mr. Henry Anderson and Mr. E. Arnold, both amateurs, shooting their Lefever ejector guns won 1st, and 2nd, averages over both professionals and amateurs, at Blackwell, Okla., October 26th and 27th. Mr. Anderson won first, high average, and Mr. Arnold won 2nd. Send for a 1905 Lefever catalogue that contains photographic reproductions of each grade of their famous guns. One of these catalogues for the asking.

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Fig 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

Fig. 1 shows the simple manner in which the lock is detached or replaced. Fig. 2 shows the bottom cover plate with spring catch at end to secure it in position. Fig. 3 shows the detachable lock, containing hammer, mainspring spring, sear, sear spring and cocking lever.

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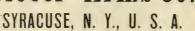
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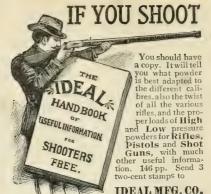


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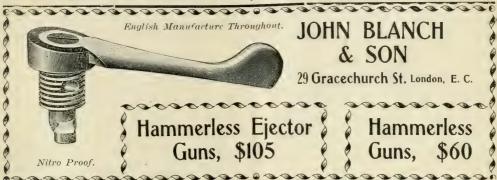
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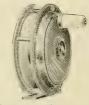
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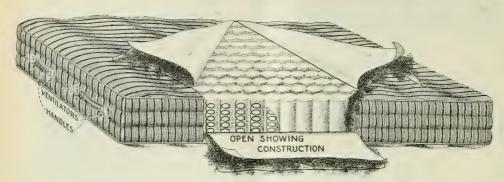
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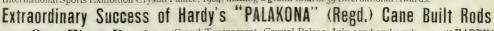
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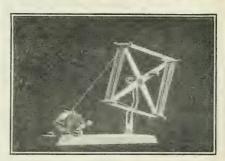


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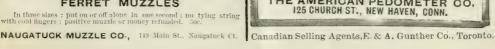
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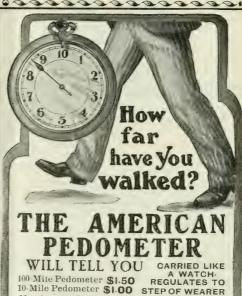
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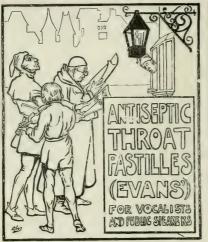
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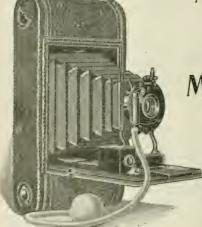
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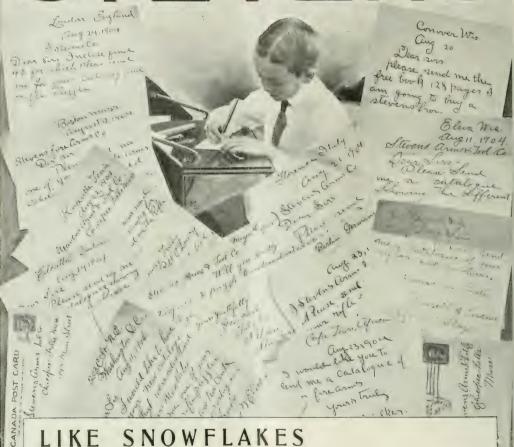
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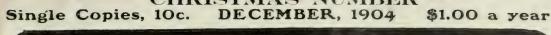
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VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1904

No. 7

The French River Trip.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG

I have been for many years a reader of the "Relations of the Jesuits," and of Samuel de Champlain's story of his canoe trips in Canada in 1612, 1615, and later I have travelled over the ground covered by two of these trips, following his itinerary closely. At the end of each trip I have felt as though I knew Sam, and that he was just such another as I am, only more so and better. For instance Sam had two guides to every bark canoe. There were four musketeers with him, and each had his canoe. Champlain says that on the portages he carried three guns, three paddles, and tagatelles. I see that in 1615 the Indian carried his canoe just as he does to-day. There were three paddles to each cance. paddles were tied lengthwise along the thwarts in order that the canoe might rest casily upon the carrier's shoulders, and the third paddle was carried with the rest of the impedimenta. The musketcers with Champlain would take the heavy baggage as they were privates, and he, as the officer of the party, shouldered the bagatelles.

But his point of view and mine differ in the matter of his appreciation of the French River. He travelled from the Ottawa River via the Mattawan River and a little creek near North Bay, which was for 150 years the connection between the waters of the River Ottawa, Lake Nipissing, the French River, and the great routes to the West. He admits that they had plenty of fish and plenty of game. But he dismissed the French River and its attractions in a few lines, saying that he had not found ten acres of good land along its entire course, and compared, with great advantage to the latter, the fertile hardwood country of Ontario to the south east, where the Indians grew pumpkins, corn and beans, and where they harvested great crops of wild grapes. Had Champlain left his canoe and walked inland, he would have found more than he saw on the French River. But the thrifty French colonizer did not leave his canoe on the river bank, and could see nothing in the pine covered rocks, or in the exquisitely colored bluffs. and islands with their multitudinous tints so full of harmony, delicacy and beauty, and consequently so impossible of adequate reproduction by the photographer.

That is where I differ, as a sportsman and a lover of the beautiful, with Champlain. These rich farm lands of Ontario make only good prosaic farms. There is now little or no suspicion of game or good fishing about them. Their population is respectable to the point of dullness. To the lover of nature the cultivated Ontario country is only a second rate attraction, although nature has not yet been marred there to the same degree as in other places which once were beautiful.

On Oct. 17th, 1904, I had another opportunity of visiting the French River, and that opportunity I eagerly embraced. I

was commissioned by a number of friends to find the ideal fishing ground, with rel deer and moose, and partridge and duck as a corollary. I thought I knew where to find it. Upon the date mentioned I left the Soo train as it is called (the express that runs from Boston to Minneapolis, 'via Montreal, over the Canadian Pacific Railway, through Northern Ontario) at Wanapitei, about eleven in the morning, and went to the Queen's Hotel, kept by Sky Jack McDonald-a name given to him because he is a dealer in spirituous things. Three of our party and two guides had a dollar's worth of dinner each for which we paid twenty-five cents. This promised well for a start. We had good soup, a partridge apiece, three or four kinds of vegetables, delicious celery, and cranberry pie. Everything was clean and the dinner was well-cooked, and we wondered as we ate, but we ate it all nevertheless. Strange to say we bought some good cigars in the same hostelry.

We had two cedar canvas covered canoes 17 feet in length, 32 inches beam, and 12 inches deep. This style of craft was new to our guides, and when they saw 1,000 pounds or more of baggage, including a heavy photographic outfit, three well-fed men, and two guides for two canoes, they shook their heads and doubted. But when everything was packed in the two canoes, and the passengers seated on high cane seats their height out of the water satisfied them. When they had paddled a few miles and had that amount of experience, they were loud in their praises of the eraft. Both guides declared that they had never paddled any canoes so steady, so fast, and vet so light.

A two miles' paddle brought us to the first portage of the Wanapitei, a short carry of 150 yards. But as a dam was being built just below the first portage, we had a second portage a quarter of a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile further on. Here little tugs and rowing craft were loading material for the construction of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway through this territory. We found that we could race any of these craft by means of short cuts at the bends, and for a short distance. The raft punt is an exaggerated dory, and an equally good sea

boat. We passed a hospital made of tents, for the victims of dynamite, which is fairly patronized.

A couple of miles below this we had a very nice camp in a silver birch bush. The silver birch is the next best thing to dry pine for an all night fire. It forms good material for tent poles, and for crotches both for tent and fire, and with a little dry wood to start it makes a magnificent bed of red coals, that both for cooking and heating purposes proves it to be an invaluable wood. We made a moonlight exposure of our camp, which apart from the pleasantly suggestive details, shows how far the moon travelled during the exposure, the short broad line in the sky being the moon.

Our head guide, Joe Racicot, turned out to be a treasure. He knows the Wanapitei River from its source to its mouth, and is a good guide to the Togomassing Kokogaming and Lake Wanapitei country, north of where we were and west of Timagami, where there is moose and trout in abundance.

I will be as minute as possible as to dates and portages, because I know this is a trip which will be largely patronized by others and my recital may prove useful.

On Oct. 18th we left White Fish Camp, and our white birch fire at 7:30 in the morning, first putting out the fire.

During the day I met an Indian who told me that wolves were rather abundant. The Government, however, is taking steps to exterminate these pests, and I think from the arrangements made that they will be successful.

A paddle of two miles brought us to the mouth of Elbow Creek, which has become a very respectable wide river, through the construction of a dam just below where it runs into the Wanapitei River. Just here the embankment of the Canadian Pacific Railway is built to the edge of the river. We turned to the east and went up Elbow Lake. Late as it was we had no difficulty in eatching enough bass and wall eyed pike or dore for our wants, and we could see that this lake is a good fishing ground. The railroad passes close to Elbow Lake, and is being blasted out of solid rock. None of the rock is wasted, but is put into

trucks and drawn to the hollows, where it is used to make a very solid roadled.

Four or five miles from the mouth we were to have found a team to take us across an eight mile portage to Lovell's Lake, and other lakes on the route. But when we reached Foley's Supply Camp, there was no team to be had. The roads were execrable, and to face an eight miles portage with two canoes, 1,000 pounds of baggage, and two guides was not at all an enjoyable prospect.

The trip round by the Wanapitei River, our guide told us, was not at all a difficult one to make, and by that means could get over to the French River. We were very easily convinced. We came back to the mouth of Elbow, and continued on down the Wanapitei in our canoes. It was an easy portage to Red Pine Camp, and from thence a two miles' paddle brought us to another camp, where our head guide's friend, Jim, a prince of good fellows, whom we found loaded for bear, would insist upon our accepting the camp's hospitality for the night. But a stable full of fever-stricken horses, quite close to the camp, and one huge dead horse, whose odor was spread over the scene for half a mile, decided us upon refusing this very sincere offer. We found two magnificent heads of moose rotting here. The men who had killed the animals wanted to sell the heads to us, and they told us that any number of such trophies could be had in the neighborhood. Evidently it is a good moose country in need of Government supervision.

We paddled for another mile or two and camped on a delightful spot, a little point formed by Paddy Meyer's Creek, running into the Wanapitei at this point. We were told that the dead moose came from up this creek, and that there were many of them.

At the sources of this creek there are a series of lakes—Horse Shoe Lake, Burnt Lake, and Miller's Lake, where there is good hunting and excellent fishing. The waters of some of these lakes run into White Oak Creek, and from White Oak Creek into the Wanapitei. We paddled up White Oak Creek for a mile or two, and found it a very beautiful river, with state-

ly oaks on both sides. There are good flats of land here for settlement.

Today, Oct. 19th, we paddled 16 or 18 miles to a very pretty camp. The water of the Wanapitei is deliciously cool, pure and sweet. It is slightly amber in color, although very clear.

Our outfit we found from experience to be as nearly perfect as it could well have been. I had prepared for myself some oil bags for carrying packs, made of seamless cotton bags, about three and a half feet long and two wide. To these I had firmly attached with copper rivets well fitted shoulder straps, with strips of hickory running up and down the bag. When full the top of the bag projects above your head behind, and forms an admirable holder for another pack thrown across it, which you can carry on the shoulders and neck. In this way the weight of the second pack is on your neck and shoulders, and does not seem to add much to the weight on the strap. These bags, oiled with common linseed oil, are absolutely waterproof as we were glad to find out later on. I carried a very warm sleeping bag, and three pairs of blankets in one pack, and about forty pounds of miscellaneous stuff in another, laid horizontally across the neck, and held by the perpendicular bag, which was strapped to the shoulders. This is an inexpensive, very light, strong, useful carrying bag. I had with me two bags that I think cost me ten dollars apiece in New Yorkone was an Adirondack camp basket, and the other a brown canvas, each covered with, and held together by many straps. These did not prove waterproof in all situations. We all agreed that for work in the woods the new invention was infinitely superior, and these seamless bags have a carrying capacity at least forty per cent. greater than the ten dollar bags, and are only half the weight.

We regretted very much that we could not get a good photograph of our camp at the outlet of Paddy Meyer's Creek. It was a really beautiful spot, and our camp was an ideal home of a night. This was so, first in the "Goat-kick-why-not," as the Indians call the poles and crotches that held all our five pans for cooking; second, in the beautiful fire, situated between the two tents, our own and the guides', which

threw the heat into the innermost corner of each tent, and made a tout essemble that was about correct. We camped too late that night, and in the morning there was too much mist to allow us to make a good picture.

20th, a two miles' raddle On Oct. brought us to Ragged Chute, where there is a very massive and solid-looking old bridge over the Falls. This will prove a death trap to some one, if allowed to remain as it is, for while it looks de eivingly strong, it is really falling to pieces through decay. It is a good place to portage around. Two miles farther on we reached Bear Chute with an easy carry, and some small rapids that are easily run, landed us at McCarty's or the Devil's Own Here there are some rocky Portage. rapids that are not advisable to run at low water. There is a half mile portage around these rapids, which if another man says is a mile portage I will contradict him very softly. It would be called a mile by any one but an optimist.

At this point we found a nickel mine man, who appeared rather discouraged over his venture. But he was surrounded by so many rich nickel mines, which are being worked at a profit, that he said he felt like going on a little more.

We reached the foot of all the Devil's Own Rapids at 11:25, in the morning, and found a splendid place, with plenty of dry wood, for dinner. Leaving at 12:40, we paddled ten or twelve miles to the Crooked Chute, where we stopped a little while, and made a couple of photographs, which for a late autumn day are not bad, and give one an idea of the attractiveness of this water.

On the Wanapitei there is a good deal of burnt timber, but it is being covered with a second growth of green timber which is not unattractive, and will be very beautiful in the near future.

At 3:30 we found an axe on a portage, and we lost it on the next. Our pleasure and our pain was, therefore, about balanced, and the profit and loss entry unnecessary.

Some very pretty portages followed, and our next camp was at Island Chute, or one mile above it. This proved to be an excellent camping ground, though wood was a little bit scarce. We did not suffer, but found quite enough fuel to leep us warm without burning tent poles or crotchets.

Joe Racicot informed us at this point that he liked our "bakings" very much. We found out afterwards that it was our smoked and green bacon which pleased his gastronomic tastes. Joe is fifty-four years old, and one morning he discovered three or four grey hairs on his head. He announced his discovery, and added, "I dunno wot giv me dose." I told him I knew a few other men of his age who had the same symptoms and were not alarmed.

The portage around Island Chute was a pretty place with a little swift water and a strong eddy, which made a portage round the rapids advisable. A light cance might have run it, but it would not have been safe with heavily laden cances.

There is a magnificent demonstration here of the grinding work of the glaciers. I never saw this action of the glacier more thoroughly demonstrated. For miles one side of the river is rough and broken, the other is smooth and polished.

The eddy would be a little difficult here at high water, but it was all right when we went through. We had good weather up to this point. The moon was so dry that the hunter's horn was not given any chance to hold on for even a second.

At Sturgeon Falls, after a short portage with a steep climb, we left the Wanapitei where it falls into the French River system. There is good fishing here. We dined off bass of as gamey and firm a kind as I have ever eaten.

After making an unsuccessful attempt to go along our way by the northern branch of the French River, and having been stopped by miles of logs, we came back to the more southern (hannel.

As we were going leisurely along, admiring our surroundings, we saw a boat ahead of us. This was manned by two Indians—an old man in the stern, who was paddling vigorously, and a young, stout fellow, in the bow, who was rowing. Our guides had been telling us about the number of moose that are killed simply for the hides, and I felt pretty certain that these Indians had been breaking the law. The stern chase proved, as usual, a long one. But



A SHELTERED BAY. Bluff Lake, French river district.



A QUIET REACH.
On the fair Wanapitae.

we were pretty well seasoned paddlers by this time, and we finally overhauled them. We asked them to stop and said that we wished to speak to them. But the answer came, in broken English, that they were too busy, that they were in a hurry to reach home, and could not stop. Nothing remained but to draw alongside when we found, as we expected, about 1,000 pounds of moose meat in the boat. We followed them to their home, where we found more moose meat in plenty, and about four or five heads, which were spoiling. One was the head of a cow moose, which a squaw, in absolute ignorance of the law, was mounting in her rough way. We explained to these Indians the illegality of the whole proceeding, and also the wastefulness of it, We tried to show them how much it was to their interests to obey the laws in order that moose might continue to abound. Then good Indian hunters would find plenty of employment as guides at \$3.00 per day, and, in addition, the gentlemen so employing them would give them the greater part of the meat so long as they brought home the trophy. Then the Indians unbent, and the eldest said: "Nishishin chemaun saganbeing interpreted ish," which means, "Mighty good canoe of the Englishman"a compliment to our overhauling powers. We were told that moose and deer abounded, and that these Indians could kill as many as they wanted. They had one very fine set of antlers. The elder Indian told us that he had shot the animal through the nose, and then through the heart. When we arrived we found that one of the squaws had cut off the nose, and a good deal of the skin of the head, thus spoiling it altogether.

We made some good photographs of this Indian camp, and of the moose heads and meat hanging up smoking. The types are very good types of the Ojibway Indians. These Indians are exceedingly fond of their children, and the one spoilt child can be seen in the picture, with his absurd little shop coat and pale face. His clothes are too good to allow him to run about. The other little chaps who were allowed to roll around in the dirt and have a good time, were a remarkably healthy looking lot.

Islands innumerable we saw in the French

River and Georgian Bay at this point, many very suitable for building upon. One can get a ridge twenty or thirty feet in height alongside of a gravelly beach, with a little good land about it, and a natural and easy slope up to the building spot. There is plenty of shelter for boats and canoes, and there is often enough ground for a small garden, where vegetables could be sown in sufficient quantities to supply the family in the summer months and during vacation time.

That evening we camped on a pretty island close to the Indian camp, and found it a very convenient place. It will prove a desirable residential spot at some future time.

All this water, ever since we left Saturgeon Chute, proved good fishing ground for bass, maskinonge, and dore. We hooked one fish which we thought might have been lake trout, because while he was not as game as maskinonge, he appeared to be as firm, and may have been a maskinonge. He was about four feet in length and was holding our enormous spoon bait in his mouth but was not hooked.

We had a delightful paddle from this island home, with a strong wind on our back, and went past many islands and suitable points on the way to the mouth of the Pickerel, which is another of the mouths of the French.' But we found it blocked with logs. It was really the main mouth of the French that we found, and the Pickerel River here falls into the same water only a few yards away to the south. missed it by looking for it further north. We then determined to paddle down to French River village (or Coponaning, as the Indians call it) for information and not to lose too much time. Here we found a tug and a scow loading to go up the French River to where the Canadian Pacific Railway crossés both branches of the We came and made fart along-French. side the tug, determined to start with her in the morning, so as to get the benefit of the information the pilot could give. This proved to be a wise move. By the information obtained from him we were enabled to lay out a route that demonstrated fully to us an almost illimitable region for fishing and shooting-a region which it would take many years (even if the old careless way obtained of allowing fishing and shooting to be destroyed wholesale) to exhaust. But with the modern regard for the law, ernments and local municipalities are now which is growing, and the interest the govtaking in this matter, the entire country on the shores of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, from Parry Sound to Little Current and beyond, and up the many branches and extensions of the French River and Lake Nipissing, will furnish summer homes for thousands of people, who are looking for just such places, with good fishing and There will shooting for all time to come. be excellent railway accommodation by express trains into the very heart of this country in another year.

We spent all day of Oct. 22nd in exploring these many channels of wondrous beauty, and lakes with matchless gettings, catching all the fish we needed, although we travelled fast, picking cranberries, and supplementing our supplies with all the birds and game we required, and which it was legal to shoot.

Maps of the territory through which we passed were made by us, and previously able to supply copies of the same to any able to supply copies of the same to any inquiring sportsman or canoeist next season.

It was on Oct. 23rd that we took the tug Imperial, Captain Ganley, and went with him about one-third of the way up the French to Cantlin Island, where there is an Indian reserve, on the west side of the island. We passed many most desirable locations, including Bear Bluff, Twin Islands, and also ascertained from the Captain the names of a considerable number of the other islands. Some of the traditions attached to the various islands and points were also related to us. We made an inward decision to return to this country in the winter, when everything will be frozen over, in order to survey some of these islands, and obtain them from the Government, for bona fide summer residents, and to do what we could to prevent speculation in the islands.

This country is about 150 miles from Toronto. The Canadian Pacific Railway is building a first class road, at great cost, which will touch at points along Lakes Simcoe and Muskoka, Parry Sound, Byng

Inlet, and twice cross the French River on its way to Sudbury. The man from Buffalo will be able to leave his home after dinner, and catch his own fish for breakfast next morning on the French River. In May and June they have high water in the French, but at the end of June the water falls, and when the leaves are hard—that is full grown—mosquitoes are done. It is not a bad country for mosquitoes at any time.

The neighborhood of Squaw Rock, where there are plenty of islands, furnishes excellent fishing. There is room here for an almost indefinite number of summer homes. This is the bass fishing centre of America, both for the quality of the fish, and the great area of the fishing water. No doubt speckled trout lakes will be found on the higher levels of the French River by following up many of the little streams that run into that river. Everywhere the water is clear and good to drink.

On Monday, Oct. 24th, we came down the river 18 miles, past many beautiful islands, and turned to the east into the main French River as far as the crossing of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The surroundings are very grand, and as impressive as the Saguenay. The French is quite as good in every respect, and more "canoeable," if I may be allowed to coin a word, and finely sheltered from the wind. We were never weather bound, although it was late in the season, and there was much wind. We dined on the future town site at the crossing of the French River.

At this place we came across a very interesting party of Swedes, who were at work on the railway. These men proved, upon acquaintance, to be intelligent and well educated. They were apparently thoroughly reliable, for although the boss was away they were putting in their time as faithfully as though the eye of the foreman was upon them. We photographed the party and a long log house they were building, and in which they were putting some characteristic Swedish ideas, which were not only serviceable, but were also extremely picturesque and suitable to the conditions under which they were living and working. As there was no sawmill in the neighborhood they had no sawn lumber. Our respect and consideration for the Swedes as a people was increased by this interview.

We invested fifteen cents with them in the purchase of a big dish of potatces, and this investment, we all agreed, was the best we made on the entire trip. With our bacon and some big bass taken in the French River that morning, we dined luxuriously.

Inquiries had been diligently pursued as to whether there were serious difficulties in the way of our canoeing down the northern branch of the French River, and we heard alarming stories about the Recollet Falls, just a short distance below where the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the river. But many years of canoeing and travelling have taught me to largely discount alarming reports. I usually get information from as many people as I possibly can and strike an average. The cook at the Swedes' camp told us that it was all right and would shorten our journey very much indeed.

What we wanted to do was to take the northernmost branch of the French River and get back to French River village. We had followed the Pickerel River going up, and we knew that the main French was blocked at the mouth with logs. But this northern branch we knew very little about. When we came to the Recollet Falls we found that, at least at that stage of the water, there was no difficulty whatever in portaging round the worst, and "running" the other half. We did this with much pleasure and success, and then looked for a branch running to the northwest, which would take us out on the most northerly branch as marked on the map. The Recollet Falls, or as they are sometimes called, the Grand Recollet Falls, have a drop of seven feet, and cannot, of course, le run by a canoe. Below them is another danger in the shape of a considerable eddy, which might possibly swallow a canoe at very high water. We shot down this eddy from the foot of the fall in comfort and safety, and with much enjoyment, and we also found the fish here in perhaps a little-more abundance than elsewhere.

Having passed three islands in the river, we entered a little stream called Contants River, running from the north, and here the only mishap of the whole trip happened to us. We ran the canoe on a dark green, mossy rock, which was quite invisible to

us, and standing up to push it off the rock, the moss gave way, and the canoe tobogganed sideways, upsetting the bow man. He was quick to catch the rim of the canoe, and only got wet a little above the knees. But in throwing himself from the canoe to the shore, he filled the canoe with water, and our packs went floating down the stream. It was then that we realized the inestimable advantage of having things packed in watertight bags. Nothing inside those packs got wet. But the patent bags and the Adirondack basket and other expensive portions of the outfit were not waterproof at all, the water pouring in at the coverings. We found a sheltered rock and speedily made a fire, by means of which we dried everything that was wet, and stayed here in comparative comfort while one of the wildest storms of the season passed over our heads. Later on we read in the newspapers of the havoc baused by that storm and found it hard to realize that the same storm passed over us in the open. Contants Creek was found to be a great place for moose.

Next morning all dry, well rested, and well fed, we paddled down stream continued westward to Contants Creek. Two miles further on we came to the forks and to the northwesterly channel, which we should have taken. This is a leautiful channel in which there are lovely islands. Continuing up this channel we came to a short half mile portage, at the end of which is a lumber camp, which had been deserted. On the Ontario Government map this is marked as a through channel, but the Dominion Government Geological Survey map gives it correctly; and this map is by all means, and in every respect the best map to take.

When we reached Bluff Lake, through another very pretty bay, we found a heavy sea running. There are many islands in this lake, and we were able to go from island to island, taking all the shelter we could get, with our loaded canoes without taking any water. We camped on one of the islands, at the foot of a perpendicular rock against which we built our fire. Such a good fire did we make that it threw out heat for twenty feet, and made us as comfortable as though we were in a steam heated house. There are about one hundred



IN CAMP. By the shores of the Wanapitae.



A FLOATING SIDEWALK. Boom at French River village.



CLEAR PADDLING, Scene on the Wanapitae.

islands in Bluff Lake, and it is a very desirable camping place and summer resort region.

French River village was reached about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we felt then in much better trim than when we started. There is a tug and scow service for the railway builders from the falls a mile above French River village. canoes raced together for the last mile or so as we came in, and we enlivened the labourers on tugs and barges with all the canoe songs that we knew. At French River village we found a comfortable hotel, giving a good service at one dollar per day. The village is one of the quaintest that we have visited for some years. There are no roads, but narrow rocky ridges form the sidewalks in part, and in part they are made of rough, hewn logs stretched and floating across the bays. These bridges reminded me of that famous one from the mainland of Ireland to an island remarkable for its reputation of being able to feed twelve sheep but starving thirteen. point of resemblance is that tenderfeet dislike this kind of sidewalk very much indeed. The logs are squared but half of them are on the slant in the water. Altogether one would prefer asnphalt or paving stone, particularly when, as we found it, some snow and ice make the foothold most precarious. But we started boldly to make the crossing, and we succeeded in doing so in safety.

The steamer service is somewhat uncertain at French River village. We waited one day for a steamer, and had just made up our minds to a detention of a day or two further, when we heard the whistle of the Manitou, and had just time to get ourselves and our belongings on board when it started across Georgian Bay, direct to Owen Sound, where it connected—very closely, indeed, but still we connected—with the train for Toronto, and thus brought to an end a delightful trip late as was the season.

The results of the trip are many and substantial. We found splendid fishing grounds, and beautiful locations for summer camps. In addition to Lake Nipissing, and the many extensions of that lake, and the myriad branches and bays of the French River (which is really not a river but a

lake, with very large islands in it and many smaller ones) there is that vast stretch of island dotted Georgian Bay, from Byng Inlet to Desbarats, near Sault Ste. Marie-200 miles of coastline or more, and 15,000 islands. Amid these islands there is excellent bass fishing, and along the inland passages which can be taken by canoes from Byng Inlet to French River Village, and further, there is very good bass fishing. Again all through the great archipelago between Killarney village and Algoma Mills there is much better than good bass fishing. Too strong superlatives cannot be used about this fishing. Hitherto this country has been a little difficult of access, but it can now be reached by Canadian Pacific Railway to Algoma Mills for the people of Chicago and the middle west via the Soo; and it will very soon be accessable via Byng Inlet by express trains of the same railway on the air line now building from Toronto, Buffalo, New York,

country affords many unequalled The chances for canoe trips. For instance from Sudbury southwest to the centre of the archipelago about Little Current and McGregor's Bay; down the Wanapitei from Wanapitei Station to the French River; from Warren station up the Veuve-River to Nepewasing Lake, over ten miles long, dotted with islands; from Cache Bay, Sturgeon Falls, or North Bay, across Lake Nipissing, down the French River; and then in all directions from Lake Nipissing and the French River are bays and rivers. I have not yet found a lake in that country that is not well supplied with fish. The streams where they are very swift, are sometimes denuded of plant life and fish by the action of the ice in the spring, but wherever there is still water in the same stream or in eddies fish are to be found in great The average size of the bass, abundance. dore, and maskinonge in the French tiver is greater than anywhere else I have fished.

Great as are the attractions to sportsmen in search of moose, deer, partridges, etc.; surpassingly good as is the fishing everywhere; it is as an ideal a country for permanent summer homes that the district is most attractive. A legal friend who accompanied me, proved to be an excellent

camper and canoeist. He had come with the intention of staying three weeks, if necessary in order to find a suitable place for himself and his friends to erect a permanent summer camp. He wished to find a place large enough to establish a hundred cottage locations in the midst of sylvan wildness and beauty, and in a country which could also give good fishing and shooting. At the end of the week my friend claimed that he had seen enough. Instead of a place which would accommodate one hundred such families as he was commissioned to arrange for, he had found room for thousands, and was abundantly satisfied. But I urged him to stay a day or two longer and see other portions of the territory which I wished that both he and I should see. At the end of that time we had explored about one-half or a little less, of the territory, paddling at the rate of nearly thirty miles a day along channels and bays that so abound here, and he was satisfied to have the remainder pointed out to him on the map.

In the spring the water of the French River fluctuates with the extent of the thaws, and the needs of the lumbermen to open and close the dams. But when the spring rush is over, the water remains at a steady level, and the country being free from large swamps, is also fairly free from mosquitoes. While the islands in the French River are very suitable for summer homes, the vastness of the area—affording perhaps 600 miles of coastline on mainland and islands—prevent any possibility of crowding for a very long time to come.

A very encouraging feature in connection with the fishing and shooting in this virgin country is that it is to be opened up, and will receive the first summer residents at a time when the Provincial Government and the public have been educated up to the point of realizing the importance and necessity of protecting the fish and game. Such summer settlements as were started ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years ago had not the benefit of this wholesome change in public opinion, and the fishing and shooting of the neighborhood were destroyed by people who never thought of the mischief they were doing, and of the permanent harm they were wreaking on the district concerned. But in the case of the French River the fishing and shooting, and the wildness-irresistible charms to the iaded town-dweller-will remain, because the Government, the railway companies, and above all the general public, will join in preserving these valuable assets for all The banks of the river, the istime. lands, and the shores of the lake are generally unfitted for cultivation. The agriculturist will come but he will be a mile or two back from the river where his farm will afford supplies necessary for the comforts and conveniences of the summer residents, and at moderate prices.

The Ontario Government has just established a Department of Forestry and Parks which will take special care of such territory in the interests of the people; and those who buy land from the Government may rely upon faithful and intelligent protection of their interests. This system will be found to work better than that where the land was leased at so much per square mile and had to be protected by the owners or lessees.

The enthusiasm of the comparative few who have visited the French River during the past season is so great that I have no doubt the number of visitors will be greatly increased next year. But there need be no fear of the possibility of this discommoding anyone. The area is so vast as to preclude the very idea of such a possibility.

I shall be very glad to give "pointers," gained in the course of my long experience as to outfit and equipment of the most useful and complete and least inexpensive kind; also notes of localities, and the best means of getting there with the least loss of time. Had we had the maps of the Geological Survey on starting we might have saved much time which was lost through following the inexact or rather incomplete Ontario Government maps.

For the next season there are three possible roads to get in, probably the best being via Sturgeon Falls, and steamer to the sources of the Sturgeon River, and thence by canoe, from Wanapitei, down the Wanapitei River, which is a very pleasant route; or by steamer to French River village from Owen Sound or Sault Ste. Marie, from which point several steamers run to French River village, and from

French River village there are tugs and scows run by the Ganley Bros., who are very fine and obliging fellows. We were very comfortably quartered on board one of their tugs.

The Pickerel River in its lower part is really one of the branches of the French. It is a beautiful river with very many sites for camps, and like the French River,

is really not a river but a lake in which the greatest part of the water is covered with islands.

On this trip we were too late for blueberries, but we found many cranberries, and they formed a very pleasant and welcome addition to our bill of fare.

We lived well, worked well, and were even like Kipling's Waterman, "busting" happy all through.

The Old and The New.

By C. C. FARR

Continued from the October Issue.

When we left off in my last letter we were at Kipawa station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, a place almost unknown, except to Indians, until the arrival of the steel. I knew that bay well because it was there that a man lived, when I was in the fur trade, who brought me for sale a muskrat skin, to which had been sewn a mink tail. At that time a mink was worth from \$4.00 to \$6.00 and they were worth looking after. I looked at the thing and laughed.

Said he, "What is the matter?"

"Well," I said, "this is a muskrat sewn to a mink tail."

"It cannot be," he said, "for I bought it from an Indian, and you, being a Hudson's Bay Co. man, ought to know that Indians are so honest naturally, that they never cheat."

This was a poser, seeing how industriously the white man has cheated the Indian, from time immemorial, and consequently, all the explanation that I could give was, that probably the Indian had learnt how to cheat from the white man, for, in support of my contention, this very man had bought valuable skins from them for the price of a few glasses of diluted high wines.

This branch of the Kipawa is practically a bay, different from the main lake, being connected with it by a narrow "Narrows," and hence its Indian name which is "Pa-

kaygomah,'' meaning a different lake, "Pakahn" signifying "different."

This branch of the Kipawa (to return to recent history) has played an important part in the history of the lake, that is the more recent history for, it was through here, from the O'baushene ('the lake with the narrows') that the great drive, in the winter, used to pass, in the halcyon days of the Kipawa, when hay was worth, in the barn, eighty dollars a ton, and sold retail at over a hundred dollars a ton. When a man with twenty acres of hav land need only to watch his hay grow, and have about two thousand dollars to spend at the end of the season, in whatever manner suited him best-and it suited the majority to spend it in whiskey, which gave an awful lot of food for the fishes, for the majority of land-holders, in this particular part of the lake, were drowned.

Every point of this Pakayoma is fraught with history, history of the wild life of the backwoods, ranging between the sixties and the seventies. In days gone by there was good trout fishing in this bay, and Kipawa trout were reckoned amongst the very best, even as Kipawa pike are today, but I have heard that the daming of the waters has killed the trout, or what is more likely, has made them change their spawning grounds, and, in that case, there will be yet, good fishing of the kind on Kipawa.

Early in the morning the fiend, in the shape of Mr. Kelly, who is the best man that I know to entrust oneself with in winter, roused me out of bed while I was dreaming of the Windsor, the St. Lawrence, of Montreal, and the King Edward, of Toronto, but he bade me take it easy as there was plenty of time before breakfast. took it so easy that I nearly missed my breakfast, but was in time for the stage. It was not yet decently daylight, so that I could hardly recognize the old landmarks, though, on the left, I recognized a point where I was wind-bound for two days, on my wedding trip, and though a piece of wedding cake practically saved us from starvation, I have never had a quarrel with those two days, but that is recent history being only twenty-six years ago.

As the dull daylight of a winter's morning began to make things visible, I recognized many spots, that were historical. First was the "crossing" that had drowned so many of the old "habitues," good canoesmen, but made unsteady by the all-pervading "forty-rod."

I recognized the spot where a man had burnt himself up for jealousy, a simple soul, such as one would hardly have given credit to, for having a sentiment that has immortalized, through Shakespeare's genius, the dusky Moor; and yet there have been Othellos of the bush.

I remembered, with a smile, the account that I heard of the inquest, a very primitive one, without a coroner, but composed of a jury, whose instructions were to decide whether the remains of the poor suicide were his own, or those of a moose, for, in those days, moose were plentiful, and no well regulated house was without a quarter of this quadruped.

As we sped through the "narrows," the place grew more familiar still, for I had spent nine years of my life at Hunters Lodge, the old Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, and it was there that I should have branched off to the right, into the long, narrow bay, which led direct to the old, dismantled post, a spot I have not seen for over twenty years but about which many memories cling.

When I was first there Indians held the sway, and a white man was a rarity. I

could not help thinking about dogs, for it was there that I gave the Indians a lesson on dog.

A poor, decrepit, toothless bull-dog had strayed from out the confines of civilization, and had adopted me. Poor thing, he was but a shadow of his former self. I took pity on him, and adopted him. A mongrel Indian cur, half dog and half wolf, tried issues with him, but the poor bull without teeth, could do nothing with a thing that he could have killed in a few minutes, if only he had the teeth. I remonstrated with the Indian who owned the cur, and told him that such fighting was unfair-as I have said before, those were days when the Indian reigned supreme on Kipawa -re simply jeered at me, and told me that the white man's dog was no good. I had no dog of parts to prove that he lied, so I was obliged to bide my time, but the time came, and with it vengeance, as the sequel will show. A friend of mine happened to come along that winter and he with him a magnificent mastiff. have an eye for a good dog, and when I saw his canine companion, I was an hungered, and I asked him if he would not leave the beast with me. Much to my delight he told me that he would be glad to give me the dog, because the beast wanted to kill everything in the dog line that he met, and that I would have to muzzle him if I wanted to keep him. I up my mind very quickly how muzzling I would do, and I took the dog for better or worse. In the spring my Indian friend, the owner of the cur that had bullied the poor old bull-dog, came ashore with his furs, as was then the custom for Indians to do, and with him his dog, bristling with importance and rage, fully expecting to chew up the poor old bull-dog, which had, in the meantime died of honorable old age. I did not mention dog to the young buck, for I wanted to get hold of his furs, before his dog was killed. Business before pleasure is an essentiality, especially when one is working for a company, so I persuaded my mastiff to stay in the office, while I negotiated the furs. that was done and After the man others of the band had to his camp, I took a casual stroll to the camps, with my dog. About twenty dogs

came yelping at us, a temporary inconvenience that was soon settled by "Captain John"-for thus he was called-who gave the curs a few shakes that sent them off howling. But the fun was yet to come, for my old friend the cur heard the howls, and came out with a bound, while his owner, with a smile on his face, thinking that I had the same old bull-dog, also came out to see the fun. If anybody ever saw a change come over an Indian's countenance, I did that day. Captain John grabbed the brute by the throat and wanted to kill him, right there and then. The Indian begged me to take him off, but I told him that he need not be afraid, for the white man's dog was no good, but he cried out the more, saying that his dog was a good dog for beaver, and if he were killed his hunt would be short. This was 'argumentum ad hominem' and I had to take a hand in it, which I did, but the other dog never recovered, and the Indian allowed that the white man's dog was good.

Strange to say, Captain John turned out to be a splendid hunting dog. He would kill skunks, and tree partridges better than the best spaniel, but above all he was death on lynx, and my wife was able to buy a splendid shawl out of the proceeds of the skins of the skunks that he killed, and of the lynx that he treed, and which I was thus enabled to shoot.

(To be Continued.)

The sudden and unexpected death of Dr. W. H. Muldrew, Dean of the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, Ontario, which occurred on the 7th of October after an illness of only a day or two, is a great loss to the Institute and to the cause of nature study generally in Canada. Dr. Muldrew had for many years given special attention to natural history and at the High School at Gravenhurst, where he was previously engaged, had established an arboretum including specimens of most of the Canadian trees and shrubs. He also published a work entitled "Sylvan Ontario," a most useful little handbook giving a description of the trees and shruhs of that province illustrated by drawings by the author. As in this book the leaves are taken as the first basis of classification it is of great assistance in supplementing those more ambitious works which cover a larger field and usually depend upon the floral characteristics for the identification of species, a feature which is not always present at the time when botanic research is possible for the ordinary student.

When through the munificence of Sir William Macdonald it was made possible to establish an Institute for nature study in connection with the Ontario Agricultural College, Dr. Muldrew was chosen to organize and superintend the school. The splen-

did building of the Institute was just completed and the staff organized. The classes were well filled and the work was developing with the best prospects of success. In a day, however, the busy brain that organized and the strong hand that wrought out were separated from their work forever, and the great silence fell. Why a young man, strong and vigorous, with a career of usefulness and honor opening before him, should thus be taken away is one of the mysteries of life for which the present gives no adequate solution.

Dr. Muldrew was a member of the Canadian Forestry Association and took an active interest in its success. At the annual meeting held in Ottawa in 1901 he submitted a paper on "Forest Botany in Schools," which is an important contribution to the discussion of this phase of the education problem. This paper showed a large grasp of the subject and will be found to contain much useful and suggestive material.

The deepest sympathy of the members of the Association will go out to the family who have suffered this great loss, and especially from those who have had opportunity of associating personally with Dr. Muldrew and of experiencing his kindly and cheerful help.

Bear Shooting in Alaska.

By C. G. COWAN.

Far away from the beaten tracks of civilization amongst the frozen heights of Alaska, and at the end of a beautiful bay, an Indian Kolka and myself were encamped. On either side of the bay large mud flats, covered with a tender growth of young grass, extended back to the forest, which clothed the country until near the summit of the mountains. In the spring these flats are the main feeding grounds of the bears, and as night approaches the animals emerge from the cover of the woods, and feed without fear in the open. One fine evening, after the sun had dropped behind the icy peaks, Kolka and I could see at a distance feeding on the flat an enormous beast, different from anything I had ever seen before, in size it was like a full grown moose, in walk, as if a bear. Taking our rifles we moved out over the flat on hands and knees, covered with last fall's withered grasses, until we arrived at a barren beach lying between us and the bear. Here, we could but wait and follow the movements of bruin, movements that were ever bringing him closer. Nearer and nearer he came swinging on unsuspiciously towards us, When at forty yards or so he suddenly stopped and dug from the beach a clam. I brought my glasses to bear upon him and could see his enormous size, his great canine teeth, the excessive length of his claws and his long, light brown, wavy hair fluttering in the breeze, even his little eyes could I see as they shone fiercely through the hair that covered them At this moment the 'wind changed passing over our heads and carrying with it the scent of danger, the scent of man, that scent no wild animal however formidable, can inhale without perturbation. It reached the nostrils of this mammoth beast, and threw him into a frenzy of mingled rage and fear, making him rise on his hind feet and upconsciously expose his most vital parts to my bullet, which, when it struck him, felled him to the ground with a roar that sent the wild fowl piping and screaming into the air, that made for the moment my heart bound and filled my native with superstitious terror. It echoed and re-echoed

over the bay until it was at length lost in the depths of the forest. Again and again I fired, and yet after each shot the bear rose intrepidly, struggling and moaning for its life. Painfully and and fighting sorely wounded it made a final and desperate attempt to reach the cover of the forest, but my Winchester ever at work prevented this, and as the fifth and last bullet struck him, he sank to the earth groaning piteously. Then the screaming gulls rising and falling overhead dropped quietly to the beach, and a stillness settled over the flat in great contrast to the uproar awhile ago. For a time we lay as motionless as the bear, then we rose from our concealment and approached him, and while the animal was yet warm, stripped him of his skin.

In the bay there were plenty of seal, eider ducks and other wild fowl. Herrings came with the incoming tides in great shoals, chased by the white whale to the shallow waters amongst the rocks, where it was an easy matter for us to scoop out, by means of a hand net, all we required. On this diet we lived for days, until one morning at dawn we left the salt water and wandered inland and up the side of a high mountain until we reached its summit where we could see below us the foaming waters of a great river, rushing madly between high and rocky banks, forming, as it were, two abrupt walls on either side, and flowing through a valley of the densest green timber, with an undergrowth rich in We descended the mountain to willows. near the river, and by its banks moved for a mile or more, when we came upon a well beaten trail—the trail of the moose. This we followed until evening, when we emerged from the forest into an open valley, dotted with clumps of conifers, in the centre of one of which we found a snug sleeping place, protected from every wind. The following day we were up and out from under our bush cover at dawn, and before the sun had reached the middle of the heavens we had killed a two-year-old moose, loaded the best part of its meat on our backs and returned to our camp on the

bay. We had now enough meat to do us for some time, and throughout the day kept the flat as still as it was possible, discharging no firearms, chopping no wood, and making no unnecessary noises. In this way we went on, ever keeping watch at night over the flat, amidst perfect silence. A silence that remained unbroken for, I believe, three nights when the reports of our rifles again rang out, disturbing all living

creatures. The animals of the forest ran, the birds flew, the wild fowl screeched as they rose, fluttering, from the beach, and the seal shot their heads under the water with a splash. But between us and the forest, the pale face of the silvery moon shone brightly on two motionless animals, two brown bears, a mother and her yearling cub. They had died hard and in dying added to my collection two beautiful skins.

The Tamarack.*

The Tamarack, Hackmatack or American Larch (Larix americana) is found commonly in the swamps and low lands of eastern Canada and its name is a familiar one. Tamarack gum made it known to the boys who did not learn about it in the more prosiac way of cutting it up for cordwood. This tree has one characteristic that marks it out from all other coniferous trees in Canada, that is, the leaves are deciduous. In the autumn they fade to a dull yellow. and gradually drop off, leaving the branches bare throughout the winter. In the springtime the light green foliage pushes its soft needles out in tufts of delicate verdure Scattered along the stem these fascicles of numerous short leaves, not more than an inch in length, give a soft and peculiar appearance to the foliage which is easily recognizable. In contrast are the fruiting cones, half to three-fourths of an inch in length, brilliantly purple or crimson, and turning upwards from the branches. Browning with age, the cones fairly open their scales and allow the seeds to scatter during the winter though they themselves usually persist for another year.

The tamarack is as a rule a slender tree but the wood is hard and close grained. It is durable and one of the most important uses of it has been as railway ties, for which it is well adapted both by its durability and the firmness with which it holds the spikes by which the rails are fastened. It is also employed in shipbuilding, particularly for knees of vessels.

Throughout the greater part of Canada the tamarack was destroyed in 1885 and subsequent years by the larch sawfly. It was first moticed in Canada in 1882 and in a few years had spread through all the northern forests, devouring the leaves of the tamarack and causing the death of the trees. This insect destroyer has, however, apparently been brought under control, probably by some parasite, and young trees are beginning to take the place of the old forests which were destroyed. The dead trees are being destroyed by borers and over a great part of the northern districts the railways must have recourse to the jackpine for a supply of ties.

The species of tamarack described is found in Eastern Canada to the Rocky Mountains. In British Columbia it is replaced by two other species. Larix occidentalis or Western Tamarack is most abundant in the Columbia-Kootenay Valley and occurs sparingly elsewhere. The distinguishing characteristics are the triangular leaves and large cones with the bracts projecting beyond the scales. It grows to a great size, sometimes five or six feet through, with a thick bark, separated into oblong sections. From the bark exudes a gummy secretion of sweetish taste, which is eaten by the Indians.

Larix lyallii, or Mountain Larch, is the other British Columbia species and, as stated by Macoun, forms the last belt of timber on all peaks of the Rocky Mountains above 7,000 feet from Cascade Mountain, Bow River Valley, westward on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The leaves are four-sided, and the bracts of the cones protrude beyond the scales as in L. occidentalis. The twigs are tomentose or covered with a woolly substance.

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

Birds of Prey of Alberta.

By HENRY GEORGE, M. R. C. S.

I have taken as my subject, "The Birds of Prey of Alberta." These are called raptores (or snatchers), because they seize hold of their prey or food by their feet, armed with powerful claws or talons, with which they tear to pieces the flesh on which they live. The raptores are divided into three classes; vultures, hawks, owls.

The vultures, unlike the birds in the other two groups, have not the courage to attack living prey, preferring carrion and animals in the throes of death unable to make a stand for their lives.

The hawks and owls, on the other hand, 'bravely attack prey larger than themselves, and are often ugly customers to tackle when wounded or unable to escape.

The chief characteristics of the raptores are their fierce, wild eyes, their strength, and power of flight, and their strong and hooked beaks and talons. Most of them are very handsome birds and inspire respect and admiration. One curious point about them is that the female bird, as a rule, is larger than the male. I am sorry to say that, as the country gets settled up, these useful birds seem to disappear and become scarce.

The vultures in Alberta are represented by one species only; the turkey vulture, or buzzard (Cathartes aura).

The hawks are divided into three groups: (1) The accipitrines, or kites, buzzards, hawks, goshawks, eagles, etc.; (2) the falcons, proper; (3) the pandioninae, or ospreys.

The accipitrines are represented in Alberta by the following birds: The marsh hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, the American goshawk, the red-tailed hawk, the western red-tailed hawk, the Swainson's hawk, the American rough-legged buzzard, the ferruginous rough-legged buzzard, the golden eagle, the bald eagle.

The falcons proper are represented in Alberta by the following birds: The peregrine the pigeon hawk, the Richardson's merlin.

In the third class of hawks we have the American osprey, or fish hawk.

The third group of raptores are the owls.

In this class are: The American long-eared owl, the American short-eared owl, the great grey owl, the Arctic American saw-whet owl (or Richardson's owl), the Rocky Mountain screech owl, the great horned owl, the western horned owl, the Arctic horned owl, the snowy owl, the American hawk owl, the burrowing owl, the pigmy owl.

This paper is specially prepared for the purpose of pointing out to the farmers and sportsmen those hawks and owls which should be destroyed, and those which should be entirely or partially protected.

I find that the number of rapacious birds that do nothing but harm, and which should be destroyed, are very few. In Alberta there are only five. They are: The American goshawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, the percegnine falcon, the American osprey, the American hawk owl.

There are two kinds which do nothing but good, and accordingly should be preserved. They are the American rough-legged buzzard and the ferruginous rough-legged buzzard.

Of the rest those that seem to do a lot of good in ridding the farmer of noxious vermin and insects are the marsh hawk, the red-tailed, Swanson's and sparrow hawks, the long-eared and short-eared owls, and Richardson's owl.

The remainder seem to do quite as much good as harm, viz.: The two eagles, the pigeon hawk, the great horned, the western horned, Arctic horned and snowy owls. The Turkey vulture is wholly beneficial.

To take up the five rapacious birds that positively do harm, both to the farmer's poultry and the sportsman's game, I may repeat that there are four hawks and one owl

I take it that all these birds are found chiefly, if not entirely, in the bushy and wooded parts of Alberta, and not on the prairie.

The first one, the American goshawk, is one of the few hawks that remain all winter with us. It is a handsome bird, the head being nearly all black, the feathers bluish on the back, wings and breast, and





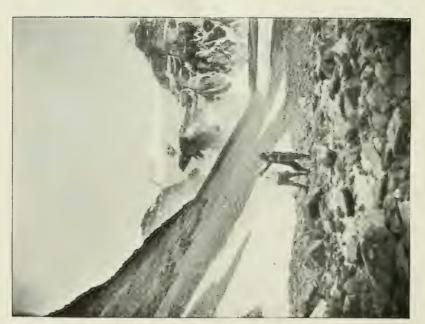
TROUBLE AHEAD.

Trying on the new packs.





AT LAST! Snow dome, the Summit of Mount Fay.



ENCELSIOR.
The ascent of Mount Fav.

the legs are grey with black specks and bars. It is often called the blue hawk, from its coloring. It is one of the boldest of the hawks, and will often pick and take away game shot by sportsmen before they have a chance to retrieve it. When raiding the poultry yard it is often driven away from its prey with difficulty by the indignant farmer's wife. It is death to prairie chickens and ruffled grouse, and it is the only bird that ever attacked me when taking its eggs. The male and female adults are similarly coloured, but the young birds are brown.

The American goshawk nests in poplar woods, generally in the deeper parts and away from habitations. The nest is bulky and untidy, and only lined with bark, etc. The eggs are light blue, often fading to dirty white, frequently nest stained, but not spotted.

The sharp-shinned hawk has only come under my personal observation during the last two summers. Until then I was sceptical as to its presence in these parts. This is a small hawk, but just as bold and bloodthirsty and savage as its larger brethren. It is about ten inches long, bluish grey above, tail crossed by several black bars, the legs and feet yellow. Its chief prey are the young poultry, young grouse, and any birds of smaller size, useful or not. I see that Dr. Fisher says that it has only one redeeming feature, that of killing great numbers of pestilent English sparrows. It would be worth preserving for that alone. It is a handsome bird and very pugnacious for its size, often attacking birds much larger. If it once starts on a poultry yard it will return, again and again, until all the young chickens are taken, or itself fallen a victim to the farmer's gun. Their eggs are pretty, being bluish white splashed with different shades of brown.

The peregrine, or duck hawk, is to my mind, one of the handsomest of hawks. It is marked something like a goshawk, only black instead of blue, the breast feathers being white, barred with numerous black lines from throat to vent. It is rare here, and I have only seen one set of eggs which were taken by John Sharples, on Sheep Creek, in 1890. The name duck hawk is derived from the fact that wild ducks are its

favorite prey. It is often called "bullet hawk," from the rapidity with which it pounces upon its prey. The eggs, like most of the blue falcons' are red all over, just as if painted. This bird annoys the duck hunters far more than the farmers, but it is plentiful enough to be taken into account as friend or foe.

The American osprey is the last of the injurious hawks. I myself am not satisfied in placing this among our foes, but I suppose if it were not so placed the lovers of the gentle art, followers of Isaac Walton, would cry aloud at the enormity of letting off their special foe, when the duck hunter's bete noir is put on the black list, for the chief food of this bird is fish. But what a handsome bird, with its crested It seems a shame to kill any of head! them. The bird delights in a home to rear its young, and, if undisturbed, will nest for years in the same place. It has one rather nasty trick, that is of compelling pelicans to drop their fish and appropriating same themselves. The bald eagle in turn plays the same trick on these birds.

The only owl that I have condemned as wholly injurious is the American hawk owl. This is one of the few day owls, and I have watched it chasing prairie chickens in winter, the poor chickens screaming with fright, and their relentless but silent pursuer making great time after The owl has a long tail, is black and white and barred all over. The hawk owl is more in evidence in winter time, and plays great havoc among the grouse and rabbits. Its nesting place is rarely found. The eggs are not remarkable, being like all owl eggs-pearly white and almost as round as a marble.

Now, none of these birds affect farmers very much, except in winter when food is scarce, or at breeding time, when there are several mouths to fill.

A word or two about the rough-legged buzzard, as these are the farmer's friends, and do nothing but good. Their chief food is gophers and mice. They are large like hawks, and their chief characteristic is that their legs are feathered right down to the base of the toes. Like the eagles, they nest all along the Bow River, and lay usually four eggs, of a large size, which are handsomely coloured with brown and

lilac. Occasionally they are seen in the winter, but they generally keep south of the snow line on account of their food supply.

This is only a short sketch to show that though a bird may be a hawk or an owl and a taker of lives yet it may, and does, do a great work in the economy of nature, and should not be ruthlessly destroyed, as it is in older countries. We have still the chance of preserving birds that have been exterminated in other countries, where now some of them would be welcome again even if they do a little damage.

Our Forestry Exhibit.

By REV. FATHER BURKE.

Canada has certainly entered the lists as one of the greatest wood-producing countries of the world, and her exhibit at St. Louis, which we had the good fortune to examine minutely on the occasion of our recent visit, will do'much to maintain her prominence as such before the nations. The magnitude and richness of her forests are attracting general attention. From the common spectator interested only in what appeals to his senses, from the lumberman, from the scientist, from everybody, come expressions of admiration for her wood products. True she has not fully realized the richness of her treasure and the jealous manner in which it should be guarded: true she is far behind in scientific forestry; but many of her holders of timber limits have themselves discovered that it pays to handle their acres economically and the Federal and Provincial authorities within their respective jurisdictions are at last seeing that the torch be not wantonly applied to what is now regarded as a great national asset. The trend of affairs points then, to still greater concern in these affairs in the immediate future from all points of view in the conservation of the national wood area for national purposes; its restoration where impaired; the encouragement of private afforestation, and such a change in the fiscal policy as must secure to the country the prosperity which attaches to the turning spindles in the production of finished articles.

It was a pleasure to walk through the great wood exhibits of the world gathered together in the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game, and compare with them our own

woods as shown there and in the special Forestry Annex in the rear of the great Canadian Pavilion. All our heavy woods, logs, planks, boards, etc., are in this annex and it is always filled with spectators. Mr. Armstrong, of the Exhibition Branch of the Department of Agriculture, is in charge. He acted in a like position at the National Japanese Exposition last year and has thoroughly learned his business. It is a pleasure to attest to his great knowledge of our forestry resources, his uniform courtesy and his unfailing devotion to duty.

In the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game there is a general domestic exhibit from Washington which runs all through the features of forestry, and special exhibits from over twenty states. Foreign countries to the number of over twenty-six occupy space and show, not only the rough timber but full lines of finished woods for cabinet purposes, building purposes, construction timber, lumber, staves, dye woods, barks, cork, resinous substances, basket wood and baskets, wooden ware, wood wool, wood alcohol, charcoal, raw potash, etc. All the appliances and processes used in forestry are here to be seen from the collection of the tree seeds to the latest product of the most up-to-date sawmill. France sends a large and varied collection. Germany shows a complete line of her forest products and competes with America in outside nursery work. Great Britain shows all the woods of her home and colonial forests, the Indian section being remarkably rich and extensive; even Siam has a magnificent show. Here Canada's collective exhibit of forestry and its products attracts much attention. It is constructed out of 3,000 specimens of native woods and is by far the prettiest creation in the great Palace.

The United States Bureau of Forestry has a splendidly equipped department in the west end of this palace. Its chief feature is revealed in the immense transparencies illustrating forest trees, natural and planted trees, timber forests, forest topography, typical methods of lumbering, and the destruction of forests by fire and insects. This exhibit also shows the character and extent of government forestry work, timber testing, preservation of construction timber by artificial means, forest management and turpentine orcharding. Indeed the contents of this marvellous building give one the best idea of the magnitude and wonderous evolution of the forestic interest. There you see the tiny seed and the giant tree; the tooth-pick from Portugal and the huge log of yellow pine, 3 feet 6 inches at butt, 2 feet 6 inches at top, 144 feet long, from California. The wonderful woods from the Philippines are full of interest, too.

In the Annex, Canada shows in great quantities tree sections, logs, wood carvings, wood for cabinet work and huilding purposes, lumber, shingles, staves, pulp wood and canoes made from cedar and birch. Sections of the immense cedars and Douglas firs of British Columbia, equal anything exhibited at St. Louis. Photographic views of her great forests are hung up in prominent places. As much if not more by her forestry exhibit as by her minerals and agriculture, does she impress the world with her greatness. And it must be admitted that no disposition is now evinced to belittle her anywhere.

Among the woods prominent in Canada's exhibit we noticed basswood, hard and soft maple (bird's eye in infinite variety), black cherry, white and black ash, white, rock and slippery elm, sycamore, hickory, red and white birch, white and red oak, chestnut, beech, aspen, balsam, poplar, walnut, butternut, white and red cedar, white and red pine, black and white spruce, hemlock, Douglas balsam and white fir and larch.

A New Switzerland.

By PROF. C. L. FAY

It was not until 1888 that we, whose love for mountaineering had been nurtured by seven years of climbing among the forest-skirted peaks of the White Mountains, and upon the soaring rock peaks of Colorado, began to hear of the Selkirks and Canadian Rockies. In 1890 two of young Swiss friends climbed Sir Donald regarded then as a feat of no mean ordera climb not repeated for nine years, though now made frequently every season. was the year of my first visit to this wonderful region. The next came in 1894, and since then but a single year has passed that has not found me there with near friends, seeking fresh peaks to climb and incidentally exploring new or little known valleys. The story of our doings and our pleasures has seen the light on the pages of Appalachia, until that magazine has gained recognition as perhaps the chief repository of detailed information touching the geography and topography of the Canadian Alps.

Naturally no insignificant list of peaks is that of our first ascents; they comprise the highest and doubtless the most difficult of those whose bases are within a few days' access of the railway. Of those above 11,-000 feet my personal list of "firsts" includes Victoria, Lefroy, Hector, and Goodsir in the Rockies, and Dawson, the highest thus far measured, of the Selkirk range. Lesser than these, though still above 10,000 feet, are several more that it has been my privilege to set foot upon first since their creation. So rich was the field that until recently a peak already conquered had little of allurement. Thus it was not until the present season that I cared to

climb the superb Mt. Temple (11,627ft.), convenient of approach, and, next to Mt. Goodsir (11,671 ft.), the highest peak visible from the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This and another peak in close proximity (of peculiar personal interest, since the Geographic Board of Canada has done me the great honor to attach my name to it) and my third traversing of the glorious Abbot Pass comprise my brief list of alpine climbs for the season of 1904.

By a peculiar combination of circumstances I lost the privilege of making the first ascent of that peak in a certain sense my own. Dux femina facti. The privilege of building the cairn upon its summit fell to an Englishwoman who is belting the world in her quest for summits. With a hundred and thirty peaks of Switzerland and Tyrol to her credit, she is now making up her jewels in the Canadian Alps previous to a raid on those of New Zealand. July 20 was the date of her ascent. That of Rabbi Fleischer and myself fell on August 5, the seventh anniversary of the ascent of Mt. Victoria. It was the Rabbi's bapno discredit when I say that, fearing it might prove rather extreme unction, he adjusted by mail in advance certain affairs attorney. It is a very with his Boston natural feeling, this, in approaching the unknown. Even the long experienced climber has strange waking dreams the night before a perfectly new ascent is undertaken, though he knows in his heart of hearts that with two excellent Swiss guides-experts in crag and snow climbing-he is practically as safe as, say, at home during a thunder storm.

The approach to the mountain is one of the most exquisite of those deep blue alpine lakes, in the number and beauty of which Switzerland is quite outclassed by this region—Moraine Lake. So great is its charm that a pony trail ten miles long has been constructed to make it accessible from the hotel at Lake Louise—the famous "Chalet." Its environment is most impressive, yet almost forbidding. It rests in a lofty amphitheatre, in what was first called "Desolation Valley," but now is known as the "Valley of the Ten Peaks." On one side soars the vast mass of Mt. Temple as high above its sapphire ripples

as Mt. Washington above the distant surf of the Maine coast. On the other steeply from its very waters spring the initial members of the wild serrated range that gives the new name to the valley. An early explorer gave to these peaks the names of the first ten numerals in the Indian dialect of the country—an impossible nomenclature, as it has proved. No one can remember them, and so "Sagowa" has become "Deltaform," and my own patronymic supplants "Heejee," the first in order of the series and, with its 10,637 feet of altitude, the third of the ten in order of height.

Our illustration finely sets forth its very characteristic form, quite unlike that of all its fellows. For the most part they leap up in sudden craggy peaks along a great wall of rock which here forms the ridge pole of the continent. Mt. Fay is another massive ridge rising, as if to form a second terrace, from a great arena filled to the depth of hundreds of feet with a crevassed glacier. Its feeding neve sweeps at a precipitous angle up this frowning ridge, and seems to curl backward like a breaking wave in a ponderous overhanging cornice that precludes safe approach upon this side.

And this is, in part, why the ascent was one of the longest, as well as most arduous of all that I have hitherto made-fifteen hours from our camp by the lakeside and return, from half past three in the morning until evening at half past six. A direct ascent by the steep ice-fall which descends by a gorge well down towards the border of the lake may doubtless be made under favoring conditions, though danger from avalanches must always be more or less imminent. This fact, and the long detour made necessary by the interposition of a brawling torrent, led us to take a wellknown safer way in scaling the first great wall of the Divide-the left hand of the two snow couloirs between peaks Three and Four. In our illustration, only the snow at its foot is visible, but its right hand fellow is seen in its entire length on the right hand of the centre of the picturethe irregularly shaped snow mass (really ice) slanting upward toward the snowy peak Two. The lower rock peak Three occupies the middle of the view, and Mt. Fay is the higher mass on its left. The foot of

the white ice in the couloir is continued in a dirty valley glacier strewn with debris that impinges upon the forest—the dark portion of the toreground—and is interesting as being one of the few glaciers outside of polar regions known to be at present advancing. This evergreen forest comes down to the lake, not seen in our view, at an elevation approximately that of Mt. Washington. The valley of the Bow River, through which the railway passes, is in this neighborhood some 5,000 feet above the sea.

To the top of the couloir we made our way, chiefly on the ice, with frequent stepcutting, but with one diversion for variety to the crags. It was a parlous looking place, and as we noted it on our return by the ice below we asked ourselves how many persons inexperienced in such climbing would consider a passage over such a frowning donjon as in any way possible without wings. Then over snow fields and a brief rocky ridge between Three and Two then skirting over the latter's snowy sideavoiding in one place a mass of rock discharged at us as if in fury from the outcrop near its summit-and we found ourselves at the col, or depression, between Two and the great snow-faced ridge still left for us to surmount and even now towering some thousand feet above us. the first time we saw what lay behind our peak.

This was to me a moment of intense interest. No photograph of the many in my possession had been taken from a point clearly showing the relation of this peak to the watershed of the continent. Was it or was it not on the Divide? Did the melting snows upon its hither side flow to Hudson's Bay and those on the reverse side seek the Pacific, or did all go to one and the self-same sea? To determine this, and in general the line of the watershed for a few uncertain miles, was one of the chief objects of my ascent. Instantly all became clear. From the col now attained, the mountain fell away steeply many hundreds of feet to a very extensive snow field tributary to the Vermillion River, a feeder to the great Columbia. The accidented ridge, now high now low, that hemmed it in swept in increasing swells up to the farthest height cour peak, which there

fore through all its length enjoys the distinction of being a mountain of the Great Divide. A photographic record was immediately secured with our kodaks, together with a picture of the strangely beautiful systems of flowing, concentric curves, or furrows, covering the entire surface of the great snow-field beneath us—no doubt in the initial process of their formation the effect of wind currents.

But the summit was still hours distant. Probably we should have reached it sooner, though less sensationally, had we made our way downward to the level snows and skirted on these to a point from which a steep climb would have brought us at once to the farthest and highest summit. our two excellent guides, Hasler and Michel are true sportsmen in their way, and preferred to try conclusions with the still only partially visible rear of our mountain -in technical phrase to conquer it by a series of "traverses." Never, I am sure, have I had so much of this form of climbing in a single tour. Now up, now down; now pausing for a conference as to feasibility, now waiting for the unfailing Hasler to test the crucial bit; past steep snow couloirs, looked down upon by the weirdest of crags rising like gaunt giants a sheer hundred feet out of those snows; so it went until at noon we had reached the crest of our peak and could pause for our mid-day meal.

For the toil of the ascent was now past. It remained only to pass over the ponderous dome of snow that crowns the midway portion of the great ridge, and then beyond it by an easy slope to gain its rocky culmination. A vast panorama is here unfolded, the most impressive feature of which is the seemingly perpendicular drop of about 5,000 feet on its northern side to the lakelets of Consolation Valley. The whole secret of this portion of the watershed, vaguely and inaccurately plotted even in the government maps, was ours in a bird's-eye view.

In returning we made the immediate descent to that great snow field on the easterly side, and for a couple of hours toiled across it in the intense heat of an August sun, circumnavigating, as it were, peak Two, and connecting with our route of the morning at the top of the great

couloir by which we had come up. The heat of the day had rendered the condition for passing it less favorable, particularly as regards the discharge of loosened stones, the one insidious and incalculable risk in alpine climbing. Where scattered fragments on the steep snow showed such batteries probable, we moved with speed and sidelong upward glances; but soon we were below the point of imminent risk, and ere

long cast aside for good the rope that for hours had bound us together. A grand glissade, by which we made a descent of several hundred feet in one exciting minute, and a climb, unroped, down several steep ledges bathed by cascades, where the guides, themselves, did not scorn each other's aid, were the closing features of a day involving every variety of climbing usually met with in alpine tours of the first order.

Mr. Thomas Southworth and Dr. Hudson F. Clark have recently been making an examination of the Timagami Reserve, particularly that part of it which has recently been included. This newer part does not contain such a good stand of timber as the original reservation having suffered seriously from past fires. It, however, presents many problems of great interest to the forester in regard to the reproduction of the forest, and the young growth of pine, spruce and Banksian pine will be of much value in the future if properly protected. The land is mainly of the same character as the rest of the reserve, that is, rocky soil, little of which is of any value for agricultural purposes.

Dr, Clark has also looked over Rondeau

Park in Southern Ontario with the object of working out a plan of management for the wood covering the 5,000 acres which are comprised in the park. The tract consists of land which has been built up by the action of the water of the lake and 1s heaped up in ridges which are now covered with a forest characteristic of the district. The hardwoods include walnut, liriodendron, white oak, etc., with pine as the chief representative of the conifers. The chief purpose of the reservation is as a park and game preserve, but the management of a characteristic Western Ontario hardwood forest is a problem of much interest which will present many features differing from ' the more largely coniferous forests of the northern districts.

Bank Protection.

In connection with the floods which have occurred during the past season on the Kansas River the United States Bureau of Forestry makes the following suggestion for the protection of caving river banks.

The most successful method of protecting a soft, alluvial river bank is to make it sloping instead of perpendicular, and to keep it covered with vegetation. The willow is admirably adapted to holding alluvial soil in place. It is far more serviceable for this purpose than walls of masonry, and the facility with which it produces itself, by seed, suckers, sprouts, and cut-

tings, both natural and artificial, makes its use very simple and inexpensive.

The great difficulty with planting any sort of tree on perpendicular banks is that the caving of the soil is so rapid that the planted tree has no opportunity to get a start before it is undermined and precipitated into the river. A plan which has been carried out and which is considered an excellent one for such cases is as follows:

"Green willow poles 18 to 20 feet long are secured in the spring, just after the ice goes out of the stream. These coles

^{*}Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association

are laid on the ground near the bank two feet apart, with their butts all pointing toward the river. Woven fence wire is then stretched along over the poles and stapled fast to each one. Sections of wire about 100 feet long can be handled to the best advantage. After the wire has been securely fastened to the poles, they are all pushed over the bank together, so that the butts of the poles will fall and sink into the soft mud at the water's edge. As the bank caves off some of the falling soil will lodge on the wire, partially burying and weighting down the poles, which will con-

sequently take root and grow. The wire will serve to hold the mass of willows together until they have become firmly rooted. The ends of the woven wire should be made fast to wire cables running back over the bank some distance and fastened to posts set firmly in the ground. The caving and erosion of the bank will soon round off its top corners, and the growing willows at the water's edge will catch the soil as it rolls down the declivity, causing a bank to form of just the right slope to resist erosion most effectually."

Automobile Boats.

By MORRIS M. WHITTAKER, B. A., N. A.

The last two seasons have seen the successful launching of a new sport and one which promises to have a great future, when once its pleasures are understood by those in a position to enjoy them-but before going into it in detail it would be well to trace its origin and define what is meant by an autoboat. Power launches may properly be said to have been developed in the States about the same time that automobiles were beginning to be used extensively in Europe. Each was propelled by a motor deriving its power from the rapid combustion of air and hydro-carbon vapor. In the States, in boats, weight has no objection, and consequently the development of the motor left this factor in the background, and the heavy, slow moving, cheaply constructed, two-cycle motor came to be almost universally used. In Europe, however, in the automobile, where every pound devoted to engine weight meant less carrying capacity in passengers, engineers strove to perfect the motive power and the light, flexible, high speed, four-cycle motor became the recognized standard.

As was natural, when power boats first became popular on the continent, the motor that proved so successful in the automobile was transferred with very few changes to the boat, and the French term,

"canot," with the prefix automobile was applied to the product. After being used successfully several years in France, the automobile-canot crossed the channel, following the lead of the automobile, then commencing to be popular in England, and the French term "automobile," and "automobile-canot" were Anglicised into "motor car" and "motor boat," and covered in each case the highly developed ideas of French constructors. Thence, the terms have crossed the Atlantic and come to us today as new, when as a matter of fact, we have been working on the same ideas, but developing them in a different way. So it will be seen that the term, auto boat, covers in general a boat propelled by a light, high speed, four-cycle, automobile motor, placed in a light hull, and as easily managed and controlled and as reliable as the modern automobile.

As each year has seen improvements in mechanical detail in the automobile until now those who can afford the luxury of a high-powered car have very little to complain of in the way of unreliability or discomfort; so in the auto boat, perfection of detail has done away with most of the uncertainty of operation common to the cheaper, slower moving power launch. The reader must not, however, jump to the

^{*}Member American Society of Naval Architects and Member American Society of Naval Engineers.

conclusion that England and the States have been doing nothing while these improvements were being made. Each was developing its own idea in its own groove, so to speak, and it was not till they awoke to the results that were being obtained in France that they really tackled the problem in earnest, and today, while they are behind, they are beginning to be a serious competitor with France both in automobiles and auto boats.

In many ways the power launch of today may be compared to the runabout, and the auto boat to the large touring car, in that the former is low powered and the latter high powered. Today launches may be had from \$150 up, and hence are within the reach of the masses. The runabout costs from \$425 up and it is also within the reach of those of moderate means. boats, however, and powerful touring cars are costly and will ever be the luxuries of the well-to-do. Democracy is the keynote of the launch, and exclusiveness that of the auto boat. The launch will accomodate from five to twenty-five; the auto boat is built for three or four to six or eight, according to its size and speed.

Another distinction between the launch and autoboat, and perhaps its greatest, is the matter of speeds obtained. The ordinary launch jogs along at five to eight miles per hour and the auto boat tears by at speeds varying from fifteen to thirty miles per hour, depending on the depth of the owner's pocketbook, for 'his is, in the end the measure of speed, and yet the line of demarcation between them is rather hard to locate. In general, it may be said, however, that no power boat whose speed falls below twice the square root of the water line length can be considered an auto boat. As for example, water line length is 36 feet, then twice the square root of 36 equals 12 miles.

It is also a difficult matter for the average man to realize the power required to obtain high speeds upon the water, especially when compared with power necessary to obtain speed on land. For instance, 90 H. P. on the water has produced a speed of just over 30 miles an hour, while the same power in a racing car gave a speed of nearly 93 miles per hour. On land one has a comparatively simple problem, having air resistance only to deal with, while

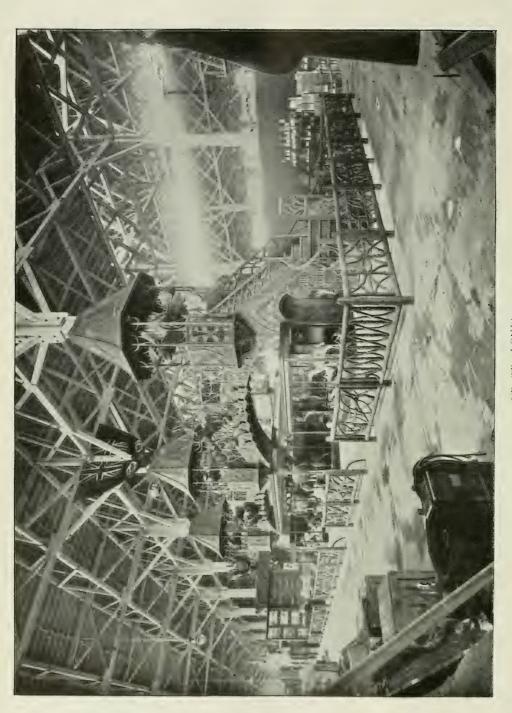
a boat has water resistance in addition, and as the speed increases, the ratio of resistance grows very rapidly. A simple illustration will make this clear. It is very easy to move a leadpencil through the water, but notice the different result when a bullet travelling at high speed, strikes the water—The resistance is great enough to alter the course of the bullet and make it recochet.

The modern auto boat calls out the highest talent of the country for its production—not only of its engineers but its naval architects, and demands an harmonious blending of their work, as if either makes a mistake the result is failure.

So much for the boat and its production, but why is it taking such a hold on the sport loving people of all countries-because it has an exhibaration peculiar to itself, aside from the spirit of competition where it is extensively used. Suppose for instance, you had an invitation to ride in a really fast auto boat. You go down to the water front on a bright, clear morning, in summer, when there is just sufficient wind to top the little waves with white. Your host shows you a little thirty-foot boat rocking gently at its moorings-its highly varnished sides reflecting the rays of the sun and its brass work gleaming. looks so small and frail that you begin to wish you had not accepted the invitation, and when the boat is brought to the landing stage, and its cover removed and you see its big engine and different governing levers, and your host advises you to get into the oilskins he holds out to you, you begin to think of your life and accident insurance. You are game, however, and step aboard expecting that little cockle shell will tip over, but you are surprised to find how stiff it is. You look at the little frames, thin planking, the light seats, and all the evidences of weight cutting, in hull and engine, and your momentary feeling of confidence disappears. Meanwhile your host is busy with strange wheels, levers, cocks, and handles, and when he finally looks around and asks you if you are ready, you take a last despairing look around for something to grab in case of necessity. He has probably had guests just like you before and smiles inwardly at your blank look as he turns the starting handle. stantly there is a response, and the motor



 $${\rm OFF}$$ TO THE FIELDS. A fresh fall of snow early in the season, makes rabbit shooting easy.



AT ST. LOUIS.
The Evhibit of the Canadian Forestry, Fish and Game Department.

starts easily and gently, and purrs to itself under the cover, which has been replaced when your host is assured that everything is in order. He tells you to make yourself comfortable, and, after throwing off the mooring lines, sits down in the driver's seat and grasps the steering wheel, with one foot he lets in the clutch gently and the little boat moves slowly into the bay or river. "Well, this isn't so bad," you think, but now your host begins to let her out, and as the speed increases and the spray commences to fly, you begin to wonder how long she will hold together. Finally he turns with the remark, "She is going full speedwatch the shore." You are too busy hanging on and wondering what would happen if anything went wrong, to take much interest, but gradually your confidence returns and you begin to take notice. pressions begin to form back in your subconsciousness and the feeling of vague dread of something is replaced by interest in things about you. You notice the wall of water rising gracefully from each side of the bow, and hear the rhythmic throle of the motor and then the idea of flying works its way into your head, and the smoothness with which she travels and the white wings of spray from the bow, strengthen the illusion. Finally you gather courage to look about you and you see objects flitting by on shore, and now and then you pass some slow moving craft till at last you begin to feel a fierce joy in it all. The occasional dash of spray in your face and the rush of air that sings a song in your ears, makes your pulses throb in unison with the motor. You watch your host's back and begin to appreciate why he has an auto boat. Suddenly he points forward

and you see another auto boat ahead of you, going your way. You are overhauling her. Then your interest in the motor is doubled. Will it continue to run as beautifully as it has been doing? Will you catch that other fellow? You are now on the qui vive and as you get nearer and nearer, your intensity of emotion increases till finally you have him safely behind, and making a big turn, start for home still at top speed. Your ideas are somewhat settled by this time, and you begin to feel an interest in the brain that conceived and the hands that executed the idea of the automobile boat. By the time you are back at the dock and tied up, if you have sporting instincts, you are a confirmed autohoatist and long to own one that will be just a little faster than your host's.

This is the bright side of motor boating, and the occasional mishaps decrease with experience and are forgotten, leaving only pleasant memories when the winter winds are blowing and the little boat is safely stored away, awaiting the return of warm breezes and summer skies.

Auto boating has another side and one which in the future may play an important part in the world's history. The high speeds now obtainable with these light craft have attracted the attention of naval authorities the world over and its legitimate use in war times for scouting along the coasts, carrying messages between the fleets, and shore, and even in torpedo attacks in large numbers, is being appreciated. As it is now possible to successfully build internal combustion motors in large powers there is an increasing probability of their installation in torpedo boats, and indeed a new era in quick water transportation seems to be dawning.

An Invasion of The Camp.

By KATHERINE HUGHES.

Up in the Gatineau hill-country the birds and the beasts and a few summer tramps used to know a quaint little hunter, a product of London's slums made over into a Canadian.

We never understood the turn of fortune that had brought the mannikin's father

away from the dazzle of Whitechapel Road, the coster's waggons and odor of roasted fish, to that beautiful but lonely Gatineau Valley. But whatever the cause of his emigration he has not learned to love the open and prefers to seek odd jobs about the houses and camps of the summer visitors.

With Tommy, the boy, it is quite different. All the hunting instincts of some poaching ancestor have developed in him year by year. Not even Burrougns or Roberts loves the woods more. Sometimes Tommy has acted in the capacity of guide—memorably, for us one day in Indian Summer, when he led us to the deerhunters' camp, where our men had gone a week earlier. The camp was on the shore of a small lake between du Commissaire and Penichagan lakes in the picturesque country between the Gatineau and du Lievre.

It was not so many miles away, as the crow flies, from Gracefield Station, which in its turn is not so many hours away by rail from Ottawa's towers and boulevards. Yet the place seemed a primevally wild as though no regiments of lumbermen had passed through it "a-choppin" of the pine." working, feeding and swearing with animal vigor.

When we reached the last portage of our trip that day and dropped our canoes into a mountain-lake we noticed Tommy prick up his ears like a fine setter and stiffen for an instant into statue-like rigidity.

Mellow; faint, coming across the water, and over the veiled hills we heard the echo of the dogs giving tongue. It was thrilling music to the boy's senses.

"The hunt! The dogs!" he whispered, aquiver with excitement.

If there had been desire of speed before, it was redoubled then, for the emotion of the chase had communicated itself to us. Our fingers on the paddles tingled. The blades cut athwart the water with decision, every stroke bringing us nearer the knowledge of how the hunters had fared. This was before the hunting-with-a-kodak epoch. Sympathy had never been aroused by touching narratives and a personal feeling for each limpid-eyed deer.

Buck-fever in a hunter was plain bucklever to us, a something in the nerves to be determinedly laughed down as womanish weakness. So there was little feeling for the innocent quarry of the dogs; there was only for each a longing to hear that one especial hunter had been for at least one brief moment in life, perfectly happy, bearing himself like a conqueror. No regret for the bereft herd; but a savage desire that the others should not be able to smile pityingly on one man's reluctant confession that he was empty-handed.

Our canoes shot forward in the sleepy water as the stern music of the hounds' cry came mellowed through the haze. It was past noon and the hills and lakes of the broad Gatineau Valley lay steeped in somnolent sunshine. Tommy directed us into a tiny bay, where we found an excellent landing-place, with an upturned canoe lying near. This was the first sign of the hunting party.

Presently the tokens and signs began to multiply along the path that wound up from the lakeside. At one turn the scattered feathers and bones of a partridge or hawk thrown to the hounds, at another an axe, a drinking cup, a hunting shirt, limply pendant from a branch, and at length, when the path came out upon an unsuspected clearing-there was the camp itself. The tents were pitched on three sides of a big fireplace where blackened stubs of logs and embers lay between the stones. Plank benches and nearby stumps were strewn with bowls and plates in a truly masculine fashion. They had not been washed, and they were literally crusted with the white grease from grillades.

This fact the various pairs of feminine eyes seized upon even while their were enthusing about the forest's ripe beauty and the cheerful promise of the big fireplace. that looked and realized again average man would almost prefer hunger to dish-washing. A rustle and clank of steel in the end tent discovered Ring, the leader of the dogs, He greeted us with delight, and stretched his head out appealingly but made no effort to rise.

This was surprising conduct in boisterous Ring, until we learned that he should be accorded all the petting and privileges of an invalid. These he received in full measure as he put his poor, inflamed paws in our hands. They were dry and burning, in need of a new dressing. Sympathetic Tommy hunted up the proper lotion in the supply camp, and the hound was made comfortable. We knew just how he had raced over the hills day after day keen on deer's trail. Young and ardent he had recked nothing of each fresh cut, and even now was chafing to be out. Perhaps some anxiety to be free lent a deepened glow to

the fine lambent eyes that spoke his thanks.

Scraps of tempting game about showed that Ring was not hungry, but with all the manners of a well-bred dog he nibbled daintily at a piece of fried liver brought to him.

The unwashed dishes were not the only tokens of male residents in the camp. There was no woodpile such as a fore-thoughted female timorous of future rains, would have provided.

The dishes, the pail of cold water, the yawning fireplace were all suggestive.

The visitors turned instinctively to the duty nearest them, just as though no centuries separated them from the days and customs of our "anthropomorphic, flint-hurling ancestors."

The afternoon was wearing on to the early autumn dusk, the hunters were sare to return tired; obedient to the century-old instincts the party started up the mountain to gather fuel. Five crisp bits of outer birch bark, tawny sheets of the inner bark, ends of fallen trees, and choice chips of pine chopped from the stumps—who does not know the possibilities in these for a glorious camp-fire? In the distance, the baying of the hounds arose again, came nearer and nearer, filled the still woods with lingering melody, faded out, came again and at length passed far to the south, dying out in lingering melody.

Near the camp, bright-eyed, thievish squirrels scampered off in dread of the giant robbers energetically beating the woods for choicer bits. Scared partridge flew up with resounding whirr, late birds carolled encouragement. When at last the woodpile had grown to most generous proportions a fire was lit and presently the water bubbled and sang over it. The pile of dishes was attacked, not without speaking side-glances over the condition of the dish-towels; and for one evening the campers were freed from the bane of camp life.

st was Tommy who appeared on the scene then with a shrill call of delight, and, 'beckoning mysteriously, dived back again into a tree shaded path. To the women racing after him, he showed his find with elfish exultation. It was a deer killed a day or so before and hung up conveniently in the camp larder.

Exhilarated with the strenuous fun of wood-gathering we chattered about the fire,

until suddenly one of the hunting party came suddenly out of the ring of trees, his soft moccasins making no telltale sound. It was a grudging, brotherly greeting he gave one of us, and the easier courtesy of smiling comment to the others. But it was to the same one that he presently turned, anticipating a question that he wanted to have over.

His very manner had already made it unnecessary. He was calm almost to dejection. It is not so a victorious hunter carries himself when visitors come to camp. So he framed question and answer himself, mindful of the brave hints at the home table.

"I did not get a deer,"—the tones were slightly flat—a touch of disappointment in the slow, good smile, a movement of the long fingers along the rifle barrel—"yet," he added in crescendo. It is so a real lover of the woods and the hunt took his failure. And the only sympathy worth offering in such a case is a nod of fellowship, an intimation that there is no real failure but to give up trying.

His glance fell on the wood pile. No sense of deferred hope could repress the delight of finding that before him. It had been his turn to gather the night's firewood, so he kept guard all day on the runway nearest to the camp that he might come in early. With thoughtful appreciation the hunter visited the woodpile, but even his sense of gratitude could not repress the touch of masculine superiority that bobbed up when he found some sticks of cedar piled up close to the fireplace.

Who but a woman would not know that cedar, with its flying ashes, is a demon of provocation to the outdoor cook—an altogether undesirable flavour for the tea? One by one the hunters slipped quietly out of the encircling woods, the stillness of the watch still on them, and joined the gay group about the fire. Two had dogs in the leash; another, coming up the path from the lake, carried the body of a deer, and it is doubtful which had the heartier welcome—the tireless dogs or the lucky man to whose watch the deer was driven.

A November nightfall is sudden and deep. It closed upon the camp precipitately leaving weird depths of gloom about the firelit space. The logs burned with a heartening

glow; the rolls of birch bark crackled gleefully; the pots and kettles sang; the air was rich with the moving odors of wood smoke.

The people seated about the fire felt themselves drawn towards it, and stories of the week in camp passed around in a deliciously lazy fashion.

Stories of the deer and the dogs, of the tempting small game, of big bluffs at kingpedro in the camp at night, when the fire and torch-light danced so over a man's

face that even a tell-tale one kept its secrets.

Then supper was ready, a delectable al fresco meal, sweet with mysterious flavours, gathered from the crisp night air and blazing fire. Venison steak fried to a turn in grillades, canned peas, potatoes and campers' green tea, while across the smoke wreaths, the hunters' faces beamed in the firelight. It was a hunters' feast for mind and palate.

Quinte Bass Fishing.

By WALTER GREAVES.

I spent three weeks in Belleville during the month of August and while there fished a good deal on the Bay of Quinte for black bass. I used the fly nearly all the time, but occasionally trolled with a spoon. a thing I, however, would not have done if bass had been fairly plentiful. The fact is that black bass have become very scarce in recent years in the Bay of Quinte, at least in that portion lying near Belleville. I heard of some good catches being made near Northport and at the head of the Bay, near Trenton and Nigger Island, but I did not visit these localities. My best catch was made in the mouth of the river, where I landed nine bass in one evening, all on my "Massassaga" fly. They were, however, small fish, with the exception of one of about 2½ pounds.

What a pity it is that owing to the

netting, at least I presume that is the cause, from what I heard, the fishing is so poor in this beautiful sheet of water. I remember the time when my brother and I used to go down to "Massassaga" Point or Ox Point, and, with, the fly, catch a dozen or more beautiful black bass in a very short time. If the parties at fault could only be made to understand what an advantage it would be to the locality if the fishing were brought up to its former excellence (and this could be very easily done) surely they would stop this netting for the sake of what might be made out of the American and other sportsmen who would visit the locality in considerable numbers. I hope the matter will be taken up before it is too late. For one, I certainly will not visit the Bay of Quinte again, for the fishing, with matters in their present shape.

A Deer Hunt in Manitoba.

By M MARKWELL.

It was when the West was young. Having lost a not inconsiderable fortune and my health in the bargain, I was advised by my physician to quit southern inert city life and strike out for the Canadian West, which had not at that time become the Mec-

ca of the "Younger Son." There was no Canadian Pacific Railway in those days, and a man going west had to "hoof it" to the prairie land; so, overland I started from Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, taking an Indian trail for the long march westward.

It was up and away by grey dawn-rifle a-shoulder and ammunition bag swinging by my side; picking off a stray and surprised partridge; bowling over a disdainful squirrel, and ever and always an alert eye for the marks of bear. The loneliness was oppressive, the only break between Duluth and Prince Arthur's Landing, being the chance meeting of an Indian dog team (the mail carrier being since made an M. P.) and a stray Cree Indian, who rather patronized me; for he examined my muzzleloading rifle critically, proudly displaying his own modern Sharp, and grunting, "no good," "se-et-che," as he passed on. He, however, informed me that "plenty much deer" were "over there, far," "weed-e was-saa;" so, filled with the hope of a pair of proud antlers to carry back home as trophy of the chase, I went on with a light heart.

In those days every man was a game law unto himself; the prairie grouse-which far excels our own English woods' bird in taste-taking no notice of the hunter, who might easily, far too easily for honest sport, bowl 'em over like ninepins. I shall never forget the first meal I made off the prairie grouse; encamped for the night by a small lakelet, or "sloo," as they are called; the camp-fire blazing and throwing a red glare upon the green wall surrounding me, a tripod of poplar straddling the flame; and in the hot ashes, red coals surrounding and lining a deep hole in the ground, the grouse, disembowelled and well washed out, but still in its feathered frock-stifled in its own juices, without sauce or jelly accompaniment-I tell you the taste was something to remember and to talk about vet! It was, indeed, a feast for the gods, and so I journeyed on for days and nights and days again, until I found myself, in brown October, out of the woods, stalking the open plains.

I had at last reached Manitoba and was near what is now called Portage la Prairie, and, having been rather extravagant, was pretty short of ammunition. I, however, expected to reach one of the Hudson's Bay Company trading posts shortly, and would replenish my good leather pouch. The last charge was in my rifle and the last fragment of food supply eaten when I found myself at nightfall beside a splendid

lake, and not fifty yards off, all unconscious of man's presence, a splendid young deer. Plainly it had come down to drink. I levelled my rifle, took careful aim, and fired. To my utter astonishment a second shot rang out immediately, and ere I reached, by a bounding run, the side of my prize, which had fallen where it stood, to my tremendous surprise, a great, burly, savage-looking fellow, shaggy of hair, and dressed like an Indian, in blanket, rose, apparently from the earth and laid his arm with an air of proprietorship upon my deer!

"Hullo!" said I.

"H'mgh!" grunted my friend.

"A good shot—and my very last cart-ridge!" said I, unwisely.

"Good," said the newcomer, "took him in the head."

"Yes," said I, "I aimed sure, but I wanted to save the head—see what a fine antler," and I made a motion to touch the quivering animal at my feet.

"It is my deer," said the man, frowning.

"No! It is mine." I returned.

There we both faced each other. I saw a look of anger sweep over his swarthy face, and, realizing how helpless I was—in a strange country without food, shelter or ammunition, I well knew I should make not lose, a friend. So, turning to the man, sullenly standing apart and eyeing the game betwixt us, I added quite pleasantly: "We'll divide our spoil—you take the meat and hide; I'll be satisfied to call the head mine."

He did not answer, but, stooping, suddenly, he lifted the deer quite easily to his shoulder, and, without uttering, "by your leave," strode through the trees.

There was nothing to do but follow him, so I trailed after, finding myself, light of foot as I was, keeping at his heels with difficulty. He stepped like a cat, the crashing of the branches, as they parted at his touch and swung back again, (often striking me in the face), as without one word he marched on. By this time it was dark night, and there wasn't a sound save the whirr-rr of some winged night bird sweeping by. Presently a single flame shone out and disappeared at once. Then a dark shadow loomed up, so close it appeared, so suddenly we came upon it, that

before I knew it, the flame had once more lit up the darkness and, as suddenly as if swallowed by the earth, my guide had disappeared. Then I came bump up against a wooden door, and the next moment stood within a rough log shack, and was facing my stolid rival hunter and an equally stolid-faced woman-his squaw wife, I supposed. The deer lay on the uneven board floor, and the man was saying something in the Indian language to the woman. Neither took any notice of me. I therefore sat down. The husband laid away his powder horn and hung up his rifle. Then he sat down and began to smoke. There were no seats of any sort, but several skins or peltries lay in heaps; on one of these he sat-I did the same, keeping opposite to my unwilling host, who neither seemed to see me or to note my presence. The woman disappeared into an inner room, or through a rough, board door leading somewhere-the fire, an open hearth, glowed hospitably and warm to me, a tired and hungry, as well as disappointed hunter!

I had some choice tobacco and offered some to my silent companion. He became quite friendly then, lifting his chin in an interrogative way and saying "what place?"

I answered, "very far away—very sick—come new country to find deer—go back again." I pointed to the deer as I spoke and at once saw his face lower. He resumed his taciturn silence, calling aloud to his wife, who at once returned to the room and set about preparing some sort of a soup or stew by placing upon a tripod of iron, a vessel which bubbled and sent out a fine savoury smell. Hunger drove me to extremes.

"Can I have supper?" ! asked.

Neither one answered me.

"I can pay," said I, unguardedly, "See!" and I took out several pieces of gold upon which the firelight played merrily. Instantly I saw my host's face brighten, but the face of the woman was more dark and forbidding than ever. I tried to say that if they gave me supper and bed I would pay well; and that I wanted ammunition. The man nodded several times, issuing orders (by the tone) I judged, and the woman, very slowly and without interest, produced two jugs and laid the steaming mess from the pot on the hearth before us.

This, with some hard, round cakes, called bannocks, made a fine supper. Hunger's sauce requires no sweetening. I think that was one of the best meals I ever had. Memo.—I had eaten nothing since breakfast.

When the meal was finished I laid down half a sovereign, and said: "Bed-sleepvery tired." He nodded and left the room, going to the inner apartment, where I judged his wife still was, and presently she came back, glancing sullenly in my direction. She stooped, took up a bundle of the skins, carried them to the inner room, whence, presently, she returned, placing at my feet, a small pannikin filled with grease, upon which a twisted rag floated, one frayed end lying upon the edge, and the whole thing smelling horribly of stale grease. She lifted a glowing ember in her fingers, appearing to be oblivious to pain, and deftly lighted the frayed end of rag. Then she pointed to the inner from and forthwith turned her back upon me.

I arose, took up the flickering light, and went towards the apartment indicated by her. Within was a windowless square, walled by rough timbers. An earth floor, a pile of skins, which I saw was to be my couch for the night, and a shelf whereat stood my uncongenial host of the evening. He was mixing something in a tin pannikin, and a pungent odor of herbs was heavy on the air.

"H'm'p!" a grunt hospitable in intent it was I knew by the tone, but the man did not look me in the eye. He shuffled about, mixing the villianous compound, whatever it was, and then his wife entered, bearing a kettle of hoiling water. Two small tin mugs were produced, and while I removed my heavy shoes and threw off my coat preparatory to turning in, the two conferred in low whispers. Presently the man offered me one of the steaming mugs. I hesitated, but considering his intention a friendly one, and also considering the value of the pair of fine antlers, desiring not to seem churlish or ungrateful, I drained the dish. A quick, sly glance from the hateful eye of the Indian woman first struck me; next, the quick movement of the husband as he left the room. He had filled mugs, had given me one to drain, and the other stood, still full and foully smelling of bad gin or worse whiskey, upon the

shelf. I was alone in the clutches of Heaven knew whom. Facing worse dangers than those of the wild forests' depth. A wild beast might be met with and fought in the open—the struggle of the strongest—but here, in human habitation to be trapped like a bear!

The small light in the ill-smelling grease cast gloomy shadows about the dark corners of my chamber. Great, sprawling beetles came out from their dark nests. Slimy, crawling creatures, sounding a horrid 'zp, zp, zp,'' came forth, and I found my brain forming conjectures more horrid still.

Was my life safe in the hands of these strange people?

Should I remain? Should I boldly venture to go? Go where? And then I found myself staggering—was it natural fatigue, or was it—Heavens! was the potion drugged? Cold chills passed down my spine, and hot flushes swept over my face. And then a fearful, drowzy langour overcame my limbs, as I fell upon the couch of skins, and, watching the weird shadows dancing on the lowering walls, slept!

Then Thought, like a demon, took possession of my brain, and, once more I was staring, wide awake! Again I drowsed, and, notwithstanding, the fact that my lids nung heavy, and sleep overcame me, the disturbed thought conquered. Then I heard the door of the room shut, and, in an instant I was on my feet. I moved towards the chink of light in the crack of the door and looked into the outer room, my heart thumping with terror.

In the middle of the room the Indian wife stood, sharpening a big knife on a whetstone held in her hand. Before the fire, the husband stood; in his hand was my rifle, and I saw he was in the act of loading it. A cold sweat broke out on my brow. had handled my money very incautiouslywhat if-? Then the overpowering desire to sleep came upon me, and I staggered to my couch of skins once more. again I slept, and again terrified thought mastered sleep. I began to recount the evening's doings. The husband resented my claim to the deer. The wife was angered at having to prepare my supper. I had displayed my gold. I was an utter stranger in a strange land and if I disappeared, I would never be missed. The lake was

deep-and handy, and-suddenly I heard a noise. In a moment I was on my feet, The next my anxious eye was at the chink in the door. The room outside had altered in appearance; in the middle of the room hung the disputed deer, skinned and disernboweled. Before the fire sat husband and wife, their heads close together in anxious consultation. My rifle stood leaning against the wall, and two sharp knives, most murderous-looking ones they were, lay upon the ground; one blood-marked. both shining in the blaze. My head swam with excited thoughts. I had drugged!

"They are going to murder me," I said to myself.

They would wait until sleep held me down, and then -- ? I drowsed in spite of my terror. I must not sleep! There was no escape possible. No window, no exit save by the way I had come and there was my own rifle, the two knives and the man and the woman still awake and watching! I must not sleep! Then cunning arose to meet the occasion. I remembered something one of the college professors had once said, that poison "might be worked out of the system by means of physical action"-in other words by sweating it out! Again I felt sleep overtaking me and I began to exercise. Then the fight between body and mind began; I stood upon my skin couch and worked my arms like a windmill until I fell from sheer exhaustion. Then, prostrate and weary I almost sank into slumber! Then thought would sting me into wakefulness, and wakefulness into action, and again I began the exercises, as laid down by Delsarte, and little intended for so extreme a purpose. The feeling of fatigue grew, the body succumbed, and several times I found myself prone upon the couch and my own snores sounding in my ears. Terrified into action, again I was on my feet and cleaving the air with my handsleaping and dancing as one possessed-lifting my head and letting it fall again, making mind overcome matter, and finding after a time, that my head became clearer, my body more active, my mind less distressed, but never for a moment relaxing my active motions of arms, body and legs. The sweat simply poured from me as I worked. This I must have kept up for some hours, for a deep silence reigned, and

the fire-glow had died down to a mere flickering and inconstant glow. I knew it was almost dawn by the long vigil, the exhausted embers on the hearth, and that particularly grey cast of light which lay over the outer apartment upon which I was now peering. Not a sound or move was made. I was wide-awake and actively considering how to get out without suspicion. My door might be fast, and breaking the fastening would only precipitate danger, and while I waited to decide, decision came.

A creaking board gave warning of a footstep at hand. My eye sought the crack again. In the dim glow of the dying fire I saw the figure of the man; he was standing midway betwixt the fireplace and the door of the hut. I could not see his features plainly, but I knew it was my host of the night. His face was turned towards me, and, after pausing a moment, as if listening, he stepped onward. Every nerve in my body was alert It would be a fight for life I knew, and my one idea was to keep perfectly quiet, allow him to enter the room, and then, leaping out, secure my rifle and defend myself to the death. I had formed this resolution in an instant, and I stood behind the door, ready to act. The time seemed endless, waiting there, but soon another creaking sound gave proof of the man's nearer approach. I stooped to peer through the crack once more, and to my horror, found my own eye staring at

close range—as close as the inch board would admit—into the staring eye of the man now outside the door. Up to that instant I had no thought of doing so, but some sudden impulse caused me to open my mouth and cry, "W-a-o-u-g-h!" such a cry as — well, as I never have heard before or since. It was a bellow of fear, rage, anything you like to call it, but its effect was instantaneous!

With one bound the figure went flying across the room and dashed through the outer door of the hut, and after him, as if pursued by forty-seven hounds in full cry, went the Indian wife. Through the open door a streak of grey dawn came in; to me it was the loveliest sight I ever looked upon. I went forward and looked out but could see no sign of my host or his wife. The way was open, and I decided to take it; so picking up the fine pair of antlers—lying on the hut floor—I took my gun, stepped out into God's glorious morning and swung down the trail.

I have the antlers still and I have often crossed the prairies since that long ago day; but I always buy my ticket on the Canadian Pacific Railway now when I travel, and instead of seeking shelter informally and uninvited, as on that particular occasion, I take my choice of the many pretty Canadian Pacific Railway chalets along the line, and find that much better and more satisfactory than my experience as a deer hunter out west in the early days.

The Train Dogs.

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON. (Tekahionwake)

Out of the night and the north,
Savage of breed and of bone,
Shaggy and swift comes the yelping band,
Freighters of fur from the voiceless
land,

That sleeps in the Arctic zone.

Laden with skins from the north,
Beaver, and bear, and racoon,
Martin and mink from the polar belts,
Otter and ermine and sable pelts.
The spoils of the Hunters' Moon.

Out of the night and the north,
Sinewy, fearless and fleet,
Urging the pack through the pathless
snow,

The Indian driver, calling low. Follows with moccasined feet.

Ships of the night and the north,
Freighters on prairies and plains,
Carrying cargoes from field and flood,
They scent the trail through their wild,
red blood,

The wolfish blood in their veins.

Caribou Corralled.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

One of the greatest abattre I ever took part in happened many years ago on the head waters of the Gatineau River, and as "Rod and Gun" is collecting hunting experiences for their Christmas number, this may probably find a place.

I do not look back to the event with any degree of pride, for the killing of that herd of deer was rank slaughter, but the blood of my Indian companions was up and the word was 'kill, kill.'

The Indian chief of that section had told me at his New Year's visit that he had seen tracks of a very large herd of deer, but as the snow was yet shallow, he would not molest them until circumstances were more favorable for a successful hunt.

I got him to promise that I should be one of his party, and he was to notify me a day or two in advance so I could come up from the post, sleep at his camp and start with the hunters the following day.

Days and weeks passed without bringing the desired call and I had begun to think either they had started for caribou themselves, or, the deer had left that part of the country.

One evening along in March I found a youth waiting for me in the kitchen and he said his father, the chief, had sent him to guide me to their camp. As the wig-wam was fifteen miles away I kept him at the post and we left together the next morning.

The boy was an intelligent young fellow, and, going along, told me how his father had, from time to time, during the winter, spied out from the edge of the deer's ravage, their whereabouts and doings, and thereby at the present moment could tell almost the exact feeding grounds of the bunch.

It was the first time that I had ever been in an Algonquin winter camp, and I was surprised to see how clean and comfortable it was. The encampment of this particular band consisted of three birchbark wig-wams. The chief and his unmarried family occupied the largest of the three, and each of his sons-in-law lived in the other two.

Inside, to the height of three feet, the camp was padded all round with a thick lining of cedar branches. This not only kept out cold from the thin outer covering of bark, but it also reflected the heat of the fire, which burnt brightly in the middle of the lodge.

The chief took me under-his special care and I was given the "coin des estrangers" and a supper fit for a king, baked white-fish, stewed rabbit, roast partridge and gallette baked in the ashes. Bread cooked in this way has to be eaten to be appreciated.

While we lolled back with our feet to the fire and smoked, the old chief unfolded his plans for the morrow, and with a rude drawing on a piece of bark, drew the outline of the lake upon and around the shore of which, he expected to find the deer taking their siesta at high noon.

Our party was to consist of his two sons-in-law, his two boys, one a youth of fifteen and the other twelve, himself and the writer. It was only the chief and myself who possessed double-barrelled guns, the two married men and the youths having single ones. In those days we had no breech-loaders, but even with muzzle-loading guns, one, by constant practice, became expert in loading and firing.

The guns were the standard 28 gauge Hudson's Bay, and carried a round ball up to a couple of hundred yards with almost the accuracy of a rifle.

As we were to be stirring before daylight, our second pipe was taken, each rolled in his blanket. I fell asleep watching the embers of the almost burnt out fire and speculating on what would be my luck next day. The next thing I knew was feeling my blanket being vigorously pulled and the old chief in a most stentorious voice calling, "Onish-kan," "Onish-kan," and varying this by "Leve," "Leve." Breakfast was soon disposed of, and the band of hunters fell in, single file, behind the old chief, the boy bringing up the rear, with the kettle, frying-pan and provisions for a couple of meals.

A sharp, brisk walk of three or four

miles, partly on the large lake, and partly through the forest, brought us to the vicinity of the deer, so the old man said, and from there we followed with the utmost

Ahead of us, and quite visible from where we were then walking could be seen a depression in the surrounding hills, and the old man said down in that valley was a small lake, and if we were fortunate enough to find the deer there, "Everything would be good."

All at once the chief stopped short in his tracks and with his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, he pointed down the mountain, and there lay the lake like a patch of snow at the base of thick woods that encompassed it on every side.

After our eyes got accustomed to the sight we could distinguish several deer on the ice, some lying down and others standing in a dreamy way chewing the cud of contentment. A council of war was then held, or, in other words, the chief unfolded his plans, and to each was alloted a certain position, with injunctions that under no consideration was any one to leave his place until summoned by the chief himself. This summons was to be given by the old man standing out on the lake with his gun held crossways above his head, and a call as the night owl, three separate times.

Three-quarters of an hour was the time fixed for each one to get to his alloted place and the boy, who was provided with a watch, told at the expiration of that time to give the deer the wind from the north end of the lake.

One son-in-law went to the east side, the other to the west, the youth to the head of the lake with his younger brother. The old chief took up a position at the narrow discharge and placed me about a gun shot down the creek.

He told me when the deer came stampeding down the ice, he would let the first bunch pass by and I could attend to them. When this was thoroughly understood by us all we separated to take up our positions and await the coming of the deer.

My place was not difficult to get to as I was under cover of the trees right up to the edge of the creek, but the old man had his work cut out, as, for the last hundred yards he had to fairly burrow through the

soft snow to the two solitary trees at the point of discharge.

It appeared to me a very short time from the time we all separated on the mountain till I saw the boy come out from the woods at the head of the lake.

In a moment after his appearance the deer got the tainted air and down the ice they came. My heart beat two hundred revolutions to the minute as I saw them coming head on for the old man: But the chief was cool and collected. He let the first bunch of four that entered the creek ice pass on, and then he rose up suddenly and poured the contents of his gun into the thick of the herd.

I had just time to take in this much when the four were down abreast of me, and the bullets of my gun brought down the first two. This so surprised those that followed that they wheeled about in their tracks and made for the open lake. In the meantime my old chief had reloaded, and as they passed he brought down one.

Those first six shots gave us six deer as the old man had killed two with one bullet the first time he fired.

The main body of the herd made for a slight valley on the east side. There they were met by another hunter, again turning they ran across the lake only to be met by other shots.

Again, in their fright, they came over the lake. From their speed it was evident they intended to force a passage through at any cost.

The old man bravely showed himself right in their path when they were within a few yards. This caused them to stop so suddenly that they bunched for a moment, and the chief let go both barrels from the hip. It was not necessary to aim as they were so thick.

One, however, was so persistent that he got past, so close to the old hunter that he punched the caribou in the face with the butt of his gun.

But he did not reckon on another "chiel" further on the creek. I was prepared for any that got through the blockade and bowled him over so unceremoniously that he made a complete turn over and remained on his back with his four feet in the air.

As the deer made from point to point,

they became fewer in numbers, for one of our party was at the only places they could leave the lake.

Finally the slaughter was over and they were all down but one. This, an immense buck, had come to a standstill in the middle of the small lake, his fellows lying about in all directions, and there he stood, as if defying us to come and take him.

The Indians began to approach him from the four quarters of the lake and I followed the chief from our end, but in my secret thoughts I wished heartily that the poor fellow would escape. It was useless to ask the grace of sparing his life from the Indians, for their nature is to kill and kill. However, he did get clear to the outlet, from there to the valley and freedom.

Then began the counting of our bag which totalled forty-eight, and only that big buck lived to escape.

The lake upon which we found them was about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. After the massacre there remained hardly a square yard of ice that was free from blood. Blood, blood everywhere. This sight and the smell of the meat, as the Indians set to skinning, turned me so ill that I nearly fainted. My steadfast old chief, however, saw the state I was in and gave me a hot drink, not of "fire water," but of the harmless, though effective, Pain-Killer.

We reached the camp after midnight, a thoroughly tired lot. Next day I returned leisurely to the post and sent my men back with sleds for some of the meat.

My First Trout.

By HELEN M. MERRILL.

It was a fine day in July or August, probably July, since they were still picking strawberries in a field through which we passed on our way to Trout Creek. Although it was ten or twelve years ago, I very distinctly remember our stopping at intervals along the edge of the field to help ourselves to a strawberry or two, and how much more delicious they tasted with the warmth of the sunshine in them, than ordinarily as served at the table—not that I wish to encourage field-lifting, nor yet to verify that time-worn saying that stolen fruit is sweetest—several of the pickers were at work within a stone's throw of us.

These field people, by the way, are always more or less interesting. There were about twenty in the party, mostly young women, two men having had the good fortune to be included. The picture presented was an attractive one. The women were in calico garments of all colors—vivid shades of red, green, blue, and yellow. Nor was one color confined to a single person. Their apparel had been chosen indiscriminately. An entire costume, for instance, consisting of a bright pink waist, green

skirt, red apron, and pink sunbonnet. Nearly all of them wore old-fashioned sun-bonnets. The fabrics were cheap, to be sure, on inspection, and the colors common, but the sun, the master-blender, poured down his transparent gold in floods, and transformed the field-people and their environment into a picture of perfect beauty.

But this is not trout fishing.

Only a common log fence separated us now from the mysterious strip of forest and stream which was our destination. In a moment we were over, and the change was as complete as if we had suddenly been transported to a wilderness in some pioneer land. On we went, cautiously, wondering almost with bated breath. Presently a small clearing in the forest ap-There lay the little corduroy bridge, neatly fashioned of cedar saplings. Crossing this my brother presently disappeared among the cedars on the other side of the stream, and soon returned with two very slim saplings for fishing rods. Sitting down on a stump conveniently near he began cutting off the branches, handing me the first one that I might keep the mosquitoes off him with it. This I endeavored to do. Presently, however, he asked me to brush a little faster. Being naturally obedient, I did so. But after a couple of minutes' vigorous brandishing of my perfumed weapon, which I am afraid came rather too frequently in contact with his head or thereabouts, he advised me that I had better let them (the mosquitoes) come awhile.

Again I obeyed.

By and by, after the lines had been attached to the rods, and the flies examined, we separated, he going upstream, I down. The creek is so narrow in places one could easily leap across it. At intervals it forms broader brown pools; while here and there a log, green with moss, spans it, or lies in or under the water. Near one of these I cast my fly. After a little while I moved farther down stream and tried another spot. Eventually I tried many.

The forest scenery along the creek was beautiful beyond words, and at last I came into a bit of old hemlock woods, full of brown and green shadows, and silence, and dead trees, in places impenetrable, a perfect bit of primeval forest. And then I wondered if the day's outing would end in scenery. As yet I had not had even a bite.

Slowly I retraced my way up stream, trying my luck at intervals. Arriving at the bridge, I sat down on it, Japanese fashion, to protect my ankles from the mosquitoes, which were very persistent. Of that particular species of bite I had caught many. Calling to my brother, I

learned that he had had half-a-dozen bites, which encouraged me, and again I cast my fly, this time close to a green log hard by the little bridge.

Flash— Splash—

At the very instant the speckled beauty leaped to my fly, I involuntarily snatched it up, startled by the sudden motion of the fish, so that he slipped back into his brown-bedded element in a twinkling. I have only the recollection of a small shining object poised for a fraction of a second in the air, and a shimmering descent. This happened half-a-dozen times.

Nor is this catching trout. Neither did we secure one that day.

It is some consolation, however, to know that we were not alone unsuccessful when whipping this creek. And now I must end with, not a fish story, but a story about fishing.

One day three men came to Trout Creek, entering the wood at a more western point, having driven there through a long country lane. On separating to go fishing they agreed to return at a certain hour to the carriage. Two of them arrived at the appointed hour, and were not long in discovering an old piece of timber standing against the phaeton, and in the splintered end of it, a note:—

No fish, No bites, No fun, November — John Thaw—

Gone home.

Inspector C. H. West, of the Northwest Mounted Police, who has had charge of the Arthabaska division for some years, with headquarters at Lesser Slave Lake, was in Montreal recently, and while discussing the situation in those northern latitudes, gave some interesting facts concerning the possibilities of that country.

Inspector West will leave for his post shortly, and it will probably take him ten or twelve days from Edmonton, a distance of three hundred miles.

When he first went into the country they had to camp out every night, while there

are at the present time comfortable log houses all along the route, where food can be obtained for men and horses, as well as fairly good sleeping accommodation.

Great changes have taken place throughout that country during the last few years, and he believes there will be still greater improvements in the near future.

He states that the Hudson's Bay Company has now a modern flour mill in operation at Fort Vermillion, three hundred miles further north, or six hundred miles north of Edmonton, and that great things are expected therefrom. Benefits are already

being felt, as Mr. Frank Wilson, who is in charge of the Hudson's Bay post at the Fort, has shipped no less than 1,000 sacks of flour down to Arthabaska Landing. The market can handle a good deal more flour than the country can yet produce, but the settlers believe that the time is not far distant when the district will be able to produce sufficient wheat for its own consumption.

Inspector West is of the opinion that wheat can be raised as successfully as in the Edmonton district. For instance, he came up the Peace River a year ago last August, and the wheat growers were about to begin cutting, that being on August 20th. The farther north you get, he explained, the longer the days become, and the grain ripening is exceedingly rapid. He says that the Hudson's Bay Company pays \$1.50 a bushel for wheat, and he cited the case of a man named Brick, the son of an Anglican missionary, who raised 1,500 bushels of wheat, and had refused the Hudson's Bay Company's offer of \$1.50 per bushel. This wheat was raised at the Peace River Crossing, and Inspector West is of the opinion that it will become a good wheat raising country. All along the Peace River there are large flats, and wherever the country is open fine gardens exist. He has never, indeed, seen better vegetables than those grown in the great lone land.

Ten years ago flour was sold at \$10 a sack. Now it is reduced to six dollars.

The inhabitants are English, Scotch and French, half-breeds, and the inspector says they are not hustlers, and he thinks white men could do a great deal better. In fact, a good many intruders have already come in. Among others, several Norwegian families, and they seem to be doing well.

The Anglican and Catholic missionaries, he says, are doing good work amongst the Indians. It is difficult, however, to make much progress with the old Indians. They are baptized, of course, but the Pagan instinct appears to remain with them. Inspector West declared that the action of the Government in stopping the importation of Florida water, ginger, and essences, has been of great benefit to the country, as they are now only to be obtained by permit.

The Hudson's Bay Company have now important competition in the Northwest in Messrs. Revillion Bros., having houses in New York, Paris and Moscow, and as they are fur manufacturers, their ability to purchase direct from the Indians is most advantageous.

The Inspector reports that the Hudson's Bay Company is constructing a new stern wheel steamer on the Peace River. This boat will be 125 feet long and all her machinery is being taken up in sleighs from Edmonton.

Our Medicine Bag.

Four licenses have been granted in Ontario to woman hunters this season.

No particulars have been received as to the number of moose shot in the Kipawa district this fall up to the time of going to press, but we hear on good authority that several have fallen.

The "Canada Gazette," of October 22nd, proclaims a close season for musk ox in the North West Territories from August 31st to May 31st every year. We trust

that it will be found possible to enforce this enactment.

Last month (page 302) we illustrated the Red Cedar, the Latin names for which are "Juniperus virginiana," not "Juniperus communis," which is the scientific name of the common juniper.

There are photographs and photographs and the best are never made with a poor camera. For instance, the excellent illustration we publish in the present issue entitled, "Off to the Fields," was taken with an outfit supplied by the Canadian Camera Company, of Toronto, and its excellence is a proof that it pays to use the best.

An English exchange says that Miss Florence Lewis, the best lady rifle shot in England, is about to make her home in the Dominion. No woman has made such scores as Miss Lewis made this summer at Bisley, since Miss Leal, of Guernsey, shot there during the early nineties. At the five hundred and six hundred yard ranges, she can generally score twenty-eight points at least, out of a possible thirty-five.

The Rifleman's Handbook, by J. G. Ewing, is published by the Laflin & Pand Powder Co., New York. This booklet of three score pages contains all that is essential for an American military rifleman to know about the .30 calibre magazine rifle adopted for the U. S. Militia, commonly known as the Krag. The publishers say that "this book has been compiled expressly for the enlisted man, who is desirous of becoming a rifle shot," and we think they may be congratulated upon the handbook they have turned out.

According to the last annual report of the Dominion Express Company, 1238 deer, and 57 caribou were carried during the hunting season of 1903. Most of these were shot in the Province of Quebec. Gracefield contributed 168 deer, Kazabazua, 167; La belle, 197; Megantic, 374; Papineauville, 317; Kipawa, 8 and Timiskaming, 7. caribou came from three places, Megantic, 2; Kipawa, 23 and Timiskaming, 32. record appears to have been kept of the number of moose. These undoubtedly were shot mainly in the Kipawa region, and owing to their bulk were not brought out in the carcass, the heads accompanying the sportsmen as baggage.

It is not so very long since the poacher

The G. W. Cole Company, manufacturers of the renowned "Three in One Oil," have just issued 1,500,000 copies of a new "Three in One" descriptive pamphlet. They will send a free copy of this book and a generous sample of the oil to anyone who will write for it, and who will mention Rod and Gun in Canada.

and the out-of-season hunter did as he chose in the Northwest Territories, without fear of God or man, but the times have changed, as some of the before mentioned gentry are finding to their cost.

As an instance: Major Belcher, N. W. M. P., at Morinville, fined a half-breed \$25 for trying to ship prairie chicken out of the Territories without permission from the Minister of Agriculture. There were 128 chicken wrapped up in muskrat skins, and packed in boxes, addressed to a dealer in Montreal. They did not attract attention until they reached North Bay, where the Game Warden became suspicious, and after an investigation had satisfied him of the correctness of his suspicions he wired the Northwest Government,

Mr. E. Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, has returned to Ottawa from his inspection trip through the West. The interest in tree-planting by the settlers is showing encouraging development, and the operations of the Forestry Branch are steadily extending. At the nursery at Indian Head the supply of nursery stock is more than three million plants, so there is ample provision for the rapidly increasing demand. The forests of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories have not suffered to any great extent from fire during the past season, but in British Columbia fires have been numerous. The loss to that province will be very heavy and also to the adjoining states of Washington and Oregon.

Mr. Stewart took the opportunity also of visiting some of the timber reserves in the Western States in order to gain an acquaintance with the methods of administration followed by the Forestry Bureau of the United States.

In Baily's Magazine Mr. G. S. Lowe's contribution on "Tom Parr and his Times"

The Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., have purchased the American right for the use of the Westley Richards single trigger action for shot guns and is now prepared to put the action upon any of its guns. The Company is also now putting on the market the Smith gun with this single trigger action.

is very entertaining, and Captain Miller in course of a review of the past season's polo has something to say concerning the lack of horsemanship among players to which he attributes want of skill in the game. An appreciative memoir of the late Colonel John Anstruther Thomson is prefaced by a photograph which possesses peculiar interest. It was taken as learn from the memoir, at a meet of the Dartmoor Hounds in April last, and is the last portrait that was ever taken of Col. Anstruther Thomson in the hunting field. It shows him on an immensely powerful weight carrier, with Mrs. Thomson and their youngest daughter; and regarding the upright seat and alert look of the late M. F. H. it is difficult to believe that this is the portrait of a man of eighty-six. Earl Fitzwilliam, Master of two packs of fox hounds, polo player, turfite and shooting man, furnishes Baily with a worthy subject for the usual portrait and biographical sketch.

The General Superintendent of Forests, of the Province of Quebec, Mr. Norman McQuaig, has, according to the Ottawa Citizen, stated that the hunting seasons of Ontario and Quebec should be made uniform. One cannot read such a statement without a shiver, as it seems to forbody further tinkering with the unfortunate game laws. The ink is hardly dry with which they are printed before they are changed. In the older countries they manage these things much better; there, from generation to generation, the opening and

closing dates remain unchanged. Here, there is every excuse for a man breaking the laws through inadvertence, as these are changed so frequently. The Quebec law is by no means perfect, but it is better than the Ontario law, which is highly imperfect. Our idea is that, from one end of the Dominion to the other, big game should be in season from September 1st to January 1st, but that the bag should be restricted to one, or at most, two, males of each species. Does and fawns should be protected at all times. In the meantime while our worthy legislators are doing their annual tinkering, the hardy backwoodsman is killing without regard to season or sex.

It is difficult at this late day to plan anything strictly out of the common and original, especially in a book dealing with sport. Dr. Henry Yorke, author of "Days with our Upland Game Birds," and "Days with our Waterfowl," has, however, tackled "Our Ducks," from a novel standpoint. His descriptions of the different birds sought by the wild fowl shooter are clear, concise, and bear evidence of having been written by a man who knows what it is to squint along the rib of a double barrel. The most novel parts of the book, however, are undoubtedly chapters eleven to nineteen, wherein the author deals with the foods, habits, enemies and flights of the different birds that go to make up the wildfowl hosts of North America. By an ingenious system of lettering he gives accurate information of the food of each species; then he enumerates the different grasses and the

NORTH AND SOUTH.

The name of Jaeger is known everywhere as standing for purity and excellence in the goods that bear it. In Canada it is absolutely necessary to wear clothing which is adapted to great extremes, and this can only be secured by wearing pure wool throughout. The body being clothed in porous animal fibre only, the skin is able to breathe and get rid of superflous water and fat, which, under unsanitary clothing such as linen and cotton, it would not exhale, and the retention of which is a frequent cause of many supposed chronic

disorders of the respiratory and digestive organs, rheumatism. lumbago, etc. Under the Jaeger covering, the flesh becomes literally hardened, acquiring greater specific weight, and the body is far better fitted to resist the attacks of disease.

The greater variety of goods shown by Dr. Jaeger's Company, 2206 St. Catherine St., Montreal, should be seen to be appreciated. Their illustrated catalogue (No. 1), however, gives some idea as to the various lines and will be sent by them free on application.

Dr. Jaeger's treatise on "Health Culture," a handsome cloth-bound book of 200 pages can also be had for the asking.

aquatic plants that constitute the cover in which the different birds are usually found; he also, by means of letters, again, appended to the birds' names, shows their breed ing ranges, and, to make his book the more complete, he gives a full list of the enemies against which ducks have to contend. This little manual is issued by the American Field Publishing Co., Chicago, and the price is \$1.50.

Mr. George White-Fraser, of the Dominion Meteorological Department has recently returned from the Stikine. He was engaged upon the International Boundary in the Coast range, between the right bank of the Stikine and the Atlin country. found game extraordinarily abundant; to use his own expression, "bears were almost as thick as 'blackberries,' and mountain goat were often seen. More than one member of the party had an exciting adventure with a grizzly. The country through which the Stikine flows is a wonderful game region, and it seems to be fully as good as it was when the writer of this paragraph was there five years ago.

A noted German sportsman, Baron Von Plessen, who first visited British Columbia on the advice of the Editor of this magazine, has been shooting this autumn about eighty miles from Telegraph, the

The Glen Tana Kennels are the champion kennels of the Pacific Coast. Mr. T. S. Griffith, of Spokane, Washington, is the proprietor. He writes:

"We make a specialty of breeding the best working strains for sheepmen and sell at reasonable prices. Our collies give satisfaction to flockmasters everywhere.

"Our show collies made a clean sweep of the Pacific Coast shows, winning sixtyeight first prizes, eighteen seconds, three thirds and special cups for best collie bitch and best collie dog in seven shows. Also making our great brood bitch, Bo-Peep, a champion.

"We have five imported stud dogs.

"If you have a bitch to breed send her to us and breed to the best.

"Terms, \$15.00 to \$25.00.

"We offer fifteen high-class brood bitches at bargain prices to make room for young stock."

head of navigation on the Stikine. He enjoyed most excellent sport, shooting bear, sheep, goat, caribou, moose and deer. The sheep are Ovis Stonei, specimens of which are as yet rare in the museums of the world, and the Provincial collection at Victoria, of which Mr. F. Kermode is now curator, having succeeded to the position left vacant by the late Mr. John Fannin, is to be congratulated on having through the courtesy of Baron Von Plessen secured a fine ram of this little known northern species.

The following interesting letter has been received by Rod and Gun:

As the hunting season for moose and red deer is about over I thought an account of the sport in this section might interest some of your readers. On Lake Timiskaming a large number of hunters have tried their luck and have, as a rule, been very successful. Some very fine heads have been shipped from this section, the largest having a spread of 60 inches. In the White River and Abitibi country several good heads have been secured, and quite a few caribou have been killed, also a number of bear, one of which was a very large one, and was killed by a gentleman from Indianapolis, Ind. This place is reached by a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Mattawa, and, without doubt, is the best country for moose in Canada, Easy of access, first class guides, make the trip a very enjoyable one which only needs to be known to become very popular. The bears

Toronto Junction Gun Club, Mr. Duff won live bird championship. Messrs. G. W. McGill, C. Turp, and Thos. Dyoff, all tied with straight scores in the target events. They all shot Lefever ejector guns. Mr. McGill was one of the two men who last year won the two man championship of Canada, Both champions shot Lefever guns. Mr. P. Wakefield, shooting his Lefever gun, won silver trophy for the high gun in a series of shoots extending over three years. Send for Lefever Arms Co., new 1905 illustrated catalogue describing their famous system of boreing and containing valuable hints on loading and shooting. Don't experiment, buy a Lefever. Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

have gone in for the winter, and the moose have left the ponds and beaver marshes for the hardwood ridges and are getting ready to yard up for the winter. Killing out of season, I am glad to say, is not prevalent in this section, and the law is fairly well observed. The most of the lands on the Quebec side are under lease but Ontario is open to all and contains thousands of square miles of the best hunting territory.

W. H. LEAVITT.

Bellevue House, Timiskaming.

In England they generally speak of breaking a dog; in the States of training one, and as the American dogs are undoubtedly more perfect in their work than English pointers and setters, owing to the increase of driving in the British Isles, and the consequent decrease of opportunities for teaching the pointing dog, we like the American term the better. The whole American system of training the hunting dog for the field and for field trials, is admirably described in a recent book by Mr. B. Waters, from the Forest and Stream press, New York. We fancy that some of the old school of dog breakers will hardly understand the system that Mr. Waters advocates, but it is undeniable that the old fashioned dog breaker never turned out the perfect animals that compete in the field trials of today. Mr. Waters recommends that the puppy be allowed to romp and chase to his heart's content, excepting that he would have him checked when he pays too much attention to chickens or sheep, and until the puppy is ten months or a year old, he would have him taught little excepting such simple commands as "heel," "hold up," "toho," "come in," and "go on." His great reliance is evidently the spiked collar, but while there can be no doubt as to the value of this occasionally rather severe implement, from our own experience we should say that the best way to teach a dog to come in at a gallop and right up to his handler, is our own somewhat primitive but effective method. During the puppy-hood stage we carry a small tin box filled with chopped pieces of liver, or some such delicacy, and call the dog in frequently, rewarding him each time with a fragment from the box. It is astonishing how rapidly a puppy will learn to come in and claim his reward. No doubt, however, in the case of very headstrong dogs a spiked collar is valuable. A check cord attached to an ordinary collar is quite severe enough however, in our judgment, for a dog that is at all nervous or easily cowed, and many of the very best field dogs must be included in this category, Mr. Waters is of the opinion that meat is the natural food of the dog, and he is right. Dogs were not intended by nature to live upon mush, and the sooner this is realized by dog owners, the better. We cordially recommend this book to those who are looking for instructions in the art of "Training the Hunting Dog."

In this country and in the United States, more especially in the United States, the laws regulating the transportation of explosives are most stringent. The official attitude seems to be one of distrust, and at the same time one that shows a by no means profound knowledge of the action of powder when exploded in cartridges. Practically, the same precautions are insisted upon in the case of a few tiny, .22 calibre cartridges, as are required in the shipment of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, and gunpowder in bulk. The classification of such different explosives under the same heading is, however, unwise and undoubtedly throws a burden upon the shipper that he should not be called upon to bear.

During the present year U. S. Senator Elkins introduced a bill, which gave rise to an investigation by the officials of the Chicago Fire Department, as to the danger

Anglers everywhere have agreed that one of the most fruitful causes of lost fish, is the occasional rotten spot which comes even to the best line after reasonable use. The only sensible way to avoid this distressing result is to take the lines off the reel after each fishing trip and thoroughly dry them, but the difficulty in finding suitable methods of drying the line has interfered with this important practice. C. A. Laughton, of Litchfield, Minn., an old veteran sportsman, has invented a linedryer, known as "The Angler's Friend," a very ingenious and practical device, which overcomes all this difficulty and would make a Christmas present that any sportsman would appreciate.

to firemen through the storing of chemicals, explosives and combustibles of all kinds in city buildings. It was thought that the firemen would not venture to go building a burning where such things were stored. To demonstrate that this fear was not justified, the leading ammunition makers of the country made a public test in Chicago, at which the officials of the Fire Department, Fire Insurance, Underwriters and others were pres-A quantity of metallic cartridges and shotgun shells were burned in a fierce fire. The cartridges exploded one by one, as the flames reached them, but there was no general explosion, nor were any bullets or shot thrown out with violence. The experts conducting the trial remained within twenty feet of the fire without being injur-

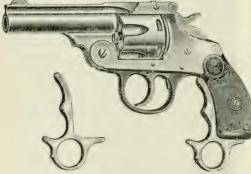
Further tests have been made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., which show that transportation companies run no more risk in transporting loaded cartridges than they would in carrying any ordinary, unexplosive freight. Cases of ammunition were dropped fifteen feet, so that they flew into pieces; trip hammers struck them blows that destroyed the woodwork and shortened the cartridges fully half an inch; and, finally, a gas blowpipe was allowed to play upon a case of shells loaded with smokeless

powder, until it was consumed and yet no damage was done to any of the bystanders, notwithstanding that the official conducting the test stood with one hand resting upon the case of cartridges.

The present issue of Rod and Gun in Canada will be the last as the official organ of the Canadian Forestry Association. After a pleasant connection of four years it has been decided, mutually, to discontinue the official partnership, though the Canadian Forestry Association will ever have the esteem and cordial co-operation of this magazine, and we are assured that our kindly feelings are reciprocated by the officers and members of the Association.

All sportsmen are, in a sense, foresters; they know that the fate of many species of game depends upon the shelter, or absence of the great woodlands covering such enormous areas in the Dominion, and they, naturally, take a lively interest in the protection of these forests, but few have a desire to go into the technical side of forestry, nor to make a life study of it. Consequently many of the papers we have published as the official organ of the Forestry Association, were of little if any interest to the bulk of our readers. The growth of the circulation of Rod and Gun has been so great that it was decided that the

We call the attention of our readers to the Iver Johnson Revolver Grip, herewith illustrated, a very recent invention that has met with spontaneous favor and a de-



mand which keeps the immense Iver Johnson armories on the jump to satisfy the immediate requirements of the trade.

Heretofore, to obtain a strong grip on a revolver, it has been necessary to design the weapon with a long sweep of the handle with its disadvantages of weight and cumbersomeness. The Iver Johnson Revolver Grip is not only light, but detachable and its use, therefore, is optional with the user. There are occasions where circumstances demand unusual accuracy when one's life almost depends on an unfailing and absolute grip on his revolver. Having in mind this contingency, and also the very common occurrence of a revolver being knocked from the hands of the holder, or being wrenched from the hands by superior strength, at the very moment it is most required for defence, the inventor conceived the idea of the Iver Johnson Revolver Grip.

The manufacturers, the Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works of Fitchburg, Mass., will be pleased to furnish further particulars to any one who may be sufficiently interested to address them on the subject.

wishes of the majority could no longer be subordinated to the tastes of the minority. The Canadian Forestry Association, on its side, wished, and quite naturally, for an organ in which more space might be devoted to the abstruse calculations and to the detailed descriptions of the latest experiments in forestry, subjects for which no room could be found in a magazine whose aim and object is to give just the information that the big game hunter, the wing shot, the fisherman, and the explorer ask for. So the time has come for a separation. Next year Rod and Gun will be able to give more space to subjects that are strictly within its purview.

Mr. F. C. Selous, who made his reputation as a big game hunter in South Africa, and has since visited every continent in search of big game and excitement, was interviewed the other day in Winnipeg on his way back to England. He said:

"I am going home for the winter," said the famous sportsman to the Free Press. "There is still chance for much sport in Canada, but there was no possibility remaining longer in the North unless I was to remain there until next season. I lingered as long as it was possible in the northern woods, but at last was compelled to come away. I went up a number of tributaries of the Yukon for many miles, chiefly with Indian guides, partly to see the country, of which so much has been said, and partly on hunting expeditions. said that there is a possibility of the diminution of the gold supply of the Yukon, but it seems impossible that there will soon be any diminution of the game. The country will always be attractive to the adventurous traveller and the hunter, and will always possess a great fascination for One feels as far from the sportsmen. haunts of man on the upper Yukon as in any portion of the world. The silence of the primeval forest still exists unbroken by any human sound. The game is sufficiently plentiful so that there is no object in shooting it, except what may be necessary for food.

"I think of going home to England for the winter, and I sometimes fancy I have done my last hunting. All I wish to do now is to go quietly home and rest. I saw very little of the northwestern part of Canada except the Yukon, 'but I saw enough to show me how very large the Dominion is, and I am glad to learn that it is in a condition of so great prosperity.''

Editor "Rod and Gun" --

The Canadian Camp, the principal sportsmen's club in America, composed of prominent sportsmen in Canada and the States, meets twice each year to enjoy feasting on game of their own killing and to hear the stories of the hunt.

Their second semi-annual dinner was held at St. Denis Hotel, New York City, on Nov. 16th, and was largely attended. So interesting was this occasion that the speeches lasted well into the morning.

The menu was attractive and the dinner was deliciously prepared and satisfactorily served. The principal game was black bear from the Adirondacks, wild swan from Florida, wild goose from Canada, English pheasant from New Jersey, redhead duck from Maine, opossum from Connecticut, rail birds from Maryland and hare from Wyoming. The bear was roasted whole.

Last winter they served alligator at the annual dinner and next February more surprises are promised.

The Camp has some six hundred members, who are scattered all over the United States and Canada.

Only members attend the semi-annual dinners, but at the annual dinner, which is held during the Sportsmen's Show in New York, those who have not met the requirements for membership (having camped in Canada) are invited.

It is a fine sight to see from two to three hundred of these good fellows enjoying a dinner together. We all know how enjoyable a camp dinner in the woods is with six or ten, but to think of hundreds of this class of men and women sitting around one table piled high with trophies of the hunt, makes our mouths water and our hearts quicken with the thoughts of life in the woods.

One of the claims of this Camp is that it requires no law to govern its members and there are no initiation fees or dues. You naturally enough ask the question: "How in the world do you run the Club?" The president can best answer this.

"C. C. C."

Quatsino Sound is situated in the northern part of Vancouver Island, and at the present moment is one of the best places to outfit for the elk of that district. It is reached by the C. P. R. steamer "Tees," as well as all other steamers belonging to the same Company, running to northern ports. A post office has recently been established there, and there is a fairly comfortable hotel at Hardie Bay.

Quatsino Sound has many resources not yet developed in the way of fish, minerals, and forest wealth. A factory is located on the Sound where clams are canned after being ground. They are used for soups and as such are in great demand in a number of big Eastern cities. Salmon and herring are found in great quantities, as are also haddock and cod.

During the autumn and winter big flocks of wild geese and ducks frequent the marshes. As illustrating the plentifulness of this Mr. Best states that he shot one from his tent door. Rainbow trout is abundant, and can be found on Marble creek and Victoria and Alice lakes. One of these, caught by Mr. Best, was 28 inches long, and proved of very fine flavor. Catching them affords the best of sport.

Near Winter Harbor there are a great many bears, also mink. Evidences of beaver, too, were found, some of the streams being dammed. Deer are verv abundant and afford about the only fresh meat that the farmers get. Elk are also found in Quatsino in the spring and winter. A fine one was secured by Mr. Best while engaged in examining some timber limits. For a time he was able to supply the whole settlement with elk meat. Many of the animals are killed for their teeth alone. A party of hunters from Boston, Mass., who visited Quatsino during the past season found three carcasses in the forest which had been killed for the teeth only. To prevent this thing from occurring and for the protection of the elk the Provincial Government should pass a law prohibiting indiscriminate slaughter. One Indian at Quatsino Sound boasted of having killed five for the teeth, and if this continues the animals will become extinct in a short time.

The great, lone, northern land consti-

tuting the Mackenzie and Yukon territories contains game in great quantities, as will be found by those who have the hardihood and persistence to seek it. According to the Dawson City World, one need not go so very far, as distances go in the Yukon, from the metropolis of Canada's northern territory, in order to find big game in abundance. It seems that the first wild game to reach the Dawson City market. was brought in on the night of October 20th, from the head of Sixty-mile, the consignment consisting of twenty-five mountain sheep and two caribou. The party came down the river in a small boat, running in the ice most of the distance between Ogilvie and the city.

"We left town September 3rd," said one of the sportsmen, "and after striking the Sixty-mile poled up the latter stream about 200 miles, until we reached the heart of the Alaska range. It took us fifteen days to get to the hunting grounds, the return being made much quicker, and it was fortunate for us we left when we did, as the ice chased us pretty lively on the way down. Another day or two and we might have been frozen, with no possible way of getting our meat out, having no dogs or sleds, and not being prepared for a winter trip.

"Game in the section where we hunted, is quite plentiful, but it is hard to get, and, once killed, is harder to get out. The mountain ranges are very precipitous in places and some of the peaks appear to be covered with perpetual snow. The sheep run in large bands and generally choose their feeding grounds in places least accessible to human beings. Some of their most beaten trails are along the edges of cliffs, barely wide enough to afford a footing, with a yawning chasm perhaps a thousand feet deep on one side and a blank wall on the other.

"We brought no heads in with us, excepting one caribou. The sheep heads we did not bother with, as there were none sufficiently large to make them of any special value. That is a tremendously wild, rugged country, full of lofty peaks, deep ravines and solitude so dense it could be cut with a knife."

An Anglo-Indian fisherman, Col. Geo.

Ranking, has written to the Fishing Gazette, giving a useful formula for computing the weight of a fish after measuring. We have used a good many of these formulas but found they were by no means unfailingly accurate. Next season we hope to experiment with Col. Ranking's formula. His letter is as follows:

"In your issue of Aug. 20, at page 133, third column, there occurs a paragraph relative to the capture of a monster trout in New Zealand, weight, 53th., length, 3ft. 11½in., girth. 29in., and your (I presume) remark is that 'Assuming that the length and weight were accurately taken, this fish is considerably heavier-say, some fifteen per cent.-than a well-conditioned salmon of same length. The weight by our table of salmon lengths, etc., is 46tb.' As a matter of curiosity I calculated out the weight of this fish in accordance with the formula well known to mahseer fishers in India, with the following result :-

"The formula runs, as you perhaps are well aware-

$$\frac{\left(\mathbf{L} + \frac{\mathbf{L}}{3}\right) \times \mathbf{G}^2}{1000} = \mathbf{W}. \text{ (in pounds)}$$

Where L is the length from snout to tail (a line joining the extremities of the tail fin is the point to which the length is taken), and G is the biggest girth, both in inches.

"Applying this to the trout in question we have-

$$\frac{(47.5 + 15.81 \times 841}{1000} = \text{Weight}$$

$$\frac{63.3 \times 841}{1000} = 53.2351\text{b}.$$

"On page 146, again, in 'Dragnet's' 'Jottings,' last paragraph, it is stated that a salmon 58tb. in weight, 4ft. 4in. in length, and 2ft. 5in. in girth, was caught at Rock-

"Again applying the above formula we get

$$\frac{(52+173)\times 841}{1000}=57.8 \text{ lb.}$$

as the weight of the fish.

From these two instances it would appear that the formula given applies perfectly to salmon and trout, as indeed one would expect from such perfectly symetrical fish."

Col. Ranking thinks that for pike the formula should be

$$\frac{\left(L+\frac{L}{2}\right)\times G^2}{1000} = \mbox{Weight in lbs.}$$

The editor of the Fishing Gazette asked an English mathematician to try and simplify the formula for salmon and trout and in consequence received the following:

"To find the approximate weight of salmon or trout in pounds avoirdupois, multiply the length by the square of the girth (both in inches) and divide the product by 750."

To make this quite clear I will take the 53th. New Zealand trout and work out the weight from the given length, $47\frac{1}{2}$ in., and girth, 29in. To get the square of the girth we multiply 29 by itself:-

It will be seen the result works out less than four ounces over 53th., or by Jackson's arithmetic and mentally :-

$$\begin{array}{c} \frac{47\frac{1}{2}\,\times\,(29)^2}{750} {=} 47\frac{1}{2}\,\times\,1\frac{1}{8} \text{ nearly} \\ = \!53\,\text{lb.} + \text{as before.} \end{array}$$

The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. has

ibers. They have also added a line of Government cleaners in .22, .25, .30, .38, and

brought out a rifle cleaning rod, of twist-

CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE

ed copper wire, with a brass wire tip, instead of bristles, in .22, .32, and .38 cal-

.44 calibers, and will furnish to order special sizes up to .50 caliber.

Lost in the North Woods.

We were hunting deer in La Minerve Township in Oct. 1904. The following menu was discussed:

Corby's Purity or Buchanan's black and White

Soup au pois, au natural.
Trout chowder with cabbbage.
Deer brains, with fixings a la Burns. Rye
on the side.

Stuffed roast venison a la Bruneau, Sauce a la souvenir

Partridge splits, fresh from the coals.
Olives, Tomatoes, Potatoes, Pickles.
Baked apples avec sirop d'arable.
Doughnuts and cookies a la Clara.
Apple pie, with cream or sirop d'arable, a
votre gout.

No speeches—too full for utterance.
After resting from our arduous labors, conversation was resumed when the question was asked by some one, "What is the best thing to take with you in case of getting lost." Some one said, "Plenty of ammunition." Another said, "A compass," another, "A guide."

When it came to my turn I said: "The very best thing you can take is plenty of matches—and a pocketful of 'Pharaoh' cigars," to which I added for advice, "Should you get lost, don't wander round, don't get excited, and don't lose your head. Go to the highest nearby point, and if from there you can't locate yourself, then make a fire, find a birch tree with loose bark, set fire to it so the flames will run to the top, gather your evergreen boughs and build a shack and stay there until your companions look you up.

While waiting, if after dark, fire a shot occasionally, and console yourself with a 'Pharaoh' eigar.

The next day three of our party, with a guide and a horse, went back between Lac des Isles and Lac L'Ecuyerre to bring out two deer we had killed the day before. The whole bunch of us were to rendezvous at

5 p. m. on Lac L'Ecuyerre, where a boat would meet the above three and bring them across to a shack, where we were all to sleep that night so as to hunt on the west side early the next morning.

After they got one deer up the mountain behind Staples' Clearing, Burns told Boulton and his fifteen-year-old boy to go straight over the other mountain, on the line I had formed the day before. Follow it down to the old wood road on the edge of the mountain and wait for them there, as they would make a detour with the horse. Boulton followed directions all right but unfortunately crossed the old wood road, kept right on down till he struck Lac L'Ecuyerre wood road in the swail, and got lost. Burns and the guide hunted for them the rest of the afternoon.

Our guide reached the rendezvous a little late, just dusk, fired a shot, which was answered by a shot. He went into the woods and called but getting no answer, fired another, which was answered, but apparently from some distance, which led him to think that the other boys had struck the Archambault Road and gone back to camp. It was then so dark that he could not proceed further into the woods.

The rest of us put in a miserable night in the damp shack, made our hunt the next day and returned to camp about 5 p. m., when we learned that Boulton and Son were lost.

Burns and the guide came in shortly after, having spent the whole day unsuccessfully looking for them. We sent out another guide with Jackson to build a bonfire on the mountain behind Staples, and another on the mountain south of there and keep them burning all night.

Supplied them with plenty of ammunition to shoot off occasionally.

The next day Lefebvre went out to search for them and at Dubois learned that they had heard shooting and calling the night before, but the men being absent, Mrs. Dubois was afraid to leave the house. She had blown her horn and received faint answers from a certain direction, which Lefebvre followed, and eventually found Boulton and son in a pretty exhausted condition.

It appears that after they had followed the wrong wood road into the swail, they realized that they were astray and tried to retrace their steps, but got badly mixed. They then followed my directions but could not locate themselves from the mountain. They built a fire and the first night got soaked with rain and sleet. The next day they kept the fire up and built a shelter

of evergreen boughs and got things more comfortable for the second night. Boulton, Sr., blazed trails and tried to find his way out, but was afraid to leave the boy alone very long. His hands were much blistered and cracked from the fire and cold, eyes very red from the smoke and nearly famished from hunger.

After they had something to eat Mr. Boulton said: "Well, Mr. Payne, what do you suppose I had for supper last night?"

"I suppose you shot a partridge," I said, "but it must have been pretty poor eating without salt."

"No sir," he said, "All I had for supper was a 'Pharaoh' cigar, and I never enjoyed a cigar so much before in my life."

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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G. MILLS McCl.URG, Justice of the Peace and Commissioner in the High Court of Justice for Middlesex County.

in the High Court of Justice for Middlesex County.

Melbourne, Ont., Aug. 18, 1904
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Mayor Hill Cured of Dyspepsia.

Mayor's Office, Richwood, Ohio

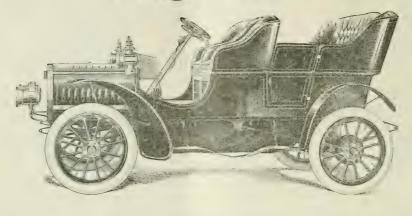
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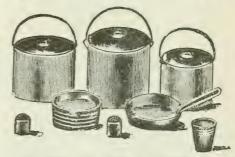
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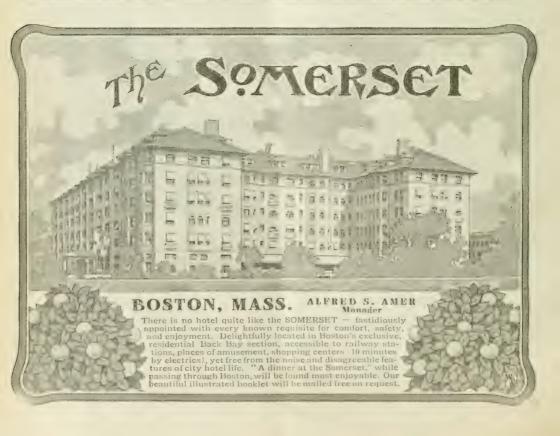
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THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada All communications for this department should be addressed to Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hints for Beginners at the Traps.

Along the line of sports there is probably no recreation as pleasant and gratifying as trap-shooting. The opportunity is before you every month in the year to be accepted. Many pages have been written and devoted to the subject of this health-giving pastime and still new developments



F. H. CONOVER, DuPont Representative.

are apparent. The devices for this means of sport in the way of inanimate birds are legion. The old glass ball, showing a large surface, thrown, on the advent of the choke gun was in vogue in the beginning. The modern system of thin, fast-flying targets made of composition, testing both the qualities of the best choke guns and skilled experts, is quite another problem. Two important factors are necessary for the desireable accomplishment of a successful

conquest. A well made arm of the modern design, finished perfectly in the boring admitting of a close and uniform pattern always performing alike, taking care that the measurements of the gun are such that conforms with the build of the person that is to use it, giving quick, perfect alignment on the target or object, being of the first importance. The importance of balance must not be overlooked as this plays an important part in quick and accurate shooting.

Trap-shooting necessitates that the ammunition be of highest merit, giving a perfect velocity to the pellets that are to mark the record of the contestant. Primer force, a sensitive and faultless smokeless powder, combined with sufficient gas check in a well made shell are two essential requirements. Very many new beginners adopt the loads of those more expert than themselves before learning the rudiments of shooting-the heavy modern loads have a tendency to annoy the beginner, irritate the shoulder, and cause flinching (the latter a bad fault and in time may recover). The three dram load with one and oneeighth ounces chilled shot will be found ample at first and as progression is made, the standard load of 31 drams and 11 ounces chilled shot in a 23 inch shell, may be used, using the best of judgment at the moment of pressing the trigger. The target or bird may vary from the regular flight, and thus comes the judgment of the shooter. In any event the lateral motion of the gun should be maintained that the charge meet the bird at the desired point. The gun should be held firmly and wellbedded to the shoulder before firing, overcoming to a great extent flinching. In double rise shooting, after the firing of the first barrel, care should be taken to prepare instantly for the second shot, provided it should be needed. Many shooters err in waiting results and lose time on the second barrel. The situation of suitable locations is considerable to high scores in shooting. Unobstructed backgrounds are preferable. Objects located near the bird at any time before shooting, attract the eye of the contestant and result in slow, uncertain shooting.

The phenomenal shooting at the late Dominion Trap Shooters' Tournament held at Brantford, in August, 1904, was partly due to an unobstructed background, fault-less in location and perfect in arrangement,

manipulated by a staff of efficient trap experts.

The past season has been quite a successful one in the history of trap-shooting conducive to high scores, while the attendance was possibly somewhat less than last season, it brought out a large number of amateurs, new faces, to meet the old war borses, so that their scores at the traps may in 1905 blend with the experts.

The writer is of the opinion that if the trap-shooters of Ontario, as well as all of Canada, would exchange their views regarding trap-shooting, through the medium of the popular journal, "Rod and Gun," it would be beneficial in many ways both to, its editor and also its readers.

F. H. CONOVER.

Toronto Junction Gun Club.

In the year 1884 a few gentlemen met and formed the Toronto Junction Gun Club. The Club started with a membership of about fifteen and has steadily



PHIL WAKEFIELD.

grown until today it is one of the foremost gun clubs in Canada, having a membership of sixty, which is the limit, and a number of applicants waiting for a vacancy. The first president was Mr. Dan Blea, an ardent sportsman and one of the best shots that Canada ever produced. The first targets that were used by the club was the glass ball, thrown from a rotary trap, then came the Ligowsky clay pigeon, and later, the Peoria blackbird, and Canada blackbird. The club had shooting grounds for a number of years near the center of the town, but as the population of the town increased, the ground was required for building purposes, and is today built up with fine residences.

The present grounds are situated at the southern limit of the town, and are easy of access, but as the town is growing fast in that direction the members are trying to secure grounds outside the town limits

The gun club holds shoots semi-weekly throughout the summer months, lasting from April until October, and handsome prizes are given to the members making the highest aggregate scores, The shoots during the last summer were well attended as, besides the prizes given by the club, there were two very handsome cups presented to the club for competition. The annual pigeon shoot is held early in October, and generally brings out a large num-

ber of members, who are divided into three classes and handsome prizes given to each class. The shoot this year was held on Oct. 12th, and although it rained heavily most of the day, there was an attendance of thirty-six members. At the Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooters and Game Protective Association last year, Messrs. McGill and Wakefield, representing the club, won the two man team championship of Canada, a feat

of which the club is justly proud, and again this year P. Wakefield at Brantford won the trophy for the highest average for the first day, with the score of 186 out of 200, which shows that the club has members who can hold their own in any company.

It is the intention of the club, if they secure suitable grounds to build a substantial club house and to hold a tournament each year.

Prominent Canadian Trap Shooters.

We present this month a portrait of Mr. Harry Scane, of Ridgetown, Ont., who is, and has been for years, one of the most prominent trap shooters in Western Ontario.

Mr. Scane resides near Ridgetown, Ont., where he is the fortunate owner of one of the finest farms in the West.

"Harry," though still a young man, has a shooting career extending over several years. As early as June, 1891, he was one of a three-man team, who won a team race



HARRY SCANE, Ridgetown, Out.

at Windsor, Ont., and with it a handsome silver pitcher, valued at \$75.00, Harry's score being 25 straight.

In June, 1892, he was one of a five-man team, who went to Toronto and carried off the laurels, Harry being one of the high men.

At Ridgetown, in June, 1892, he won a handsome silver pitcher, emblematic of the championship of Canada.

In August, 1892, at Hamilton, Ont., he was one of the five-man team from Ridge-town that captured the Mail Trophy, emblematic of the five-man championship of

Canada. He also captured the Hazard Powder Co. Trophy at the same tournament. At Hamilton live bird tournament in January last, he demonstrated his ability to shoot live birds as well as targets by being one of the high guns in the Grand Canadian Handicap.

At the Dominion of Canada Tournament at Brantford, in August, last, Mr. Scane was well up in the average, shooting throughout the program during the three days over 90 per cent. He won the gold medal, donated by Thos. Upton, with 40 straight. He also qualified with straight scores in several other events but lost on the shoot off. After this shoot he went over to Grand Rapids, Mich., and won high average the third day and third average for the three days, among some of the best shooters in the States, professional and amateur.

At Leamington, Ont., he carried off high average at one of the largest and most representative gatherings of shooters in Western Ontario this year. There he shot a ninety per cent. race with handicap 16-20 yards, winning out over such shooters as "Pouty" Wood, Detroit, and C. W. Hart who afterwards won high amateur average at New York State shoot.

He attends most of the shoots of any importance in Western Ontario and is always to be found pretty close to high average each time. In fact, no well regulated shoot is complete without the Scanes, both Harry and his brother, Charlie, being true sportsmen and fine representatives of a fine sport.

Dartmouth (N. S.) Traps.

The Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club held a very successful shoot at their grounds on Thanksgiving Day. The principal event was the contest for the Eager Memorial Cup. This was a 25-target event in which there were ten competitors, and proved most exciting. R. A. Johnson, E. Walsh, L. F. Hill and H. Greene tied for first place and in the shoot off H. Greene won. The Eager Cup is a perpetual trophy and is shot for every Thanksgiving Day, the winner holding it for one year. This is the third year it has been shot for. In 1902 it was won by L. F. Hill and in 1903 by A.Edwards. The second prize-a handsome gun case presented to the club by Col. Egan, was won by E. Walsh.

The shooting was somewhat below the average, principally on account of the high wind, which prevented the shooters from making anything like their usual scores. In spite of this slight drawback, the shoot was a most successful one, and the Gun Club is to be congratulated on the fact that each shoot they have surpasses all previous ones.

After the cup competition the members and their guests disposed of a couple of line Thanksgiving turkeys and other delicacies. In this event the low score men had their revenge and it was hard to decide would get the wish bones, as the competitors were so evenly matched. After all present had smoked the pipe of peace and the competitors explained how they missed

the left quartering, right quartering or straight-away targets, the rifle shooting was taken up and four turkeys were shot, and as a result, Thanksgiving Day was repeated in the homes of Col. T. J. Egan, James Egan, R. A. Johnson of Halifax and R. F. Eager of Dartmouth. The next big shoot will be on New Year's Day.

The club is run on strictly business principles, and as a result the club house and all the paraphernalia in their possession has been paid for and they have a respectable bank account. The membership was originally limited to twelve. This has been changed and the membership is now unlimited. Members occasionally leave the town, but seldom leave the club, and at present the club numbers amongst its members residents of Boston, Toronto, Montreal and various parts of Nova Scotia, and the letters received by the secretary from time to time from those members show that they take the same lively interest in the affairs of the club that they would if they were residents of the town and in a position to enjoy all the privileges. The Dartmouth Club is now affiliated with the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective · Association, which includes nearly every gun club in Canada, so that members who might be travelling in the Upper Provinces at any time would be able to take part in shoots that might be held by any of the affiliated clubs. The members are always pleased to see visitors at their grounds.

Quebec Gun Club.

On the 10th Oct., 1890, a meeting was called to organize a Gun Club, and the following committee were elected from those present:—

President-C. L. Hale.

Vice-president—L. U. Gregory, (now Hon. President of the club), C. W. Mathot. Secretary—Capt. F. L. Lessard (now Col. Lessard, Cavalry School, Toronto.)

Treasurer-O. B. C. Richardson

Field Captain—O. C. Pelletier (now D.O. C. Military No. 7.)

Committee—Capt. A. de Lotbinier Panet (present President of the Gun Club.), Capt. C. B. Gaineau, E. Bureau, Capt. Geo. Garneau, Percy Boswell.

Shooting was done under the rules of the Dominion Gun Alliance, published Warch, 1899.

The club badge was a scarlet ribbon with gilt letters, Q. G. C

A silver medal, presented by the President, C. L. Hale, Esq., in 1891, was competed for monthly and was finally won by Capt. A de L. Panet. A progressive cup was also competed for every second week.

The grounds were situated in rear of the drill shed on the "Cove Fields" within the city limits.

The Club was incorporated by act of Parliament and was in active operation till the fall of 1892. In all there were fifty-six original members. Old single "Black Bird" traps and "Peoria" targets were used.

On January 7th, 1903, a meeting was called to reorganize the Club. Arrangements were made with the Quebec Railway Light and Power Company for grounds at Kent House, Montmorency Falls. Kent House was originally the summer residence of the Duke of Kent when in Canada, now an up-to-date hotel under the management of Mr. J. M. Baker, the energetic field captain of the Gun Club. The Club grounds overlook the St. Lawrence and are reached by electric cars and elevator, making about a twenty minute run from the city. A comfortable club house is built on the grounds and a "Legett" trap installed last

spring, before which date the old style single traps were used.

Th club membership is now over one hundred. Four quarterly shoots are held on dates fixed by the committee. Several trophies are competed for, including the "Hale medal," and the "Fay Cup," and a handicap "silver spoon competition" has been going on weekly for some months past.

Next spring the Club have decided on fixing on a date for an annual tournament when it is hoped to see a large attendance of outside sportsmen present.

The Club is affiliated with the Dominion of Canada Trap and Game Protective Association, under whose rules it shoots.

Following is the list of officers for present year:

Patron—Sir Louis Jette (Lieutenant-Governor.)

Hon. President—Capt. A. de Lotbiniere Panet, O. S. C.

1st Vice.-President-C. A. Evans.

2nd Vice President-L. H. Hamilton.

Sec.-Treas.— C. C. A. Boswell.

Field Captain-J. M. Baker.

Committee—F. M. Duggan, Chas. Fremont, J. N. Boswell, R. O. Montambaute, F. H. Wood.

Pense, N.W.T., has a good gun club, with a membership of over fifty, composed largely of farmers for miles around. Ramsay is a leader there in all kinds of sports, and loves a day's sport in the field or at the traps. On the 23rd of August this club gave a shoot of a novel kind. It was a mixed shoot of game, rifle and targets. Sides were chosen, with Dr. say and B. F. Baxter as captains. shoot was for a supper, the losing side paying all expenses. The shoot was from 5 a.m. to 10 a.m. Each shooter was limited to 25 ducks, and each duck counted 25 points, hawk 100 points, owl 75, blackbird and snipe 15 each, gophers 5 points. The rifle shooting was at 25 and 50 yards, a possible score of 300, and 10 blue rocks, each target broken counted 50 points. Dick House, who never shot at a target, broke S out of 10, and made the highest total

score with 2,205 points. The scores of both teams were as follows:—

Dr. Ramsay's team—Ed. Bradley 990, T. Searle 925, Dr. Ramsay 770, F. Defoe 715, T. H. Barkley 650, J. Hinds 205, Rev. Gross 340, J. G. Brooks 1,209, Dick House 2,025, Ed. Brooks 1,450, W. J. Reid 355. Total—9,637.

B. F. Baxter's team—John Dunn 625, John Wood 550, Hugh Keys 805, T. Wilkinson 1,400, Hugh Hanna 1,005, B. F. Baxter 1,205, Chas. Brooks 1,195, Ed. Counts 285. Total 7,070.

This club expects to put in a new trap in the spring and will join Don. McKay's N. W. League.

*

At Dubois (Pa.) tournament, J.A.R. Elliott, with Winchester gun and shells and new Schultz, won high average, with 363 out of 375. W. H. Heer was second with 361 and E. D. Fulford third, with 359.

Thomas Upton Has High Average.

The Hamilton Gun Club held a very successful shoot on Thanksgiving Day. T. Upton captured the high average, while Walter Thompson received the booby mug. M. E. Fletcher captured the club live bird championship and the Klein & Binkley tro-



THOS. UPTON.

phy. Dr. Hunt and J. Hunter were tie for the second average and divided the trophies. The scores:—

The first, second and fourth events were at targets, the third and fifth at live birds.

20 10 10 20 10

Dr. Hunt 17 10 6 15 7

J. Hunter	19	9	7	15	8
W. Thompson	13	8	7	16	6
T. Upton	20	8	7	16	6
M. E. Fletcher		8	6	15	7
I. Horning		7	7	11	7
J. Crooks		7	10	16	
A. Dunham		6	8		
Barnard		6	6	12	
Wm. Raspherry		5	6	13	
H. Gage		5	9		3
J. Bowron		5	7		
G. Cline		5	8	13	
T. Coffee		4			
D. Green	14		9	17	3
J. Cline			8		
H. Marshall			7	1	
D. Fitch			8		
19			6		
Dr. Wilson			9		8
Merriman				13	
Bates					7
Birdie					7

Ottawa Traps.

The popular St. Hubert's Gun Club, Ottawa, have commenced their regular weekly shoot. The following are the weekly scores. Nov. 5th and 12th.:—

	Nov	. 5t	h	No	v. 1	2th
Targets	20	20	10	20	20	10
E. G. White	19	18	10	15	20	9
F. A. Heney	19	17	- 9	17	16	8
W. Slaney	16	14	9	15	.16	10
J. E. Brown	16	15	8	14	19	6
J. Easdale	15	19	- 8	17	18	10
G White	13	15				
H. D. Hope	. 13	15				
E. L. Horwood	10	11	- 6	17	10	5
J. H. Ferguson				17	10	8
W. McMahon				16	15	8
A. W. Throop				1.4	18	9
J. M. Roberts				12		8
E R. McNeill						4

The Thanksgiving Day shoot, for turkeys, held by the St. Hubert Gun Club, on their

Westboro grounds, was a great success, a large entry being made and a most satisfactory day's sport being enjoyed.

The following are the scores of the events shot, each being at twenty targets.

Events	1	2'	3	4
W. L. Cameron	19	17	18	18
G. Easdale	18	18	18	17
A. W. Throop	18	17	18	19
E. G. White	17	19	19	18
H. Viau	18	13	17	16
F Merritt	17	17	11	1 1
F \ \ Heney \dots	16	11	17	16
W. Slancy	16	18	14	17
T. C. Boville	16	17	15	17
C. J. Booth	1.1	1.1	11	15
J E Brown	13	17	18	17
J. M. Roberts	13	12	1.1	17
I. N. Deslaurier	12	14	12	17
W .1 Henry	1.9	11	13	
G. B. Greene, Jr		14	15	11
G. White		5)	10	
A Darn		8	1.0	1.1

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- A CLIVE ILLUMINATED CLOCK,
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 for 6 Yearly Subscribers to ROD
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- A BRISTOL STEEL FISHING ROD, Listed at \$3.50, with Polished Maple Handle, for 4 Yearly Subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada.
- A PIONEER GUN CLEANER,
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- A PERFECT GUN CLEANER,
 Ualued at 50c., for One Yearly Subscriber to ROD AND GUN in Can-
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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA * *



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No. 7

"In the Indian Country."

By G. M. RICHARDS.

On a warm afternoon in July, we stepped from the Pacific Express, upon the station platform at Bisco.

A group of French river drivers and half breeds leaned against the station, smoking, and watched the unloading of our baggage.

From the steps of the Hudson's Bay Co. store across the track, a dozen Indians regarded us silently, as we passed on our way to the one hotel of which Bisco boasts. This hotel or rather boarding house, is built of hewn logs, and is somewhat crude in its appointments. As we entered, Napoleon Moujoir, the French proprietor, was busily engaged, shaving himself in the dining room.

That evening, and the early part of the following day were spent buying supplies and securing an outfit. Pork, flour and tea were our principal provisions; rice, raisins and some dried peaches were luxuries.

All these supplies were finally gathered in a pile on the floor of the Company's store, together with our blankets and other apparently indispensable articles, and a formidable looking pile it was. Old Aleck the head guide eyed it silently for a few moments, and at last in answer to our inquiring glances, said, "Too much."

Then began a weeding out process, extra rods, fishing tackle and articles, which an hour before it seemed we could not do without, were discarded as useless; for every pound counts, on the long portage.

At last the packs were made up, the tump-lines tied, and we were ready.

Our party consisted of Messrs. Hayes,

Metzger, Russi and Dr. Miles:—the guides, Aleck, Spaniel, a full blooded Ojibway Indian, Pete Marcoux, a sturdy little French trapper, Alec Longevin, a giant half breed, standing six feet, five inches, in his moccasins, and myself.

We had four canoes, three fifteen foot birch barks, and one "Peterboro."

Hayes, by the way, was the only one of the party, excepting the guides, who had ever been in a canoe before. What this means, only a canoeist can understand.

On Wednesday morning, July 27, we left Bisco bound for the Hudson's Bay Company post, Fort Matagami, one hundred and twenty miles to the Northeast. For ten miles we paddled on "Bisco Lake," threading our way through winding channels, between rocky islands, and past Indian camps where the children fled at our approach, and the men watched us until we passed from view behind the next point.

At noon we reached our first portage, where we had dinner. While washing dishes, on the shore, a large pike, evidently attracted by the strange proceeding, swam up into the shallow water, within a few feet of us. The Doctor shot it through the head with his revolver.

After dinner we made the portage, but a few hundred feet, to a small nameless lake, about three quarters of a mile across. Another portage awaited us on the opposite shore, and this time it was a mile; here the tenderfeet had their first real experience, in packing by means of a tumpline.

It's strange how difficult it is to adjust that simple leather strap, with its broad band passing over the head. One's sure to tie it too long or too short, and on the steep rocky trail, the pack has a way of slipping to one side and twisting the neck.

About half way over the portage we were caught in a heavy shower, but by sitting under the overturned canoes we managed to keep dry. After the rain we continued over the trail and had gone but a short distance when we met an Indian returning to "Bisco" with a deer he had just killed. From him we secured enough meat for supper.

We soon reached the end of the portage on the bank of the Spanish River, which at that point was about 75 or 100 feet wide. The scenery is delightful, but the water is of a dirty brown color, as is most of the water in the North.

Loading the canoes we proceeded down the river; it soon began to rain, but we continued paddling, until, late in the afternoon, we reached the first rapid. Here we went into camp. We were wet to the skin, the ground was wet, the trees were dripping and every blow of the axe, brought down a fresh shower. But it is never too wet to build a fire in the bush, and with a blazing camp-fire, broiled venison and a soothing pipe, we soon forgot the rain.

We began the following day with a 200-yard portage, and after that came six more; the last and longest was three-quarters of a mile over a steep ridge to the junction of the Spanish River and a branch that flowed in from the North. Here we trolled for a short time, landing several large pike. Russi who was in my canoe hooked one. When the excitement was over, the fish was fast to a snag in the bottom and the canoe was half full of water.

After this little incident, we started North on the branch of the Spanish River, which enlarged into lake after lake, the pine covered shores often rising to a height of two hundred feet.

Off on the rocks we heard a bear cub crying—we were entering the wilderness.

On one of the lakes we passed a big five fathom bark canoe. Painted on the bow were the letters H.B.C. It was the Company's brigade from Fort Matagami. Going with the wind, a large four point blanket raised as a sail, the Indian paddlers lay back against the thwarts, smoking. As we came within speaking distance,—"Bo-jou", "Bo-jou" came across the water, then,—"On-in-di-ah-si-in", "Where are you going?" "Matagami", responded Aleck,—and we left them.

That night in camp, I learned by experience what I had been told long before by an Indian, that is, "Never try to dry your moccasins by the fire." I burnt mine and had to wear a pair of tennis shoes to Fort Matagami.

The next day we continued up the Spanish River, or rather through a series of twelve lakes, which form the river. These lakes average perhaps two miles in length by five hundred yards in width and are connected by swift narrow streams, where the water swirls and paddles bend. About ten o'clock we reached Phillips' House, a little two room cabin, once occupied by an old trapper. It is fast falling to pieces. A half-tanned moose hide, a pair of broken snow-shoes, and the pegs where the rifle once hung were all that remained to tell the story of the past.

Leaving Phillips' House, we finally came to the source of the Spanish River, at the Height of Land. There are two lakes on the Height of Land Plateau, the water in both, unlike the Spanish River, is very clear and deep. A portage of a quarter of a mile brought us to the first lake, which is about one mile across. On coming down the trail to the second lake, we were just in time to see a large bull moose. He was walking out of the water, on the shore of a little bay about four hundred - yards away. After seeing us, he trotted a short distance through the marsh grass, and then disappeared among the tall spruce and tamarac which grew almost to the water's edge. Crossing the lake where we had seen the moose, we came to a two mile portage and decided to camp, as it was late.

While Pete attended to the supper, the two Indians and myself went over the trail, each carrying his canoe. As we neared the farther end of the portage we noticed here and there a small sapling stuck upright in the earth; at the upper end of each dangled a little noose of thin strong cod-line, and on the ground beneath

wound the narrow runway of wapoos, the rabbit. These snares are found near every Indian camp in the north, for the rabbit always stands between the Indian and starvation.

While we were resting on the portage, young Aleck and I bent down a couple of the saplings, and trimmed the snares, thus assuring ourselves of a change from "sowbelly" the next day.

At the end of the trail, on the shore of a small lake, stood the bare tepee poles of a deserted camp. Near the charred remains of the camp fire, a cleft stick was planted firmly in the ground and in the cleft was a piece of birch bark, on which were scrawled these symbols:—

Aleck read quickly in Indian and then translated slowly into English:

Sam Chicken, I am writing to you

We saw your snares

We ate two rabbits

We fixed them again

We saw six snares

We trimmed two new snares

Sam Chicken we thank you for the snares.

My name is

Jos. Moore.

Courtesy is not entirely lacking in the North.

That night it was cold, and in the morning a drizzling rain was falling. At noon it ceased, and then for two miles we strained at the pack-straps over a trail worn smooth and deep by the moccasined feet of the Indians and Voyageurs who serve the Company.

The lake at the end of the portage, the waters of which flow indirectly into the Moose River, has an unpronouncable Indian name, which in English means, Little Sucker Lake. Metzger, whose back still ached from the weight of a hundred pound pack, thought the name painfully suggestive.

From the lake we ran a very narrow and shallow rapid into a second lake which proved to be but the first of a chain of thirteen lakes, the last and largest being Lake Muskegogama. Several miles down

a river, which has its source in Muskegogama Lake, and we came to a portage. Two miles over a good trail winding through a grove of Jack Pines brought us to Minnie-sin-a-qua Lake.

It was early morning, as we made our way between rugged cliffs and pine clad shores; the steady swish of our paddles was the only sound that broke the silence of the wilderness. It was one of the times when words seemed out of place,—we all understood and we were silent.

From the Northern end of Minnie-sin-aqua Lake flows the Matagami River. Down this we started, but had not gone far, when on the shore ahead we noticed a thin blue column of smoke curling upward through the still air, from the centre of a clump of spruce. We landed and found a family of Indians encamped; they had killed a moose the day before and everyone was feasting, even the emaciated dogs, for once, seemed satisfied. Before the two small tents a hardwood fire was burning, and from the platform of poles above the strips of moose meat hung, drying. A little bargaining on the part of young Aleck secured for us a hind quarter of the moose, in exchange for which we gave a cup of sugar and two small pans of flour. While we were at the camp a thirty foot bark canoe, loaded with supplies for Fort Matagami, passed close to the shore. It was manned by four half breeds, and the big canoe with its brilliantly sashed voyageurs made a striking picture as they paddled off into the North, singing an old French Farther down the river boating song. there was a rapid, with a mile portage around it, where we came up with the big canoe and its picturesque crew. To see these men carry a 250 pound pack by means of a tump-line over a narrow rocky trail is one thing,—to imitate them is another. We learned afterward that they make the trip from the Fort to the railroad, and return, a distance of 200 miles, in seven days. They bring back a load of two thousand five hundred pounds, beside the canoe, which weighs about two hundred more. This load they carry over portages aggregating fourteen miles. For this service the Company pays them \$10. each,-and they are happy.

Late one afternoon we rounded a point in

Matagami Lake. Away on the opposite shore the setting sun shone on a little group of white buildings, and high above the largest floated the red flag of the Company. The little clearing beside the Fort was dotted with tents and tepees. There the Indians were encamped with their children and their dogs. They had been there since spring, when they brought in their furs and paid their last year's debt to the Company. There they would remain until the trapping season came again. In the meantime they ate, slept, and ran a "debt" with the Company.

That night we camped on a high bluff, overlooking the lake, where a hundred years ago stood the old Fort Matagami. The present Fort is located on the opposite shore on a site known as "The Battlefield." In the old days when the "Northwest Company" had a trading post at Matagami Lake, this was the scene of the bloody conflicts between the Voyageurs and Indians of the rival companies.

The following day we spent at the Fort, taking photographs and buying supplies. Salt pork is twenty cents a pound at Matagami, and is pure fat; flour costs \$12. a barrel, prices of other articles are in proportion.

During the day we witnessed a chase in which seventy-two of the seventy-three half-starved huskie dogs at the Indian Camp participated. The seventy-third dog was running away with a bone. In the evening a brigade arrived with supplies, and that night there was to be a dance in the Company's kitchen.

We were there early. The kitchen was built of logs; tallow candles placed here and there, on shelves and beams, shed a flickering light around the smoke-blackened room. Although it was in August, there was a blazing fire in a stove in one corner; a second corner was occupied by a box containing a litter of huskie pups.

After a while the dancers began to arrive. Indian girls, their heads covered with bright shawls and wearing dresses of gaudy calico; the men with colored hand-kerchiefs knotted at the throat, beaded moccasins of moose hide, and long brilliant sashes, the fringed ends of which dangled to their knees.

A half breed sat by the stove, producing

strange and awful sounds from a fiddle, while the excited dancers yelled and pounded the floor with their moccasined feet. As soon as one set became exhausted others took their place. Now and then an old squaw, with a baby at her back, would enter quietly and sit down in a corner on the floor. We went back to camp at 3 a. m, and at daybreak we could still hear the yells across the lake.

From Fort Matagami we were going to Flying Post. Old Aleck had been over the route fifteen or twenty years before. We asked the Indians at the Fort about it. "No one ever goes that way", they said,—later we learned why. Then we asked Millar, who has been Factor at Matagami for twenty-six years. Millar shook his head, "It's a hard trip", he said,—and Millar knows.

In order to reach Flying Post, we had to retrace our course to Minnie-sin-a-qua Lake. In going up the river we were obliged to pole up two rapids, which we had run, coming down. At the first rapid Pete and the Doctor got their canoe across the current, it filled rapidly and they had to jump, the water being only waist deep. The bread, salt and tobacco were submerged and were not improved thereby. The second rapid is larger than the first, and flows into a deep black pool. Last spring a Government Fire-Ranger tried to run down, his canoe struck a rock and overturned. Now there is a little wooden cross on the shore and the rapid has a name. They call it, "Dead Man's Chute".

From Minnie-sin-a-qua Lake we paddled to the Northwest, following the course of a small creek, which had its source in a little pond, almost overgrown with marsh grass. This was really the beginning of the road to Flying Post. Hitherto we had travelled a route used by the Company's canoes and the portages had been comparatively smooth and well defined. Now we were following a course traversed but seldom by a solitary Indian. The trails, when there were any, between lakes, were overgrown with bushes and blocked by fallen trees, the mosquitoes tormented us incessantly.

Leaving the creek we crossed two small lakes. Twice we had to resort to the tump-lines, the last time for a mile, over

ridges of rock and through "muskegs" where we sank knee deep in the soft moss. Bent under the weight of our packs, we could see but a few yards ahead. Once, hearing a crashing in the bushes, we looked up in time to see a moose disappearing in the underbrush that lined the trail.

Moose signs were everywhere, and now and then we would pass a rotten log, torn apart, and still showing the claw marks of a bear.

One afternoon after passing through two lakes we were paddling quietly along a shallow creek, when suddenly rounding a bend in the stream, we saw two hundred yards ahead, knee deep in water, two moose, one a large cow, the other a yearling calf. For a moment they stood, calmly regarding us, then, as the canoes approached, they turned and walked slowly into the forest.

After making two short portages on this stream, we reached Macaming, or Beaver Lake, a beautiful body of water, perhaps fifteen miles in length and a mile across at its widest point. At the mouth of a deep bay, rising abruptly from the water to a height of almost one hundred and fifty feet, is a circular island of solid rock. From a distance this island resembles an immense Beaver House, from which fact the lake receives its name. From Beaver Lake we travelled up a narrow and shallow creek, almost filled with driftwood. For three miles we poled up this stream. Often we had to wade, one of us at each end of a canoe, over a bottom of slippery round stones, which bruised our feet through the soft moccasins.

All along the creek in the soft muddy banks, were tracks of moose, bear, mink and otter. From the source of the creek we portaged to Kop-a-kai-og-a-mog Lake. As we came down to the shore we noticed two red deer, feeding among the lily pads, on the opposite shore of the bay. Although it was closed season, we were in need of meat, for it was a long way to Flying Post—That night we camped early, and dressed the deer, a fine two-hundred pound buck.

All the next day we paddled in a cold drizzling rain, passing through Trout Lake and nine smaller lakes. The scenery for the most part was magnificent, but we

were too wet and cold to appreciate it. During the day we made eleven portages and at night camped on the shore of a diminutive lake with a three-quarter of a mile trail ahead of us for the next day. The following afternoon, after crossing two small lakes, and packing for two miles over trails, on which, judging by tracks, moose were the most frequent travellers, we launched our canoes on Kenogaming Lake. This lake of many islands and winding channels, is eight miles long, and is but sixteen miles, by land, from Flying Post. In the winter the dog sleighs from the Post cross the ice on Kenogaming Lake, on the way to Fort Matagami.

From Kenogaming Lake we followed a small creek into Lake Aquesqua. This creek is very shallow, and just as we were entering the lake we ran on a submerged snag which penetrated the bark of the canoe. Water entered rapidly through the hole, and we were obliged to go ashore, build a fire and repair the canoe with spruce gum, which we always carried for the purpose.

A portage of half a mile brought us from Lake Aquesqua to Opishingquaqua Lake, a long narrow sheet of water, with low spruce covered shores, indented here and there by little bays, where the wild rice and water lilies flourished. On the upper end of the lake we came upon a camp of Indians who were busy drying the meat of two moose, which they had killed. Opishingquaqua Lake we paddled up what in civilization would be called a ditch. In the North it is called a creek. We called it various other things. It was narrow, shallow, overgrown with marsh grass, and so winding that it was almost impossible to make the sharp turns with the canoes. This, however, was but the beginning of our troubles. Leaving this creek we portaged through a marsh, to the Weasel Riv-The Weasel River looks nice and straight on the map, but a stream with a more tortuous course cannot be imagined. Twisting and turning through one of those almost limitless muskegs of the Northland, it finally finds its way into the Ground Hog River.

We had gone but a short distance when our way was blocked by a veritable abatis of dead trees, which had fallen into the

river. Progress was impossible, and worst of all, we did not know just where we were. Old Aleck himself seemed at a loss, he would only say, "The country has changed since I was here." No one doubted that, and we all felt sure that it had changed for the worse. At last we found a semblance of a trail, and after following it for two miles, came to a stream almost as bad as the one we had just left. About every thirty yards it was necessary to use the axe to clear a passage for the canoes through the fallen trees. I will not dwell on this part of the trip. Making portages through mud and "muskegs", for three days we continued on the Weasel River and throughout those three days it rained almost continuously. The mosquitoes were as numerous as the leaves of the trees, and the fly grease we used seemed but to whet their appetite.

On the afternoon of the third day, as we were crossing a small marshy lake, we heard two shots, in quick succession. In a little bay we met an Indian, who with his wife, three dogs, a cat and all his camp outfit, was travelling to the Post, in a twelve foot bark canoe. He was armed with one of the Company's old muzzle loading trade guns, which had just failed to kill a muskrat at a range of fifty feet. Muskrat flesh, by the way, is considered quite a delicacy by the Indians, who always carry a few small traps, which they set at night along the shore of streams where the little animal abounds.

That night the Indian made his camp beside ours, and early next day we reached a three mile portage. For four hours we struggled along that trail, over ridges, through mud holes and thickets, and around fallen trees, till at last we reached the Ground Hog River. At that point the stream is about two hundred feet wide and quite deep. The waters teem with pike and pickerel, but there are no bass.

Then came two days of paddling up the swift water and portaging around the many rapids of the Ground Hog. The evening of the second day found us camped near the outlet of Koukatonch Lake, within two miles of the Post. That night it rained, and as we sat mending our clothes preparatory to our visit to the Post, the patter of the rain on the roof of the tent

had a very cheerful sound, so different from those dismal nights on the Weasel River.

The following morning, after an hour's paddling, we reached the head of Koukatouch Lake, and in a deep bay, sheltered from the winds of winter, stood the Flying Post. Three or four long low log buildings, the tall flagstaff, the camps of a few Indians, who still lingered from their trapping grounds—that was all. Aleck McLeod, the Factor, has been at Koukatouch Lake twelve years, and he gave us a cordial welcome—for visitors are rare.

Of all the things at Flying Post the interior of the store is the most interesting. There every article helps tell the story of the long trail, its hardships, its privations and its joys. From the ceiling hang smoke tanned moccasins of moose hide, huskie boots of sealskin, brought down from Moose Factory, the long snowshoes filled with caribou hide, and steel traps of every size. On pegs along the wall are the 44 calibre Winchesters, the favorite rifle of the Indians, which here sell for \$35. Piled in a corner on the floor are the heavy white four point blankets, on the shelves, boxes of plug tobacco, bright calicoes and sashes-and above all there floats a peculiar aroma, suggestive of the woods, the trail, and smouldering camp fires.

Leaving Flying Post, we paddled up the river to Matagaming Lake. On the way we passed a rapid, where, two years ago McLeod's daughter lost her life, when the canoe struck a submerged rock and capsized. Such things are soon forgotten; it is but the price the conquerors of the North must pay for their victory.

From Matagaming Lake, a fourteen mile stretch of water, backed in the distance by a long blue range of hills, we reached Sahkatawichtah Lake. That night it was very cold. Shortly after we were rolled in our blankets, we heard a noise outside among the kettles, and upon investigating found a woodchuck trying to get into the box in which we carried our bread. Young Aleck threw a stick at him, and he fled—directly into a large campfire, emerging all ablaze, from the opposite side, amid roars of laughter from the Indians.

The following day we passed through seven lakes, the largest being Lake Opecpeesway. On the map these lakes are all connected by pretty little creeks. Here and there where a creek was lacking, the imagination of the draughtsman evidently supplied the defect. As a matter of fact, some of the lakes are connected by creeks—about five feet wide—which twist and turn through acres of tall marsh grass, where paddling becomes a farce.

There is only one way to proceed along these streams that is, by slow and laborious poling. We made our last camp on Dismal Lake. The country for miles around has been swept by forest fires. As far as the eye could reach lay bare ridges of rock, strewn with the charred trunks of trees,—a mute reminder of man's carelessness.

It was a Dismal Lake indeed, and a dismal camp. In spite of all this, that night, as we filled our pipes and sat round the

camp fire, scenting wood smoke for the last time, listening to the low musical voices of the Indians, the little hardships of the trip were all forgotten. Once more the wild spirit of the North stole over us, and with it came that indescribable longing for the forest and the trail, that every woodsman knows.

The next day, August 15, after a twenty mile paddle, we reached Bisco. We had travelled between three and four hundred miles and had made seventy-two portages.

Now it was all a thing of the past. Silently we landed at the little wharf; once more we tied the tump-lines and started for the Company's store, on this—our last portage.

Manitoban Duck Shooting.

By A. R. DOUGLAS.

Far up in the northern portions of the prairie province is to be found a region unsurpassed for game and here especially will the sportsman in search of the aquatic species of the feathered tribe be amply repaid for a visit to that section of the country. Natural feeding grounds abound where thousands of ducks and geese congregate annually prior to their migration towards southern climes. Through the kindness of F. K. H. I had the good fortune to spend a few days on the shores of Lake Dauphin during the duck season and the pleasant experiences of that trip will ever remain fresh in my memory. After a drive of ten miles to the mouth of the Wilson river, through mud unequalled in its tenacity, we embark on the good ship "Cuttysark" and set sail for the northern corner of the Lake, arriving at our destination late in the evening. Here our host has erected a comfortable log cabin on a high and dry portion of land not far from the vast marshlands bordering portions of the Lake shore.

A few ducks having been shot during the trip up, we proceeded to roast them, and not long after this was done, little remained save an inert mass of bones, our appetites having already reached alarming proportions.

The following day just before sunrise we set off in the direction of the big marsh and after hastily constructing rude blinds of reeds wait impatiently for the morning flight; at last a small dark speck is discerned on the horizon gradually becoming more distinct and almost before we are aware of the fact, with a whirr of wings, a flock of mallards pass rapidly overhead; two loud reports break the stillness of the morn and simultaneously two mallards, describing a series of circles, strike the water with tremendous force.

And now the flight has begun in earnest, hundreds of ducks of all varieties, from the handsome mallard to the rapid flying teal pass overhead on their way to the feeding grounds, while high above can be heard the "honk" of geese. Under such conditions as these a large bag can be obtained in a short space of time, but the true nimrod ceases to shoot when a reasonable number of birds have been secured; if not then content with the morning's bag let him return for the evening flight and he will again have an opportunity of warming the barrels of his gun. On a cold October night what is more delightful than to sit around a cheery camp fire, over which the ducks are roasted in such a manner, as to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious. A few yarns after the evening meal, when the pipes are lighted completes a day of keen enjoyment, and as the last glowing embers of the camp fire begin to wane we seek our comfortable bunks and soon all are fast asleep, that restful state of mind and body which only those who live an

active outdoor life can fully appreciate. Thus we lived in perfect contentment, not merely finding satisfaction in the slaughter of game, but enjoying every phase of life in the realm of nature undisturbed, and loath indeed we were to break up camp and return to the artificiality of everyday life in the city.

Indian New Year Calls.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

I cannot but think that the reception of the Indians at a Hudson's Bay Post (and the day is observed pretty much in the same way at all their establishments from Labrador to the Pacific) would be interesting to the readers of "Rod and Gun."

My opportunity of witnessing the gathering of the Bersimis Indians on this, their greatest day of the 365 was part chance and part owing to the kindness of the Hudson's Bay Factor at Bersimis, in asking me over to spend the day and see the natives.

I had been sent down by the St. Lawrence Lumber Co. to their establishments on the west side of the river Bersimis to do the final closing up of their business there and the Indian reserve being just across on the east side nothing was more natural than I should make the acquaintance of the Factor in charge of the Post.

The Indians began the day at 7.30 by attending their beautiful little church in a body to offer up thankful prayers for having been spared to the opening of another new year. This church and mission was established by the Rev. Pere Arneaud forty-seven years ago, and he still resides amongst the red children of the forest. Father Arneaud is one of those loveable old men that one cannot fail to respect and honour for his kind ways and his life long work to christianize the Indians.

Besides Father Arneaud there is another old priest that deserves equal notice having come on the coast along with his superior and laboured with him ever since. He resembles in appearance what we would picture to ourselves "La Hire" in "Joan of Arc" looked like, rather than a priest,

but, notwithstanding his rough exterior, he is a sincere old man and does good work amongst the Indians. He is what we would call a muscular minister of the gospel, and when necessity arises he cuffs the young ones and cudgels the older ones into good behaviour.

After the religious service is over the Indians troop over to the Presbyter where men, women and children receive a kindly greeting from the fathers. At last one of the Factor's younger boys comes bouncing in saying "The Indians are coming." This tiding does not cause the same consternation it did a hundred years ago at a frontier settlement.

All the available chairs in the house had been brought into and lined three sides of the large dining room, at the other end where the massive table had been shoved out of the way were trays of mixed biscuits, apples, and candies. These were for the women and children; there were other trays of tobacco, clay pipes, and matches for the men.

They came in by the back door and when the dining room was full to overflowing the remainder squatted about the kitchen floor to the number of, I suppose, a hundred or more. The Factor with his family and your humble servant stood just inside of the dining-room door. The men shook hands as also the women hut the latter, each and every one, held up her face to be kissed. Where they were good looking and passably clean this was not a hardship. But (there is always a but) the good looking ones were sadly in the minority.

When I saw one of the unsavoury ones



 $\begin{tabular}{ll} A & QUEER & DWELLING \\ \hline \begin{tabular}{ll} Fhis house was built in Assiniboia of cordwood, every stick being brought by train. \\ \hline \end{tabular}$



MINTAGNAIS GROUP 'Mere Tough," her three daughters, grand-daughter, and infant girl—four generations.



WILDERNESS TRAVEL Fording the Smoky River, N. W. T., with a pack train.



A HUNTER'S CAMP Lodges on the Smoky River.

coming I would simply rub cheeks and kiss the atmosphere. After all were seated, that the apartment would hold, the refreshments were handed round by the servant and the Factor's little daughter. The men each filled and lit his pipe, puffed away in silence, except for an occasional grunt of satisfaction, for several minutes, when the Factor arose. When the Factor arose it was an event of labor and determination, because he weighed two hundred and seventy pounds. This weight does not get out of a chair with alacrity.

If he was slow in his bodily movements, his tongue was flexible to a degree. During the speech or harangue he gave the Indians I think he must have averaged one hundred and fifty words a minute.

There was nothing peculiar about the men, except that I noticed quite a number of very old ones, one especially, who was helped into the room supported on either side by a great-great-grand-son, was the oldest person on the reserve. Authentic records held by the priest placed this man at ninety-six years of age.

I had no trouble to believe his reputed age, for his face had a thick veneer of old mortality all over it. Some little extra gifts were given this old man, which he received one by one with a fervent Ke-nis-ka-mi-ting (thank you) and deposited in a large bandana kerchief which he had evidently brought for the purpose.

The women, however, deserve more than a passing word of description. Like their Parisian sisters, in fact all the daughters of Eve, they appeared to like finery. prevailing material of their dresses was coburg and the colours most to their hearts were light blue, cardinal and purple. Each and every one wore a bright tartan shawl which was, in all cases, the most opposite colour to the dress. There was only one exception to this glaring display of brightness and she was dressed in black from head to foot. I learnt she had just lost her husband by the universal complaint that carries off ninety per cent of the Indians, consumption.

I must however qualify my former statement where I said the widow was in black from head to foot, because she had on the customary "Capine" or headgear that the Montagnais women have worn for over a hundred years.

I will take a paragraph to describe this cap. There are six pieces of superfine cloth used in the making, each being about a foot long, three inches broad at the base and tapering off to a perfect point. Three of these pieces are black and three scarlet. These are joined with piping cord, the cord being of sky blue silk, and when complete make a perfect tuque. The cap is generally lined with some soft material and around the bottom are eight or ten rows of silk Russia braid each one eighth of an inch broad. The cap is worn with the upper part drooped over the forehead and, to some, is very becoming.

Such a cap the widow had on. It made quite a contrast to the deep mourning of the rest of her dress.

Their hair is parted evenly in two portions from the nape of the neck, up and over to the brow. These are brought up into a tight knot or fold over each ear and is bound tightly with black Llama braid. This part of the toilet is done about once a week I am told, the hair being drawn so closely all over the head that there is no possibility of its being deranged.

The first instalment in the dining room seeing there was nothing more to expect began to fidget. The Factor arose and extended his hand and they were shown out through the front door.

I do not know how many times the dining room was filled and emptied because after the second batch I retired to the library with the eldest son of the house.

About noon our curiosity was aroused by hearing peels of boyish laughter from the kitchen.

When we got there we found Mrs. Mc-Donald had cornered up about a dozen boys from eight to fourteen years of age. These were scrambling for apples and the excitement increased by alternate handfuls of mixed candy.

The greatest fun, both for the boys and onlookers was having them duck for apples. One persistent little fellow whose mouth appeared to open from ear to ear carried off the greatest number of apples, till I suggested substituting larger ones.

Other small batches dropped in from time to time while we were in the kitchen but these got their greetings and presents there and did not stay long. In the evening the Indians had a dance, single reels and breakdowns, finishing off with the dance of their forefathers, the "Drum Dance". One old fellow played the Tom-Tom and the dancers going round in a

circle the grunts emitted keeping time to their stamping, and the thumps on the drum were varied every now and again by howls of ecstasy from their united voices.

How to Mount Plants."

By W. T. MACOUN,

(Continued from the November issue.)

There is considerable art in the mounting of plants, and much individual taste may be shown. Plants should not, however, be mounted with the main purpose of making them look attractive on the paper. Where possible, flower, fruit and root should be shown on the one sheet of paper, but never more than one species; and, if the flower only is obtained the first year, space should, if possible, be left for the fruiting plant. Another important point to be taken into consideration, is the way the plants will lie when piled together. If the roots are always put at the bottom of the sheets, the pile will not be level, but by placing the specimens now on one side and then on the other, or by mounting the specimens in various places on the sheet and, when the plant is large, having the roots sometimes come at the top of the sheet, the pile may be kept level, which will make the collection much easier to handle. The standard size of mounting paper is 11\frac{1}{2}x16\frac{1}{2} inches; but a more economical use of paper may be made by having it 11x16 inches, as, at this size, one large sheet of paper will just make four sheets of mounting paper. There are many grades of white paper, and, if the collector can afford it, it is wise to get it good, the kind known as Bristol-board being very satisfactory. With experience, plants can be mounted quickly and neatly; but, when beginning this work, the greatest care should be taken, as otherwise one is liable to daub the paper with glue or not get the specimens firmly fastened. Chase's and Le Page's liquid glue are very satisfactory for mounting, but both of these preparations should be diluted with vinegar before using. mount most plants, place the specimen en

blotting paper, under side up, then hold the specimen with one hand, and with the other glue the stem, leaves and flowers or fruit; then, pick the specimen up, turn it over and place it on the mounting sheet in the position it is to go; now take three or four newspapers, and with them press the specimen down with a gliding movement of the hand. If one is expert and can mount rapidly, three or four specimens may be mounted and then placed under a light weight, it being very important to have the weight as large or larger than the sheet, so that the specimen will be pressed evenly; but, if one is only beginning to mount, it is wise to put each specimen as mounted under the weight. A large book placed on a sheet of heavy paste-board makes a very good weight. Plants which are not easy to handle, such as delicate ferns, may be laid on a clean sheet of blotting paper under side up and the glue applied as before; but, instead of lifting the specimen, take the mounting paper and lay it on top of the specimen and then press it. In order to make specimens with large stems more secure, thin gummed paper about eighth of an inch in width are used to hold the plant. This paper may either bought prepared or be gummed by covering it with mucilage, which is let dry and the paper then cut into strips as needed. The gummed paper is usually made as wide as the mounting sheet, as some collectors hold down the grasses and carices with long strips of gummed paper, rather than attempting to glue them. Many collectors, however, use only small strips of gummed paper only an inch or an inch and a half in length.

Each mounted sheet should be neatly

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labelled with a white paper label about 2x4 inches, and on it should be written the name of the species, the date of the collecting, the collector's name, the habitat and place where the plant was found growing, and the date. The label is glued to the sheet at the lower right hand . corner, but only attached lightly at the outer end so that it can be readily removed if necessary. If labels are not used, the required data should be neatly written on the sheet. When collecting each specimen, it is important to write the name of the plant, if known, the place where it was collected and the date, on a piece of paper which is kept with the specimen until the regular label is written. It is not a good practice to trust to the memory, as after a season's collecting one cannot remember all the particulars. Plants each genus are kept together in what is known as a genus cover, which is a folded sheet of strong paper, a little larger than the mounting sheets (12x161 inches); and, for the outside of the genus covers, genus labels may be obtained on which is written the name of the order and genus to which the plants belong. The label is attached to the lower left hand corner.

The genera should be arranged in botanical sequence in a cabinet, which should be kept closed to prevent injury from dust and insects.

No herbarium is complete without a list of the specimens contained in it, and a check list of Canadian plants or of the plants of Ontario will be found of great use in marking the species which have been collected and at a glance seeing those which are still to be procured. A check list of Canadian plants has been published by Mr. James M. Macoun, Ottawa, and of the plants of Ontario, by Mr. W. Scott, Normal School, Toronto.

PRACTICAL RESULTS FROM THE STUDY OF PLANTS.

It may be asked, what practical benefit can be derived from the study of plants? This is a very pertinent question; for, in this age of keen competition it is as well, if possible to obtain something that will be of use to us in life, even from what may appear at first sight merely a delightful pastime. When Prof. John Macoun explored Manitoba and the North West Territories in the seventies and travelled for hundreds of miles without seeing a white man nor a cultivated field, he was as certain that this great territory would eventually produce millions of bushels of wheat as it is now certain that they have been produced, and, when he was laughed at for his enthusiasm, he said, "You will see that I am right." Why was he so certain? Because of his knowledge of plants. He knew what wild species of plants grew in sandy soil, loamy soil, clay soil and gravelly soil; what kind would not thrive where the soil was alkaline and which kinds would. He was also able to tell whether the soil was wet or dry by the plants which grew upon it. He also knew what plants required a certain amount of heat Thus he was able to to mature seeds. draw his conclusions as to what proportion of the country would produce wheat and what would not. If a plant were found which took as long as wheat to mature, required as good soil to grow in, and as great heat to make it develop, it was quite safe to conclude that the soil and climate were suitable for wheat. same knowledge of plants has been used more recently by Mr. Jas. M. Macoun in exploring the Peace River District. great a service it would be to the farmer if he were familiar with the habits plants and knew more of the commoner species! The knowledge would be of the greatest value to him in the purchase of land; for he would be able to tell at a glance whether a soil was poor or not, or whether it needed drainage. A knowledge of the root growth of weeds would make the eradication of them much easier for him; for he would better understand what system of culture was necessary. farmers know that every kind of weed has a seed which is quite distinct from every other kind. If he knew at sight the seeds of the worst weeds, it would be of the greatest possible service to him in helping him to keep his farm clear of them. While those practical applications of the study of plants are especially valuable to the farmer, they are useful to the market gardener and townsman as well; but there are other ways in which the latter may gain knowledge which will be useful to him. There are many species of fungi which are very useful as food; but the intense ignorance which prevails, makes them of comparatively little value except to a few. The study of fungi would soon lead to a knowledge of the edible kinds and to a larger consumption of this nutritious and wholesome food. To the amateur gardener the study of plants and their habits affords an inexhaustible field. He learns the time of blooming of the different species and varieties, the kinds which require wet soil and those that do not, the height to which

each one grows; and he gets an endless amount of knowledge of plants which is of
the greatest value to him in his gardening
operations. There are many other practical applications which might be mentioned;
but there is not room for them here and,
in addition to all this, there remains the
great fact that the more knowledge we
have, the better is life worth living, and
the knowledge which can be obtained in
such a delightful manner as by studying
plants and their habits, is sure to have no
other than beneficial results.

(To be continued.)

The Old and the New.

By C. C. FARR.

(Continued from the December Issue.)

While I was ruminating on the past, the present blew right into my teeth in the shape of an ordinary Kipawa blizzard, from the north. The scooping out of the basin of the Kipawa is a result of the peculiar action of the ice a few hundred thousand years ago-the exact time is a chronological question we may safely leave to the geologist. It was scooped out in such a fasnion that a few points of the compass were ignored, and if a wind is blowing from the north, the wind is north in any bay, narrows, or stretch of water that has the slightest trend in that direction, and of course, 'vice versa'. For the hollow that forms the lake acts as a funnel, and the exact direction of the wind is modified by the configuration of the shore-line. Hence, we suffered, for we were travelling north, and all that we could do, was to pull up our fur collars and anticipate the comfort that awaited us at the end of our dav's journey.

In spite of the howling storm, I could not help noticing places that were familiar. First the Roche Corbeau, the Raven rock, or as the Indians call it, 'Kah-kah-kee-wah-bik.' This is one of the landmarks of this part of the Kipawa, and associated with it are tragedies, both human and equine. Here meil have been drowned, for it is a dangerous place to pass in a bad wind. Indians know the place

and have some weird tales concerning it, for among these rocks, dwell the 'Peecudjeesie', 'The little people'. These are the Fairies, and there is an interesting history attached to this lore that cannot be given here, but, I might say, in passing, that they, the Fairies, are worthy of consideration. A wise Indian does not ignore their existence, and placates them, on every possible opportunity.

I have seen here many noble horses drowned, for the ice is treacherous, and though strong today, tomorrow is but a shell. One of the most pitiful things to see in this northern land of ours is a team in the ice'. The poor beasts seem to know their probable fate, and will, sometimes, fairly cry out, in their agony of the lear of death.

The man who knows, when his team falls through with a sickening crash, rushes to the traces and unhooks them, first, and orders the other man to go to their heads and loosen the snaps of the lines, moreover, if possible, disengage them from the neckyoke. Once that is all done, there is a hope for the poor beasts, and a little assistance, that is by pulling at the head, acting as it were as a fulcrum, will enable a smart horse to get out, but great care has always to be taken to see that the head of the horse does not sink beneath the water, for in such a case a horse will in-

hale water into his lungs, and that means death, even if, subsequently, he is pulled out. The horse that is first pulled out, if properly handled, will be able to pull out its mate, and thus two lives are saved instead of one; but I hate this subject, for I have seen too much of it.

There is one thing connected with this particular spot, which though belonging more to the present than the past, can never be forgotten.

I was travelling up one night about twelve o'clock, fifteen years ago, I think, and just as I reached the 'Kah-kah-keewah-bik' the whole sky was suffused with pink. I wondered what it was blushing about, for I am somewhat of an observer of meteorological phenomena; but my wonder soon turned to awe, for the suffusion became an illumination, and the heavens shone with a glory that I had never seen before, and have never seen since. Wave after wave of glorious colour spread out over our heads, so that though I pride myself in being the personification of the prosaic, in my inmost soul I wondered if there were not something in it portentous, for superstition is one of the commonest attributes of humanity. For, in that place at that hour the display was weird beyond description, and though it shortly faded and gradually vanished, I thanked the chance that had enabled me to see, under such conditions, something that it is not often given to mortals to see.

Our course took us north from there, so that I was fain to content myself allowing my memories to wander through those narrows, and on up the lake towards Hunter's Lodge, that familiar route, by which I so often travelled many years ago. I just caught a glimpse of Dog-bone Island, that tiny island with a history. I have a recollection of having related that history somewhere many years ago. It is an Indian legend, and has its pathetic side. 'An e moos okun isie', if I remember aright, is the Indian name of the isle, being composed of 'anemoos' 'dog', 'okun' 'bone' and 'menisie' 'island'.

The legend dates back to the days when the Ojibways were harried by their hereditary enemies the Iroquois, and, as I have before said, took to this labyrinthine lake, playing games of 'hide and seek' in which the penalty of being found was often death, or failing that, a loss of all their valuable assets, their furs, their trinkets, their spears and arrows, and sometimes, their wives and daughters, for those were strenuous days for this poor persecuted tribe.

One night, a band of Ojibways, fleeing from their pursuers, had doubled through the narrows of the 'Kah-kah-kee-wah-bik' trusting that their enemies would head down towards the outlet of the Kipawa River (the place which I hoped to reach by hard driving in the afternoon), or that, baffled, they would give up the chase and turn back. Vain hope, as the sequel will show. It was a foggy summer's night, and not a breath of wind stirred the surface of the lake, and moreover, there was no moon, so that it is needless to say that it was as dark as Erebus.

These people knew every inch of the ground, and as they were weary, it was decided to make their camp upon this island.

They had all landed, and were making noiseless preparations to snatch a few hours' rest, when one of their number, either by chance or design, strolled to the foot of the island. On such a night sound travels afar, the fog acting rather conductor of sound than a muffler. Suddenly the sound of a paddle caught his ear, an ear attuned to keenness, by ages of heredity and dire necessity. He rushed back to his companions and imparted the dread news. Every smouldering vestige of fire was at once extinguished, for they determined to trust to darkness instead of flight. When, lo, the awful thought struck them-the dogs! They were sure to bark, and thus, as the Iroquois passed the island, betray their presence. There was no hesitation, for the case was desperate, and thus the fiat went forth that the dogs must all silently and swiftly be slain, in such a manner that would allow not the slightest whimper to escape them. An Indian is rather fond of his dogs, soit must have been a task accomplished with a heavy heart, but there was no alternative and the deed was done, so that the enemy passed in the darkness, and the band was saved, but at the cost of the lives of their faithful little four-footed companions, and friends.

The bodies were gathered up into a pile, and there remained until nothing was left of them but a pile of whitened bones, and hence the island received its name, a lasting memorial of a tragedy enacted in the dim and distant past.

As my mind travelled further southward I could not help thinking of the many hard trips that I had taken down that long stretch, on water, on ice and even on land, when the ice was so bad that no man could travel on it, and how glad I used to be, when on a homeward journey, after days of weary paddling or walking, I would reach the 'Equay Menisie', 'The Woman's Island'. Some times I would count my steps from there home, in order to try to make the distance shorter, and to take my mind off my hunger and weariness.

The reason why this island received its name is also from the past, but of slightly more recent date. It was here that the Indians of Grand Lac used to leave their wives, when making their yearly trips down to Moose Factory, with the large canoes; for in those days all business of the Hudson's Bay Company was done at Moose Factory, the North West Company having possession of the southern portions of the Ottawa River, and even when the Companies amalgamated, for some time the Hudson's Bay Company followed their old route.

This 'Equay Menisie' has a legend attached to it, which is but fragmentary, that is, it has only been spoken of in my presence in a vague manner, but as far as I can gather it was an exciting one, for it is practically the scene of the last raid made by the predatory Iroquois on the Kipawa. I think that it must antedate the union of the two rival fur companies, for had such a thing occurred since, it would have been historical.

As far as I could learn, the Indian women were gathered together here, in daily expectation of the return of their husbands, brothers, and sweet-hearts, when the familiar 'thud' of the paddles was heard. Everybody was on the alert, for it was a long journey that the men had taken, and, naturally in spite of the phlegmatic nature of the Indian, hearts began to beat more rapidly at the prospect of meeting the loved ones. Fires were stirred up, so as to

afford a beacon to the home-comers, and in this case, even the dogs took share in the turmoil.

Nearer and nearer drew the sound, and the women began to crowd around the landing place. Suddenly a shriek rent the air, and the dread cry of 'Nahtaway, Nahtaway' reverberated through the island. It was a canoe manned by the Iroquois that arrived, and only defenceless women were there to drive off the invaders, who, knowing that the men were away, had taken this mean advantage of the opportunity. Women ran, shrieking through the underbrush, pursued by warriors of the hated tribe. Little girls and boys hid themselves beneath logs and in rock crevices, even as a young brood of partridges will do, for the instinct of self-preservation, stimulated by fear, is very strong in the young.

Altogether it looked very black for that band of women, and salvation seemed afar off, but salvation came in the shape of a young woman of ready wit. She saw that by a combined effort there was a chance to overpower by force of numbers, for there were not men enough in that one canoe to pursue all the women encamped upon the island; so she rallied some of those who had simply tried to hide and keep out of the way, and then the pursuers became the pursued. Sticks, stones, hatchets, and even cooking utensils were brought into play, and master Iroquois found himself encompassed by a horde of infuriated demons of the female gender, and that is the worst kind of demon, as they quickly discovered. Fortunately for them, so intent were the women in combining for the attack, that they omitted to stave in the canoe, so that the Iroquois, with bleeding heads and generally dilapidated anatomies, succeeded in regaining their canoe, and paddled away for dear life, cursing women, and no doubt mentally resolving that, in future, they would try to lead more respectable lives.

This island was the place where, in case of head wind, one had to stay and wait for a change of wind, or a calm. Also when the ice was going out, it was here one had to stay until the lake was clear. I remember, years ago, waiting for the ice to move at this very place. My wife was with me, there-

fore I could not take the chances that I would have done, had I been alone. simply had to wait, and when you waiting on ice, you think that the wind never changes, for a change of wind means disaster to the ice, and a free channel for yourself. If I remember aright, it took three days to change the wind, and before the expiration of three days, my wife wanted to go back; but I have always hated to go back, and I won my point, a point for which I had to pay, in a manner that only those who are married know. I tried to make the way pleasant by trotting out my Indian lore, but I failed and wished that the blooming wind would turn. Finally it did and then the excitement of a few hair-breadth escapes, restored the harmony that should exist between man and wife.

But we were travelling north, and we are now mentally travelling south. To the left of us is the Turtle Portage, 'Kah-meek-inah-kee-on-i-gum'. A very long word to express a short portage, and we will leave the ramifications of that route for some iuture time, and now we are nearing Hunter's Lodge, but before we get there, another place arrests my attention. It is a tiny bay, on the left. It was there that I caught the big pike, and Kipawa pike are no piccaninnies. I was as usual fishing with my wife in a very small canoe, and though the little canoe was full of small fish, comparatively, I thought that I would have just one try in that little bay before going home. It was deep, though not large, and land locked except for a passage that one could almost jump over, through which I paddled with shortened line, letting out more line when I reached the wider and deeper portions. about to haul in my line in disgust, as I neared the end of the bay, when my troll caught on something that I thought was a log. I was about to throw over my winding stick, as is my custom so to do if caught on log or bottom, when I felt a perceptible 'give', so I pulled as much as the line would stand, which fetched the canoe back. The trend of the line was down deep, so that I might still have thought that I had hooked a log, only there was that steady lateral swing that betokens a fish, and I knew that I had hooked a big one. But it was a long time before the fish gave me a chance to see it. Finally it made a swirl near the surface, so I knew that it had seen me, for immediately it dashed away, so that I was obliged to give it more line. It towed the little canoe along, as if it was accustomed to towing canoes.

I was in dread lest it should get the line entangled by making for some of the tops of trees that had fallen into the water, but it acted in a most gentlemanly way, in that respect and religiously—if there is any religion in a fish-held to deep water. Round after round we sailed, but at length the fish began to tire, and then I caught the first sight of it. It appeared to me a veritable monster, and I dreaded the possibility of losing it, for there are few fishermen who have not experienced agony of soul which comes to, a man when an especially fine fish is brought to the surface, and then by the breaking of a hook or line, or by the former becoming detached the latter becomes limp and without strain, while the fish, in sight, but out of reach, swims slowly away-so provokingly slowly that one feels inclined to jump in and grab it.

I well knew that it would be a case of upset to bring that great floundering fish into the canoe, and in any case I had no gaff, so I looked but looked in vain for a sandy bay where I could tow it shore. knew then that my only chance was the paddle, and I took that chance. I brought the fish along side, now thoroughly tamed, and with the top of its head just peeping out of the water. I raised the paddle taking my time, and holding my breath, took good aim, and struck that broad head with the edge of the paddle, and the fish lay quivering upon its side, on the top of the water. I promptly slipped my fingers into its eye-sockets, and slid it into the canoe. Then I paddled for shore, without waiting to take out the hooks, jumped out, and seizing the fish again, threw it safe on shore, where it could kick and be hanged; and it did kick, but a few blows with a stick gave it the necessary quietus.

The weight was a little disappointing, for I could hardly stretch it to nineteen pounds, though, as a matter of fact, a Kipawa pike of nineteen pounds will put up

a fight equal to a twenty-five pounder from other places. These Kipawa pike are certainly extraordinary in this respect, in their lustiness, and besides, they are such a firm fish in the eating, more like bass, which is probably the result of the pure, deep water, and absence of muddy flats; for it is a rock-bound lake, and the water is wonderfully clear, seeing that it is not in a limestone region.

And now my mind travels to the familiar narrows, on which the old post stood, where I spent nine years in learning the art of Indian trade. It is still beyond the point, and invisible, but I can see it, in my

mind's eye as it was, when I knew it. was full of life then, Indian life. Therewere many fine buildings, all 'posted' buildings, that is, made after the fashion of most Hudson's Bay Company buildings, which is this way. Logs of about eight feet in length are 'sided' and tenonned at the ends. Then a frame of squared posts is set up, and slotted to receive the tenonned ends of the logs, which are all slipped in from the top, and that is onereason why they are cut so short, that and: the fact that the logs have to be carried out of the bush to the building site, onmen's shoulders.

(To be continued.)

A Bear Hunt.

By JAMES BREWSTER.

"Well everything is ready for the trail" I remarked to Mr. H., who with his hands in his pockets had been leaning leisurely up against a friendly poplar tree, watching the operation of catching, saddling and packing about nine head of Indian ponies with enough provisions to last us, a party of three, during a four weeks' cruise in the mountains.

"All right," he says, "I am ready," and walking over to the horse that had been prepared for him climbs on. I pick up the rope that is connected to the halter of the bell mare, struggle onto my own horse and 'lead out'.

Looking back, I see the cook persuading the pack-horses along with a large club, while Mr. H. rides quietly along, puffing away at his pipe and keeping well in the rear, for fear he might get in the way of the pack horses which were not very anxious to leave. We soon get clear of the corrals and pass up through the main street of the village of Banff. A few well kept curs come rushing out and bark. This attracts the attention of the inhabitants, who immediately swarm to their windows and doors and watch the procession go by, not because it is an unusual sight to see a pack-train go through the town, but because they haven't much else to do.

Once through the town we cross the

Bow river bridge, and then turn west following the well-made road by the cave and basin. The smiling good humored Scotchman, who is caretaker of this famous watering place, gives our parting salute.

On crossing Sundance Creek we leave all traces of civilization, and soon enter a thick mat of fallen and standing timber, anything but delightful to travel in. After jumping logs and pushing through short strips of muskeg for a couple of hours, we reach Healy Creek, which owing to the earliness of the season is very much swollen, but after some little difficulty we manage to reach the other side in safety.

We followed up the stream for about four miles and struck an old camp ground, where we decided to stop for the night, having covered about 15 miles. The horses were unpacked, their loads piled up neatly and covered with pack covers in case of rain, saddles were taken off and the cay-uses turned out for the night to feed. The cook now turns his attention to feed. The fire and preparing supper. Before Mr. H. and I have the tents pitched and the beds made, the pots are simmering merrily over the fire and the fumes from the frying bacon make us realize just how hungry we really are.

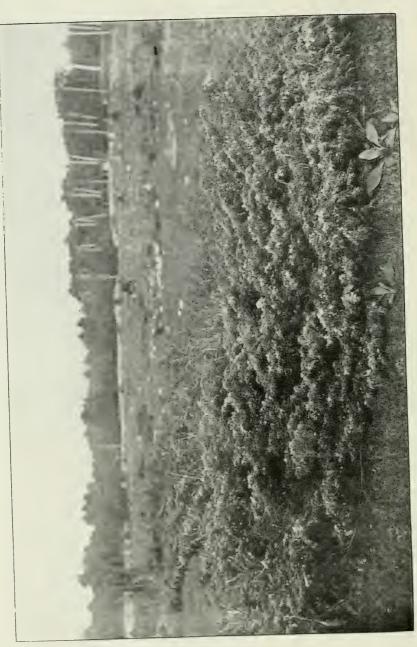
From the time the pack train stops after a hard day's travel until supper is served



ON THE ARROW LAKES A Canadian Pacific Railway Steamer leaving Halcyon, B. C.



 $\label{eq:interpolation} \mbox{IN THE FAR NORTH}$ Shack at the mouth of the Nelson River, N. W. T.



THE COMMON JUNIPER Juniperus communis.

is the cranky period of the party. Everybody is hungry and tired and willing to fight on very slight provocation, but after they get up against the "grub pile" for a few minutes, conversation begins to loosen up, bear, mountain sheep and fish stories start to float around, and as the bannock, bacon and strong tea disappear some really good yarns ooze out. Before the after supper pipe is finished, the tourist thinks (if he has not been there before) that he has really got men along with him that would tackle any grizzly with a common pocket-knife or ride a bighorn over a hundred foot cliff, if for nothing more than to illustrate to the tourist that the mountain sheep does not use his horns to land upon.

Of course our first evening in camp was spent in the usual way, "stuffing the tourist" (or trying to), and as the evening grew into night and our yarns grew poorer and poorer, the victim began to yawn,— a pretty good hint he had soaked up about as many lies as he could stand for one evening. So we all adjourned to bed and slept as only those who travel in the beautiful cool, clear air of the Rocky Mountains can sleep.

First streaks of the morning light found the camp alive and full of activity, preparing breakfast and rounding up horses, pulling down tents, and folding them and the sleeping blankets.

In less than an hour and a half after the first sign of life in the camp we are all packed up, and the pack train is winding its way through some heavy timber on a narrow pack trail towards the high summit of the Simpson Pass.

Three hours tedious climb over fallen timber and sharp rocks brought us to the top of the summit, an open, but hilly ridge that separates the waters of this great continent. The small streams that rush down the east side eventually find their way to the Atlantic and those on the west to the Pacific.

The scenery from this point is superb, small lakes of various colors are scattered about among the hills and a few scrubby mountain larch mark the almost extreme limits of vegetation.

Off to the west huge mountains rear their snow and ice crested peaks, while on eith-

er side deep ravines have been cut to the valleys below. We halted here for a few minutes to give our horses a breathing spell and to admire the beautiful surroundings. Then we proceeded along the ridge about a mile until we struck a narrow, steep draw which led to the valley below. Following down the gulch, we arrived at the bank of the Simpson river and a good camping ground, just as the sun sank behind the mountain peaks in the west.

The next day by noon we had reached the head waters of the Simpson river. Passing over a small summit we enter what is known as "Hell Gate Pass", a small narrow valley full of all manner of broken rock and large boulders, and after about three miles of rough trail we emerge into another rolling strip of country very similar to the Simpson summit. Here and there small lakes are scattered among the hills, clumps of stunted spruce and mountain larch appear at intervals, while the whole surface is covered with short, fuzzy grass found on nearly all summits where there is any vegetation at all. As a background to this beautiful sight Mount Assiniboine appears, rearing its proud head high above the surrounding neaks.

This famous mountain baffled the persevering attempts of many a noted mountaineer for years, until Rev. James Outram succeeded in conquering it in 1901. Several days were spent by the party at the foot of this proud monster photographing, hunting and resting.

Shortly after our arrival at Assiniboine the lack of fresh meat began to tell on the party, so it was decided that Mr. H. and I should go out and see what we could kill, the only game in the immediate vicinity being grizzly bear and mountain goat. We decided on hunting the latter. Early in the morning armed with our rifles and a light lunch we set out for some low mountains about five miles to the north-east of us, where we had located a large bunch of goat through the glasses.

Before leaving the camp we were careful to secure our dog to a small tree with a good stout cord. I knew that he was a good bear dog, but was not sure about his goat abilities, so we decided to leave him at camp for fear that he might spoil a

good opportunity after a hard climb. We had not gone more than about two miles, when we heard some furious barking a short distance behind us. I knew that it must be our dog, and hurrying back found that he had cornered a good sized grizzly bear. We crept up to within about 75 yards of the scene, Mr. H. took careful aim and fired, striking the bear in the shoulder. The pain made him furious and he immediately dashed after the dog, he had not gone far when Mr. H. gave him another volley, this time breaking his back. He struggled about for some time, but soon Lad to give up. We advanced very cautiously until we were very sure that he was quite dead, and when everything looked favorable we went in and skinned him and then returned to camp, as it was too late to continue our goat hunt.

The next day we leave Assiniboine and follow down Bryant Creek. Just before noon I sighted a small bunch of goat on the mountain to the left of us, and as the bear meat that we had killed the day before was too tough to eat we decided to go out and try our luck at goat once more. Stopping the pack-train we unloaded the horses and turned them loose; then we left the cook to fix up the camp, while we went after fresh meat. We left camp about 11 a.m., and returned again at three, carrying the carcasses of two fine goat. few days later as we were travelling down Bryant Creek, we saw a very large bull elk, but as we had plenty of fresh meat and were not on a hunting trip we did not shoot him, but procured some very good photographs.

Bryant Creek flows into the Spray river. About four miles below the mouth of

Bryant Creek there are some very pretty falls on the Spray river, in which trout are in great numbers. Here we camped for a few days and fished. During the time we were here I caught a trout that measured 48 inches in length. I had a hard time to land him as he fought desperately to get away, and I only had a tepee pole for a fishing rod.

Leaving the Spray Falls we followed down the river a couple of miles further, then crossed over the river and proceeded up a small creek about a mile to what are known as the Spray Lakes. The fishing here can not be equalled in America in my estimation. The readers of this article probably will not believe me when I tell them that one time I was passing by these lakes and was very short of "grub", so I decided to stop and catch some fish. an hour and a quarter I caught as much as a pack horse could carry, which would be about 200 pounds. This may sound like a game hog's story, but I think anyone else in my position would have done the same thing. The fish in this lake range in weight all the way from one pound to 40 pounds.

At this point we stayed for a couple of days, then broke camp and pulled into Canmore, a small mining village on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 15 miles east of Banff. There is a more direct way to the Spray Lakes from Banff now, as the Government have cut a trail up the Spray river to the old White Man's trail. By this route it is not more than about 12 miles from the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel to the Lakes. In my next article I will give a description of the country to the south of Banff, which for scenery and sport I think will not be easily beaten.

Winter Sports in Canada.

By STRAW HAT.

There are many men who consider themselves wise, and who would be very much surprised to be classified amongst the ignorant. For instance such are those who compare unfavourably the winter climate of Canada with that of the middle States of America, or even the more northerly of

the Southern States. As a matter of fact the Canadian winter climate is infinitely superior for many reasons, of which I would like to name two:—

First, in its possibilities of enjoyment. Secondly, in its healthfulness.

Let us compare the every day life of the

New Yorker with that of the Canadian. If we take the New Yorker with four thousand dollars a year to live upon, he is compelled to live in the suburbs somewhere, or in a flat, or its equivalent. If he lives in the suburbs, and his business is in the city, he rises in the morning between half past six and seven, breakfasts hurriedly, leaves home between seven and eight o'clock, has an hour's ride on trains, and after half an hour spent over connections and street car rides, he arrives at his office. He spends the morning in his heated office, has a rush luncheon in a crowded heated, and probably badly ventilated luncheon room. The afternoon is spent like the morning. At six o'clock he leaves his office, and has a ride in a crowded car, changing to a heated and crowded train, and arrives home at half past seven or eight o'clock to a late dinner. dinner perhaps he has time enough for a game of cards or a little music. But he has not much time for this as he has again to rise early the next morning. During the whole of that day he has perhaps had not more than one hour of fresh open air experience. The dweller in the small towns may have a little more walking and a little less rush. But compared with either of these the life of the Canadian in the smaller towns is much preferable. He rises at half past seven in the morning, takes his bath, reads his newspaper, breakfasts, and Many very frequently walks to his office. take the heated and pernicious street car even in Canada. The Canadian takes an hour or more for luncheon. He leaves his office at six o'clock and sits down to dinner between six thirty and seven. After dinner if he is wise, and many of the Canadians are wise in this respect, he takes his snowshoes, his skis, or his toboggan, and has a two hours' tramp or slide, covering the ground so imperceptibly that he gets over five or six miles without knowing it, so great is his enjoyment of the exercise in which he is indulging. Next morning after a very sound sleep, he awakes with an amazingly good appetite. All Saturday afternoons are spent in this way, and on Sunday several miles are covered whatever the weather may be. It is a rare thing from the end of November to April to have a rainy day-very often there is not more than one day and sometimes none during

that time when the Canadian cannot go where he will.

Here comes in the second part of the argument. The result is that the average Canadian is stronger and healthier than the average American to the south of us. About fifty per cent of the nurses in hospitals in the United States are Canadian girls, taken because of their healthfulness and stamina, and not for patriotic reasons. This is a remarkable proof of the healthfulness of the Canadian winter for those who use it aright. The Canadian winter sports are many in number-snow shoeing, skiing, skating, curling, ice boating, tobogganning, the many forms of driving, and the travelling snow-shoe dog train and toboggan camp life. These not only afford infinite enjoyment but add greatly to the healthfulness of the Canadian, and they afford a most interesting and exhilarating programme of winter life. They are all open air entertainments, and it follows necessarily that they are healthful. All of them give exercise tending to the development of the muscles. They afford indeed the most pleasant and effective method of practising physical culture. All these exercises except driving demand from their votaries that they wear comparatively light clothing and make the muscular action brisk and continuous. As there is no over heating and the air breathed is the purest in the world, the result is generally to be seen in the building up of stamina and the development of muscle to an extraordinary degree. Long snow shoe tramps by parties who carry light tents and have their provisions hauled by dogs on toboggans are very popular and possible to a degree that surprises the outsider. It makes certain journeys possible in winter that are not so in summer except in parts that are accessible by canoe. swamps, rivers, and lakes, are passable in winter. There are no insects, and there is no malaria. It is quite common to find a man who can travel sixty miles per day following dogs for several days in succession on snow shoes, which is a better record than that made in Japan, because while there are often no roads here, there they are very good. Here on a snow shoe tramp a man, to a very large extent, beats out his own road, through more or less soft snow.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is so convinced of the truth of these statements that they are systematising the promotion of these winter sports. Camps are to be established at various points, and everything necessary for the enjoyment of these sports will be placed at the disposition of the public. Experienced men and guides will give lessons in the few sports -such as skating, curling and skiing- in which some practice is necessary. But most of these games can be learned in a very few minutes. The forest will be preserved in certain accessible localities along the line of the railway so that people may enjoy the real thing in the woods, and not under artificial conditions.

It used to be that Canadian invalids were sent south, and particularly was this the case with consumptives, in the hope of relief for their maladies. But this no longer obtains. The invalids who are able to do so are made to join in as many winter sports as they can, and consumptives are kept out of doors as much as possible. This is the case all day long, and they sleep at nights with their windows wide open. Such courses of treatment have resulted in great benefit to consumptives. The south may help some of the weak and delicate, but it is enervating and in the great ma-

jority of cases there is nothing bracing for the patient, nothing to increase stamina and develop muscle.

There are still many in Canada who do not know of the marvellous benefits of an open air life. There are many who dress so absurdly that they cannot enjoy being out of doors. Our forefathers were hardy and robust to a degree. But they dressed right—i.e., warmly when necessary. those days they wore hats by means of which they could cover a large portion of the face, and the ears if necessary; and coats that were made with collars that could be turned up, and thus form a real protection against the occasional biting winds. Now our people wear billy cock hats perched on the top of their heads, and seem to try to see how little clothing they can wear. They freeze ears and noses without reason or against the dictates of reason, either on account of the vanity of fashion or to flatter the self-conceit that they are hardy to an astonishing and extraordinary degree.

Those who know how to enjoy it and who have had experience of more southerly climates than the Canadian, infinitely prefer the Canadian winter from Xmas to March to any other.

The Kawartha Lakes.

By L. O. A

The sportsmen of Toronto and district, and those from the United States for many hundred of miles south west, south, and south east from Buffalo, have for years been looking for a short and quick route to Bobcaygeon. The reason is obvious from a first glance at the map. The beautiful Kawartha Lakes, situated in the counties of Victoria and Peterborough, have Bobcaygeon for their exact centre. From this point east and west run several comfortable steamers, some of them electrically lighted. These ply to the mouths of many rivers, up which are good canoe routes to smaller inland lakes, and also afford many other delightful excursions. The Kawartha Lakes together form a very large body of water, and the well enforced laws of Ontario have preserved the fishing so that it is to-day almost as good as ever it was. These lakes are, comparatively speaking, but little known to the summer tourists. The chain is composed of Lakes Koshkaboyamog, Clear, Stoney, Buckhorn, Chemong, Pigeon, Bold, Sturgeon, Cameron, and Balsam, making a yacht route of seventy miles. A very beautiful combination of scenery is enjoyed here, as some parts are wild, bold, and picturesque to a degree; while others have the quiet beauty of smooth grassy lawns and old trees, well underbrushed. A few summer cottages are dotted along the shores, but not two per cent of the land is taken up.

At the centre—Bobcaygeon—is the best fishing, and every lake mentioned can be

reached from there by steamer. Here also arrangements can be made for canoes and guides, and by correspondence beforehand with the hardware stores camp outfits of every kind can be provided. A large lumbering firm at Bobcaygeon has recently gone out of business. Though they have done very little lumbering for some time, their stoppage has had the effect of depriving a number of experienced men of employment, and these men, owing to their work and their knowledge of the woods make very good guides. In some parts it is long since the deer have been disturbed, and the hunting therefore, as well as the fishing, is very good.

Bobcaygeon is situated on an island in the short river between Sturgeon and Pigeon Lakes. Steamers run to and from Bridgenorth, 20 miles; Buckhorn, 17 miles; and Fenelon Falls, 15 miles. It will be the central point of distribution for passengers and freight for all points on the northern lakes, and to the lakes of this chain. The hotel and boarding house accommodation is very good indeed for people, who are content with plain fare at reasonable rates. There are natural parks which are to be developed next season, and the accommodation will be very much added to. It is proposed to erect a Camp village. Bobcaygeon is essentially a camping proposition. It is the best objective point both for the settler and the sportsman as it contains within itself all that they may need. The conveniences, and even some of the luxuries of life are there. possesses many of the advantages of civilization while being yet in the wild.

The Lindsay branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on which Bobcaygeon is a station, is built on an elevated plateau, giving absolute immunity from hay fever, and giving very delightful climatic conditions, including the best of drainage, the soil being dry and porous. The town is now only a little over three hours from Toronto, and the journey is through one of the most interesting portions of the beautiful Province of Ontario. There are two trains daily each way, and special privileges are given to fishermen and sportsmen, in the season, from May till November. On leaving the main line at Burketon one is struck with the great change in the air between that point and Toronto. Insensibly

the traveller has climbed to an elevation where the air is extraordinarily clear and bracing.

Quite near is Lake Scugog, where many record fish have been taken, and where a good bass river can be followed all the way to Lindsay. All along the line, at every station, the traveller finds himself within casy distance of good fishing, and all the land is available for summer homes. There are several points from which the Scugog River can be easily reached. Up to the present the line is so new that there has not been an influx of summer visitors.

Emily Creek, an outlet of Emily Lake, gives canoe connections to Sturgeon Lake. Through the north are rivers like the Mississaga, the Nogey, and many others, which can be reached from Bobcaygeon in quick time, and where hunting and fishing can be obtained.

These facts, taken in conjunction with the modest prices asked for land as compared with other parts of Ontario, a great deal further away, and where many times the fishing is not so good, ought to make it a very desirable place indeed. The cost of living in Bobcaygeon is very considerably less than it is in the cities. The canoeing, boating, yachting, hunting, and fishing are unsurpassed. The rivers, sheltered bays, and even the open stretches are not subject to heavy squalls. This renders Bobcaygeon as far as the water attractions are concerned second to none.

The churches are well represented, having comfortable edifices and good congregations. Now that Bobcaygeon is so accessible, its growth and development as a summer resort in the near future is certain, and summer places that can now be had for a trifle will in a few years be worth a good deal of money.

Then out from the town are many attractions. There are well macadamised roads leading to pretty lakes and charming views most suitable for summer outings. Some of these roads would suit automobiles very well. Bobcaygeon is one of the places where there is always a great deal of out door occupation, and from this standpoint alone it is bound to grow and become very popular indeed.

Sturgeon Point is a delightful steamboat journey from Bobcaygeon. It forms a natural park of oak, maple, and pine, and in

a most interesting country. There is a very large area of country wooded, with a sandy beach, and a dry soil, most suitable for summer cottages and camps. In fact there are several hundreds of miles of coast line.

It is an old Indian highway and there are portages into many of the interior lakes and along the river, making it most enjoyable territory for the canoeist and camper.

Shooting in the Rocky Mountains.

By C. G. COWAN

In the Rocky Mountains, between the Peace River and the head waters of the Smoky river, there lies a wide and beautiful valley, drained by the Wapiti river. Here on this wild outskirt of the Dominion, some four hundred miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, an old Indian, his boy and myself pitched our Tepee, glad to be isolated from all human interests, and free to hunt the valleys and mountains, until such time as the winter drove us into warmer quarters.

It was now the month of September, the leaves on the poplars had already turned a pale yellow, and the velvet had been rubbed from the horns of the Moose. Mountain sheep, goat and bears besides quantities of smaller mammals fed peaceably in their own particular ranges. This was indeed a veritable hunting ground, and although new to me, Simon, the old Indian, had trapped many a beaver by the waters of the Wapiti, and in the fall of each year, came here with his 44 Winchester, his lodge, and family in quest of their winter's meat; in fact it was only on such occasions, the animals were ever disturbed by human being, consequently they were far from being wild and offered magnificent sport. My first day out from camp was after sheep, we had seen them the day before, as we crossed over the summit coming from the Smoky river.

There was a band of about fifty, feeding low down on the south side of a well timbered mountain. The three of us left camp early, on ponies. The road was no other than an old caribou trail, it straggled onward towards our quarry, now through a dense undergrowth of willows, again, along the dry bed of some recent water-course, but more often through a dark forest of pines, which hemmed it in so narrowly, there was scarce room for our horses to squeeze between the trees.

On penetrating through just such a place as this we emerged suddenly into the open, in full view of doubtless, the same band of sheep as we had seen yesterday, though they had moved considerably, and were now feeding above the timber line. ewes, ever on the watch, had evidently failed to notice us, so, we slid back into the timber, and took a circuitous route, until we arrived at a safe spot to leave our horses. Then we stalked on until within firing range of two old rams, perhaps, the only two good heads in the band, at any rate from my position I could not see more. I fired at the one nearest me, it bounded into the air, vitally struck, staggered and fell, the other made off, over a knoll, allowing no time for a shot. We returned to camp with my trophy, and found the horns to measure 163 inches in circumference at the base.

The next day we rose early, eating our breakfast, with the stars still shining, and after Johnny, Simon's boy, had brought the ponies into camp, we were off on a two days' trip down the river, towards the Grand Prairie country. This was to be a moose hunt and promised to be successful, if all, Simon, had said, was correct. We had jogged along all day through clinging underbrush over fallen timber, and across many muskegs. When we arrived in the Moose country, Simon led the way, and kept pointing out fresh tracks of moose, until we halted our tired animals, on the banks of a small creek.

The Rockies and their foothills, we had left behind us, and, there, presented to view, was, an immense tract of level land, covered with standing dead timber, and a luxuriant undergrowth of willows and young poplars. This was our hunting ground for the morrow, and it was on the edge of this, under the green boughs of one

or two fir trees, that we lay down to rest and sleep. The wind rose through the the night, and the forest of dead pines, shrieked, as each blast rushed through it; the green boughs of the living fir trees tossed and swaved above our heads, and one aged tree leaning against another, uncomfortably near us, groaned so dolefully as to make sleep impossible. It was a night I shall not forget, especially as it was followed by a grand day. Simon and the boy were up early. Coffee and bacon cooked and our meal over, the old man cried "make ready for we are to kill a moose before the sun sets!" I believed him, and for the occasion put a bran new pair of moccasins on my feet, strapped my belt and knife to my waist, placed a few cartridges in the pocket of my overalls, and without coat or waistcoat followed Simon, out into the dead timber. On and on we travelled, viewing keenly all tracks and droppings, until Simon suddenly turned, and excitedly whispered "peyatik, peyatik, no far, bull moose stop." Meaning, "be careful, be careful no far, bull moose stop." Keeping my eyes well open and treading lightly on the rotten twigs, I stuck close to Simon.

In this way we moved slowly on. In my enthusiasm I was expecting every moment to see the King of the Cervidae tribe crash forward through the fallen timber, but the old man knew better than this, for he whispered again and said "Him lie down." Systematically, Simon followed the moose for hours, leaving the track at intervals, until one time he left it for good; then he turned again, and said "Him lie there", pointing over a small hill not two hundred vards off. Cautiously I moved forward towards the knoll, and was peeping over, when the animal rose, and stood for a moment gazing at me a fatal moment, for I had time to shoot, and the report of my rifle the moose fell, in a heap; struggled, rose, and fell again. Firing another shot to hasten his end, I approached him and found he was an old bull, but unfortunately, carried a pair of poor horns. Yet, we took the scalp off, in fact the whole skin, as Simon wanted moccasins for winter use, and here was the leather to make them. We returned to our horses, brought them back to the dead animal, and camped for another night amongst the weird sounds of the dead tumber.

In the morning we loaded our horses with some meat and my trophy, and returned to the Wapiti. Here, I may mention, although this river is called after perhaps, the most noble of all American animals, there is not a Wapiti within two hundred miles of it. Before we left for our moose hunt, we had set two traps for beaver in a dam, near by the river, and on visiting these, we found they held a large beaver, and a baby one, the latter we turned loose, after hearing her human cry; the former was skinned, cooked and eaten.

The following morning Simon expressed a wish I should try for bears. "He knew where there were lots of grizzly and black bear too", and in consequence of this assertion, off we started on foot, as the old man with a wave of his hand and pointing to a mountain close by, said, "The bears were there." He was right for we had only moved as far as the mountain, when the fresh rooting of a grizzly appeared. It had been done that morning. Before us, was a patch of ground some four or five vards square, all rooted over, on top of the upturned soil were the fresh tracks of a full grown bear, but on the top of these, there was yet another track, as if there might be cubs, and until the sun was dropping over the horizon, we hunted the sides of this mountain for the animals that made those tracks, but without success. Berries of all kinds grew in abundance, roots and other vegetation, palatable to bears covered the ground we traversed, yet, the animals that lived amidst all this luxury failed to shew themselves, so, we returned to our camp, and took one more beaver from our traps, before we slept.

On the morning of the next day, and before it was yet light, we, were again on the Bear mountain, sitting in a position which commanded a favorable view of the likely places. Here we remained for some hours, when Simon exclaimed "me see em." Using my glasses and looking in the direction the old man indicated I saw a she grizzly and two cubs. They were at a great distance, but were feeding toward us, and bears often feed along at a good pace, so, we sat on, as we were, with the glasses glued on the animals whom, we occasionally lost sight of, for the moment, as

they passed through the many small patches of bush, that dotted the mountain side throughout. Suddenly, they veered round, and entered a small covering of alders from which they did not emerge until the middle of the afternoon. In the meantime, and whilst they were having their mid-day sleep, we crept stealthily on towards their den, and at last got into position about forty yards above it. Now it mattered little how they advanced for their evening meal; escape, without our seeing them was impossible.

It was as I said before, the middle of the afternoon when Mother Bruin left her den, and moved slowly from under the alders, into the open. She, was in full view, and stood broadside on. Raising my rifle I aimed, behind her shoulder, and pressed the trigger, with a dull roar, she went to the ground, but was up in a second and making for cover, I, again fired and she dropped instantly, as I afterwards found with a broken back. The cubs were now on the scene but we gave them, no time to lament their dying mother. Skinning the three animals, we returned to camp, and that evening, whilst staking out the skins to dry, Simon, pointed to another bear, far up on the mountain side near where the others died. With my glasses I could see, it, was of a colour like the dead. Perhaps it was the father of the cubs, and was abroad searching for them.

On waking up, on the morning of my seventh day in this vicinity, I found Simon anxious I should try my luck after Mountain Goat, and certainly it was tempting, as every mountain top within view, had its little white specks detted about on it, all of which my glasses, showed to be goat. Having already shot one or two good specimens of this animal on my way into the country, I did not care to kill more, and thought it would be infinitely preferable to have a day amongst the beaver.

We had with us some No. 4 traps, which are those usually set for this animal, taking two each, and our rifles, we started out into the forest, a forest, quite unknown to me, yet, revealing so many forms of Nature, identical, with those in other parts where I had found beaver so plentiful. Noiselessly, we skirted the edge of the woods, passing alongside of what seemed to me an unending chain of sloughs, con-

nected one with the other, by a sluggish flow of water, hidden from the eye by long standing grasses, through which a perfect net work of beaver paths wended their Each sleugh had its little island home, its solid beaver house, all apparently occupied. I noticed one, in particular, which had on its roof, gathered together no less than seven of these melancholy creatures, as if, to have some Watching them for some time play. with my glasses I could see they were bent on ducking one old beaver, and at last after many attempts succeeded in shoving him off a log into the water. There was a great splash for all had taken to the water after him, diving, coming up, and splashing about for some time, when all returned to the logs again.

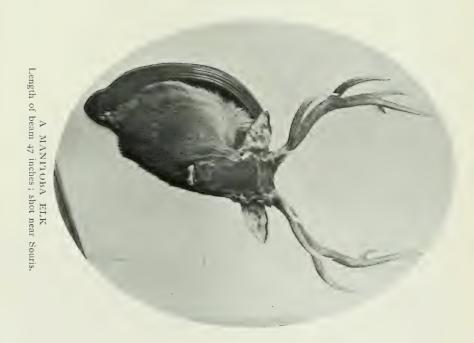
We left them undisturbed and proceeded to set our trap; a work that requires great experience, as the senses of the beaver are very keen, and enable him to detect the presence of the hunter by the slightest traces. Our traps we set without bait, and under the water, where the paths of the animal left the bank. On our return next day we found two beaver trapped, one while engaged carrying winter provisions from the woods to its house, for, there, beside the trap and the animal. lay a poplar sapling freshly cut by the beaver. I was not sorry when I found we had only secured two, for at this season the fur is not at its best, and I had come here more to observe than to kill this animal.

It is now October, and we push back towards the Smoky river. The trail seems even wilder, and is certainly more strewn with natural obstacles, than when we last travelled it; yet, the ponies overcame all, and we arrive the evening of the second day on a flat, in the Canyon of the Smoky river. It is the only level bit of ground suitable for camping on, for miles around, and it is now dotted over with Indian wigwams. Mine was added to the lot, and here I remained for a day and two nights, shut in from view on either side purposely to please Simon. For he had told me a great Tea dance was to be held on the Smoky river before the Indians returned to winter quarters, and asked me to join in. I promised him I would, and now gave a supply of tea towards it.

Polls were driven in the ground and the



A HARD PADDLE On Lake Cassette in a Blow.





ON THE TRAII, Manitoba Mud of unequalled tenacity.



IN THE SELKIRKS
The moraine of the Illecillewaet Glacier (looking down the valley.)

canvas from various lodges spread carefully round, making one huge Tepee out of all, inside of which, fires burned down the centre, with all sizes of kettles containing the strongest black tea simmering over them. Cups in abundance, lay scattered by the fire, and each person that wanted to drink, approached without ceremony and did so. The ground at the end of the Tepee, (the place of honour), and opposite, from where you enter at the door, was covered with white goat skins, on which the beaters of the tom toms sat. women lined one side of the tent, whilst the men took their position on the other, and seldom throughout the night did they mingle one with the other. All were beautifully dressed in their accustomed dancing finery, the Bucks wearing their gorgeously embroidered skin jackets, showy shaps and coloured belts, whilst beaded moccasins covered their feet and a generous supply of red and yellow othre their faces. The drums beat loudly and all within drank freely of the strong black tea until an excitement bordering on drunkenness overtook the young bucks. So the tea dance, went on, all through the night no one dancing, but everyone mournfully shaking themselves, to the weird and melancholy tune of the tom toms.

The next day there was a change in the weather. It was cold, bitterly cold. Heavy winds from the north blew steadily all day. Under the shelter of our tepee and away from the fire, the frost was hard in the ground. Great flocks of geese passing overhead 'honked' their cry of migration, whilst the whole wilderness its lakes, rivers and trees, and even its animals were undergoing a complete change. Snow is on the ground, winter has come. I must leave the mountains, for I have yet far to go, before I reach the railway.

Wolves Must Be Destroyed.

By L. O. A.

The writer on a recent trip down a most attractive river in Ontario saw a band of wolves on each side of that river. They are undoubtedly increasing in Ontario, although not so numerously as in Quebec, because whereas Ontario offers a bonus of \$15.00 per head Quebec offers only \$5.00. The effect naturally is to drive wolves from Ontario into Quebec. I enclose a copy of a letter written by Mr. E. H. Bronson, to Mr. N. E. Cormier, Provincial Game Warden, at Aylmer, Que., and to Mr. Bronson's I would add my own earnest appeal to the Quebec Government to make their bounty at least as high as that in Ontario. The effect of building the Grand Trunk Pacific through the far north will be to drive these wolves south, and settlers, railway men and travellers should all be incited to destroy them. The cleverness of wolves in avoiding traps, etc. is very great and is increasing, and \$5.00 is utterly insufficient to pay for a man's time to go and trap wolves. The following is the letter referred to:-

"I came down last night, and it may not be amiss to say to you what you have perhaps already learned from other sources, that our experience this year is to the effect that the number of wolves in the hunting territory is greatly increased since last year. Some of them were seen by some of our watchers and their tracks were very evident in a number of places on our territory. As you know unless something can be done to check these animals the results will be disastrous to the hunting interests, so much so as to ultimately compel some of the clubs to abandon their licenses, thus largely decreasing the revenue of the Government from that source as well as curtailing the expenditure in the country by hunters from abroad, which is a considerable item.

I feel that with your experience I need not attempt to furnish arguments towards the desirability of suppressing these wolves, but I would suggest that it might be well, if you think well of it, in making your reports from time to time to the Government, to mention this fact and press upon them the great necessity of re-enacting a liberal bounty for the destruction of these animals, as this would seem to be the only means by which they can be suppressed."

Our Medicine Bag.

Mr. W. T. McCulloch, an official of the New York Central Railway, took a hunting trip down the Mississaga River. His head guide says: "I had a fine trip with Mr. McCulloch's party, and they got game and could have got a car load of moose. Mr.McCulloch and I saw eight all told and the other canoes came across a lot more."

We are informed that Chief Game Warden Tinsley, of Ontario, has reported that the Canadian Express Company carried 2,522 deer, weighing 285,847 lbs. Last year the Company carried 2,950 deer, but it is only fair to say that last year was an exceptional year, having never been equalled.

Although the game protection of Province of Quebec is far from ideal there is no doubt that things are not quite as bad as they used to be. One day last December Mr. D. G. O'Grady, a special officer connected with the Customs Prevention Service Branch, seized four barrels of partridges, three shipped to a man at Stottsville, which is a port of exit to the United States. It is no doubt these shipments of game were intended for the United States. The exertions of the special officers have obtained proof that legal exports of game have been made on rather a large scale. Grouse have been shipped as hams, and a rich harvest has no doubt been reaped by those engaged in this illicit traffic. Let us hope that each of the law breakers will be caught and punished to the full extent of the law.

Sportsmen and others wishing to preserve their trophies now have an opportunity to learn taxidermy for themselves. The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, of Omaha, Neb., teaches this interesting art with complete success by mail. The school has thousands of students in Canada and the United States, and they speak very highly of the results attained by taking the course of lessons. Address the school for their new catalogue which is sent free. This announcement should be of interest to every true sportsman

The third and concluding part of Professor John Macoun's catalogue of Canadian birds has just been issued by the Geological Survey Department. Though called a catalogue it is much more than that, as the very full notes on the breeding habits and distribution of Canadian birds constitute the greater part of the work. first part of this catalogue was issued in 1900, the second part last year, and these, with the third just published, form a volume of 733 pages, exclusive of a very complete index. The material for this great work has come from a variety of sources. as in addition to his own observations, covering a period of twenty-five years, Professor Macoun has availed himself of all published lists, and ornithologists all over Canada have contributed notes and records. No similar work has ever been published in America before. The present publication, therefore, will be a great boon to Canadian ornithologists, and the fact that it has been appreciated by naturalists of the United States is shown in the many testimonials that the author has received. The book enables the ornithologist to see at a glance how much is known of the habits and distribution of any species.

Although the white man is netting the sockeye by the million, if he should succeed in preventing the fearful waste committed by the Indian in Northern British Columbia, he will have gone far toward atoning for his own ravages. It seems as if the Government is in earnest in its endeavors to prevent some of the reckless slaughter that has characterized Indian methods in the past. In a report submit-

We are advised by Mr. J. G. Ewing, manager of the Bureau of Advertising, of the E. I. DuPont Company, Wilmington, Deleware, that the demand for the 1905 calendars has been so unexpectedly large that the supply is exhausted.

The same may be said of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company's calendar, which is also issued by the E. I. DuPont Company. The shooting public evidently appreciates a good thing.

ted to the Department of Marine and Fisheries by Mr. John T. Williams, Fisheries Inspector for the Dominion Government in Northern British Columbia waters, it is shown that last fall Fishery Inspector Helgesen, in company with another officer, destroyed no less than six barricades and one dam, which had been thrown across northern streams to prevent the sockeyes reaching their spawning grounds. The Indians have been barricading the rivers for years and years without molestation, and the wonder is that the sockeve is not memorialized in the national museum as a plaster east form of an extinct migatory fish once plentiful on this coast.

No less than 2,000,000 sockeyes, most of them females full of spawn, were killed in the Indian traps this year. That number of fish, if canned, would make about 142,857 cases, or 44,188 cases more than the total Skeena River pack of all classes of fish in 1903. The pack in that year was but 98,669 cases. The fish killed by the Indians this year would fill three large sailing vessels. If rated at a value of \$7 per case, which is a fair estimate, the fish taken by the Indians would be worth no less than \$1,000,000 in round numbers.

Officer Helgesen, who destroyed the Babine River dams, was threatened by the

The Knit-to-Fit Company started in Montreal, in 1900, on a very small and modest scale. At that time all high grade underwear or sweaters were imported. However, the superior qualities and improvements embodied in the Knit-to-Fit goods, which are protected by letters patent, in Canada, United States and England, appealed strongly to the buyers of most of the leading stores. Once the goods were introduced and brought before the consumers of high grade underwear and sweaters, the demand increased at a rapid rate, and out of the small factory with half a dozen employees, an establishment has grown, employing over 80 skilled operators, and the sale of their goods reaches through the Dominion, from Ocean to Ocean-more, for this fall a large export trade was established with some of the leading stores in England; and a permanent sales agent has been sent over with headquarters in London, England. For sportsmen, Knit-to-Fit Combination Suits and Sweaters are ideal · wear.

owner that unless the Government recompensed him to the extent of \$600 the dams would be erected next year, if the Indian died in the attempt.

The Christmas number of the "Rod and Gun," a bright, readable magazine devoted to Canadian sport and exploration, should be of particular interest. Get the Christmas number of this excellent magazine (R. & G.) and read for yourself. I assure you everything found within its pages will delight you.—Hester Hope in Times-Journal, Ft. William, Ont.

In the United States House of Representatives, Mr. Shiras introduced a bill on December 5, that seems to us to be the most practical piece of game protective legislation yet proposed on this continent. It was worded as follows:—

"Whereas experience has shown that laws passed by the States and Territories of the United States to protect game birds within their respective limits have proved insufficient to protect those kinds and classes of said birds which are migratory in their habits and which nest and hatch their young in States other than those in which they pass the usual hunting season, and in some cases breed beyond the boundaries of the United States; and

"Whereas such local laws are also inapplicable and insufficient to protect such game birds as, in their migrations, are found in the public waters of the United

The Rambler automobiles are made by Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin. The head of that concern was formerly of Gormully and Jeffery Manufacturing Company, who won an enviable reputation through the reliability and popularity of the Rambler bicycle. Mr. Jeffery's experiences of over thirty years as a practical mechanic are, of course, of great value in his present connection.

The sales of Rambler automobiles in 1904 exceeded all expectations. Many hundred prospective buyers who wanted Ramblers were obliged to purchase other makes or wait until the season was nearly over; this in spite of the fact that the factory had been enlarged and the facilities greatly increased.

In 1904 the factory consisted of three buildings, one of which, doubling the form-

States, outside the limits and jurisdiction of the several States and Territories; and

"Whereas the absence of uniform and effective laws and regulations in such cases has resulted in the wholesale destruction and the threatened extermination of many valuable species of said game birds, which can not be practically restored or restocked under State laws applicable in the case of game birds having their permanent habitat within the respective States and Territories: Therefore,

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons, and all other migratory game birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanent-

ly the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided for.

"Sec.2. That the Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous section by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the Department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country within which said closed seasons it shall not be lawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protec-

er plant, had just been completed.

Two new buildings which are just being opened and a large addition to the foundry, and floor space equal to a city block. This makes a total floor space area equal to four city blocks. It will be understood, of course, that this does not include the testing track. Although it is an almost unparalleled plant, it will not be more than adequate to meet the probable demand for Rambler automobiles. With this enlargement of the space there naturally follows an increase in equipment.

A large part of one of the new buildings will be used as a blacksmith shop devoted largely to the manufacture of forgings, which form so important a part of Rambler construction. To operate the machinery in this building alone, a new three hundred power engine and boilers have The other new building, been installed. having a floor space of more than thirty thousand feet, will be devoted exclusively testing. This should cause some thought of the care exercised in having Ramblers absolutely right in every detail before they are placed in the hands of the consumer.

It has always been a note-worthy fact that there is greater value in a Rambler automobile for the list price than is given in any competing machine, and the possibility of this condition is found in this immense factory and its equipment. New machines lessening the cost of production are being continually installed, and, in making this last expansion, many more have been added making it possible to give still greater value in the 1905 models than has been offered heretofore.

Ramblers are essentially road machines, built for every-day use, running about town or for touring. It has, therefore, been a considerable surprise to the general public to note the success that has attended its few efforts at racing.

At Del Monte, California, on August 26th and 27th last, during the most notable automobile race meet of the season in the West, a Rambler machine was driven on a circular mile track a single mile in 1:08 3-5 and five miles in 5:54 3-5. In doing this it defeated cars selling up to \$2500 and of a much higher rated horse power.

During a less prominent event at Rockford, Illinois, an equally noteworthy performance was made when in a contest against time, a Rambler made a mile under unfavorable conditions in 1:17 3-5, defeating a four-cylinder racing machine of double its rated power and selling at nearly three times its list price. This latter machine after three attempts made its fastest mile in 1:19. Both of the Ramblers were from regular stock, the only change that was made for racing being the equipment of larger sprockets.

tion of this law, and by declaring penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, for violations of such regulations.

"Sec. 3. That the Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regulations, shall cause the same to be made public and shall allow a period of months in which said regulations may be examined and considered before final adoption, permitting, when deemed proper public hearings thereon, and after final adoption to cause same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval: Provided, however, That nothing herein contained shall deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the States and Territories for the protection of game localized within their borders, nor to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute."

The report of the 5th Annual Meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, held in Toronto, in March 1904, reached Rod and Gun a few days ago. It is well printed and well illustrated and contains a great amount of information upon live questions connected with the art and science of forestry. Readers of Rod and Gun will be particularly interested in pages 15 to 21.

A correspondent writes: Years ago I heard that Caribou Lake, about four miles north from Desbarats, was a very good fishing lake for bass, maskinonge and pike—not too much pike—and had forgotten about it. I was recommended to go to some other lakes a long way beyond for trout and bass and happened to pass it by; and I made up my mind that I would take an-

other trip to Caribou Lake because it was so near the railway station of Desbarats and there was a good road leading to it. I went back to it and made the acquaintance of the Lake and of at least three very interesting people who live near it. is Mr. T. W. Suddaby, who has a very pretty location with fine hard-wood points on the Lake. He is the nearest to the station and knows the holes pretty well where the bass and maskinonge are to be found. Another is Mr. Shuttleworth, a little further on, who is a famous moose hunter, and the country near is a good moose country. The third is an Englishman by the name of Salter-a type of the Englishman who succeeds in spite of many difficulties. Suddaby and Shuttleworth are the most easily accessible. This is a good territory for fishing and shooting for Chicago people.

I have heard of another new territory in the Lake Timiskaming country that would be convenient for New Yorkers and Bostonians. It is not far from the Lumsden Hotel at Timiskaming, Que., and is a phenominally good brook-trout and moose country.

I shall in some future issue give you details of these two places that will be of interest to a great many people who are looking for this kind of fishing and shooting.

We have never seen a handsomer calendar than the one issued by the E. I. Du-Pont Company of Wilmington, Deleware. The artist, Mr. E. H. Osthaus, has depicted a water spaniel retrieving a dead mallard, and has succeeded so well that we think this lithograph would have a sale for framing purposes if put out without the calendar by its owners.



The above cut illustrates the "Special Junior Rifle" lately put on the market by the Savage Arms Company. It is the regular junior rifle equipped with a semi-fan-

cy American walnut stock, checked by hand and fitted with an Ivory Bead front sight. It is a handsome gun. The retail price is \$6.00.

"My Sporting Holidays" by Sir Henry Seton-Kerr, is a pleasant, chatty collection of sporting experiences in Norway, Scotland and Wyoming. The author's description of Wyoming does not, alas, fit today. For where are the great bands of Wapiti, and the "slathers" of bear that inhabited that favored land in the early eighties ? Ask the skin hunter and the meat butcher, for they alone can answer of their own knowledge. Of Canadian sport the author saw but little, and it is, perhaps, as a record of Norwegian shooting and salmon fishing adventures that the book will be most widely read. This distinguished sportsman yet prefers a black-powder .500 express for big game and a .400 bore weapon of the same character for deer, though he confesses that were he beginning over again today he would select a double .375 or .400 nitro double, for forest work at least.

The publisher is Mr. Edward Arnold, and the English price \$3.00.

Another volume has been added to the American Sportsmans' Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. The latest volume deals with photography for the sportsman-naturalist, and Mr. L. W. Brownell is responsible for most of its contents.

It would be useless to expect anything strikingly original upon the art of open-air photography, so many volumnious and painstaking writers having described their triumphs, failures and investigations in print, but it may be said, without fear of contradiction that a very useful resume of present knowledge and practice will be found in the volume under consideration. A

Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine is now prescribed by hundreds of the leading physicians to their patients. The combination of Kola, Celery and Pepsin is pronounced to be the greatest tonic known. Kola makes you strong, Celery strengthens the nerves, and Pepsin aids digestion. It contains the pure extract of the wonderful Kola nut and celery and pepsin. Kola in itself is very invigorating, and Pepsin combined acts as a powerful tonic where the digestive organs are defective. The Celery, which is the second in importance in the great remedy, is pronounced by Dr. J. G.

very strong endorsement of the "Reflex" camera is given, and no doubt that instrument is best for purely naturalistic work, though the hunter of big game will usually have to be satisfied with a more portable if less efficient camera.

Messrs. Morang & Co., Toronto, are the Canadian agents of the publishers. The MacMillan Company of London and New York. The price of the work is \$2.00.

A band of elk was seen near the head of Cowichan Lake, B. C. It is evident these animals are by no means so scarce on the Island as has been supposed, but owing to the dense forest growth, they are only seen by very persevering hunters.

There is most excellent hunting to be had within a very few miles of some of our western Canadian cities, one of the most fortunate in this respect being Vancouver. As an instance in point: Messrs. Fred Madison and Charles Holland in two days' hunting last month shot four mountain goat on the slopes of Mount Crown. As the snow was three feet deep, at an altitude of 3,500 feet, the hunters had considerable difficulty in bringing their game out. One of the Vancouver papers had a fantastic account, by the bye, of an imaginary attack made upon one of these hunters by a goat. The animal was described by the reporter as having charged with the ferocity

Richardson, Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, that nothing better is known for the nerves and Rheumatism. Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine is a sure and positive cure for Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Nervousness, and can be highly recommended for Asthma, Liver Complaint, Hay Fever, Insomnia and Rheumatism. Its use purifies the blood and enables the system to ward off fevers and bilious headaches; it contains drugs, not intoxicating, and leaves no bad after effects. People grow skeptical reading so many fake cure-all advertisements, but Kola Celery and Pepsin is a genuine tonic that can be truly recommended. Sold all over the Dominion, and manufactured only by The Hygiene Kola Company, 84 Church Street, Toronto, sole proprietors. Phone Main 3560.

of a wild bull, which will seem irresistably funny to those who know the patient, meek,long-suffering, white goat.

A press despatch from New Brunswick says: "The season for hunting big game has now closed. It has been the most successful in the history of the province. There was a greater number of sportsmen, larger and better games secured and the receipts for the licenses considerably augmented. Many sportsmen from the Eastern States and not a few from the West and several from England have hunted in New Brunswick forests the past season and but very few have failed to secure fine specimens of the big animals, while many have captured all three, notwithstanding that more game is killed each succeeding year than in the previous season. Game is on the increase. This is due to the very stringent restrictions under which hunting is permitted. In 1902 the total receipts at the Crown Lands Department for hunting licenses was \$10,355; in 1903, \$16,150; 1904 receipts will total \$20,000."

"Honest Goods at Honest Prices" is the motto of the Iver Johnston Arms & Cycle Works—a motto that is well deserved evidently, as this Company's products are most popular. As a New Year's gift to friends and patrons, the Company is sending out a most useful ash tray in burnished copper, something that we are sure will be fully appreciated by the recipients.

The art of bait casting for black bass and other game fishes, now being so widely adopted in the States, is growing so rapidly throughout the Dominion that Chas. Starke & Co. of Toronto have purchased a large stock of the Celebrated "Dowagiac" Artificial Casting Minnows and have been appointed exclusive distrib-

Maine moose heads must be very small when they brag about a 47 inch spread. We Canadians think a head has to be over 60 inches to be worth talking about. Of course a 47 inch head is a good head, but it would be very, very far from being a record head in any Canadian province.

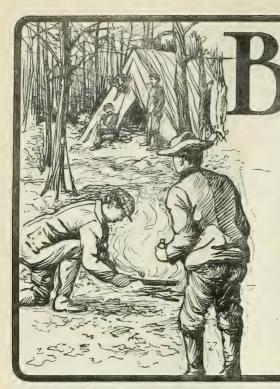
Sportsmen who have been hunting in the Kipawa district are now returning. The sport has been very good and the hunters report that a large amount of luck has attended them. Many moose have fallen to the rifle—some of them approximating 64 inches spread. The caribou has also provided excellent sport, which, considering its wandering and uncertain habits, is satisfactory. The caribou at one time disappeared for some years, but since its subsequent materialization has multiplied considerably.

utors of these new goods in the Dominion.

The "Dowagiac" Minnows are very beautiful in design and color and the workmanship is perhaps the finest ever seen on an article of fishing tackle. They are said to be wonderfully attractive to game fishes of all species, being adapted to both casting and trolling.

The Stevens Arms & Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., is quite famous for the originality and good taste of its advertising, and the New Year's gift that the Company is now sending out to its numerous friends and supporters is quite up to the level of the artistic presents of the past. A handsome aluminum frame surrounds a legend in three colors that states: "Stevens Firearms Give Universal Satisfaction." An excellent reproduction of the famous Stevens rifle Favorite model also appears. No doubt this very handsome hanger will be appreciated by the thousands of riflemen who swear by Stevens weapons.





Is the **most necessary** article in the Camp Commissariat.

It is always ready and is appreciated by everyone in camp.

It relieves fatigue and refreshes and invigorates the system, ensuring against sudden chills and colds.

WHEN GOING CAMPING DON'T FORGET BOVRIL

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable—All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA does not assume any responsibily or, for necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

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THE TRAP

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Ottawa Traps.

The following is the result of the weekly shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club, Dec. 3rd:—

First Event, 30 birds—E. G. White 30, W. L. Cameron 28, F. Mirrith 28, W. Mc-Mahon 27, W. J. Johnston 26, C. Brodeur 26, C. J. Booth 25, G. Esdale 24, A. W. Throop 24, F. A. Heney 23, H. Viau 23, I. N. Deslauriers 22, J. Mitchell 22, H. G. Pattee 21, G. R. Whitman 17, Capt. Higginson 16.

Second event, 20 birds—E. G. White 20, W. J. Johnston 19, F. A. Henye 18, Capt. Higginson 17, H. Viau 17, A. W. Throop

17, W. McMahon 16, G. Esdale 16, I. N. Deslauriers 16, H. Pattee 15, C. J. Booth 15, F. Merritt 15, J. Mitchell 14, C. Brodeur 13, W. L. Cameron 12, G. R. Whitman 10.

E. G. White won the special spoon offered by the club for a straight score of fifty kills, also the brace of ducks offered by W. J. Johnston for the biggest run in the first event. Mr. White very generously put the ducks back into competition in the second event, and they were won by F. A. Heney, with a straight score of twelve birds, Mr. Johnston not competing.

St. Thomas, Ont., Traps.

St. Thomas Gun Club had one of the most successful shooting tournaments in its history Nov. 29 and 30 and Dec. 1st. weather during the entire three days was most favorable and good scores were a re-A feature of the shoot was the good work of A. McRitchie, Ridgetown, who shot through the entire programme, the first day without a miss. The principal event was the Grand Canadian Handicap, 20 live birds, \$300 guaranteed, gold watch presented by Mr. Thos. Donley, St. Thomas, to the winner. This was won by J. Hartley, Woodstock, with a straight score. The following are the scores:-J. Hartley 20, R. D. Emslie 19, John Stroud 18, C. A. Pyne 18, J. McLaren 18, F. Galbraith 18, Cantelon 18, Geo. McCall 17, H. Scane 17, Donley 17, Marlatt 16, C. A. Pyne 16, Dr. Wilson 16, Thos. Upton 16, A. King 15, C. Scane 15, Shaw 13,

McMackon 13, three withdrew.

International Handicap, 20 live birds — \$300 guaranteed—R. Coffey 20, J. Stroud 19, T. Upton 19, Dr. Wilson 19, A. Mc-Ritchie 19, A. King 18, C. Scane 18, H. Scane 18, F. Galbraith 18, Broderick 18, James Crooks 16.

The other events were:-

Ten live birds—McColl 10, Emslie 10, A. Simpson 10, Cantelon 10, Upton 9, Wilson 9, C. Scane 9, King 9, Broderick 8, H. Scane 8, Galbraith 8, McLaren 7, Brown 7, D. McMackon 7, Donley 7, Shaw 6, Hartley 6.

Six live birds—Emslie 6, McMackon 6, Shaw 6, McCall 6, Wilson 6, R. Coffey 6, H. Scane 6, McRitchie 6, Brown 5, Cantelon 5, J. Coffey 4, McLaren 3, A. King 3, Donley 3, Upton 3, C. Scane 2, Galbraith 2.

Seven live birds-T. Upton 7, J. Crooks

7, G. McCall 7, J. E. Cantelon 7, H. Marlatt 7, A. McRitchie 7, H. Scane 7, S. Jones 7, R. Coffey 7, Dr. Wilson 6, C. Scane 6, R. Emslie 6, D. Miller 6, Broderick 5, Parker 5, Hartley 5, A. King withdrew.

Ten live birds—Hartley 10, McRitchie 10, King 9, McCall 9, C. Scane 9, Cantelon 9, Jones 9, J. Coffey 9, Stroud 9, Miller 8, B. Coffey 8, Marlatt 8, Upton 7, Crooks 7, Wilson 7, Scane 7, Broderick 7, Parker 6, Emslie 6.

Fifteen live birds, \$150 guaranteed—R. Coffey 15, McRitchie 15, Strong 15, Stroud 15, King 14, McCall 14, J. Coffey 14, Upton 13, Wilson 13, H. Scane 13, Emslie 13, Cantelon 12, Marlatt 12, Jones 12, Donley 12, Crooks 11, C. Scane 11, Broderick 11, D. Miller withdrew.

Hamilton Traps.

Saturday afternoon, Dec. 3rd, was the occasion of the annual shoot and dinner of the Hamilton Gun Club. Teams were chosen by President Upton and Vice-President Fletcher, the latter winning by a score of 124 to 121. The teams were composed of thirteen men a side and the match was at fifteen birds each.

The winter shoots were also inaugurated in classes A and B.

In A class: Fletcher and Thomson led with a tie at 18 out of a possible 20, for the trophy presented by the Hunter Arms company, and in B class Dr. Johnson led with 18 out of 25 for the Ithaca gun.

The weather was ideal for the sport and there was a large attendance.

After the shoot the members repaired to the Jockey Club inn for their annual dinner, and a jolly few hours were spent. The programme consisted of songs and speeches from nearly every one present, and the shoot and dinner were voted the most successful in the club's history. There are many new faces in the ranks, as compared with past years and the secretary's report showed the club's finances to be in splendid condition.

The scores:-

A. CLASS—20 BIRDS.

	. E.														
W	. P.	Th	om	ps	01	ı	 		 	 					
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Di	r. H	unt					 	 			 	 	 	 	
Τ.	Up	101	1,												
М	. Ra	spl)(·r)	rv.											
Be	en I	ł						 		 	 	 		 	
.).	Hu	nte	r												

J. Crooks	16
"Green"	16
Dr. Wilson	1.6
B. Smith	15
C. Brigger	15
J. Cline	14
H. Graham	14
A. Bates	13
J. Bowron	10
B. CLASS—25 BIRDS.	
Dr. Johnson	18
George Dean	17
Ben It	17
R. C. Ripley	16
A. R. Dunham	16
J. Merriman	15
G. Crawford	15
A. Lee	14
11. Wade	
C. Thomson	8
P. Friend	2
TEAM SHOOT—15 BIRDS.	
President	

Thomson

Dunham

 Green
 12

 Brigger
 11

Upton

('rooks 13

W. Wilson..... 13

G. Cline 11

10

9

6

121

Vice-President.		Hunt	10
Bates	12	"Ben It"	10
J. Cline	12	Ripley	9
		Bowron	
Hunter	11	Dean	4
B. Smyth	11	C. Thomson	3
Graham	11		_
Merriman	11		124

Quebec Gun Club Tournament.

A large number of members of the Quebec Gun Club attended the third quarterly meeting of this club Dec. 8th at the Kent House Grounds, and among those present were Mr. J. U. Gregory, Hon. President of the Club and Mr. E. G. White, representing the DuPont, Taflin & Rand Powder Co., of Wilmington, Deleware, whose appearance at the tournament was greatly appreciated by the President and members of the Club. There were seven events on the programme, besides two extra events and the result of the day's shooting was as follows:—

Events—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 T'1. Targets —10 20 15 5 25 20 15 15 5 160 E. G. White ... 8 15 12 4 19 15 12 11 4 100 Capt. A. del, Panet—

iet—								
7 6	8	3	13	8	6	8	2	61
6 10	10	3	19	14	10	13	1	86
5 12	10	3	14	8	7	11	1	71
4 9	7	1	13	12	4		5	
4 9	9	4	16	10	8			
3 9	5	1	16	10	12	9	3	68
2 15	4	2		11				
		3		3				
1		1		5	5		1	
10	3	2	5	4	8	5		
14	9	2	20	16	10	12	4	
		4						
				2	5	3		
					5	6		
	7 6 6 10 5 12 4 9 4 9 3 9 2 15 1 10 14	7 6 8 8 6 10 10 10 5 12 10 4 9 7 4 9 9 3 9 5 2 15 4 1 10 3 14 9	7 6 8 3 6 10 10 3 5 12 10 3 4 9 7 1 4 9 9 4 3 9 5 1 2 15 4 2 3 1 1 10 3 2 14 9 2 4	7 6 8 3 13 6 10 10 3 19 5 12 10 3 14 4 9 7 1 13 4 9 9 4 16 3 9 5 1 16 2 15 4 2 3 1 1 10 3 2 5 14 9 2 20 4	$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	7 6 8 3 13 8 6 8 2 6 10 10 3 19 14 10 13 1 5 12 10 3 14 8 7 11 1 1 4 9 7 1 13 12 4 5 4 9 9 4 16 10 8 3 9 5 1 16 10 12 9 3 2 15 4 2 11 3 3 3 1 1 5 5 5 1 10 3 2 5 4 8 5 14 9 2 20 16 10 12 4 4 2 5 3

During the day a large number of citizens witnessed the matches and appeared to be quite interested in the different events. Not a hitch occurred in the day's programme and this was particularly due to the efficient services rendered by Mr. P. D. Gauvin, who as acting secretary, performed his duties to the satisfaction of all the competitors.

The grounds are certainly the prettiest situated of any in Canada and fully equipped up to date having one of the Leggett Traps as well as a set of five expert traps. The background is perfect. Just behind the club house is the Holt, Renfrew & Co., collection of big game, moose, elk, buffalo and deer, besides a colony of beavers.

High average prize an oil painting presented by the Hon. President of the Club, was won by Mr. Hamilton. Second average prize, a silver spoon, was won by Mr. Montambault. Mr. Pepin won the first prize in Event 6,—the privileges of the Snow-Lake Fish & Game Club for two weeks, and the right to take two guests. Second prize,—the privilege of this club with one guest for two weeks, went to Mr. Hamilton, and the third prize, a two weeks'privilege of same club to winner, was won by Mr. Desriviers. Other special prizes were given which made the tournament a very interesting one.



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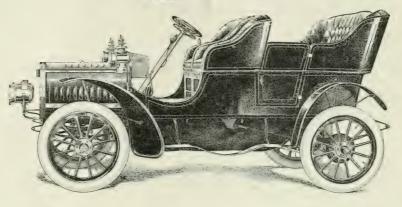
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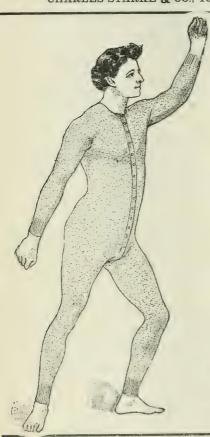
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Fig 1.



Fig. 2.



. Fig. 3.

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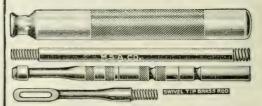
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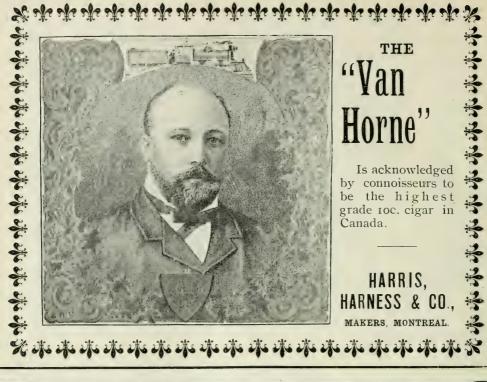
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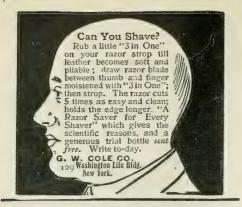
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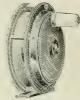
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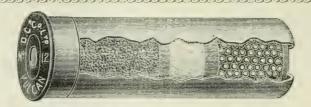
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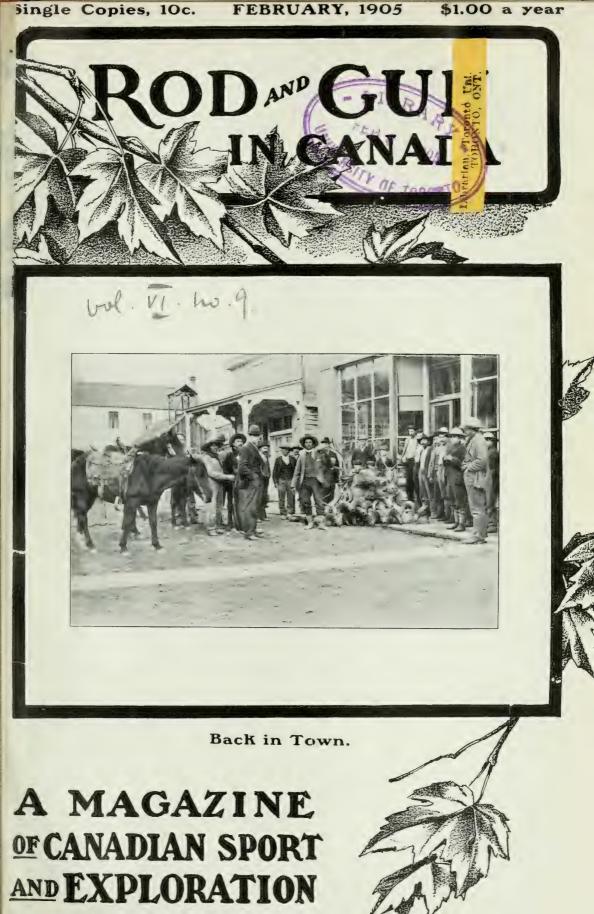


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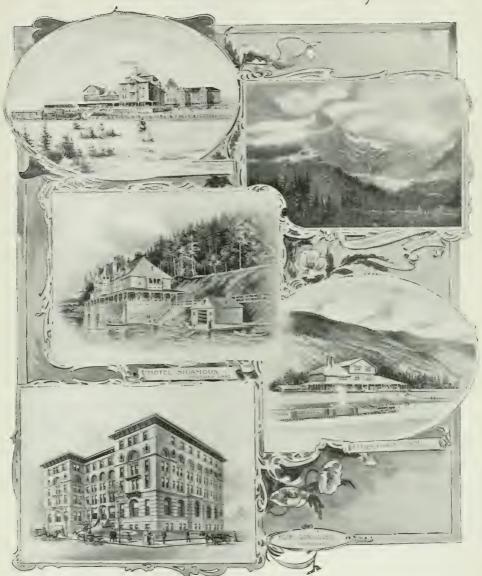
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VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 9

A Canadian Winter Resort.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG.

"To the deuce with medicines and Doctors!" said the Montreal man with a larynx and other ailments which had made themselves felt. "I believe," he contined, "that these things take ten times longer to cure in a steam heated house than they would in the open air of the woods and with the necessary exercise of out door life."

Weeks before he had made an engagement to start on that very afternoon on a camping expedition to Mount Orford, and the reason for his discontent can be very easily understood. But in addition to this he had weighty personal experience of the beneficial influence of out door medicine and accordingly, against the advice of doctors, nurses, and many prudent friends, he kept his engagement, and took charge of a party of campers who left Windsor Station at 4.30 p.m. on the 28th of December, 1904.

He however knew the wisdom of taking due precautions, and in particular of dressing reasonably and seasonably. The coldest winter in Canada is very agreeable if people will only dress correctly for it. In Canada we do not dress well for winter; our frequent visits to the Republic to the south of us, and the many visitors who come from there have something to do with our very insufficient mode of dressing. Before communications were so good be-

tween the two countries, and before the advent of the heated electric car, steam heated houses, and other luxuries of doubtful value, we had fewer complaints about the weather. We were all seasoned then; now we are in danger of becoming hot house plants of the weediest and most fragile kind, because our hot houses have little or no sun.

The laryngitis man finds that he must talk in the first person now. It was in no spirit of bravado but as a sensible precaution and to prove to those who told me that a winter trip to the Camp at Mount Orford, in the condition in which I then was, would kill me, I paid particular attention to the elementary principles of dress. There are a few of these principles that should be borne in mind in any case. Beginning with the head, a cloth cap with flaps that fasten over the top of the cap in mild weather, and that can be snapped together under the chin in cold weather, will absolutely prevent any ears being frozen, and make all the difference between enjoyment and misery in a walk out on a cold windy day. Such a cap is not as ugly as most felt hats, and is especially useful in the woods. It has become fashionable to wear a hard or soft felt hat, which offers. no protection whatever to the ears from wind and frost, and is not more healthful, or even as healthful, as the cloth cap, which affords a good deal of ventilation as well as warmth. Now won't some patriotic Canadian Alfred D'Orsay help to make the cloth cap fashionable? What an opportunity there is for some one to do good!

Another item of great value is an overcoat with a high collar which protects the neck, keeps out the snow, and covers the face in a severe head wind, more particularly if a smaller piece of cloth buttoned across is used to hold the fronts of the high collar together. The collar is the most important part of the overcoat. Then, the overcoat for comfort should be ulster shaped for driving and street use, and pilot coat shape for the woods. It should have each side into, which one a pocket on can put one's hands in a severe cold spell. It should be made of soft pliable material, and not of frieze or other stiff cloth and it should be worn loose. Alfred D'Orsay here is another opportunity! Think how many ears you will keep from freezing. 'Don't let your tailor make your overcoat too heavy.

Then as to the feet. Warm shoes, in roomy overshoes, allowing room for an extra sole inside of the overshoe, are essentials in snowy weather. Cold is taken into the system through the soles of feet more easily than anywhere else. writer has worn a pair of heavy soled yellow leather lace boots during several winters without overshoes or rubbers. He has them made roomy and wears a horsehair sole inside. With these and rubber soles and heels on the outside no cold or damp can get through the leather sole. Yellow leather is warmer in winter and cooler in summes than black. When one may have to spend one month of the cold weather in each of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal and Winnipeg, these shoes will answer for them all. For snow shoeing and camping out in excessively cold weather a pair of buckskin moccasins with room for three pairs of socks, of heavy wool and home knitted, is necessary. There is no foot gear that has ever been invented which is at once so light and so warm. Oil tanned leather moccassins of the same size should be carried in case of a thaw

The above outfit is not heavy and makes walking in cold weather a pleasure. The

wearer is ready to meet any storm or blizzard that may come upon him anywhere.

For driving one should have a big over-coat large enough to put a, small thin extra coat inside of it. This double over-coating enables a man to stand the weather almost or quite as well as though he had a fur coat, and one is less likely to take cold when the extra coat has to be dropped than when the fur coat is left off. For camping five fingered gloves are of no use. A mitten with one space for the thumb and the four fingers together in the other space is needed. I have found the best mitten to use is a double mit, a leather one outside and a woolen one inside.

The man who uses thoughtfulness and judgment about his dress in Canada will find it the best climate on this or any other continent in which to spend the whole year.

Having taken all these matters into consideration and made preparations in accordance therewith, I felt justified in hurrying out to the woods and snowshoes in preference to steam heat and nursing myself. The locality chosen for our winter camp was at Mount Orford, in the Province of Quebec, about 29 miles north of the Vermont boundary line, and about eight miles from Lake Memphremagog. There is a height of land there where the Mississquoi River has its source, and where it runs into Lake Champlain. The Yamaska River also starts close by and runs into the St. Lawrence, near Sorel on the St. Lawrence, and other small streams run into the St. Francis River. The altitude of Mount Orford is 2950 feet, and it is habitable all the way up. There are 33 lakes visible from its summit, including one near the top of the mountain. Many trout streams take their rise in springs on Mount Orford. Orford Lake is about five miles long, with bays and islands forming its interesting outlines. It contains large togue or lake trout, and deer is plentiful in the entire forest. A branch of the Orford Mountain Railway runs right alongside the Camp so that one steps from the train almost into the dining room. This railway runs through the forest primeval and there is no habitation on the branch but the There is more than a thousand square miles of forest here, which can be easily protected; and lakes in which there

is fair fishing and which can be stocked very easily and inexpensively from the Government hatchery, near by at Magog. The resident or visitor can choose his elevation and live anywhere from 950 to 2950 feet above the sea-from 1,000 to 1,500 feet is about the right elevation in that latitude, where so many conditions prevail to furnish a perfect set of surroundings. Lake Orford (sometimes wrongly called Bonnallie) is a gem which is not marred by a single piece of swamp in its setting of sand, loam, trees and rocks. The soil is not too rocky and here and there good gardens could be made in the woods. intention is to keep it in the woods, and not to allow any clearing or cutting of small timber, but to cut only ripe trees whose age would otherwise only bring about decay. In mid-winter the snow covers the ground to a depth of from three to five feet or more at the foot of Mount Orford.

Our winter sports party consisted of four ladies and seven gentlemen. The ladies all young, pretty and unselfish the men's ages ranged from 25 to 53 — mostly sportsmen, athletes, and artists. We were all agreed that a holiday is as necessary in the winter as in the summer, and that the north is more satisfactory for a holiday than the south at any time of the year, except perhaps in the Spring and Fall, when for a short time rains and thaws make part of a month as disagreeable as in more southern climes, where it rains and thaws most of the winter, and where during all that time the weather has all, or nearly all, the disagreeable features of the northern Spring and Fall.

We left the car just about eight feet from the verandah, and twenty-five from the dining room of the comfortable five-roomed camp at eight p.m. on Wednesday in Christmas week, Dec. 28th, 1904. Possibly some close observers may like to compare the weather they were enjoying during those days, the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of December, 1904, and the 1st and 2nd of January, 1905, with what we had. We were 300 miles north of Boston, about 400 miles or less from New York as the duck flies, and eighty miles south east from Montreal.

Travelling from Montreal on the Canadian Pacific Railway, we changed cars to the Orford Mountain Railway train at 7.30 p.m. at Eastman, reaching camp by train at 8 p.m. Snowing and mild. The Christmas trains were very heavily laden with passengers and express matter, or we should have made a little better time. Eventually we will make the trip in a little over two hours from Montreal, a little less than ten hours from Boston, and about twelve hours from New York. Orford's attractiveness in summer we had fully realised; we now wished to demonstrate its possible features as a winter resort.

On that Wednesday night a nice clean, old fashioned New England supper awaited our arrival. We had very excellent bread. butter, potatoes, beefsteak, tea and jam. Even the geniality of a well selected party, and the smiling face of the discreet matron who chaperoned the party could not improve the quality of the viands. We spent the evening in getting snow shoes and strings, skis, moccassins, woollen socks, and mittens into good order and readiness, enlivening the work with story and repartee. The various National, State and Provincial origins of the members of the party enabled its bers to enjoy many new stories and points of view. We had one member born in England, one in Barbadoes, one in New Hampshire, five in Quebec, one in Massachussets, one in Virginia, and one in Ontario. Barbadoes did not know the Massachussets stories, and some Quebec yarns were new to the Virginian. The Manitoban stories were secular rather than religious. Included in our company we had all kinds of minds except dull ones. We had all travelled more or less; our raw edges and angularities were all worn smooth to some extent by contact with that big grindstone the world. It was therefore, egotistical as the words may seem, a gathering well qualified to judge as to the wisdom of instituting annual winter as well as summer sports at Mount Orford.

A sound night's sleep in clean and comfortable beds, and a good fire in a big old-fashioned double-oven French Canadian stove made getting up for breakfast at 8.15 a.m. a pleasant enough operation. The water, from springs, was good to drink and pleasant to wash in.

We started on our first snow shoe tramp at 9 a.m. Three of our party had never worn snow shoes, but in about fifteen minutes they behaved as if they were to the manor born, and we walked with a strong cold wind on our backs three miles down the bottom of a bay in the lake. It was comparatively warm and sheltered around the camp when we left so that most of us had taken off overcoats and were tramping in sweaters. It was cold when one turned to face the wind on the lake, so that it was decided to cut across the point, through the woods back to the camp. This we did with great comfort and a little hard work for the leaders, who had to break the road. We found old lumber roads most of the way, and arrived home at about 12.45 p.m. just giving us time to wash, dress, and rest for an early dinner. Weather five below zero and twenty miles of wind. We had done six miles and were proud of ourselves and greatly exhilarated with the exercise. At one p.m. the man with the ailments had driven off all feverishness and invalidism, and after a consultation with himself he that the ailments were very much better. One of the ladies, who had brought a bad cold to camp, was decidedly improved by her first experience in the open, and so far everybody voted the woods a success medicinally.

The Camp was built on posts without foundations, and the floors would have been cold had we not taken the precaution to have the Camp well banked with snow, and the floor covered with moose, cariboo, and deer skins. As a result of these preparations for our visit we found ourselves in very comfortable quarters. If you asked me how to build a summer and winter camp I would say that a big stone chimney should first be built with a stone or cedar log foundation, and the camp should be built around the chimney.

In the afternoon we put up our tepee, and this work was accomplished in the absence of our experienced tepee builder. Under the circumstances we did not do as well as we might and should have done. But we did quite enough to realise that a tepee is an hygienic and very comfortable kind of tent, when well put up and managed. Never make a fire in a tepee with big logs or it will smoke.

One of the young ladies, the smallest

lady in the bevy of large women, but muscular withal and splendidly fitted for the camp through much out door life and sport, cut down a tree and was photographed in the act. All through her stay she proved as efficient in whatever she undertook as in her tree cutting performance, and that is saying a good deal, for her workmanlike ability in this respect might well have been envied by many of the male sex. Weather mild, sunny, and calm—a perfect day.

A visit to a lumber camp filled up the following morning. The lumberman of the present day lives very much more comfortably than did his predecessors of some years ago. His food is decidedly better than that of the average working man at home. But there are regulations in force in some lumber camps that are certainly wrong. In this particular case at Orford I do not think the pernicious habit obtains of which I would speak. In some of the large lumber camps in Ontario, and in the States, they have a rule imposing absolute silence on the men during meal hours. Not a word is spoken at such times, with the result of course that food is bolted and digestion is permanently injured. I am told that this rule is made for the sake of the cook, to ensure his hearing the calls of the men requiring second helpings and other things. This reason has always seemed to me insufficient for this barbarous and unhealthy custom. In many respects this visit to the lumber camp proved to be one of deep interest.

In the afternoon a special car on the railway took us to Bolton Springs, some twelve or fifteen miles distant where there is a famous sulphur water which has been very favourably known in the neighbourhood for many years. Upon our arrival we found the hotel people so busy in preparation for their annual New Year's ball that no one had time to go and show us the spring, that bubbles out of a rock. As we had no one qualified to act as guide we were compelled to return without seeing the object of our visit. We had an outing just the same, and returned home with amazingly good appetites to our 8.30 p.m. dinner-supper. We had learned to avoid hotels on the day of the annual ball. Past question every experience is valuable to us. Our evening's entertainment consisted of charades which were very successful, and quite novel in their way-exhibiting many national and racial pecuitarities, "all unbeknownst" to the actors.

So far our experience of a winter camp in the woods proved highly delightful, and we unanimously voted the idea an enjoyable novelty. We were favoured with a comfortable camp, and an exceedingly able and pleasant matron to supervise the kitchen. Mrs. Lamb, of Mount Orford, is a type of the best kind of the Quebec English-speaking-Canadian farmer's wife-neat, clean, educated, naturally intelligent, a good cook, and pleasantly tempered. has the gift of making everything go smoothly. May her kind never grow less! Her assistant, a man cook, was so efficient that we never heard of him. He did his work quietly and well, and no grumble ever reached us.

An early breakfast was the order of the day on Saturday morning as our intention was to climb Mount Orford, some 2,000 feet from where we were, involving a walk As welstarted of three miles each way. out the weather turned milder, but our anticipations were that in the higher altitudes we should find dry snow, not unpleasant for snow shoeing. On our way we met some lumber teams that had come out to break the road before starting log hauling. This work was being done over the road that we were to travel-the easy part of course. As it was we were glad to lend our assistance by weighing down the sleighs sufficiently to enable them to do their work better than would otherwise have been the case-at least that was how one lazy man put it to himself. On arrival at the foot of the steeper place we found that logs were being hauled down the mountain in a very picturesque and exciting way. We photographed the scene because we thought it very much out of the common. The hill is as steep in places as the peaked roof of :a Gothic building, and no one would ever dream of going up and down in a carriage or on horseback. But by means of chains under the runners, which dragged away at snow, roots, and stones and the strong backing power of the sharp shod horses, specially trained for the work, the huge load of logs were brought down in safety. Many horses and some drivers are however killed at this work.

The climb proved an arduous one, and

we slipped back one-third of every step, so that we had fully one and a third the distance to go, and our progress was necessarily slower than we intended. The man from Barbadoes felt his heart a little, and the girl from the level city found wind and muscles to be rather severely taxed. Nevertheless we had a most enjoyable climb. When we had reached within 250 feet of the summit, one of our party, wishing to save another fellow from being struck made an attempt to catch an axe, which was flying through the air, by the blade, and with lamentable results. Unfortunately blade caught the index finger of his right hand, and cut it clean through. The victim, being a professional writer, has found the accident a most serious matter. hand was quickly bound up, but he has had to spend eight or nine days in hospital, and will have a longer holiday than he wished. The finger was saved, and one more lesson has been learned in the hard school of experience. No, it was not the man with the larynx to whom this happened, and therefore M. D.'s and nurses are deprived of the pleasure of being able to say "I told you so!" As the accident had a somewhat depressing effect upon the party, and the evening was wearing on, the programme was changed, and we all returned to see our friend safe on the train for Montreal and the hospital. This having been accomplished, and the snow on the lower levels being found just right for snowballing, we banished our feelings of gloom by becoming boys and girls again, and for an hour and a half the battle raged. continued in the firing line until all the throwing muscles were so tired by the unusual exercise, that we had perforce to stop, and the fight was declared a draw. We had succeeded in wetting ourselves pretty thoroughly, and in creating several inflamed and weeping eyes,-namely the eyes that had received the snowballs most successfully. That evening was memorable for our extraordinarily good appetites. We had cooked a meal and made tea on the mountain top, but the finger tragedy occurred in the midst of our preparations, and spoilt the appetites we had gained by our exertions. Our poor trencher work at mid-day however was compensated for at night. That evening we sat round the big old

French-Canadian stove that we had all learned to love, and with song and story, sleight of hand tricks, and athletic performances, saw the Old Year out, and the New Year in. Auld Lang Syne, the Punch of the Scotch Ancients, the Open Door, and mutual expressions of good will and congratulations upon being where we were ushered in the New Year at Mount Orford, and I do not think that Orford ever will be as quiet again as it has been in the past, mostly owing to this little camping party.

During the day we laid out the site of the largest toboggan slide in the world, and already in imagination and anticipation had enjoyed the sensations attendant upon the inauguration thereof.

One of the afternoons was characterised by a very successful attempt to dance the Lancers on snow shoes, and notwithstanding the very short experience of some of the snow shoers, this was accomplished in a graceful manner and without a fall. The music will however have to be a little slower for some/of the parts.

Sunday was spent in a dignified and orthodox manner. We had good natured discussions on religious topics. In the afternoon we walked on the Lake, and located a site for a Russian toboggan slide which consists of two hills facing one another. You slide down one hill, across the lake, walk up the other, and then slide back again. This will be done on improved bob-sleigh coasters.

New Year's day dinner was one to be remembered. Good as it was however the best part was the appetites that we were enabled to bring to its discussion. Everyone was well now. Bronchitis and colds 'vanished and Christmas had passoff leaving no ill effects behind. The whole of the party had become muscular to a degree. No wonder that we all without a dissenting voice, proclaimed Mount Orford and winter sports to be the best medicine that has ever been prescribed.

How false, pernicious, hypocondriac, and absurd sounded the poem that I had cut out from a States newspaper, and read to my scornful audience that night in Camp. It is not to be wondered at that it is anonymous. I subjoin it as an epitome of everything that seemed untrue to the audience that heard it, and was entirely con

trary to their camping experience:-

IT'S WINTER.

The winds blow cold, the winds are shrill,
There's ice upon the creek and rill—
(Lets see, it's time to take a pill),
It's winter.

The trees are bare, the fields are brown,
The skies are dark, and darkly frown—
(It's time to gulp a powder down),
It's winter.

The trees before the breezes bow,
There are no leaves upon the bough—
(It's time to take a capsule now),
It's winter.

The birds have sought a warmer clime, And skating how is in its prime—
(I think it must be quinine time),
It's winter.

The zephyrs blow, the breezes nip,
Along the hills the snow mounds slip—
(I'm full of drugs, I've got the grip),
It's winter.

Our irrepressible rhymster took a piece of charcoal from the old stove, and after a moment of cogitation wrote on a piece of birch bark an assured antidote, which we all thought worthy of reproduction as an interesting memento of what may yet prove an important occasion, and useful in proclaiming and extending the new gospel of open air and winter medicine.*

Our 'time was up, we submitted to the inevitable, and very reluctantly indeed, we returned to our homes from this home in the woods. I think that everyone felt much the better for the outing. "Walking has the best value as gymnastics for the mind. You shall never break down in a speech" said Sydney Smith, "on the day when you have walked twelve miles." "Walking" said Rousseau, "has something which animates and vivifies my ideas," and Plato said of exercise that "it would almost cure a guilty conscience." And yet none of these knew the extraordinary charm of walking on snow-shoes in the Canadian woods in mid-winter. We, of the Orford band did, we had experienced its fascination. We had all enjoyed its strange

exhiliration, and were all agreed that a great future awaits the locality, and the development of winter sports therein. If our present int?ntions materialise there will be furnished skating, curling, and hockey rinks, toboggan slides, all manner of driving vehicles from the Laplander's reindeer sleigh to the latest Russian and Canadian luxuries in sleds; snow shoeing, ski-ing, and all other winter sports that ever have been or will be invented. Good deer hunting territory exists in the neighborhood, and it is proposed to make a

game park of 50,000 acres, to stock the many lakes and trout brooks on the property anew wherever they may need it, and to thoroughly protect the fish and game. The altitude of the property, the immense forest, the accessibility to the large cities of the east, and the full provision that will be made for healthy recreation all the year round under perfect conditions, will attract people from far and near, and make Mount Orford favourably known to a very wide circle.

In Mooseland.

By.C. C, FARR.

"I believe that I have shot every kind of animal except a moose."

I once heard those words used by an Englishman who was essentially a sportsman, and I wondered. He had hunted the lion in Africa, the tiger in India, the elephant and sambur deer in Ceylon, the kangaroo in Australia, and even the buffalo on the western plains of Canada, but he had never shot a moose, the monarch of the North American forest, and of all the regions that he had travelled in search of game, the home of the moose is the most accessible.

Though practically ranging from the coast of the Atlantic to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, today the Ottawa River, and its tributaries have the honour of being the locality most favored by the moose, which is a strange fact in the light of history, for fifty years ago it was an unknown animal to the Indians of the Upper Ottawa. Nor is it long since the Irdian, who is supposed to have shot the first moose in these regions, took his departure for the happy hunting grounds. Of course, a previously unknown beast of such proportions must have been rather an alarming object to meet at first, but today, the Indian feels about the same alarm as a cat does when it meets a mouse, in fact it has become a staple of food, and in that respect has, a good deal, taken the place of the beaver.

The origin of the word "moose" must be

connected with the Ojibeway "hemosi" to walk, and he does walk. His legs are made for it.

Those who have a taste for sport, leisure to indulge in it, and the ambition to kill a moose, can not do better than to make a trip to the Upper Ottawa. In order to realize what he is likely to find, I will accompany the hunter or tourist on an imaginary trip to these interesting regions.

The first thing necessary is a ticket to Mattawa, an important station on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A picturesque little town it is nestling among the Laurentian hills, that confine the Ottawa river to its course, and built upon the point of confluence of the river Mattawa with the main stream. The name too is historically associated with the deeds of Champlain, for it was by this route that the famous explorer, passing th)rough Lake Nipissing reached the great lakes to the west.

It is at this point that the Timiskaming branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway joins the main line. The branch, is about forty miles in length, and bridges as it were, the succession of rapids and swift waters intervening between the main line of the Canadian Pacific and that wonderful sheet of water, known as Timiskaming Lake,—a lake of seventy-five miles length and varying in breadth from half a mile to six—where, until a few years ago, the

Indian roamed in undisputed possession and a white man was the curiosity— and which owing to imperfect geographical knowledge was looked upon as the source of the Ottawa river, and, moreover, utterly unfitted, both in soil and climate, for agriculture. All these fallacies have been exploded, and today no place in Canada promises fairer agricultural prospects than this once unenvied and unknown region.

Of course, such a spot could not fail to be full of Indian legends and associations, some of them dating far back from the mists of the past; legends, that could only have originated amongst a people living the nomadic life peculiar to the aborigines of these northern wilds, or connected with the more recent experiences of the Acadian voyageurs, who, in days gone by carried in canoes from Montreal to the far distant trading stations, articles for barter, and who have left their impress upon the country in such a large measure by their nomanclature of the various points on their routes.

From Mattawa, the railway closely follows the river. To the right the high Laurentian hills overshadow us, to the left the broad Ottawa flows, now, peacefully, sparkling in the sunshine, anon a foaming rapid through whose turbulent waters the canoes of the Hudson's Bay Company a few years ago ascended and descended guided by the unerring skill of the Indian pilots, many of whom are living yet, and who to this day retain their reputations as the best "bowsmen" of their time.

A note of explanation is necessary here. In the navigation of swift water, by canoes, the man in the bow is practically the steersman. On him depends the safety of the rest, and with his single bladed paddle he forces the bow of the canoe away from the sunken rocks, the presence of which is betrayed by the broken surface of the water, into the safe and proper channel between. His every movement is watched by the steersman who simply follows in his wake.

The first of these rapids is the "Cave." (The French pronunciation is still retained) which takes its name from the peculiar action of the water upon the rocks. It has, by the assistance of pebbles scooped out symmetrical hollows, varying in size from a large pail to a large beer vat—a pecu-

liarity noticed by the French voyageurs, and hence its name. This is a dangerous and treacherous spot. Many a good canoesman and raftsman has met his doom here, and there is nothing particularly striking or beautiful about it.

The next rapid is "Les Erables"—
"The Maples"—a wild looking spot in high
water. We are only nine miles from Mattawa here, and yet I remember, only a
few years ago, being camped here one night
while taking up a load of flour. We had
piled the flour ready for loading next morning. On going to it we found it scattered
about in all directions. A bear had been
busy whilst we were sleeping. "The Mountain" is the next rapid. It also is a dangerous spot, there being many whirlpools
below it. It, too, numbers many victims,
both red and white.

Two miles above it on the opposite shore is the "Kokomis" rock (old woman). It stands out of the water, and when the river is low, is very like an old woman sitting or kneeling, with a rabbit skin hood upon her head. It was the custom for every voyageur, French and Indian, to throw this old lady something good, a piece of tobacco or anything that the donor prized, that is if he wished for fair winds and weather during the rest of his journey. Many a plug of tobacco have I seen offered to the old creature, but it is needless to say that in spite of it, we took the weather as we found it.

And now "Seven League Lake" presents pretty but somewhat monotonous shores. The name, except on the "Lucus a non lucendo" principle is a misnomer, for the lake is only sixteen miles in length. Along it, the train winds in and out, faithfully following each indentation of the shore, sometimes a mere cutting through the boulder-encumbered gravel, at others a ledge, hewn out of the perpendicular face of the rock. The most noticeable of these escarpments is the "Devil's Garden," upon the ledges of which grew, and for the matter of that still grows, a species of wild onion, or leek. I have been told that wild carrots also grow here, but have never seen them. How they got here, and if here, why not elsewhere, I leave for botanists to decide; suffice it to say that the voyageurs of old gathered these wild vegetables as a relish for their simple meals,



CANADIAN WINTER RESORT. "The Lancers on snow shoes."

Tis the shortest day - the snow is here -
- It's health and hunger and good cheer - - To all mankind that has no fear
Of winter
The skies are dark, the snow is bright
Tt's winter.
Why skating now is in its prime
I'd ski and slide if I had a time
The sleigh bells ring, the horses skip
I'm busting glad - and let her rip

"CANADIAN WINTER RESORT.
The pessimist rebutted, by our rhymster.

and, no doubt, like myself, wondering how they got here, gave to the place the somewhat appropriate name of "The Devil's Garden," and the place has become a landmark for future generations. On the Ontario shore "La Tuque", a pine-clad hill, shaped like the woollen cap peculiar to the French-Canadian, rears its head. The train now winds with a sweeping curve into the sandy bay which once was the spot where supplies destined for Lake Kipawa and the surrounding districts were landed, where also canoes and boats carrying the same were taken out of the water and "portaged" to the Obawsheen, the first lake of a system leading to the Kipawa.

There have been wild times at this spot, in the days when first the lumbermen attacked the pine in the Kipawa country. In that very sand lies a man who was killed in a free fight that arose out of a trifle. I was sent for, and had the body exhumed, for a kind of coroner's post-mortem. It did not present a pleasant appearance, and we covered it up again. The man who killed him was never captured.

We are now at the end of Seven League Lake, and the train is speeding across the sandy levels through which the river runs, and the succession of rapids which is known as the "Longue Sault."

At the head of all these, at a distance of about forty miles from Mattawa is Lake Timiskaming. But before treating of this wonderful lake, it would be more in order to first pay a visit to Kipawa, a lake famous for its moose and beautiful scenery. There is of course a station here, named Timiskaming. Here also a magnificent hotel was built, by the late Mr. Lumsden, proprietor of one of the steamer lines that ply on Lake Timiskaming.

This is not, however, the terminus of the railroad, for from this point it trends north and east through the valley of Gordon Creek until it reaches Kipawa Lake. This Gordon Creek has a history which is intimately associated with the aboriginal past. The lumbermen have turned the waters of Lake Kipawa into it, and by so doing have considerably lessened the distance that they have to drive their logs; but they were not the first to discover this short cut and make use of it. The Indians knew of it, and when pursued by their inveterate enemies the Iroquois, used

to baffle their pursuers by turning into it and escaping to the Kipawa. They called it "Kah-bah-stey-guan", "the water going ashore," for at high water the Kipawa would flow into it.

The reason why it was so convenient for these fugitive Indians, was that, once Kipawa Lake was reached, the rest was comparatively easy. "Kipawa" in Indian signifies, "A narrow waterway between high rocks" and it is a succession or rather labyrinth of lakes and bays connected by such passages, hence it was no difficult matter for the Oiibeways when pursued to baffle their pursuers by means of the tortuous and concealed waterways; indeed I know of no lake where a man can lose his way more quickly or hopelessly than on this very Kipawa. And there are legends or traditions existing to this day how many a band of Iroquois or "Nataway" as they call them, was lured to its destruction into some one of these narrow gorges.

Such was the Gordon Creek, a refuge and means of escape for the persecuted, and when the lumberman to save time and money floats his logs through this stream, little he recks of the time when the aborigines made use of the same stream to save their very lives.

But the train has now arrived at the terminus and at the wharf there lies a steamer ready to convey the passengers through the mazy labyrinths of this beautiful lake. Railroads and steamers appear strange to one who has known these waters when a bark canoe propelled by Indians was the only means of locomotion.

For some miles we are simply ploughing our way through a beautiful sheet of water clear and deep. Salmon trout swim beneath those depths, but one requires an intimate knowledge of the locality before one can hope to catch them. Pike and pickerel abound. Kipawa pike are famous for their size and flavour. White fish are also plentiful, but they are only taken in the fall and then by nets. A well-cooked Kipawa whitefish to my mind, excels all other fresh water fish.

We are now across the "Pakaygama" as this bay is called, for it is only a bay, though it in itself is large enough to be called a lake and bear a name of its own.

We steam through a narrows and again the lake stretches out before us, a network of bays, islands and peninsulas, a perfect picture; of sylvan and lacustrine beauty.

The movements of a steamer are arbitrary and it is therefore impossible for us to explore all the interesting ramifications of this wondrous sheet of water. This can be done only by canoe, and such a trip would take a month.

Judging by the extent of water stretching northwest, that would be our course, but it is not so. A sharp bend to the south east takes us through another narrows known as the Kah, Kah, Ke, Wabik, or Roche Corbeau, anglice, Raven Rock. Close before us lies an insignificant island long and flat, with a few stunted cedars and pines covering its rocky surface. This is, One-moos-o-kun-i-sing, Dogbone Island, a name that bears with it a tragic signification. The story goes that years long since, a band of Indians were encamped for the night upon this island It was a still summer's night, and in those troublous times they were ever on the watch for their hated foes, the Iroquois. They heard the first faint sound of paddles which they knew could only be the signal of the coming of the foe. Instantly the smouldering remains of their camp fires were extinguished and every preparation made to insure that their presence should not be betrayed; but the dogs! surely they would give the alarm. There was nothing left them but to sacrifice the dogs and the order passed quickly from mouth to mouth to that effect. It was done. The poor faithful creatures were promptly strangled, and the enemy's canoes passed the encampment without suspecting the proximity of their quarry; and so they escaped, but the carcases of the poor beasts rotted where they lay, and the bones remained for many years a monument of a necessary, but cruel sacrifice.

Next before us lies Eq-uay-men-e-se, or Woman's Island, so called from the fact that it was here, that the Tete a-bulls of Grand Lac used to leave their wives while making their yearly trip to Moose Factory with furs and back again with goods for the next season's trade. We now turn again sharp to the left or northeast, and arrive at the end of a narrow bay. This is known as the "Ka-meek-in-nak-e-on-igan" or Turtle portage. A narrow strip of

rock used to separate the Kipawa proper from the system of one of its tributaries, known as the North River. A lock has been constructed here and our steamer can now pass where the Indians used to carry their canoes.

Through this lock, we again emerge upon a large stretch of water. The scenery here is less imposing but the delightful freedom, the pure air, the sparkling waters give a sense of enjoyment and exhilaration that nothing else can give. There is no reaction about it. It is the land of the health imparting ozone.

Again passing through a narrows or short stretch of river, called "Ob-ah-be-cay-gu-anan." We once more cross a lake, and reach Hunters' Point or, Ob-ush-Koot-ay-an

(Note the "ob" in all words where there is implied a "narrows.")

Three miles further on navigation in this direction ceases, but we are now in the home of the moose; and canoes and Indian guides may be procured here for the purpose of hunting that noble animal. The fishing is also excellent and a few weeks can be spent in these wilds that will one day be looked back upon as a pleasant, and, if the hunt is successful, a memorable episode in a man's life.

It is a delightful trip through here to Grand Lac, and perhaps returning by way of the Dumoine river might make it still more so as the whole route would be new. Another route to the Ottawa river is by way of "Nawt-ah-baw-ning" Lake, "Tasting something that is cooking with a spoon," which leads into Lake Expanse. This also makes a pleasant trip for those who love the wild unconventional life of the woods.

We will now retrace our steps back with the steamer through the Turtle Portage, and instead of heading, when we come out of the narrow bay, back to Gordon Creek we will continue on our south east course. A short distance brings us to the old Hudson's Bay Co. fort. The Indians call it, Ob-itch-u-ah-nang, (mark the Ob.) from the narrows close to it. This post has been deserted and has been shorn of all its glory.

Many a bale of fur has reached the London markets from this spot, and those were haleyon days for the Indian. I have seen good hunters come in here, with their canoes loaded with furs. : have seen them sit in stately dignity in their canoes, while the hired servants of the company, white men, carried their bales of furs from canoe to storehouse. And such an Indian would be the proud master of the hour. The trader himself would unbend, and greet this hunter as he landed, that is if his hunt was very good. If only middling, then all the trader could be expected to do would be to greet him effusively at the door, but if the hunt had been bad, then the Indian would carry his own attenuated packs into the store himself, and endeavor to attract the tardy attention of the Master by timid coughing.

At these Posts, fur was the passport 10 respectability. The conversation of all employees reeked of fur and the very buildings smelt of it.

In the spring, when the Indians assembled after the hunt was over, they pitched their camps upon the cleared spot around the store, and the choice of spots was assigned chiefly in accordance with their rank as hunters.

Here they would remain until the brigade of canoes, loaded with the returns of trade, would start down stream for Fort Timiskaming, there to be joined by other brigades from other posts, until as many as ten or twelve four fathom canoes loaded to the gunwales with their precious freight would sail smoothly down the mighty Ottawa, "en route" for the nearest outpost of civilization.

But to return to our journey of exploration. Passing through this narrows, from whence Hunters Lodge takes its Indian name, we again emerge upon a large lake.

Next spot of interest is the Obutinang (narrows of course). This used to be and probably still is a grand spot for hunting. There is hardly a point or bay around here that is not associated with some hunting feat. In that bay to the left I once saw seven moose walking along the shore in Indian file. They looked at me very coolly. They evidently knew that I had no rifle that day, as I was after ducks.

By the by this used to be a grand place for ducks, and there is nothing that I so much delight in as turning out of my camp on a misty summer's morning paddling with stealth into the little grassy bays, where you will see the big black ducks, looming up through the mist, twice their size almost and nicely within range.

I love the taste and even the smell of a tender young duck, stewed on the camp fire. I prefer it to fish, which after a time becomes too monotonous. Stewed berries, raspberries or cranberries are better outside than in: a house, and the strange thing is, when you try to show the mistress of your house, how a duck, fish, blueberries or anything else should be cooked to make it taste really nice, you generally make a lamentable failure. Your female relations wont eat 'these things and you can hardly eat them vourself. fact is, you miss amongst your ingredients, the ozone, the scent of the pine, and the wild health-giving conditions of a nomadic life.

Still the steamer continues to force its way, through narrows, between islands, across long stretches of open water, never the same, yet unchanging in the wildness of the aspect, and at length again you are at the utmost limit of steamboat navigation. From here if you wish to proceed further you must use canoes. You can travel for miles, to the shores of the Arctic Ocean if you wish, for the Indians have their trails, or rather waterways, that are not hard to find, and one has always a chance of meeting an aboriginal who can put one straight. The beauty of the bush is that you are never lost, as long as you have your camping outfit with you. Make no arbitrary distances to be reached in such a time, or the pleasure of the bush life is turned into a toil. Moose are plentiful here and if you are not too noisy, you may come upon one without the services of a guide, though the guide is best. The moose is a wary animal, but if the hunter knows something of his habits, and takes advantage of him, while fighting the flies that pester him, or by blowing a call during the rutting season, he can be pretty sure of a shot. But above all observe silence; you never know when you are going to come upon him unawares. It is the taciturn Indian in his silently gliding canoe that has as a rule far more success than the loquacious white man. The Indian, however, is disappearing from various reasons. seems but a short time ago that the election of a chief was a matter of importance

in this very country, and many a bear feast have I attended in this connection; but now a few families only represent the aborigines, amongst whom, one even yet meets some old link with the past, as fossilized relic of cannibalism, conjuring and polygamany. But hocus-pocus we are back to Gordon Creek, comfortably ensconced in the Lumsden Hotel, awaiting the departure of the magnificent steamer which plies on Lake Timiskaming.

From her upper deck we can view all the different spots of interest as we pass. She is a fast boat, so there will not be time to be too prosy. "The Meteor" is her name and she is a comfortable boat. She will make connection with the C. P. R. and her daily run will be one hundred and fifty miles. As we steam away from the wharf we at once notice a change in the scenery from that which we have been accustomed to on the Kipawa. It all seems to be on a larger scale, though for a few miles the lake is narrow, but when one has passed the Opimicon Narrows, which by the way is a splendid spot for fishing, the lake becomes much wider and the scenery simply grand. The shores are abrupt and precipitous, rising to the height of several hundred feet, and the Lake stretches away to such distances that the hills where the two shore lines meet are blue with haze.

On our left is the Opimicon farm, once an important trading station in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company. How fierce was the rivalry between that Company and all other traders. They, the Company, fought for their monopoly with a persistency that cannot fail to excite admiration, though I do not think that it could have been beneficial to the development and interests of the country. Opposition to them was anathema. A more hospitable set of men never breathed, but with them the unforgivable sin was to do no good to anyone whose interests might conflict with theirs in the fur trade. No stratagem was considered too mean for the purpose of crippling the unfortunate opposition and "Epee-wi-day", Opposition trader, became a term of reproach amongst the Indians. I remember once, while overhauling some old journals or diaries written by a man in charge of one of the outposts, long since dead, coming across the following sentiments which so aptly illustrate this abhorrence of all who dared to trespass on these domains of the great trading company. He speaks of the accidental drowning of one of these men. He had evidently been a little softened by the tragic nature of the unfortunate man's death, but he could only see in it the punitive hand of Providence, though he still hoped that God would take a merciful view of the case in the next world, and not punish the offender as he deserved.

Such doctrines were instilled into the minds of the young Indians at an early age, who if possessing a formula of Creed would have professed as follows, "I believe in the "Hudson's Bay Company, the Keetche At-a-way-we-nin-i, who clothes us and feeds us, also in the Keetche Manitoo, etc." Indeed, in some back districts, this very loyalty is taught to this day at the mother's knee.

But all this has passed away so far as the spot that we are looking at is concerned. It is now, a lumbering company's depot and the home of its enemies, The Old Hudson's Bay Company Fort, is a semiruinous summer rendezvous for tourists.

There is excellent trout fishing in the river that flows through this clearance, and in fact in every little stream in the neighbourhood. Bass, pike and pickerel are plentiful in the narrows and along the shores, while moose and red deer abound in the surrounding forests. Altogether it is a delightful spot. There are sand bays for bathing, rocks covered with blueberries, the one wild fruit, of which children can eat, and yet suffer no evil consequences, and a sheltered bay secure from storm. But our steamer is forging ahead, the shores grow more abrupt and the scenery still more grand.

At the foot of one of those high cliffs, two reindeer were once found, dead, lying at the foot of the rocks on the ice, by the Indian who was accompanying me on a trip. The poor brutes must have been pursued by wolves or else became too venturesome. In the crevices of these rocks the "Pe-kod-jee-sie," "The little people," are supposed to dwell. They are the equivalent for our fairies, and like them, exercised their powers for good or ill. On the western shore is a small clearance, but the scene of a big tragedy. This is comparatively modern history and yet is weird enough for an antediluvian myth. The old

story was enacted here, love, jealousy and death. She was called the Jersey Lily of Timiskaming. He was a poor, harmless soul who had accidentally married her. The gay Lothario was a half-witted recluse. The husband worked on one of the steamers to supply the other two with the necessaries of life. But instead of sending home what he earned, he would come with it himself. This became embarrassing and had to be stopped. The recluse killed foxes by means of poison, the effect of which upon the foxes he explained to the Lily. She straightway mixed her Louis a dose, but he, half suspecting, hesitated to drink it. To encourage him, she sipped a teaspoonful, thinking so small a quantity could do her no harm. He drank off the rest, and within half an hour both were dead. The recluse died last winter. They were buried all together on the little farm and it will make a nice little jumble for the Day of Judgment.

Some miles further up there is a large bay. This is called the "grand campment" for here was the only spot for many a mile along this rocky shore, where the weary voyageur could pitch his camp in comfort. On the eastern shore just above it is the Indian Portage, the spot where the old Indian trail from Kipawa came out upon Timiskaming Lake. Many a bale of fur has been carried over here and many a four fathom canoe.

Still onward rushes the steamer, each bend in the lake opening out a vista as long as or longer than the last.

To the right the Kipawa river, the natural outlet of the Kipawa Lake rushes down into the lake a foaming torrent.

This is a dangerous spot in winter for those who travel on the ice. The action of the broken water weakens and rots the ice. All teamsters dread this spot. Here too the lake is very deep, I think about six hundred feet. The meaning of the Indian word, Timiskaming, is "deep water." Strange that this lake never gives up its dead. I never heard of a single body ever having been recovered and even in my time it has numbered its victims by the dozen.

Six miles further on is the mouth of the Montreal River, Indian, "Mat-ah-bitch-u-an", "The coming out of running waters." The root "mat" or "met" always signifies

"coming out", joining of a smaller with a larger, and the affix "tchuan" implies running water, as in "Matachuan" Obitchuan, "Saskatchuan", etc.

This is an interesting spot and well worth visiting if time permits. The canyon through which the Montreal River plunges, "The Notch" as it is called, is one of those natural curiosities that well repay the trouble of looking at. A narrow cleft in the rock, twelve feet in width, through which the accumulated drainage of a system of two hundred miles in length rushes to join the Ottawa.

Well may the lumberman dread it and the Indian ascribe it to the supernatural. It was through this narrow cleft made by the Keetche Manitoo, when he went a trenching, that the King of the beavers stole, and there he sits a mile below waiting for his mate, who was not so fortunate and we know him as the Beaver Mountain.

This is the spot by which Lake Timagaming can be reached, and though the way by Haileybury is easier and better, yet it is a pleasant trip through the little river, that runs out of Rabbit Lake, with its rapids and lively bass, and empties into Timiskaming here, but like the Hell of the ancients, it is easier to descend than to ascend.

Five miles further, on the western shore, is the Roche McLean. There is nothing remarkable! about the appearance of this spot, and it would have been a point without a name were it not for the tragedy associated with it by tradition, which says that here a clerk in the employ of the Northwest Company died in the discharge of his duty, whilst defending the property of his employers from the Indians. He was in charge of a consignment of rum. The Indians commenced to broach it and he, protesting, was tomahawked. There is something touching in this little act of heroism, performed in the heart of the hush, away from all his kin, void of glory, and probably unreported, the only monument or memorial of which is this insignificant point bearing the name of the hero, with a tradition attached known only to a few. Another five miles up, on the eastern shore is a bay where the "Moos-wabik", the moose rock stands out of the water. It is only from some particular points and in

low water that the resemblance to a moose holds good. I cannot think that this name dates from away back, for the moose was not known to these Indians very many years ago.

To the west, a long point runs out into the Lake, "Pointe La Barbe" is its name from the fact that here the travel-stained hirsute voyageur, used to land in order to trim his beard or shave, and generally spruce himself up preparatory to landing at Timiskaming, now about Fort miles distant. Rounding the point of a small island the old Hudson's Bay Company Fort, first appears in all its picturesque beauty. And no doubt it is a beautiful spot, a high shouldered point running out to meet another point of like nature thus forming a narrows, through and which the mighty Ottawa swiftly flows, the "Ob-a-tch-u-a-nang" of the Indians. Bevond it the lake lies in an unbroken stretch of twenty miles, the farthest shore scarcely visible.

How evident is here the work of the glacial flood that scoured these northern lands about half a million years ago, (more or less), the markings or scratchings of which are so plainly to be seen upon the surface of every exposed rock or bald-headed mountain in the country. Here was a moraine of no mean proportions and at one time the water must have plunged over it in a cascade as evidenced by the enormous depth of the basin below.

Back of the buildings, on the shoulder of the point, the dark growth of evergreens, flecked with the lighter shades of poplar, birch and maple, form a grand setting for the handiwork of man, the buildings, the green pastures and the winding road that slants from the point, bushward and upward.

This is the beau ideal of a summer resort, with its beautifully curved shore line of fine gravel and sand, the curve of which is so true that looking down at it from a height in the bay, one can not see the opening through which the water pours, but it has the appearance of a bay with a gracefully sweeping curve. It never has been, and probably never will be, determined, the exact date of the founding of this Fort. Written records extend a little over one hundred years back, and in them the place is alluded to as an old establish-

ed Fort. The first buildings were erected more in the bay, as evidenced by the remains of old chimneys, now covered with the accumulated soil of many years. In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-five the fort was evidently where it now stands.

Not half a dozen years ago, the old store, sixty feet by thirty, stood, a weather-beaten witness of the solidity of the work our ancestors did in those days. An allusion to the building of this store is found in one of the records, dated at the end of the eighteenth century.

The spirit of vandalism that prompted the pulling down of this extraordinary building seems to me a fit of temporary aberration. It was solidly built, and the timbers and boards thereof were as sound as a bell. The latter were sawn by a mill erected at the mouth of the Montreal River, by the Northwest Company, all traces of which have disappeared, and on one of the clapboards outside was painted in red the figures 1811, figures that stood out as if embossed owing to the preservative properties of the paint, and the gradual wearing away of the unprotected wood.

When I first landed here, many years ago, there were two scalps hanging in the upper story; where they are gone I know not, even the building itself has vanished.

Here could be seen the cage-like compartment with barred wicket, through which the trader transacted his business with the uncivilized savages, and where he could take shelter in case of a racket raised by rum, which was an ordinary commodity of trade in those days. A stockade, long since removed, surrounded the whole, and no doubt our trading forefathers often prepared themselves for an attack. The old records in shape of diaries are disappointing, no allusion is made in them to the current events of civilization, and there is an every day, "give us our daily bread" tone about them that is prosaic in the extreme.

The event of the month seemed to be a baking of bread, and the event of the day, the number of fish and rabbits caught in the nets and snares respectively. There is or was a short time ago, a stove which was said to have been brought there prior to the taking of Quebec. It is an odd looking piece of furniture, enormously heavy and warranted to smoke.

There was also a sword of ancient manu-

facture and innumerable zinc or pewter badges, or brooches varying in size from a saucer to a tin plate. These with other insignia, such as a top hat, and a scarlet coat with brass buttons were worn by the chiefs. I have seen during my time the old chief of the Kipawa Indians, the man who built the Rob Roy canoe, wearing such things, and mighty proud of them too. At the back of the buildings and nestling against the hill is a small enclosure, surrounded by iron railings of a very modern appearance. This is the old burial ground for the protestant employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. Many a good servant lies here. The railings were put up or rather paid for, by a man named Garson. He had served the company for nearly fifty years, and having saved a little money thought he would like to beautify the spot where he should sleep his last sleep. Such is the irony of fate. Garson lies buried in Montreal, probably without railings round him.

Higher up, above the Protestant graveyard, is the old Indian and Roman Catholic burial ground. Many Indians are turied here, and a few white men; prominent or I might say chief amongst these latter is the grave of Father Lavalochere, who was practically the founder of this mission. He was an O. M. I., and worked all his life amongst these Indians and he died amongst them and is buried amongst them. The large capitals R. I. P. inscribed on his grave are peculiarly appropriate in his case, for he deserved rest.

At the foot of this hill to the west, there stood until recently the first church built on Timiskaming, but when the O. M. I. missionaries established themselves permanently on the other side of the river, this church fell into disuse and was pulled down.

Now the mission house on the other shore has been deserted, and is a dilapidated looking old building, but the situation is all that could be desired, and one regrets that the exigencies of the times demanded its removal to another site. The decay of these two spots has a depressing effect upon one who has seen them in their glory. Twenty-eight years ago, in seventy-six, there was a photograph taken of the Fort, and by it one can see that there was no small stir of its kind in those days. It was on

the occasion of the first visit of the Bishop of the Diocese to this then distant mission, the journey having been made by steamboat from Pembroke to Mattawa and from thence by birch bark canoes. The old store and the old church both show prominently in this picture. There is no doubt that this spot must become a favorite summer resort, for it has many advantages.

Within one mile of it there is a lovely little clear water lake, full of bass, and on the Ontario or western shore, there are many small streams full of speckled trout, while in the narrows the fishing seems perennial and of the very best.

The small grass-grown patches of cleared land and the old roads on both sides offer splendid opportunities for partridge shooting, while westward, in the primeval forest the moose, the caribou, and the bear roam as plentifully as they did twenty years ago.

But now our boat steams through these narrows and turning gradually eastward brings up at the dock in Baie des Peres, the present site of the O. M. I. mission. Here everything is modern. It has no Indian name and never had except the general "Wee-qua-do," "Bay." It is through here that most of the supplies for the lumbering camps on the Upper Ottawa are carried. It is also the centre of the new colonization movement on the Quebec side Timiskaming Lake. It is here that the Oblate Fathers when they abandoned the old site opposite the Fort, pitched their tents, tents that have developed into remarkably fine buildings, a church, a convent and hospital combined and a mission house, all veneered with brick and of no mean proportions. There is some excellent trout fishing on a stream some ten or twelve miles from here, known as the Little Otter, to which a good buggy road leads.

Starting again from the wharf at Baie des Peres, our steamer heads west, and rounding "Wine Point," or as the Indians call it, "Ke-ushk, quay-be-my-ah-shie", Drunken Point, steams northwest. Wine Point was so called from the custom of the Indians to get drunk here. The Hudson's Bay Company recognized the inconvenience of having a band of intoxicated Indians in the immediate vicinity of its

buildings, so when it sold liquor, it insisted on it being drunk "off the premises." This point is about three miles from the Fort, a mere nothing to a sober Indian, but if a man were drunk, it was more than likely that he would be drowned in the attempt to cross, a fact that often saved much trouble and annoyance.

Beyond Wine Point, on the west the Huronian rocks rise high and rugged. On the east lies "Moosomenitik", Moose Island, now known as "Brown's Island", owing to the fact of Mr. Brown of Philadelphia having built thereon a summer residence. The house is constructed of cedar logs with the bark on, and beautifully finished inside. It is altogether a unique building of its kind.

After passing this island the lake again widens. To our left Frog Rock towers up over three hundred feet, a grand piece of scenery, and with it there is associated a legend, to the effect that a rash young brave would eat the enchanted frog. I'hree times he ate the same frog and the third time he perished miserably as it was meet and right for him so to do.

To the right is Burnt Island where litho-

graphic stone is found and where the shores are strewn with most interesting fossils of the Silurian period; and again behind that, in a large bay, is the Timiskaming Galena Mine. The ore is plentiful, but so far success has not attended the efforts of its promoters, probably owing to the difficulties of transport, and the low price of silver. (Jesuit map showing it.) The next point of interest is the "Island of the icy hearted Dog," a small island on the western shore, a weird uncanny occurrence of modern times, though but a fitting sequel to a legend of the uncertain past. The dog in question bit the son of a chief and was promptly slain. It was subsequently dissected by some pigs. They pronounced the carcase fit for food, but left the heart. Investigation proved that the heart was a lump of solid ice. This must be true, for it occurred in summer time, and had there not been something supernatural about it, the summer sun would have melted the heart of the dog.

(To be Continued.)

Prairie Grouse-Shooting.*

By L. H. SMITH.

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway opened a new world to the sportsman of England and of Canada. We in the rich agricultural parts of Southern Ontario, where the bush and cover was fast disappearing, and the game with it, were feeling the want of a new shooting country; and with the first locomotive that crossed our Northwest prairies we had a Great Sportsmen's Land opened to us. Along the length of that great Canadian Highway the lordly moose and the lesser deer family, myriads of wild fowl and grouse make up a great list of game animals and birds.

The bird I shall devote a few pages to is the Sharp-Tailed Grouse. We have many species of the great Grouse family, and one of its members brings many pleasant recollections to my memory; the Russed Grouse. He is, or was, the king of our woods; I say was, because he of all birds can least stand the effects of the settler's axe. With the first tree the early pioneer fells to make a small clearing for his log house, the death-knell of this lightning flyer is sounded. In the southern part of Ontario, where I live, and where this grand game bird was once so plentiful, and, in the early days, so stupid, he has become almost extinct. I associate him with the woods and the Indian's wigwam, the smoke from which I almost imagine I can now smell. A bag of this splendid bird on an Indian summer day is truly something to remember for life; but it is not fair to compare one species of grouse with another; all of which I know are good.

The sharp-tailed Grouse (Pedicates phasianellus) of the Canadian Northwest prairies is a splendid representative of the large Grouse family; he is a big, thick-set, heavy bird. He is lighter in color than the ruf-

[&]quot;The Illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Smith.



 ${\it CANADIAN WINTER RESORT.} \\ {\it ``Cut down a tree and was photographed in the act."}$



SHARP-TAIL GROUSE.

The "chicken" of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.



"CANADIAN WINTER RESORT."
"Some drivers are however killed at this work."

fed grouse; his back is a pretty chocolate with black feather-bars, his under parts are pure white, each feather with an arrow-head of black. He goes in covies the earlier part of the season, but later on packs in large flocks till the spring-time, when the birds separate again for mating and nesting.

Many parts of the Manitoba and northwestern prairies are rolling and studded with bluffs; this makes a prettier landscape than a monotonous level prairie, and a much better shooting country. A bluff is a patch of small, light, bush composed of poplar and low scrub, and may be anything in size from a few yards to several acres in extent. The birds, when flushed on the open prairie, or the stubble, fly straight to a bluff; then one gun, with dog, going inside, and the other two (if there be three guns, which are not too many) walking on either side of the outside, the birds are caught as they fly out of the cover. The inside gun, if his dog be steady, sees his work; and, always making sure where his companions are, often bags his bird before it leaves the bluff. This habit of taking to cover gives a pleasant variety to the shooting, which no other grouse that I know gives.

It is but a few years since our Northwest was settled, and wheat was grown there. The grouse knew nothing of cereals, and had to depend entirely upon the seeds and berries which were indigenous to the prai-The change of surroundings soon brought about a change in the habits of these birds. They were not long in cultivating a taste for the grain, wheat for preference, which was being grown; and mornings and evenings the stubbles are the most likely places to find them. If the season for wheat has been good, and the long, and stubble left long straw be enough to afford good cover, a brace of well-trained dogs get fine opportunities for doing work which gladdens the heart of the sportsman who knows what good dog-work is. It is not altogether the size of the bag, by which the sportsman's pleasure is measured; there are many other things which contribute, and not at all the least is the spectacle of the dogs going at a slashing pace, crossing and recrossing the stubble and prairie, and stopping as though struck by lightning and assuming a cataleptic state, making a picture which is only to be seen in a dog pointing his game.

The shooting wagon is an important adjunct to the outfit of the prairie sportsman. This should be a team and a roomy democrat wagon, with plenty of loose hav in the bottom for the comfort of the dogs and for warmth for your own feet in the early cool morning drives out and evenings home. Next to the rig is your driver. Our experience in this individual has been very extensive; there are good shooting-wagon drivers, and there are shooting-wagon drivers that are no good. If you can light upon a boy who would rather follow a man all day who has a gun than do anything else, that's the chap you want to fasten on to. A good smart boy, who knows everybody in town and out of town, one who is never passed by a rig on the road without being hailed "Hello, Billy, out hunting?" He knows the whole country, can drive you anywhere, and is never lost; you leave the rig, and give him instructions as to which way you intend working, and you may rest assured that when your bag gets heavy, and you want the wagon to unload your birds into it, you will find it just where you expected it., Each trip you make to it he has some news to tell you; some one has been along and told him of where there are lots of birds; or he has marked birds down, and directs you to a yard where they are. He makes friends with the dogs, and those left in the wagon for spells of rest are as safe as though you were there yourself. When the day's shoot is over and everything packed away, and you are snugged in the wagon, shooters and dogs, and start for home, you do not know to a few the size of your bag; but Billy can tell you; he is not quick at school, maybe, but he can and does keep accurate account of the game bag, and tells you correctly what it is. Such a boy we had on our last two trips; he was always on time in the morning, never lost us, and never caused us to walk a yard more than was necessary by any mistake he made. He always kept track of the guns, knew where we were all the time, and when we wanted the rig, we always could locate it. I have a picture of him in my mind's eye, helping to carry our bag. He was loaded down with birds, and there was a big jack-rabbit hanging from his shoulder and trailing on the ground; I

would give a good deal for a negative of the picture he made. "Dockin" we learned was not very energetic at school, but he was one of the best boys that ever drove our wagon on our many annual trips to the prairies.

Very few men care to drive the shooting wagon. Waiting for hours on the road or prairie for the guns soon becomes monotonous to them, and in a day or two they generally throw up the job. An adult who makes a good driver of a shooting-wagon must be one fond of the hunt himself; he must like dogs, and take an interest in their work—a kind of man not by any means easy to get. The Boy is the Man for this job, if you can light on the right kind of Boy.

The Pinnated Grouse has been making his way up North into our Northwest, and in a day's shoot several may help to fill the bag. This bird does not take to the bluffs as does the sharp-tail, but remains in the open; you lose the variety which you get with the sharp-tail in the bluffs; but like all the family, the Pinnated is a fine bird.

Since the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, few seasons have passed that we have missed a grouse shoot in our great Northwest, and we are still in hopes of many repetitions. The bracing September atmosphere is most invigorating and health-giving, and after three or four weeks one feels as lithe as an Indian, and years younger. A trip to our prairies in September is something that our Eastern sportsmen should not miss.

The birds in Manitoba and the Northwest are being very well protected. Twenty-five is the limit per diem for one gun; and sale and exportation are prohibited. In Manitoba a license of twenty-five dollars for the whole season is charged to outsiders, and no smaller fee is exacted from one who wishes to shoot only for a few days. This, we think, is a little unreasonable, and should be altered. It defeats its own object, as many shoot without a license, considering it unfair and unreasonable. We are of the opinion that if the Province issued ten-day or two-week licenses, much more revenue would be collected from this source.

Alaskan Moose.

By C. G. COWAN.,

It was a dull morning in September, a drizzling rain fell from the heavy clouds of an Alaskan sky. An Indian and myself encamped on a mountain side, under the shelter of a conifer bush, at an elevation, amidst snow and ice were intently listening, in the grey stillness of daybreak, to the banging and clashing of moose horns. Below us, we could see in a deep ravine a cow moose and her yearling calf moving slowly through a dense growth of willows, the former, retreating guiltily, as it were, from the active scene she had brought about, from the desperate fight of two bulls, leaving them to settle in their own way, with their only weapons, their horns and front feet, as to which was to rule for the future, which was to own that sheltered spot, that deep ravine, and the animal they had both, in turn found there.

The bulls were unevenly matched, the weaker, no doubt had lived for days in company with the cow and calf, and had come to like them, and being as it were in possession of the field was loathe to move into new grounds, and preferred fighting desperately to retain its mate and home. Thrashing and clashing its great antlers against those of its opponent, striking it rapidly and forcibly with its front feet and going it desperately on either side until the stronger animal, unable to endure the pressure longer, became infuriated, driving its horns madly against its adversary, carrying it and dashing it with great force against a dead tree, which tottered and fell, startling and giving for the moment, breathing time to the two animals. second they clashed into each other again, bellowing loudly, goring with their horns

and striking with their feet until the weaker showed signs of yielding, encouraging, thereby, the other to deal a final and terrible onslaught, which paralyzed its opponent completely, pressing it to the ground and trampling it into utter exhaustion. The stronger animal then wheeled from its victim and became lost to the eye in the thickness of the alders. Then the Indian (Kolka) and myself, who had been watching this interesting fight, heightened as it were by the wildness and beauty of the scenery round us, and by the invigorating effect of the mountain air, slid noiselessly down the snow until we reached the deeper gloom of the forest. Through this we wended our way silently, over ground, carpeted deep in green moss, arriving at last on the edge of the ravine, where we had first seen the moose. Here, we sat down to watch and presently beheld below us, amidst the undergrowth ablaze with the gorgeous hues of Autumn, the cow and calf and the victorious bull all standing peacefully together, a proof, the newcomer had not fought in vain. As we approached nearer the animals, a twig cracked loudly beneath my foot. stantly, we dropped to the ground. The bull wheeling, charged towards us, challenging as it came on, doubtless believing its old enemy had again risen and was prepared to renew the fight. Its maddening rush was as formidable as ever, but was checked suddenly by a bullet from my rifle, which entered a vital part, and brought the ungainly beast to the ground. Then I returned up the mountain side to the conifer bush, where I had slept the night before, gathered togethered our blankets and such things as we had left there, and carried them back to the main camp. Later on, in the day, Kolka straggled in, heavily loaded with the horns and scalp of the moose, and before we could get them properly cleaned and attended to, night closed silently over our camp, and we retired within the tepee, cooked and ate our evening meal, and rolled ourselves in our blankets, listening the while to a great horned owl, calling aloud to its mate, and to its mate's weird answer, penetrating through the stillness of the dark trees. lowing day, as the first flush of dawn illuminated the sky in the east, we were up, and ere the smoke was allowed to issue from our wigwam we had viewed, from a

favorable point, the open country round the camp. Two young bulls were crossing the skyline of a hill near-by, neither carried horns sufficiently spread, to make them objects worthy of desire, so we returned to camp, had our morning meal, and then wandered out to an adjacent valley, where we found after much hunting, standing in a slough, partly covered by water and nibbling carelessly at the long grasses, a moose of extraordinary size, bigger, far, than those that roam the forests. of Maine, or the wild outskirts of Ontario, or even the luxuriant valleys of Cassiar, as it held its great head under water preserving itself from the cloud of black flies that hovered over it, we crawled silently to the margin of the pond, and there waited behind a fallen tree, watching the animal before us, the largest moose I had ever seen. As I continued to gaze and admire the noble creature, it sank quietly into the slough, until at last nothing could be seen but its massive antlers, spreading six feet or more over the still water. Above in the air, a bald-headed eagle, wheeling and falling, its head hanging down, its broad wings all astretch, as it swung gracefully on its downward flight, until it pitched clumsily on a dead pine overhanging the pond, breaking a top limb, which fell to the water. Trivial as the noise was, it awakened the moose to a keen sense of danger, and he rose quickly, wheeled in the water and made for the nearest cover. As he did so, I fired three shots, all taking effect, and fatally wounded the enormous beast, collapsed at the edge of the pond, where he died almost instantly. examining him I found one shot had entered near the shoulder and evidently penetrated a vital organ. Another had gone through the back under the spine, and the third had made at nasty incision in the stomach. It was late in the evening before we had finished skinning him, and as we trudged towards the camp with our loads, there came from the east a stiff breeze, almost a gale, sweeping the whole valley. The tops of the pines rustled and shivered and swayed backward and forward. Overhead heavy clouds hung in threatening attitudes, and long before we had reached our camp, they burst, drenching us to the skin. Arriving in camp we built a great log fire, under the pines, and were soon dry and

warm. Forgetting all about the rain and the long pack, I settled down on a skin before the blazing fire, smoking and listening to Kolka's interesting incidents of wilderness life. It was to be my last night in Alaska and I looked long at the lonely grandeur of the scenery round me, scenery depressing, yet fascinating. The clouds had vanished from the heavens and the moon stood clear, and at its full, staring at a world of mountains crowned in snow and

ice. Beneath her gaze were those dreadful heights, with their awful solitudes, those wild rocky canyons and the jagged icy peaks, glittering the full length of the skyline, until suddenly a grey cloud driven before the moon, shuts out the dazzling brightness, and the strange stillness and mystery of an Arctic night descends, reminding us it is bed time, in the Moose country.

A Weird Bear Story.

By KATHERINE HUGHES.

Apropos of the agitation in Quebec for more effective game-preservation and legislation similar to its sister-province, here is a story that grew out of Ontario's strict game laws and which found its way into papers on both sides of the ocean.

It was over a cup of coffee at the Guard's Club one morning that a certain young British officer first heard this "weird Canadian yarn of Henckiewicz and his bear." A couple of years later when he came out to be an aide at Rideau Hall he met Henckiewicz and heard the story verbatim.

That morning in London it was delightfully comfortable in the breakfast room of the Club. A big fire glowed on the hearth at one end, while the lights were everywhere reflected from snowy linen and lustrous silver. Outside the sun was struggling through a heavy blue mist and the cold gray exteriors along the Mall gave no hint of the luxurious comfort that lay within.

This particular despatch in the Post—copied from a New York paper and honored with a neat little English headline of its own—was one likely to catch the eye of an adventure-loving English man. For the colder your Englishman seems to be the more thrilling the tale he craves. Ludwig Henckiewicz, a settler in the "Canadian wilds", the item said, had gone out one day to bait his wolverine traps. He carried only a short hunting-knife in his belt and a bag of bait. When less than a mile from his home a bear loomed up in

his pathway resenting Ludwig's approach.

The two drew near each other; the man struck out with his knife at the beast, missed him and leaped to one side in time to throw himself on the bear's back. The startled animal set off at a swinging trot while the man on his back repeatedly stabbed him with his knife until the bear sank exhausted in the snow. Ludwig went on to bait his traps, for there is a bounty on wolverines' heads, and then returned home with his bear-trophy.

He lived at an isolated point in the settlement, but several settlers had seen the marks of the struggle and the trail of blood along the crusted snow, verifying Ludwig's tale. It made conversation for awhile at the Club that morning between speculation on the growing restlessness in the Transvaal and some tall stories of Siberian bear-hunts. Its veracity was questioned by a man who knew the Canadian bear was not given to roaming about in early February. Then it was speedily forgotten.

· A year later the young officer was appointed to the staff of the new Governor-General. Rather glad of the appointment, too, for London's round was beginning to pall on him for the moment, and experienced folk told him he would know how to appreciate it again by staying a few years in the colony. It was during his second summer in Canada that he set out for a trip to the hunters' paradise in the Timiskaming and Timagaming districts.

The party had planned to go on to Ab-

itibi, but Timagaming caught them with its allurements of woods and water, and they went no farther. It was close to Timagaming they came upon Ludwig, who turned up at their camp one night with some curiosity as to who they were. And sitting about the camp-fire the aide heard, like some tale out of a dream, that remarkable bear-story told by the hero of the occasion himself.

Pictures of the Club and the men and old gray London flashed upon him for an instant. True—the Serpentine is a toy-pool beside the island-studded lake shining before him in the moonlight, but—near it lies the Row with its kaleidoscope of people in his world; beyond is stately Belgravia and the Mall—and whew! all the fascinations of old London.

But Ludwig was telling his story in his own inimitable way. In fairly good English with a faint German accent, with a roguish twinkle in his small brown eyes, with now a pathetic droop of his mouth that belied his speech or again lips curled in real enjoyment. Ludwig's face will always remain young, though he is an oldestablished pioneer now, and has picked upon two likely quarter-sections for his sons on the Timiskaming.

The trapper told of leaving his horse that day when the winter's small chores were done, of the brisk tramp over the crusted fields, of his meeting with the bear close to the Brule. This was a surly big fellow with low-hanging snout and shaggy fur, and a most ominous growl to welcome Ludwig. Nothing favorable could be expected of such a customer for any well-behaved Bruin would know that in the coldest February weather Canada had known for a decade he should be at home in a log hibernating.

But Bruin had no idea of going home tamely. He had fed on nothing worth while in this scraggy Brule land, and Ludwig, jolly little Ludwig, must have seemed a tempting morsel. He objected to Ludwig passing on to his trap and planted himself squarely in the frozen snowshoe trail that led to it.

Ludwig warmed to the story-telling as he reached this point, informing them as he has most of us at some time or other that he is the descendant of a long line of hunters in Germany's Black Forest, and he was not going to lower his colours to a mere bear, an unwieldy mass of fat and fur. His eyes gleamed while he told of yanking the hunting-knife out of his belt, calling to the bear to "Come on!" The bear drew back, not in fear but in stubborn anger, and Ludwig's first thrust missed its aim, only to find that the beast was rising ready to fall upon him and crush him with his heavy paws.

"And, Crackey!" said Ludwig fervidly, "that was not just the thing a man will sit down under. I picked up my legs and flew like a scared partridge over his left ear and the paw he was raising, and before he could turn on me I was on his back.

"It was good-day for Brother Bear then. I had my knife in my hand and he soon felt it. It made him mad and he ran. I held on to his long hair and stabbed him, and stabbed him. We didn't reach the end of the clearing before he rolled over catching my foot under him.

"I was whooping glad I got clear—and that's all," Ludwig ended with some embarrassment as though ashamed of the enthusiasm he had worked himself into.

"Did it happen anywhere near here?" the aide asked then, when no more was forthcoming.

"No; it was not in these parts. I'm only here looking after my boy's first crops this summer. That happened down on my place in Nipissing. They say they have fine game up here, but our deer and partridge will match their finest. They're tamer though."

Ludwig's eyes twinkled as he went on, "They come out into our barnyards sometimes in winter."

"What do you do with them?" asked the New York man. "A stag's meat would provide pretty good venison then."

Ludwig's eyes twinkled at a fine rate.

"You see," he said, removing his hat and rumpling his hair shamefacedly—"You see the laws in Ontario are mighty strict against touching them after November."

"So you sprinkle salt back on the hills and chase them away again," said the aide upon whom light was beginning to break.

"Maybe—maybe. Or sometimes—we chase our wits together and make a new bearstory."

Ludwig's whole face twinkled with knowing mirth then.

In the Woods.

By A. L. PHELPS.

Oct. 3rd.-

We are in the woods, the autumn woods. Whether we shall get any game or not is a question. We shall likely have a good time anyway and that is what we are out for. The spell of the woods is already upon me. The birds, the trees, the green growing things all have their effect. Other things are going to be forgotten—for three days at least.

Our shack is pleasantly situated in among the evergreens and with the woods coming close up on every side. As I write a chickadee is, making things lively in the trees outside. It brings the woods and its wild things very close, this cheery companionship; and it makes me all the more eager to get out with my gun. But it can't be today for already the afternoon is drawing to a close and supper has to be got ready. Wes is already at work unpacking grub, etc., so I suppose I must go to work too.

Supper is over and the dishes have been washed. Wes and I have just been looking to our guns and getting all in readiness for the following day's hunt after partridge. Wes has a double gun and is inclined to laugh at my single barrel. But I let him laugh because I know that when my gun is pointed right a dead bird follows. And in my experience double shots are hardly ever made except when after ducks; and ducks are not our particular game this trip. So what is the use of carrying a heavy gun when a light one will serve? But it's bed-time now and the kindling hasn't been cut.

Oct. 4th, P. M.-

Have had a splendid day. Not so much because of the amount of game bagged—that's nothing to boast of—but because we have been in the woods and for a time, of the woods. The killing isn't everything. To me the roaring rise of a partridge is almost (I won't say altogether because I am a lover of the gun) as pleasurable as the bringing of one to bag. To be walking quietly through the woods, eyes on the alert, gun at the ready; to suddenly hear the little chirp of a partridge on the

ground; the next minute to see the leaves rise up as if a whirlwind had caught them; to catch a fleeting glimpse of something brown and to hear the whir-r-r. It isn't all in the killing, not by any means.

To be walking along knee-deep in the fern, every nerve on the alert; to pause, you know not why, opposite a little clump of evergreen placed like an island in the brake; to suddenly hear a rustle; then a brown flash and in two jumps to see your rabbit disappear. It may be discouraging but still it's enjoyable. Every minute in the woods is to me a joy even though game is not bagged.

We have spent our first day, in the woods thus—often hearing sometimes seeing, but not often killing. Nevertheless we have had a splendid time, a day to be remembered.

Oct. 5th.-

I said last night that it wasn't all in the killing and neither is it. But there is quite a bit. Wes and I are inclined to think so anyway as we look upon the result of our day's sport. Three partridge and two rabbits! Man, what feasts in store! We'll cat the food of kings, and of our own cooking too.

We have had great sport to-day. You know, all ye lovers of the gun, what an autumn day can be like. The glory of it, the freedom of it, the joy of it. An autumn day, the wild woods, and a gun. What can man want more? And to sit at the end of it as Wes and I have been sitting, cosy and warm with the fire-light playing on our faces and telling stories of other outings. But none we agree can equal this one.

Oct. 6th.-

We are just leaving, not because we want to, but because we have to. The woods calls us, but we can't stay. Our outing is over, for the present at least. Some other time though we will come to hear again the whirr of the partridge and the rustle of the rabbits leap. And we are assured of a good time.

In the Selkirks.

By REV. C. F. YATES.

A sullen splash—as the speckled trout Darts up for his evening meal;

A swither and swirl of wings o'erhead Mark the path of the blue-winged teal.

Where the willows spring from the fernstrewn turf,

And the tints of Autumn lie, A cock grouse croons to his whilom mate An evening lullaby.

And down where the cabbage-lillies bring Relief to a bankrupt bog, The mallard calls to a truant brood With a voice of the demigogue.

A glebe,—where the fingers of wanton stream

Play chimes on the patient rocks, A black-faced caribou wets his nose And splashes his fevered hocks. That glist thro' the ranks of cone-topped fir

Marks the swarth of a mountain pass; You glacial giant and Luna use The lake for a looking-glass.

On the debris left where the mountain snow

Tobogganed with laughing June, A lone cayote sits on his haunch And howls at the man in the moon.

And a tired trapper and trapper's dog,
As sons of the hills know how,
Curl close on a bed of eiderdown
Fresh cut from the cedar's bough.

And the dying camp-fire's embers show

The tint of the stars above;

And the night wind sings the old, old

hymn

Of Omnipresent Love.

Golden, B. C.

The Caledon Mountain Club.

By a Member.

This club is situated in what many people declare to be the most picturesque part of Ontario not even excepting the lovely North country. There are hills that may very properly be called mountains, that stretch away in purple haze so that one might easily imagine themselves in the farfamed Trosachs of Scotland. But beautiful as this spot is naturally, its chief charm is the trout fishing-the long cool reaches of shaded stream, such as is dear to a fisherman's heart-the ponds of beautifully clear spring water-the mountain streams which bring back stories of William Black, all abound with the speckled beauties of all sizes. The true fisherman sees an enemy in civilization—the civilization which means the towns with noisy pavements, electric lights and all the streams and ponds within easy distance "fished out."

So that when a number of Canadian sportsmen decided to have a fishing place of their own it was necessary to go far away from railway centres and busy towns. Few of us realize that this beautiful province of ours is singularly well supplied with splendid fishing grounds. Few, indeed of our citizens have any idea what fishing means in the great places far away from smoke and shops. Such a place is the Caledon Mountain Trout Club situated near the Forks of the river Credit, with its wonderful system of lakelets, streams and cascades. To sportsmen these ponds and streams have an attraction wholly lacking in the larger aspects of nature, for he well knows that there are: more tempting treasures in the mountain streams than are to be found in the larger lakes of this country. The Club have over

five miles of stream preserved as well as the numerous ponds at the Club house and at Hillsburg (12 miles distant) and therefore can be kept free from the ubiquitous excursionist. The objects of the Club are to provide pleasant pastime on a social basis and to engage in the scientific propagation and sale of trout. The latter object should be of interest to all Canadians whether they are fishermen or not, for the national importance of our fisheries ought to be apparent to anyone who has taken a glance at the map of Canada. Careless of our immense resources, we have already

sire and the only rule to be seen which is hard to comply with is composed of the omnious words "the Annex will be closed daily at 1 a.m. except on Sunday when it will close at 12." It is altogether likely that the enterprise will become a fully equipped Country Club, for it has every facility for carrying out the objects of such institutions and Toronto and Hamilton sportsmen have long felt the need of such an ideal retreat. Our friends from "across the line" have often made us ashamed of our slowness to appreciate our beautiful lakes and streams and as might pe ex-



The Caledon Mountain Club,

allowed the wanton destruction of fish in many of our waters and as yet have paid little attention to "scientific fish culture." Situated as this Club is within an hour and a half's journey from either Hamilton or Toronto, what better place can be found for the busy man who needs a day or two of rest and sport. The Toronto and Hamilton members certainly have no excuse for not "going fishing" and for the "week end" the member can find no more refreshing spot. The Club house has every comfort that even the "epicure" can de-

pected several of the shareholders hail from New York, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and other American cities.

The Caledon Mountain Trout Club has been most fortunate in its management from the first. The directors are all men of sterling business ability as well as being true sportsmen, so that it is little wonder that the enterprise has been so successful. It is now well past the initial stage and bids fair to become in the near future as pronounced a success as anyone could wish for.



 $\label{eq:APRAIRIE_BARNYARD} A \ \ PRAIRIE \ \ BARNYARD.$ Nothing is wasted in mere decoration; architecture severely plain and full of purpose.



"THE SHOOTING WAGGON." No hard work about "Chicken" Shooting under such conditions.



A LONG FLIGHT.
Prairie grouse fly far and fast.



ALEXANDAR GLACIER
The base of Alexander Peak is also shown.

Bird Study.*

By W. A. DENT.

In connection with the widespread awakening of interest in Nature Study, some attention has been and is being directed to Birds and their habits. Birds are among the most conspicuous, attractive, and easily observed objects in Nature, and, when attention is once drawn to them the student is led into other avenues of Nature Study which will be found pleasant and profitable to pursue. A fairly comprehensive and accurate knowledge of most of our common birds is more readily obtained than would at first sight appear possible, and many good books are now to be had which render identification comparatively easy. Of these Chapman's "Bird Life," with coloured plates and Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," are probably as good as any. These books are useful in identifying birds, and perhaps also as a guide to their study; but, to be of any value educationally, our further knowledge must come from a study of the, living birds in their haunts and homes.

While children probably do not consciously love, nature, they have a curiosity to know more of the living things they see about them, and there can be no doubt that if children were taught more of the things they wish to know and fewer dead uninteresting facts, better educational results would be secured.

A bird which is likely to be more or less familiar to children, particularly in rural schools, is the Bobolink, and a study of its life history will be found most captivating and instructive. The beauty of his plumage and the contrast with the duller dress of the female, his rollicking joyous song, his skill in concealing his nest, his extensive migrations, in the course of which he visits many countries, can be woven into many interesting lessons. The Meadow Lark is an expert decoy, and the sight of a bird endeavouring to decoy an enemy from its young never fails to acouse the most intense interest.

It is unnecessary, however, to leave hird study to those living in the country; for, in the town in which I am now writing, many very interesting hirds regularly make their homes. Omitting the commoner ones, I might mention the Great Crested Fly-Least Flycatcher, Black and catcher, White Creeper, Canadian Warbler, Ru-Hummingbird, Black-billed by - throat Cuckoo, Catbird, Screech Owl, Cedar Waxwing, Maryland Yellow - Throat. In addition to these, many marsh and shore birds, such as Grebes, Gallinules, Bitterns, Coote, Plovers, Sandpipers, and even Ducks and Loons, regularly nest and and in spite of legal and illegal shooting seem to maintain their numbers fairly well. In addition to these there are, of course, many migrants, including Warblers, Thrushes, etc., which visit the shade trees and orchards during the spring and fall migrations. Indeed the number and beauty of these migrants is generally a revelation to those whose attention is directed to them for the first time. For the purpose of studying nesting and food habits, however, the ever-present English Sparrow will afford a convenient example and may be compared and contrasted with the Robin. Every child knows a good deal about these birds in a more or less vague and indefinite way, and methods will readily suggest themselves to the teacher to make this vague knowledge definite and to cultivate a habit of accurate observation.

One of the important practical results which will follow the introduction of the study of birds into the schools, will be a more general recognition of their great economic value. To those who know and love birds and all nature, this is, it is true, by no means the greatest consideration; nevertheless, it is undeniably one which appeals strongly to the popular mind.

One of the first questions which an appeal for the more general protection of birds will provoke, is almost certain to be: "Well: what good are they anyway?" If we can suppress an expression of pity for the benighted condition of the questioner, we can produce an array of facts generally sufficient to convince the most sceptical, that the vast majority of birds are well deserving of our great efforts to encourage and protect them. A familiar example

^{*}Reprinted by permission from the Ottawa Naturalist.

is the Meadow Lark. As far as known, the food of this bird consists entirely of insects, including many such as wireworms, cutworms and grasshoppers, which are distinctly injurious to growing crops,

The Meadow Lark occasionally winters in the province (though, for what reason, it is hard to imagine) and from an examination of the stomach contents of several specimens taken in the winter, it has been found that, even under stress of weather, they had not resorted to vegetable diet, but had succeeded in unearthing various grubs and 'beetles. The Meadow Lark is thus in everyway a decidedly beneficial bird in the agricultural districts where it makes its summer home; vet, in spite of this and of the beauty of its plumage and of its clear ringing whistle, it not only receives no protection at the hands of the farmer whom it befriends, but, in many cases, either the birds themselves or their eggs or young are wantonly destroyed. A very slight knowledge of the habits of the birds would do a great deal towards preventing their destruction.

In connection with the recognition of the economic value of birds, a little study will do a great deal towards clearing up many false ideas concerning hawks and owls, which are usually subject to the most relentless persecution. A little study will show that while some hawks, like the Goshawk and Sharp-shinned Hawk, and some owls, like the Great Horned Owl and the Snowy Owl, are injurious; nevertheless, the great majority of them are, not only not injurious, but even decidedly beneficial. A careful observation of the habits of the living bird by competent ob servers and an examination of the contents of thousands of stomachs afford the only satisfactory test of its economic value. In the case of hawks and owls, these methods have been carefully applied and go to show that most of them are of great economic value.

The value of these birds lies in the destruction by them of very large numbers of mice, rats, squirrels, gophers, and other destructive vermin. A good illustration of the value of such an owl as the Long-eared Owl, is afforded by an examination of the pellets which collect beneath the roosting places. As nearly every one knows, an owl swallows its prey whole, and the indigesti-

ble portions, such as fur and bones, become matted into pellets and are disgorged through the mouth. In the case of a roost occupied by a Long-eared Owl for some weeks during November and December, 1902, about one hundred and fifty pellets were found. These pellets were about the size of a small mouse and contained on the average about two skulls each, with other bones and fur. The number of skulls shows that during that time the owl had destroyed about three hundred mice.

It is probable that nearly all owls and hawks will take birds if they can get them; but, that they habitually do so, is sufficiently disproved by the above mentioned methods of observation. Another good result which would follow a more general study of birds, would be a lessening of the wanton destruction of their nests and The habit of egg collecting was eggs. formerly very prevalent and is still sufficiently common to be a serious factor in the destruction of birds. It is unfortunate that many of our most valuable insectivorous and song birds are those which, from their habit of nesting near towns and in accessible places, are particularly liable to this form of persecution. The eggs of Bluebirds, Yellow Warblers, Goldfinches, Catbirds, Phoebes, Kingbirds, Woodpeckers, Swallows, and in fact of all those birds which are most valuable and worthy of protection, still find their way in large numbers to the pockets and other receptacles of the ubiquitous small boy. It should be the duty of every teacher to do what he can to prevent this. It is not sufficient alone to point out that it is against the law and punishable by fine or imprisonment, because, in order to make such a law effective, it is necessary to create a popular sentiment in its favor. Probably the most effective way to create such a sentiment is to call attention to the economic value of birds.

Aside from these very practical considerations, however, the study of birds has an educational value which is probably not exceeded by that of any other department of Nature Study. It should be borne in mind that the object of such studies is not the acquisition of technical knowledge; but, as Dr. Fletcher has pointed out, "to train the mind" and to aid the learner to become "self-dependent." That is indeed a valua-

ble system of education which, while accomplishing these important ends in the best possible way, also brings the student into close, even intimate, contact with his natural surroundings. If we "in the love of

Nature hold communion with her visible forms," we have an unfailing source of interest and recreation which is of priceless value to those possessing it.

Our Medicine Bag.

Although a few English sportsmen have, in recent years, found their way to Canada, the field is comparatively unknown to the great mass of English sportsmen, who have to be content with conditions far less favorable to the pastime they so dearly love, than can be found in any portion of the wide Dominion. Consequently, the publication of a series of articles, descriptive of Canada as a field for English sportsmen, in an important English daily paper, is an incident quite worthy of notice, and one which seems to have stirred up a considerable amount of interest. The paper in question is the "Western Daily Press," the most enterprising and the best paper published in the City of Bristol, which is the commercial capital of the West of England and a considerable seaport. It has a large circulation throughout the Western counties and South Wales, a district rich in residential estates, the owners of which would find their horizon much widened by a visit to Canada. This could be combined with an indulgence in sport such as would open their eyes to Canadian possibilities, and give this country a greater share in the stream of English tourists who now practically cover the world in their search for excitement and experience. The writer dealt largely with the West of Canada, but subsequent correspondence in the same paper has done justice to the claims of other portions of the Dominion. In particular is attention drawn to the wonderful country through which the Canadian Pacific new line runs from Toronto to Sudbury. "An earthly paradise" is an hackneyed form of expression, but no other words will fitly describe this country which from a sportsmen's point of view can only be left to the imagination. If English sportsmen will try this country for themselves, and as pioneers tell of their experience, they will

soon convince their fellow countrymen that all this is not mere exaggeration, but solid fact, as they can easily in these days of swift and comfortable travel, satisfy themselves.

Our attention has been called to an article in the London "Standard" to the effect that the attention of English sportsmen is being strongly directed to Canada for its sporting possibilities. The "Standard" is a great power in English public life by reason of its thorough reliability on all matters on which articles are admitted to its columns, and consequently an article in such a paper is of far greater value than in a score of others less important. The writer in the "Standard" is very enthusiastic about the splendid sport to be obtained in the Canadian Northwest, and his words will no doubt carry weight with English sportsmen. He states that he "has shot in North and South America, in Africa, in India, South Australia, Zealand, China, and the islands of the Malay Archipelago," and with all this experience he is "prepared to assert that from West of Winnipeg to the Rockies there is no more enjoyable land for the sportsmen." After fully describing the varieties of game to be there found, he says that though this may seem like a fairy tale it is the "plain unvarnished truth." He gives particulars as to short and long trips and their cost, and presents such an ideal picture of things in the west as should cause a flood in the tourist traffic next season.

An American Sportsman's Weekly, usually thoroughly well informed, made a strange mistake in one of its editorial utterances of a few weeks ago. It was dealing with the report issued by the British Army Council, of December 7th, which sta-

ted that the new rifle had a figure of merit of 1.21 as against 1.29 for the French rifle, 1.62 for the German rifle. 1.72 for the present British Service rifle and 2.04 for the Italian rifle. The writer proceeded to draw the conclusion that this shooting would arouse a storm of protest from English marksmen, and it is therefore apparent that he did not understand how this figure of merit is obtained. fail to see why, a showing such as this should arouse anything in the way of a protest, excepting from the men who may possibly be shot at by British troops during the next big European war. The new British rifle is, according to this showing, the most accurate in the world, and the mean deviation at 1000 yards is little more than half that of the Italian Service weapon. If the new United States rifle does as well it should be a matter of congratulation to our cousins to the southward.

The figure of merit of a group of shots is, according to the British musketry regulations, the average distance of the shots from the point of mean impact; the latter is the centre of the group, and is at the intersection of the lines of mean vertical and mean horizontal positions.

The North American Fish and Game Protective Association will meet at St. John, N.B., on February 1st. This is to be the Fifth Annual meeting.

Prince and Princess Colleredo Mansfield, of Austria, accompanied by the Countess d'Etchehoyen, of France, aunt of the Countess, have visited and traversed the Dominion. The Prince made a hunting trip in British Columbia, and while the Prince was thus engaged, the Princess and her aunt visited the Pacific Coast cities. The

Prince is deeply interested in forestry and forest preservation, a subject to which both the Federal and Provincial Governments might with profit to the country, give a good deal more attention. has been done at Stanley Park, Vancouver, met with the approbation of the Prince. He described the park "as a magnificent piece of forest-the best I have seen since I have left my native land, where," he added proudly, "the cultivation of forestry has reached almost its highest development." The journey across continent proved so interesting to the party that they reached Vancouver a month later than they had intended, having delayed their journey at several points in order to gratify their curiosity and interest in the many new things they saw to attract their attention.

The reckless slaughter of deer in the Province of Quebec continues to furnish sportsmen with an endless topic of discussion, and the necessity for improving and enforcing the game laws is apparent on every hand. Amongst other reforms the adoption of the "two tag" system from Ontario is advocated. This system has received the endorsation of a convention of the North American Fish and Game Association, and has also the approval of the Quebec Game Association. The views of such experts should have weight with the Quebec Government, who ought to devote a part of next session to the conservation and preservation of a great national set which they are now allowing to be wasted and lost.

The following petition has been presented to the Ontario Government:

We, the undersigned sportsmen of Woodstock, knowing that, owing to the decrease

The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, write:—
The Little Krag Telescope is especially designed for the "Little Krag" single shot rifle, but can be fitted to other rifles especially the magazine rifles that eject the shells from the top.

It is mounted forward of the receiver, and has several inches eye-relief.

This glass will be found to be very

strong, and with the relief it has, gives a very large field with a bright illumination, and mountings are similar to those used on the Favorite, and will interchange with regular sights. It lists at but \$10.00.

We have often been requested to build a Telescope Mount that can be easily put on and taken off the rifle. This we have done in the new Ideal Detachable Mount, and are able to place on the market a perfect

in our forests and swamps and to severe winters, rendered more severe by the absence of covers, our quail have diminished in numbers, and that they will undoubtedly be exterminated unless means are taken to increase their numbers, petition the Government to take their preservation under consideration, and beg to advise that a considerable sum of money from the fund accumulated by the Game Commission be spent in purchasing and turning out live quail each spring.

We beg to direct your attention to the following facts:—

That the quail is one of our best game birds:

That it is the only game bird to be found now by the ordinary sportsman in many sections of the country;

That, from its insertivorous habits, it is one of the most useful birds to the farmer; The private sportsmen and clubs of sportsmen have for many years spent considerable sums of money in importing live quail.

That money has been spent by the Government in importing capercailzie; and would advise, should the Government accede to this petition, that when the birds are turned out, say during the last week in April, notice should be given to the farmers about, that quail are insertivorous birds, and, therefore, worthy of their protection and care.

Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes for January is a capital number. There is a very amusing account of the "Old Soldier Servants," who are unknown to officers in this generation of short service; the old-time batman was a genuine curiosity in his way and combined many excellent points with some qualities of doubtful value. There are some very entertaining anecdotes in this essay, and

Rifle Telescope Mounting, that is simple, and easily detached. The dove-tail blocks are screwed firmly on the top of the barrel; one for the rear mount and one for the forward mount, and are held in place by thumb screws. The mounts and scope come off together, and with the short scope can be placed in an ordinary grip, and the rifle put in its case. The blocks are left on

we shall welcome the future instalment indicated by "Part I." The paper on Major Richardson's War Dogs, or Ambulance Dogs, might have been longer, without overtaxing the reader's patience, for the subject has genuine interest and importance. Major Richardson we learn is trying to obtain the sensible and tractable dogs, ambulance work requires, by crossing a pure Scots collie with the produce of a retriever and an Airedale.

According to a correspondent of the Sherbrooke Daily Record a great many deer have been snared near Lake Megantic. This report should be investigated by the proper authorities, and if found to be true should be taken as proof that somebody is badly to blame. We are supposed to have game wardens, and a game warden who will permit any considerable amount of deer snaring; is a fraud and a delusion. Snaring is much easier to prevent than mere shooting.

The annual Report of the Department of Indian Affairs, shows that although the rate of mortality among the Red Men of Canada is very high, there is an increase of one hundred and twenty-one in the Indian population of the country. The total number in the Dominion, given by Provinces, is as follows:—

	1902.	1903.
Ontario	20,983	21,091
Quebec	10,842	11,064
Nova Scotia	2,067	1,931
New Brunswick	1,644	1,691
Prince Edward Island	-316	301
British Columbia	25,500	25,581
Manitoba	6,754	6,821
Northwest	17,922	17,641
Athabasca	1,239	1,231
Outside Treaty limits	20,845	20,845

the rifle, and do not interfere with the use of the ordinary sights. They are made for all styles of rifles, and will meet, we believe, a popular demand. After sighting the scope can be taken off and put on repeatedly with perfect accuracy, and in a few seconds. Screw holes in the dove-tail slot coincide with the old Ideal Mounts.

108,112

108,233

Totals

There were two thousand three hundred and eleven Indian births and two thousand one hundred and forty-three deaths in the last twelve months.

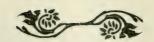
The present rate of mortality will exterminate one or two of the bands at no very distant date. Tuberculosis and infantile diseases continue to unduly inflate the death-roll. The Department is pleased at the material progress, that the Red Men are making, but regrets that the spirit of citizenship is still lacking. They are loyal to the dominant race, but their spirit is rather that of alliance than of amalgamation.

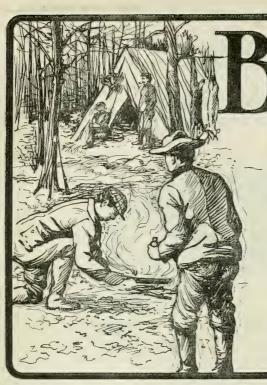
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"E. C. No. 1" and "New E.C." were excellent powders. "New E.C. (Improved)" is a better powder than either of them or than both of them combined. All their good characteristics have been preserved, added to and improved. In fact, judging from exhaustive tests the Laflin & Rand

Powder Co. believe that no better—if as good—bulk powder can be made: The regularity of "New E.C. (Improved)" is something wonderful; there is no residue or unburned grains; while the velocity is high the pattern is absolutely regular; owing to its hardness of grain it is not affected by ordinary variations of pressure when wads are seated; it positively will not pit the gun barrel. These are strong claims, but they can be borne out by trying the new powder "New E.C. (Improved)".





Is the most necessary article in the Camp Commissariat.

It is always ready and is appreciated by everyone in camp.

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WHEN GOING CAMPING DON'T FORGET BOVRIL

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however, for necessarily endorse, any views.

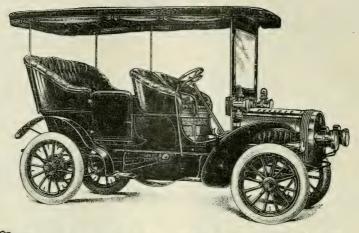
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THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada All communications for this department should be addressed to Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

We present to our readers this month a sketch of Mr. C. J. Mitchell, Brantford, Ont. Mr. Mitchell is a prominent business man in Brantford, and, as is natural in one of his tastes, deals in ammunition and sporting goods. No important meet of Canadian trap shooters is complete without the familiar figure of "Charlie Mitchell" and his good shooting is always a subject of comment by spectators and contestants. As a trap shooter, whether at live birds or targets, Mr. Mitchell is in the very front rank in Canada and with the possible exception of a few others, stands without a peer. He is a quick shot, hits or misses his targets at the same distance from the trap, (although the misses do not figure very prominently) and does no sloppy work, his targets being well centred and ground to powder. He shoots a good load and it is none the worse because he loads it himself. The writer did the best shooting of his life with the Mitchell loads at Brantford last August and can vouch for their excellence. Mr. Mitchell also shoots a good gun,-a fine sample of "Uncle Dan" Lefever's product. He says old "Uncle Dan" is good enough for him.

Some idea of Mr. Mitchell's success at the traps may be obtained from the following summary of his wins:—

Won L. C. Smith \$100.00 gun at Dominion Tournament at Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 1902.

One of 10-man team, winners of Eby Cup at Hamilton, Aug. 1902.

One of 5-man team, winners of Mail Trophy at Toronto, 1903.

Once winner of Robin Hood Trophy at Goderich, Ont., 1903.

Winner of Western Ontario Championship Trophy, June, 1904, at London, Ont.

One of two-man championship team at Stratford, July 1st, 1904.

One of five-man championship team at Stratford, July 1st, 1904.

Winner of championship medal of Canada at Stratford, July 1st, 1904.

Winner of Ithaca gun at Brantford, Aug. 1904, with 40 straight.

One of 5-man team, winners of Mail Trophy at Brantford, 1904.

Fort Garry Gun Club, Winnipeg.

The Fort Garry Gun Club, which now ranks among the foremost trap shooting clubs in Canada, was first inaugurated in March, 1893, by a few ardent lovers of the gun who took this means of whiling away many a pleasant summer's evening and holiday in the off season and in keeping together in active sport the little nucleus of sportsmen which has now grown to be a large club comprising about sixty members.

The present grounds are situated on the of the Red River south bank the city: and command an' unbroken view of open country over which to shoot. Some few years ago a pretty little club house was erected fitted with lockers, etc., for the convenience of shooters and furnished with an upper balcony from which spectators can watch the shooting at the traps.

Beginning with the first of May the club

holds bi-weekly shoots up to the end of August, after which time most of the shooters turn their attention to the ducks and "chicken." Prizes are annually given to those making highest aggregate and consecutive scores and several championship trophies are shot for annually at the club tournaments.

It is the intention of the club to hold a live bird shoot on New Year's day annually in conjunction with its sister club the Winnipegs, and to make it an annual event representative of the Live Bird Championship of Manitoba.

A marked improvement has been made in the club shooting in latter years and whenever a visit is made to other climes the Garrys have shown that they can hold their own their own in any amateur company. Shooters from other points are always made welcome at the traps and whether in the clay or feathered season of the year our invitation is "bring along the gun and enjoy yourself."

J. P. Turner, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

Toronto Traps.

The National Gun Club held their annual election of officers Christmas evening, the following being elected:—President, H. G. Stubbs; vice.-pres., C. Harrison; treasurer, J. Williams; Secretary, H. Ouston, Field Secretary, J. Ross; executive com-

mittee, J. Lawson, J. Vivian, F. Matthews, C. Mougenee, W. Taylor; Auditors, R. Watson, J. Lawson, J. Habberly; Referee, C. Mougenee.

The installation of officers took place on Jan. 10th.

The Stanley's Saturday Shoot.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday, Dec. 31st. The day was fine and mild, with a strong southwest wind. There was a good attendance and the scores on the whole were good. In the Spoon event Mr. Hovey and Mr. Herbert tied at 22. In the shoot-off Mr. Herbert won. Scores.

10 targets—Rock 9, Hulme 9, Dunk 8, Downs 5, George 4.

10 targets—Rock 9, Morshead 7, Dunk 6, Herbert 4, George 4.

10 targets—Dey 7, Hirons 7, Downs 7, Ingham 6, McGill 6.

10 targets—Thompson 9, Rock 6, Martin 6, Buck 6, Fritz 4.

10 targets—McGill 9, Ingham 7, Hulme 5, Dunk 5, Morshead 5.

10 targets—McGill 8, Lucas 8, Hovey 6, Downs 5, Fleet 4.

10 targets—McGill 8, Ingham 7, Thompson 6, Rock 6, Mason 4.

10 targets—Ingham 9, Fritz 8, McGill 7, Hovey 7, Thompson 6.

10 targets—Fleet 8, Downs 8, Thomas 6, Martin 6, Wilson 5.

Spoon contest, †25 targets—McGill (19 yards) 20, Thompson (20 yards) 21, Dunk (19 yards) 14, Hirons (16 yards) 13, Ingham (16 yards) 21, Rock (18 yards) 17, Morshead (18 yards) 15, Herbert (17 yards) 22, Hulme (20 yds.) 19, Martin (16 yards) 25, Downs (16 yards) 16, Hovey (16 yards 22, Dey (20 yards) 19, Lucas (18 yards) 16, Buck (18 yards) 16, Fritz (18 yards) 19.

25 targets—McGill 22, Rock 18, Herbert 18, Hovey 15.

15 targets—McGill 13, Rock 11, Buck 9, Ingham 9, Downs 9.

Essex, Ont., Live Bird Shoot.

A shooting match at live birds was held on the Fair Grounds on Dec. 15th, under the management of F. Stotts, Essex. In event 1, Jas. McLaren of Highgate and L. Youngblood of Sandwich, tied for 'first place with seven birds each and D. Mc-

Macken, of Highgate, and F. Stotts tied for second place with five birds each. In event No. 2, L. Youngblood won first money with 10 straight, D. Mc-Macken and F. Stotts tied for second place with seven each. In event No. 3, J. Mc-Laren and F. Stotts tied for first place with seven each and L. Youngblood second with six. In No 4 event, Chas. Billing

shot 5 out of seven to 3 out of 7 by Z. Watson. In No 5 event, F. Stotts won first and L. Youngblood second. In No. 6 event, F. Stotts won first with Youngblood and McMacken tied for second. In No 7 event, McLaren and Youngblood tied for first and in No 7 event, McLaren won first money.

London, Ont., Traps.

The Springwood gun club held a very successful Christmas shoot at their grounds on Richmond street north. Four events were shot off, resulting as follows:

Event No. 1, 15 targets—Brock 12, Parker 11, Glover 14, Burns 1, C. Bowman 7, Lyon 15, G. Bowman 4, Breekon 13, Webb 12, Brice 10, Screaton 10, Day 9, Hughes 10, Balkwill 9, Stone 6, Nicholson 7, Avey 4.

Event No. 2, 10 targets—Webb 8, Lyon 8, Nicholson 4, Anderson 9, Glover 9,

Brock 4, Balkwill 5, Breekon 9, Screaton 7.

Event No. 3, 10 targets—D. Bowman 2, McArthur 5, Bryce 7, Day 8, Webb 4, J. G. Bowman 7, Screaton 7, Stone 2, Hughes 8, Breekon 7, Balkwill 7, Parker 7, Anderson 4, Glover 8, Lyon 8, Winnett 3, Burns 2, Brock 8, Nicholson 5.

Event No. 4, 15 targets—Webb 12, Glover 11, Screaton 9, Burns 3, Bryce 6, Scarbrook 3, Lyon 11, Brock 10, Anderson 13, G. Bowman 7, Stone 10, Parker 9, Breekon 10, Godfrey 5, Day 11.

Montreal Traps.

Following are the results of the different events held on the ground of the Montreal Gun Club:—

Event No. 1, 15 birds—Ewing 14, Landriault 13, Redman 13, Kearney 10, Alexander 8, N. Candlish 6.

Event No. 2, 15 birds—Kearney 15, Landriault 13, Alexander 12, Ewing 12, Redman 11, N. Candlish 10.

Event No. 3, 20 birds—Dumont 19, Redman 18, Kearney 17, Landriault 17, Ewing 15, Alexander 15, Hogan 13, N. Candlish 12.

Event No. 4, 25 birds—Dumont 24, Ewing 23, Redman 22, Landriault 22, Alexander 19, Kearney 18, Hogan 15.

Event No. 5, 15 birds—Redman 14, Ewing 13, Alexander 12, Dumont 12, Kearney 10, Landriault 10, Hogan 9, Milton 9.

Event No. 6, 20 birds, spoon shoot—Kearney 19, Redman 18, Dumont 17, Ewing 15, Landriault 15, Milton 14, Alexander 12.

Event No. 7, 15 birds—Dumont 14, Landriault 13, Redman 13, Kearney 12, Ewing 10, Milton 8.

Event No. 8, 20 birds—Landriault 18, Kearney 17, Dumont 17, Redman 16, Ewing 15, Hogan 14.

Event No. 9, 15 birds—Redman 14, Kearney 13, Ewing 13, Landriault 13, Dumont 8.

Ottawa Traps.

The results of the New Year's Day shoot of the St. Hubert Gun club are as follows:—

Merchandise—1st Event, 20 Birds— 1.—C. Brodeur, shooting sweater, 18

 2.—G. Easdale, hunting axe
 18

 3.—W. Slaney, bag shot
 16

 4.—I. Deslaurier, box shells
 16

 2nd Event, 20 Birds—
 16

1.-Zeb. Ketchum, gun case...... 19

2.—G. Easdale, silver flask 18	4W. J. Henry, drinking cup 16
3W. Slaney, ear drum 17	Only six men completed the entire list of
4W. J. Henry, knife 17	eight matches and their totals were-W.
5W. L. Cameron, match box 16	Slaney, 125; W. L. Cameron, 117; A. W.
3rd Event, 20 Birds-	Throop, 125; C. Brodeur, 129; G. Easdale,
1.—W. Slaney, compass	130; and I. N. Deslaurier, 110.
2C. Brodeur, hunting knife 17	George Easdale won the leather vest of-
3A. L. Throop, pound powder 16	fered by the club.

Hamilton, Ont., Tournament.

The fifteenth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club was held at Hamilton, Ont., Jan. 17, 18, 19 and 20. This annual tournament is the most important affair in live bird shooting at the traps in Cana-



THOS. UPTON President Hamilton Gun Club

da and has come to be looked forward to with great interest by Canadian devotees of the gun. This year the Club was blessed with fine weather during the entire shoot, a feature that cannot often be reckoned on in a mid-winter shoot in Canada. There was a good attendance and the average of the shooting was high.

The big event of the shoot, the Grand



J. A. R. ELLIOTT Winner Professional High Average

Canadian Handicap, was won by Alex. S. Tolsman, of Detroit, Mich., with a perfect score, and with it a purse of \$100.

The following are the scores:

FIRST DAY.

Event No. 1, 10 birds, \$100 guarantee, Rose system, \$5 entrance, birds extra:

II. Scane, Ridgetown	1	2	2	1	2	2	1	2	2	1 - 1	.0
Dr. Wilson, Hamilton	1	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2 - 1	0
D4. WIISON, Transition										2	
J. E. Cantelon, Clinton			(ma)	_	-	-	_			_	
M. E. Mayhew, Utica, N. Y	1	-	-	-	-					2 —	
H. Marlatt, Simcoe	1									2 —	
H. H. Horning, Hamilton	1	Х	2	1	1	2	2	2	1	2 —	9
H. Waters, Detroit	_	_	-	_	_		_	_	-	0 —	
T. Upton, Hamilton	2	2	2	2	2	0	1	2	0	1 —	8
D. Coffey, St. Thomas	2	2	2	2	2	0	1	0	2	2 —	8
D. Concy, Sc. Inchias	1	2	2	0	2	2	2	0	2	2 -	8
J. Alexander, Toronto	,85	0.0	200	47	_		-	-	-		
Brown, Sarnia		~	_	-		~	_	-		1 -	
Broderick, Niagara Falls, N. Y	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	1	0	2	8
H. R. Day, Belleville	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	1	2 -	8
H. R. Day, Deflevine										1	,
J. Crooks, Hamilton	1	1	í	1	3	Y	()	1	1	1 -	0

J. Farmer, Oakville	 1	2	0	0	1	2	1	1	2	1 —	8
R. Barrett, Dunnville	 2	X	1	1	0	1	2	0	1	2	7
McRitchie, Ridgetown	1	0	X	2	2	2	2	2	X	2 —	7
C. Scane, Ridgetown	 2	0	2	1	1	0	2	0	1	1 —	7
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton	0	2	1	2	0	1	2	1	2	0 —	7
T. H. Duff, Toronto	 2	0	2	1	2	1	0	2	0	2 —	7
Daniels, St. Thomas	 1	2	2	2	0	2	0	1	0	1 -	7
Talsma, Detroit	2	0	0	2	2	2	2	0	2	2 —	7
A. King, Hamilton	 1	0	2	2	1	0	2	1	0	2 —	7
G. N. Gooch, Toronto	 1	0	1	0	2	2	1	2	0	2 —	7
C. J. Mitchell, Brantford	0	0	2	1	1	2	1	2	1	0 —	7
Dr. Green, Hamilton	1	2	2	0	2	1	2	1	0	0 —	7
H. D. Kirkover, Fredonia, N.Y.	 0	2	0	2	2		2	2	0	2 —	7
J. H. Thompson, Toronto	2	X	0	0	1	1	2	2	X	2 —	6
Wakefield, Toronto	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	2 —	6
Simpson, Sarnia	1	0	0	1	2	2	0	1	1	0	6
Phippen, Belleville	0	X	1	2	0	0	0	2	2	1 —	5
Burney, Belleville	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	2	1	0 —	5
H. Day, Belleville	1	0	0	2	θ	2	2	2	0	0 —	5
G. W. Laing, Ridgetown	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	X	0 -	5
M. B. Downs, Toronto	2	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	2	0 —	4
,											

INANIMATE TARGETS — 20 SINGLES; ENTRANCE \$2.00.

	Events.	Не	kp.	11	12	13	14	15
Jones				7	12	12		
H. Scane			(18-21)	17	18	18	18	18
Clay Dab				13	16	12	15	19
C. Scane			(17-20)	11	16	15	18	19
M. Raspherry				11	13	13	14	11
T. Upton			(18-21)	17	15	18	18	15
J. Crooks				17	15	15		16
M. E. Fletcher			(18-21)	14	17	20	16	16
Dr. Groves			(17-20)	16	18	17	16	16
T. A. Duff			(18-21)	1.2	18	11	18	14
Dr. Overholt			(18-21)		17	18	19	19
P. Wakefield			(18-21)	15	17	15	16	16
Talsma			(18-21)	15	17	17	19	1.8.
J. Chapman				11	14		13	
T. H. Heney			(17-20)	15	15	15	16	13
J. A. R. Elliott			(19-22)	17	18	17	20	15
E. C. White			(18-21)	17	17	18	$\cdot 20$	14
F. H. Conover			(18-21)	19	15	16	17	16
Fanning			(19-22)	16	17	18 -	1.7	16
Kirkover			(18-21)	17	17	17 .	16	.14
Downs				7	12	12	9	10
Broderick			(17-20)	12	14		15	13
C. J. Mitchell			(18-21)	19	16	15	17	14
Phippen				12				
J. E. Cantelon			(18-21)	13	17	14	15	14
J. H. Thompson			(17-20)	13	12	15	7	
Ben It				13				
A. Bates			(17-20)	18	15	17	17	14
Marlatt				12	12			15
Horning				10				
R. Emslie			(16-19)	8		15	16	15

McColl	 (18-21)	 14	18	17	15
R. Coffie	 (16-19)	 8	13	18	
H. Day		 19		15	
Simpson		 11	15		11
Mayhew	 (17-20)	 18	18	18	19
Reardon		 14	17		
Farmer		 	13		
Willison		 	11	7	
G. Annis		 	12		10
Maxwell		 	12		12
C. Crew		 	11		12
Dunk	 (17-20)	 		17	17
Kiser	 	 		7	
Burke		 			16
Stewart		 			18
Capt. Campbell		 			5
C. Gooch		 			12
Hunt		 		14	
O'Neill		 			8

SECOND DAY.

Event No. 11, 10 live birds; \$100 guarante	ed: h	igh	gun	sv	ste	em-						
C. J. Mitchell, Brantford		_		2	2	1	2	2	2	2	1	1-10
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton			1	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	1	2-10
W. Root, Toronto			2	2	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2-10
M. Reardon, Hamilton				1	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	2-10
R. Coffie, St. Thomas				2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2-10
J. E. Cantelon, Clinton			1	1	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	1-10
Robbins, Dunnville			2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2-10
Mayhew, Utica, N. Y.			2	2	2	1	0	2	1	2	2	2- 9
J. A. Spittal, Brantford			0	2	1	2	2	2	2	1	2	2- 9
J. Alexander, Windsor			2	2	0	2	2	2	1	2	2	2- 9
F. W. Brown, Dunnville				2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	2- 9
A. King, Hamilton			1	1	2	1	0	1	1.	2	1	1- 9
Kirkover, Fredonia, N. Y.			2	2	2	2	2	1	2	0	2	2- 9
McColl, Fingal			2	0	2	2	1	1	2	1	2	1- 9
J. W. Broderick, Niagara Falls			2	2	2	2	1	2	1	1	2	0- 9
A. Simpson, Sarnia			2	1	0	1	2	1	1	1	1	1- 9
A. Brown, Dunnville			1	1	2	2	0	1	1	1	1	1- 9
Dr. Wilson, Hamilton			1	2	2	1	1	2	0	1	0	1- 8
Talsma, Detroit			0	2	2	1	0	2	2	2	2	2- 8
Burk, Niagara Falls South			1	2	2	1	0	1	1	2	0	2- 8
James Crooks, Hamilton			1	2	1	2	1	2	0	1	1.	0-8
Dr. Green, Hamilton			()	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	2	1 8
H. Scane, Ridgetown			2	2	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	2- 8
Daniels, St. Thomas			2	2	2	0	2	1	2	2	0	1-8
A. McRitchie, Ridgetown			1	2	2	0	0	2	2	1	2	2- 8
George Annis, Toronto			2	2	1	2	.0	0	2	2	2	2-8
L. Walters, Woodstock.			2	2	2	2	2	0	2	0	1	2-8
P. Wakefield, Toronto.			1	1	2	1	2	0	0	2	2	1-8
J. Farmer, Oakville			0	1	()	2	2	2	0	1	1	1- 7
John Stroud, Hamilton			2	2	2	2	0	0	3	2	2	0- 7
T. Upton, Hamilton			0	2	()	2	0	1	1	1	2	1-7
G. R. Willison, Hamilton			0	1	0	1	1	0	1	2	1	1- 7
R. Day, London			3	2	1	0	0	1	2	0	2	2-7

C. Crew, Toronto	 	 0	1	2	2	2	0	1	0	2	1-	7
C. Scane, Ridgetown	 	 1	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	1	2—	6
M. B. Downs, Toronto	 	 2	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	1	0-	6
S. Lavender, Toronto												

INANIMATE TARGETS-20 SINGLES.

	Events	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Dunk		1.4	16	17	15	14	20	
H. Scane		17	17	20	19	19	16	19
Laing		14	16	19	19	18	17	16
C. Scane		14	18	18	16	11	14	17
T. Upton		18	18	15	18	17	18	17
M. Fletcher		17	19	.16	17	17	20	20
Dr. Groves		1 1	18	17	18	18	18	15
Dr. Overholt		15	19	15	19	17	17	18
Duff		13	18	16	14	17	14	16
P. Wakefield		19	15	16	16	17	17	18
Talsma		19	19	15	17	19	18	18
Heney		9	16	16	16	12	20	11
Elliott		19	16	19	18	19	17	19
White		19	18	10	18	18	19	15
Conover		13	18	17	17	18	19	16
Fanning		19	15	19	18	20	14	19
Kirkover			17	16	19	17	16	18
Downs			9	6		11		11
C. Mitchell		18	11	17	17	19	17	12
McGill		20	17	19	17	19	16	17
A. Bates			15					
Willison			14					
W. Wakefield			16	9	12	13	14	15
M. E. Mayhew			17	17	16		18	18
McColl			15	19	17	17	20	18
J. H. Thompson			18	15	17	19	17	15
McMacken			19	17	16	17	18	15
Lewis			8	13	12	15	13	
J. Crooks			16					
Daniels			15					
Reardon				19				
Simpson				10				
C. Crew				16	14		16	8
McRitchie				18	15			
Broderick					14	16	10	17
Cantelon					19	16	14	18
Webster					15	16		13
Kidd					16	15	15	
Dent					14	13	12	
Jones			***		9	12		
Alexander						18	16	
H. Marshall							18	13

THIRD DAY.

Grand Canadian Handicap; \$500 guaranteed; \$100 to high gun; 19 birds, \$28.50, 18 birds \$22.80, 17 birds \$17.10; entrance \$15; handicap, 26 to 33 yards. Entrance \$15.00, including birds.

	•								
Dr. Overholt, Hamilton			222	02	1211	.1	21111	212	12-19
J. Stewart, Hamilton			222	22	2221	.2	22202	2222	2219
H. A. Horning, Hamilton			211	01	1212	21	22112	2229	22-19
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton			111:		1111		22022		12-19
M. E. Mayhew, Marcy, N. Y			222		2201		22212		22—19
McColl, Fingal			212		2111		22222		22—18
E. G. White, Ottawa			222		1112		02212	220	22—18
C. Mitchell, Brantford			212:	22	2012	22	21202	2222	22—18
H. Scane, Ridgetown			212	2*	1102	21	11221	210	12-17
R. Coffey, St. Thomas			222	20	2222	22	22202	2203	22-17
Dr. Groves, Hamilton			112	12	1012	22	12110	022	21—17
Chapman, Windsor			222		0210		22022		12-17
			212		1122		21202		22—17
Scolfield, Oakville									
Cantelon, Clinton,			011		2122		12212		01—17
H. W. Burke, Niagara Falls South, Ont			22		0212	22	10*21		12—17
J. H. Williamson, Toronto			22*	22	2210)2	22022	121	21—17
H. Kirkover, Buffalo, N. Y			222	22	2212	22	22222	0023	20—17
J. A. R. Elliott, New York			201	20	2213	11	22122	1*1	2117
Alf. King, Hamilton			221	10	1120	12	21012	222	22-17
J. Crooks, Hamilton			211		101		*2110		02—16
A. Simpson, Sarnia			111		0211		21101		10-16
M. Reardon, Hamilton			012		212		00*21		21—16
John Stroud, Hamilton			002	22	2222	22	20222	220	22 - 16
A. Brown, Sarnia			120	11	0120)1	12212	111	*2-16
C. Crew, Toronto			222	02	2012	22	10111	220	12-16
J. S. Phippin, Belleville			111	10	2002	21	01121	211	12-16
L. Walters, Woodstock			2*2		102		21202		20-16
							12212		10—15
R. Barrett, Guelph			220		0113				
A. McRitchie, Ridgetown			*02		2200		22222		20-15
R. Emslie, St. Thomas			1*1	11	2123	21	20120		02-15
F. H. Conover, Leamington			102	22	2220	01	22220	202	20—15
B. McLean, Hamilton			120	*0	2222	22	12021	222	02-15
C. Scane, Ridgetown			200	11	122	*1	20122	121	02-15
C. F. Lavender, Toronto			222	11	1*02	22	02202	122	02-15
·			020		112		22022		22-15
			0 20	O I.	114.		22021		22-15
J. A. Spittal, Brantford			999	*0	2001	0.0	02022	099	
George Stroud, Hamilton			222		2220		02022		
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Events	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
J. A. R. Elliott	18	20	19	19	20	16	18	18	18	19	19	17
E. G. White	17	16	16	17	11	16	13	13	11	20	17	18
Conover '	17	16	14	19	15	15	12	15	13	19	19	18
Fanning	15	18	15	19	17	16	18	17	19	17	17	20
Kirkover	18	19	17	19	17	18	19	17	14			
Duff	14	15	17	15	17	13	14	12	17	20	16	16
H. Scane	17	15	19	17	19	18	16	19	19	20	19	18
P. Wakefield	17	16	16	17	17	17	16	18	18	19	16	19
T. Upton	10	17	20	15	17	17	20	14	19	11	12	15
C. Scane.	14											
Overholt	18	17	15	19			. 16	16	19	15	17	20
McGill	14	16	17	16	13		15	18	14			
Heney	16											
Fletcher	18	15	16	18								
Groves	16	17	14	17	14		17					
Laing	15	20	11									
Mitchell	19	19	13	19					16	19	17	17
Cantelon	17	14	12	19	16	18	15					
Talsma	19	18	18	17	14							
Thompson	9	11	16	16	10	11	14					
McMacken	13	17	14	17	20	12	14	17	19			
McColl	16	14					17	19	13			
Mayhew	16						7		7.	15	15	
Downs		13										
Broderick		15	18	19			14					
Alexander		12										
R. Day		13				15						
Reardon												
Willison		16										
Root		11										
('rew		15				. 1	3 .					
A. Brown							17					
Emslie							16			19	17	18
Marshall						13		12	14			
Bib/by							14					
FOURTH DAY.										2122		
Event 29, ten live birds, sweep, high	gun	M	layh	ew,	Uti	ica,	N.	Υ		1111	112112	

Cantelon, Clinton 2111111112-10

system, \$5 entrance: -

White, Ottawa,	2122222221-10
Horning, Hamilton	1210221112- 9
Reardon, Hamilton	2112122220- 9
Dr. Wilson	2212022211- 9
Wakefield, Toronto	0112212211- 9
A. Brown, Sarnia	1221122210- 9
Simpson, Toronto	1222220012 8
Upton, Hamilton	0022212222— 8
Mitchell, Brantford	021220x012 6
Daniels, St. Thomas	2222001200 6
Coffey, St. Thomas	2222010200 6
H. Scane, Ridgetown	21020 ret

In this event, the four men with 10 each received \$15 and the five with 9 each got \$3.00.



THOS. A. DUFF Winner 3rd Amateur Average

No. 2, miss-and-out—Dr. Wilson, Hamilton, and Mayhew, Utica, divided the purse.

No. 3, miss-and-out—H. A. Horning, Hamilton, and Mayhew, Utica, divided the purse.

No. 4. miss-and-out—T. Rock, Toronto, and H. Graham, Hamilton, divided.

No. 5, miss-and-out—Jas. Crooks, Hamilton, and Mayhew, Utica, divided.

No. 6, miss-and-out—T. Rock, Toronto, and Mayhew, divided.

All the visiting gun men were loud in their praises of the Hamilton Gun Club officers and the management of the tournament. Messrs. Geo. W. Burkholder and Harry Graham, who looked after the score sheets and clerical work generally, are deserving of much credit. They did their work well.

Thomas Upton is President of the Hamilton Gun Club; M. E. Fletcher is Vice-President; Harry Graham, Secretary, and J. Hunter, Treasurer.

NOTES.

Professional average out of 480 targets shot at: Elliott, 435; Fanning, 410; Conover, 399; White, 389.

Amateur average out of 480 targets shot at:—H. Scane, Ridgetown, 432; P. Wakefield, Toronto, 403; Thos. A. Duff, Toronto, 367.

Elliott and Fanning shot from 19 to 22 yards, Conover and White 18 to 21 yards. All others shot at targets from 16 to 19, 17 to 20 and 18 to 21 yards.

The Bowron traps were used and threw a hard, fast bird.

Mr. A. Smythe, Hamilton, was official referee at live birds and Mr. G. Depew, Hamilton, official scorer and their work was unquestionable.

Mr. E. V. Spencer, the veteran trap expert of Hamilton, was official target referee.

Mr. Geo. Burkholder took the live bird entries and proved his efficiency by having a faultless statement.

Out of 70 shooters, 40 used Dupont Powder, the popular brand.

Fanning and Conover with one trigger Smith guns were in evidence.

4 4 4

M. E. Fletcher can shoot.

So can Harry Scane.

E. G. White shoots "Du" smokeless and smokes T. & B. reckless.

John S. Cole's greetings are just as pleasant as the U. M. C. results.

Tom Duff is no tender-foot with sidetracks, but is always found among the big braves.

J. II. Cameron don't shoot but "Win's-chesters" all the time.

"Ninety and nine" (99) but one got lost.

Injun kept busy all the time.

So did Harry Graham.

"Maxwell" did well.

The Brantford Braves were few in number; St. Thomas and Ridgetown were good; The Ottawa's were up for blood; And so were those from the Humber.

We'll meet again in August at Ottawa.

General Trap Notes.

MONTREAL TRAPS.

The following is, a summary of recent shoots on the Montreal Gun Club grounds. Mr. Landriault is the winner of the spoon.

Scores Jan. 2nd .-

Event, No. 1—Spoon Shoot—25 birds— Landriault, 19; Kearney, 18; McDuff, 18; Ewing, 17; Edwards, 16; Alexander, 14; Kenyon, 13; White, 10; Murray, 5.

Event 2-Team Shoot-25 birds:-

Landriault 22, McDuff 22, Edwards 21, Kenyon 17, White 13. Total 95.

Ewing 23, Redman 22, Alexander 22, Kearney 19, N. Candlish 18. Total 104.

Event No. 3-15 bird sweep-Edwards, 15; Landriault, 14; Kearney, 13; Ewing, 12; Redman, 10.

Jan. 7th Scores:

Event No. 1—Club Championship, 25 birds—Landriault 24, Redman 22, Kearney 20, Parsons 20, N. Candlish 20, Ewing 19, Alexander 18, Mitcheson 12.

Event No. 2—Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Mitcheson! 24, Redman 23, Parsons 21, Candlish N. 19, Landriault 19, Ewing 13, Kearney 13. In this event Mitcheson was handicapped.

Jan. 14th Scores:

Event No. 1—Spoon shoot, 25 birds.— Kearney 22, Landriault 20, Lewis 20, Redman 19, Candlish, N. 17, Parsons 16, Brown 14, Mitcheson 14, Rainville 13.

Event No. 2, 25 bird sweep.—Landriault 21, Redman 20, Kearney 19, Ewing 19, Mitcheson 17, Rainville 16, Parsons 16.

Event No. 3-10 bird sweep-Kearney 9, Landriault 8, Redman 8, Parsons 8, Rainville 4, Mitcheson 4, Brown 4.

The weather this day was 8 below zero and windy.

OTTAWA TRAPS.

At a well attended meeting of the St. Hubert Gun Club last night, the following officers were elected:

President-F. A. Henev.

First Vice-president-W. J. Johnstone.

Second Vice-president-C. J. Booth.

Secretary-G. Easdale.

Treasurer-W. H. Hayes.

Field Captain-I. N. Deslaurier.

Committee—A. W., Throop, J. L. Culbert, W. L. Cameron, E. L. Horwood, W. Slaney.

Auditors—L. A. Desrosier and E. J. Brown.

The treasurer's report showed a credit balance of \$28.54, whereas carried from 1903 was a debit of \$28.47, showing a net gain of \$57.02, with seven thousand birds on hand.

The field captain's report showed that 23,889 birds were thrown during the year, of which 16,861 were broken.

The annual spring tournament of the club will be held Easter Monday, April 24th. Programe to be issued later.

August 16, 17 and 18 were decided on as the dates for annual tournament of Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective association, which is to be held under the auspices of the St. Hubert Gun club. Sub-committees were struck to report to the general committee at each meeting. The committees appointed were:

Programme and ad. committee—F. A. Heney, A. W. Throop, G. Easdale, L. A. Desrosier.

Grounds committee—Messrs. W. H. Hayes, I. N. Deslaurier and W. J. Johnston.

Prize committee—C. J. Booth, S. McClenaghan, E. L. Horwood, E. J. White, G. Easdale, L. A. Desrosier, T. C. Boville and Capt. Higginson.

TORONTO TRAPS.

One of the best attended shoots held in Toronto for some time took place on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club, Saturday, Jan. 21st, the drawing card being the presence of the American experts. J. A. R. Elliot gave an exhibition at 100 targets, breaking 94. The Stanleys also shot their first match in the City Trap Shooters' League, against the Nationals, and defeated the latter by 78 targets.

10 targets—Elliot 10, Williams 10, Morshead 9, Tippett 8, Rock 8, White 8, Thompson 8, Grainger 7, Downs 5, Watson 2.

10 targets—Elliot 10, Ingham 9, Williams 8, Downs 8, Charles 7, White 6, Herbert 6, Rock 6, Buck 5, Stubbs 4.

10 targets—Elliot 9, Thompson 9, Ingham 9, Herbert 7, McGill 7, Rock 7, Hirons 7, Downs 5, Martin 5, Stubbs 4.

10 targets—Elliot 10, McGill 10, Lucas 9, White 8, Cuthbertson 8, Hogarth 8, Ross 8, W. Spanner 7, Downs 7, Herbert 4. 10 targets—Rock 10, McGill 9, Vivian 9,

Green 9, Morshead 9, Ingham 7, Hampton 7, Mathews 6, Wallace 5, Jifkins 4.

10 targets—Lewis 9, Dunk 8, McGill 8, O. Spanner 7, Herbert 7, Harrison 7, Thompson 7, W. Spanner 6, Wilson 6, Hirons 6

10 targets—Grainger 10, Thomas 9, Ross 9, McGill 8, Downs 8, Williams 6, Reynolds 5, G. Harrison 3, Carmody 3, Arkondale 2.

15 targets—McGill 13, Rock 12, Hampton 11, Dawns 6, Ingham 6.

Team shoot, 25 targets :-

Nationals.—C. Harrison 24, Grainger 23, Williams 17, W. Spanner 19, H. Harrison 18, Cuthbertson 16, Mongenell 21, Jifkins 11, Mathews 19, Stubbs 14, Lawson 4, Turner 8, Carmody 15, Vivian 17, Wallace 12, Ross 14, Watson 5, O. Spanner 10, Habberly 9, Taylor 13, McDowell 18. Total 306.

Stanleys.—McGill 23, Farmer 21, Thompson 22, Rock 22, Green 19, Downs 14, Herbert 20, Hogarth 15, Fritz 16, Ingham 17, Day 20, Dunk 22, Martin 14, Morshead 15, Lucas 20, Lownson 15, Lewis 16, Charles 20, Buck 19, Wilson 15, Thomas 19. Total 384.

Stanley Gun Club will hold their annual Tournament on the Club grounds, Toronto, May 17, 18 and 19. Alex. Dey, 178 Mill street, Toronto, secretary.

PARKDALE WON BY DEFAULT.

A league match was shot off on Jan. 21, between the Balmy Beach and Parkdale Rod and Gun Clubs. As the Balmy Beach Club could not have 15 men to Parkdale's 10, the match goes to Parkdale by default. The score is as follows:

Balmy Beach—S. Pearsall 17 Ross 16, Casci 16, Adams 17, Hunter 14, J. A. Shaw 19, Smith 14, Hambly 15, Draper 12, Booth 21, Pearce 10, Tim Aych 11, J. G. Shaw 13; total 195.

Parkdale—T. Thomas 17, Alex. Wolfe 12, F. Patterson 18, Maywood 15, Montgomery 11, Sanderson 11, B. Bongard 20, Kent 11, Ted Carlisle 14, H. Birch 17, J. Whitlaw 16; total, 162.





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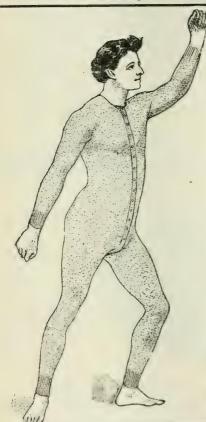
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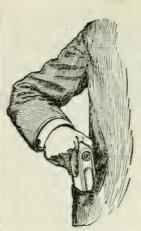
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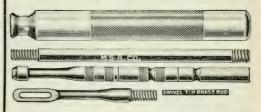
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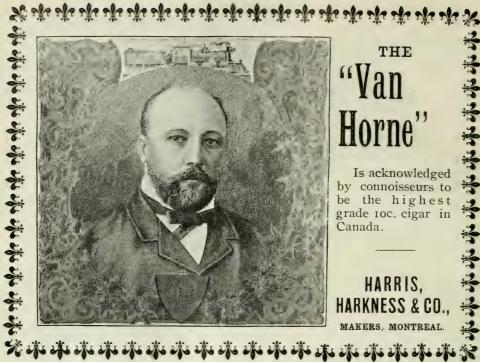
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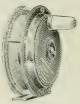
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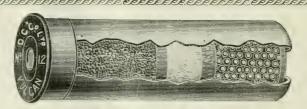
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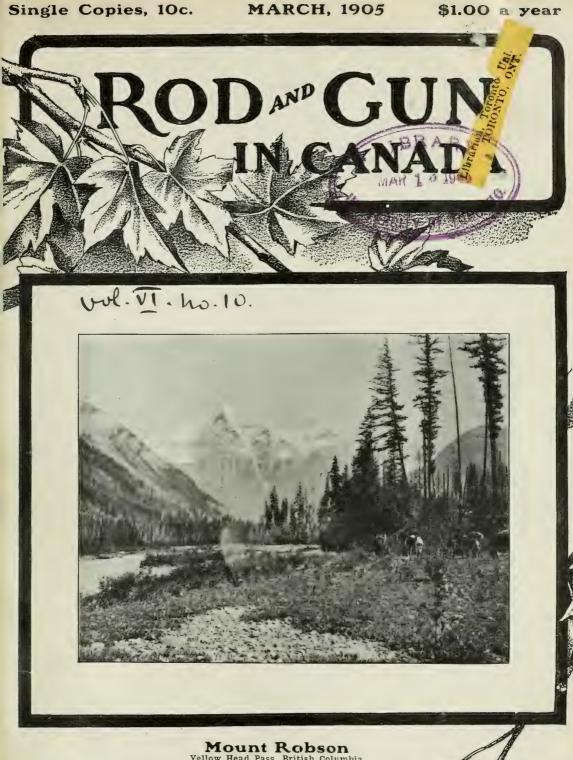
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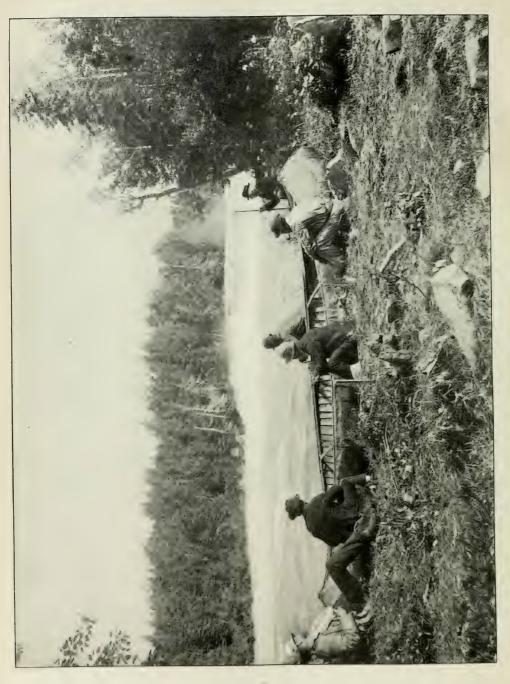
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Robert Kerr, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL



VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, TORONTO AND WOODSTOCK, MARCH, 1905

No. 10

Bear in the Big Bend of the Columbia River.

By F. B. HUSSEY.

It was on the morning of the eightcenth of May that Mr. James I. Brewster of Banff, one of the firm of Brewster Bros., well known guides, and I left Banff for a bear hunt that we had planned last summer. We went West as far as Golden, where we busied ourselves buying supplies and getting the hundred and one things necessary for a successful trip. Here too we met C. P. Price, more commonly known as "Kid", the veteran hunter and trapper, who was to be one of the party, and next day went on to Beaver where we were to leave the rail-road. The sixty mile trip down the river was uneventful but not uninteresting, as neither Jim nor I had made the trip by water before, altho' we had been thro' by pack train. At the end of the run we found a good camping place and established a permanent camp. All this of course took time, and it was not until half past nine of the morning of the twenty-sixth that we started with our packs on our backs to look around the heads of the side streams, and to see if by any possible chance we could find bear. The day previous Jim and I had taken a load of grub to the first summit, so we followed our tracks as far as our cache where we had lunch-all of us being rather glad of an excuse to sit down and rest; adding this to our packs we started down a slide toward a small river. The slide turned out to be steep and very brushy, in fact quite a credit to even British Columbia, and in

the end our "climb down" degenerated into almost a "fall down." However in the course of time we reached the river which we crossed on one of the snow bridges. and after going up stream for another quarter of a mile decided to camp which we did about 5.30, having a grand total of about four miles to our credit. After supper Kid and I went up the river for half a mile to see what we could see. All we could discover was tracks, so came back about dark to beds made on piles of rocks of assorted sizes, but before they had time to wear holes we were as sound asleep as though we were lying in the softest of heds.

The following is a copy of the diary which I kept during the trip:—

May. 27th.-Wonder of wonders!! got up at the crack of dawn, had breakfast and hit the trail at five o'clock. This indiscretion must be blamed on "Kid" as Jim and I were never known to do such a thing before. At any rate after scrambling through brush and snow for about a mile and a half we struck some gravel flats, and going up them for another two miles decided as the country looked good to make a semi-permanent camp. We had another meal then-nine o'clock-and leaving Kid to fix up camp, Jim and I went on up the flats. It was now that we began our wading education which was to continue during the rest of our stay. The exercise was a hundred yards over the

rocks and snow, then across the river, and repeat. After we had gone about five miles Jim of the eagle eye saw a black bear on one of the slides.. We sneaked across the flats for about two hundred yards and prepared for the slaughter. Unfortunately the slaughter did not come off planned as I missed two shots and the bear hurried off to tell his friends what duffers we were. After this sad experience Jim and I continued up the flat for another two miles to the glacier at the end. We then turned back and headed for home, keeping, it is needless to say, on the lookout for game.

again, and had gone perhaps half a mile when we saw a third, this time a grizzly near the top of another slide. After about half an hour's climbing we reached the place where; he should have been, but was not, so looked at the view for awhile and started back. That we were not the only ones enjoying the view we soon discovered, as we had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards down the hill when we saw the bear sitting up, gently fanning himself with his paws, and letting his eyes wander about over the country. He was hardly more than a couple of hundred yards from us, and I made



THE SHINGLE FLATS.

Bear in the Big Bend."

Evidently the bear I had missed had inspired a desire for adventure in another of his. kind, for there was another bear on the same slide. We worked our way up until within good range of him, and I got ready to redeem myself, took good aim and fired, but instead of the bear dropping dead he started down the slide toward us, half running, half rolling. I fired again, as did Jim, but with a cheerful and satisfied smile he departed into the woods, leaving behind him two very mournful and disgusted people. However, as looking at the tracks did us no good we started on

up my mind that he was ours, so took good aim and fired. The bear doubled up like a jack-knife and started rolling down the hill backwards so quickly that there was no chance for a second shot. When the brush stopped moving. I patted myself on the back, as he was a big one and we went down to get him. We were still more cheered by the sight of blood where he had gone down the hill. However as the prophet saith, "pride goeth before a fall," and although we looked everywhere for that bear, no bear was to be found, and we turned our faces homeward

disgusted. It was almost dark and it started to rain so we headed for camp on the double quick. On arrival there Kid announced that there was a caribou on the other side of the flats. Having visions of fresh meat to help out our scanty grub pile we started in pursuit and soon found and dispatched it. While we were engaged in skinning it a black bear which evident'y had a well-trained nose came up to within a hundred and fifty yards. There was not much daylight left, but with good luck to help us we managed to score our first bear, but were obliged to return to camp without skinning it.

after lunch we all started up the flat even to the dog, which Kid'took to help him in his hunt. We dropped Kid and the dog at the big slide while Jim and I went on to see if by any chance there were any bear about that we had not scared out of the valley by yesterday's shooting. We walked and looked, and looked and walked with no result except that I discovered that when walking on rocks if you keep your eyes on the mountain tops you are apt to stub your toes. We picked up Kid at the foot of the big slide a little after six, who reported that while he had found no bear he had found a place that scared the dog which



OUR FIRST BLACK BEAR.
"Bear in the Big Bend."

May 28th.—After due consideration Jim and I decided that yesterday's misses were due to too early rising, so being in the majority later hours were decided upon. In pursuance of this policy we did not have breakfast this morning until ten o'clock, after which Kid and Jim went across the flats to bring in the bear we had shot and we occupied ourselves until lunch time in skinning it. Last night after talking things over Kid decided that Jim and I were pretty poor trackers and said as much, adding that he would go up and find the bear which we had wounded, for us. So

sounded interesting and we thought it might bear further investigation. About this time I was beginning to feel cold and hungry and I had a glorious thought, therefore I suggested that two go up to look about on the slides some more, while the third go back to camp to get supper ready. Of course the other insisted that I go and get supper and as this was what I wanted I did not make too strenuous objection and started down with the dog while the other two went back on to the slide. Much to my disgust when I got to camp I found that there was no wood cut

and that the dishes had to be washed as we had left in a hurry after lunch. However I went to work and about the time I was ready to begin cooking the others came in. They had found no traces of the wounded bear, but had seen another, a big silver tip which I might have shot had I stayed. I have determined to have no more "glorious thoughts."

May 29th.-After breakfast, which cere mony was held about the same hour as yesterday, Kid started for the "village" or in other words our permanent camp to bring up some supplies while Jim and I exerted ourselves to the extent of washing dishes, making bannock and smoking our pipes. We had lunch about two and made ready to go up the flat. As we were about ready to start Jim saw a black bear on the slide opposite camp and with hearts! beating high with hope, knives whetted, and rifles cleaned for the occasion we went after him. Possibly he had watched the preparations for by the time we got to the slide he had gone nor had he left any message as to which direction he had taken. There was nothing left for us to do then but to go back to our original plan and go up the flats which we did. We had a very pleasant stroll by the river and enjoyed the scenery, but saw no bear until we started home about seven o'clock, when Jim who was in the lead saw one on the flat about a mile from us. We looked at him through the glass and could see that it was a large grizzly. The wind at that time was blowing from us to him, but we hardly thought he could smell us from that distance, so stood still to see where he was going and to decide on a plan of campaign. He did not leave us long in doubt however, as we had not stood still for more than a minute, when up went his nose, then up went his heels and we saw him disappearing in a cloud of gravel and snow as though he had just been sent for from some one in deep distress. In sorrow we saw him disappear into the brush and again took up our weary way. The day seemed to be one of sudden entrances and exits, for hardly had we gone another mile when two more bears were seen down the flats at about that distance travelling, in the same direction that we were. Discouraged not at all by our other experiences we started after them on the run. It was hard going through the river and the snow, but when we had covered a mile it encouraged us to see that we had gained considerably and at the end of the second mile we found ourselves abreast of them and about three hundred yards distant. We were surprised to see that there was a grizzly in the lead and a black bear following, which led us to believe that they were snow-blind. About this time they either heard or smelt us and turning made for the timber on the south side of the valley. I took the grizzly and Jim the black and we opened fire. It was then the effects of our run began to show, as our rifles wobbled about like a ship in a heavy sea, and I'discovered that my front sight had sprouted feathers sometime during the preceding half hour. Though we made plenty of noise and gave them a pretty bad scare in the end we had the pleasure of seeing them fade from view in the shades of the primeval forest. As this had become the established order of things we were not much cast down so after following the tracks until dark, which was not long in coming, we went back to camp with a good appetite for supper.

May 30th.—This morning after breakfast we rested from our labors of yesterday and discussed pro and con the question as to whether or not we were hoodooed. We finally decided that we were and so we set about seeking a remedy. After a great consumption of brain tissue we came to the conclusion that it needed the bear or part of a bear to break it, and went out to the carcass of the one we had shot. Around this I walked three times and after swearing once feebly and, twice forcibly we declared the hoodoo broken. After such unwonted exertion we again felt hungry, so had lunch and according to custom took our way up the flat about four o'clock to see of what avail our incantations would prove. We had only gone half a mile or so from camp when we saw a good sized black bear on one of the slides and immediately started in pursuit. As it happened before by the time we got there no bear was to be seen and we moved on. I was meditating on some new way of breaking the hoodoo, and at the same time trying to keep the brush out of my eyes, when another bear, also black, hove in sight on the next slide. After some twenty minutes spent in playing "now you see him, now you don't" we got a good sight of him in an opening, headed up the slide, and about three hundred yards away I fired twice, shooting over him both times with the result that he started on the run down and across the hill. While I was reloading Jim took a couple of shots which served to keep him going. Our third shots fired almost together struck him just as he had assumed a graceful attitude while crossing a log and down he went. It was about four hundred yards from where he first stood to where he fell and on the way over there was some discussion as to who had hit him. All argument was ended however when we reached him and found that we had both hit him, the bullets striking within four inches of each other. After skinning him we went back to camp with the feelings in our hearts that the hoodoo had been broken for all time.

May 31st. — The morning rest having proved so beneficial yesterday we decided to make it so far as possible a habit, and in accordance with this decision, baked, smoked and loafed all morning. About 1.30 Kid came in with some more grub, so we celebrated by having lunch, which was served in a style fitting the return of the prodigal, after which Jim and I started according to custom up the flats. Luck was with us, as we saw a large cinnamon on one of the upper slides, which we shot without difficulty as we got within close range. After skinning it we returned to camp without seeing anything else.

June 1st .- Engrossed in following the adventures of "The Three Musketeers" the morning passed very pleasantly, and after doing justice to lunch about four o'clock I had filled my pipe and settled down to enjoy it, when Jim discovered a black bear on the slide opposite camp. Some discussion arose then as to whether or no "Little Clarence," for so we named him on sight, would wait for us to finish our pipes. We were afraid that he wouldn't so with many sighs we put them aside and took up our guns. There was a little lake at the foot of the slides and a marsh between that and the river. Our plan was to cross this marsh under the cover of

some small trees and shoot across the lake. The manoeuvre was executed in a masterly fashion, and we reached the edge of the lake without being discovered by the bear, which was in some thick brush lunching off the carcass of the caribou we had killed the first day. It was too thick to get a good shot at him so we sat down to wait until such time as he should see fit to move out into the open. After about ten minutes waiting we began to get impatient as the water was up to our waists and rather cold, but as we were talking over the advisability of stirring him up and taking chances he moved out, giving me a nice shot at about one hundred and twenty-five yards. I fired and he started on the run, so fired again but missed him. He did not go far, however, not more than fifty vards, as the first shot was fatal, After signalling to Kid to come and help us skin we finished our interrupted smoke. When Kid arrived on the scene we went to work and skinned the bear carefully, which took up so much time that thinking it hardly worth while to go up the flats that evening we returned to camp.

June 2nd.-Jim was not very well this morning, so feeling rather energetic myself, Kid and I started out to do a little exploring and to find out if possible where the bear went when he left the valley. We went up to the foot of the glacier and made up our minds to go up over it and see what was on the other side. We were strengthened in this decision by finding a grizzly track that pointed in that direction. We went up the west side until we could see the end of the valley and found the glacier to be about eight or ten miles long heading on some very high mountains. There was no outlet to the valley other than the one through which we entered it. Although there were a few slides on either side I had by this time a sneaking idea in my own mind that there were no bear there. I communicated the same to Kid, but he thought differently, so bowing to the weight of superior knowledge we continued. We crossed the glacier, which at this point was about a mile wide and sat on a little hump of stones for a while, while I ate my lunch, after which we started back on the east side.

not long before we began to get into difficulties, so recrossed and came down into the valley on the same side that we had gone up. We put in a couple of hours on the flats, watching the slides, but without result and got back to camp about dark, convinced that we had at least found out where the bears were not.

June 3rd.-Kid, chief of the commissary department, started this morning on his second trip to the lower camp for the sake of replenishing the larder, while Jim and I went through the usual routine of morning in camp. It was after lunch about three o'clock when we decided to take the glasses and the dog and walk over to the river to see if by any chance we could find a bear feeding off the caribou. Rifles were considered unnecessary. We had gone about half way when we saw a spot on the slide that neither of us so far as we could remember had a speaking acquaintance with, and which we soon made out to be a bear on its way down. Back we went to camp on the double quick, got our rifles and waited to make sure just what the bear was going to do. It was easy to see through the glass that it was a silver tip and his intentions seemed to be to feed off the carcass. When we had made sure of its intentions we sallied forth to do or die and after crossing the river at the upper ford and fighting our way through the brush we came to the marsh which I have already mentioned. Here again we displayed sagacity and keenness of perception most remarkable for men of our years. The crossing of the swamp and the approach on the bear were most decidedly artistic efforts and I am constrained to say that it is my own belief that not the finest stage-Indian that ever scouted through the wings could have done better. Finally we found ourselves on one side of the lake about twenty feet from the water, that is open water; there was plenty of the other kind where we were and I was sitting in it while the bear was on the opposite side at the water's edge feeding on the carcass which was afloat, the distance between us being about a hundred and thirty yards. I waited until a good chance offered and fired. What was our surprise when instead of jumping up and trying to run the bear merely raised its

head and looked at us in a disdainful way and dived head first into the lake. A few bubbles came up and all was again quiet. He did not come up. We went around as quickly as possible to the scene of the tragedy, but no signs of the bear could we see except that the water usually clear was now clouded by the dirt stirred up from the bottom. Thinking we could fish him out if we could find him, Jim procured a long pole and started to prod around on the bottom. We found that the bottom sloped away very abruptly and that the water was as much as ten feet deep a short distance from shore. After some time spent in poking about we struck something that felt soft, and as we thought it might be the bear, after some fruitless fishing and much discussion, I decided to try a swim for it. Accordingly I stepped inand how suddenly and deeply I regretted that proposal of mine! The water was so cold that my toes stood straight up and my knees squeaked like rusty hinges. However I pushed off and swam out to what we had struck with the pole. I knew that I was supposed to go down and see if the bear was there, but I could not see how it was to be done, as the water was so cold that; I could not hold my breath for more than ten seconds at a time. I made one attempt without result, and went ashore to warm up. On the second try I did manage to put my feet on the bear, but came out and dressed without doing more. Jim then went back to camp for an axe and on his return we built a raft, that is Jim built a raft, while I assisted by giving him my valuable advice. It was almost dark when our "million dollar steam vacht" was completed, and so after tying it up to a bush beside the bear's resting place we went back to camp to supper and passed the evening trying to think of some way by which the bear might be raised.

June 4th.—Night brought us no new ideas in regard to implements for raising bears from the bottoms of lakes, so after breakfast we went back to see if we could draw any inspiration from looking at the scene of yesterday's encounter. The water had cleated during the night and I found that by kneeling off the raft and shading my eyes with my hat I could dimly make out an outline of a bear on the bottom. We

then cut another long pole and tried to pry him up, but found that instead of the bear moving, the raft moved so that we were obliged to abandon that idea. We then cut a long pole with a fork at the end and after sticking it through a running noose tried to catch one of the paws. This method also had to be abandoned as the only result achieved was to stir up the mud again. We seemed to be stuck and I was afraid that that hear too would have to be numbered with the lost. There was however one more way, a way which I hesitated to take, but it was the last resort. So after screwing up my courage to the proper pitch I prepared to go in again. This time I took the rope with the moose on the end and got on to the raft. Jim pushed it out until it was over the bear. I stood and thought about it for awhile and finally dived. The water was cold on top, but the further down I went the colder it got, and I had to go to the bottom. I got there in the end and put the noose over one paw, tightened it, let go and almost bounced on to the raft. We pulled him up and while I was dressing Jim towed him across the lake and hauled him out in the sun to dry. The bear himself was as hard and stiff as I and felt as though he might have been frozen for a month, and I do not wonder after feeling the temperature of the water that surrounded him. We went back to camp then and found that Kid had just returned and was hungry, so we took lunch and afterwards we all went back to skin the bear, the dog as usual going along to supervise the operation. This done Kid took the skin back to camp, while Jim and I took a stroll up the valley. We found nothing to get excited over, so we returned to camp, where supper was waiting for

June 5th.—Last night forgetting that today would be Sunday and therefore a day of rest, we all had ideas, Jim and I that we would explore the gulch just beyond the big slide and Kid that he would take the skin of the silver tip down to the permanent camp and there stretch it. In accordance with these ideas, Kid, the daylight fiend, hauled us out of bed and made us eat breakfast about 5.30, a fact which was in itself a sin considering the day. Then as though this were not enough, he

added insult to injury by deciding after all not to go to the lake. After breakfast we stretched the skin on a frame at the back of the camp, and as it began to rain Jim and I also abandoned our exploring idea, and we all settled down to rest amusing ourselves meanwhile by following the adventures of the "Three Musketeers." As we could not all read the same book at the same time, we took turns, the two unoccupied ones lying around, lying to each other and killing time as best they might. Had lunch about one o'clock and at two Jim and I decided to take chances on the weather and headed up the valley. We had gone perhaps a third of a mile from camp and were just crossing the river when we saw a good sized grizzly crossing the flat about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from us. We jumped in behind a little cut bank by the river and waited while she, it turned out to be a she, crossed above us. When she came out I fired, hitting too low and only breaking one of her front legs. Then the fun began, she stopped and faced around trying to locate where the shot came from. I fired again and knocked her down, but not to stay. She made up her mind that the trouble came from our direction and as her blood was up she started over to investigate the cause. Meanwhile I was reloading and both Jim and I were staying pretty close under the bank. I fired again and missed, but by this time she had changed her mind about our direction and seeming to be very much disappointed at not finding anything to fight hit the trail, all the time keeping up a can-can that indicated to a certain extent what she would do if she could only find us. When she galve me her broad side I hit her, but too far back and as she was climbing out of the river I hit her again, this time behind the shoulder and she rolled back into the water and started down. Jim ran down below and wading in caught her by the ear on the fly, so to speak, and dragged her into the shallow water. Thinking that the river would carry her down nearer camp and so save us the trouble, he pushed her in again and we followed down the bank until he thought he saw a suitable place to land her. certainly looked all right so he stepped in and immediately started down stream ahead of the bear, keeping his balance, but only touching the high places. He got to shore finally and a little farther down made a second effort which was crowned with better success, and he rolled her out on a little island. I crossed and we looked her over; without exception she was the hardest looking case I had ever seen, as she looked as though an "owl and a wren, two larks and a hen" had all made their nests in her hair, where she had any. The hide was absolutely worthless. We went back to camp for more cartridges and returned with Kid to see what could be done with the bear. We found that the only things worth saving were the skull and toe-nails, so secured them and as it was then raining went back to camp and passed the rest of the day as we had begun it, resting.

June 6th.—As the day did not look very promising in the morning we kept to our blankets until late, not having breakfast until after eleven o'clock. About 1.30, taking a lunch with us, Jim and I started up the valley with the intention of having another try at exploring the gulch. Kid, the weather prophet, had said that it was not going to rain any more, but by the time that we had come opposite the big slide we thought differently and the event proved us to be right, as about ten minutes later "the rains descended and the floods came" so we hauled our sheets taut and laid our course S. by E. & E. for the tall timbers. We dropped anchor under a big tree and soon had a fire going by the aid of which we dried out to some extent and later ate our lunch. It stopped raining for a few minutes about four o'clock and we again went out to the flat to look around. We started towards camp, but had not gone far when Jim saw a bear up in the neck of the big slide about eight hundred feet above the valley and the chase was on. It looked for awhile as though we were not even going to have a chance to scare the bear, as we tried again and again in vain to find a place to ford the river, which was very high and was rolling We finally found a like the Mississippi. crossing about three-quarters of a mile farther up, headed back to the slide and started to climb. The brush was soaking and it started to rain again about this

time, so that the going was more than a little slippery. However after a half hour's climbing, crawling, falling and sliding we reached the top of the slide proper and located our game about five or six hundred yards above us in the neck. Up again we went at an angle of about forty-five degrees, but the bear evidently expected something and started at about the same time, climbing when we climbed, and stopping when we stopped. After a few hundred yards of this we decided that it was not doing us much good to climb, so settled down behind a stump and cleared for action. About this time we saw a second bear with the first, which was standing at the edge of the brush, about five hundred yards from us, enjoying the view. bombardment opened and lasted for about five minutes or until we had fired almost all our cartridges, but the bear like the Australian rats known to fame "from this high and lofty eminence looked down with supreme contempt upon the enemy pursuing." At the close of the engagement they strolled off into the brush and we climbed up where they had been to see if by any chance there were any dead upon the field. This was not the case, so after talking it over we decided that we had not wanted to kill them anyway as they were only yearling grizzlies and if left alone for a few years . might grow into something worth while. After we had convinced ourselves of this we coasted down to the flat again and got back to camp about dark, wet and hungry, as always.

June 7th.-We had thought of returning to the lake today, but when we woke up the first time we found it snowing, so returned to the land of dreams. On the second awakening it was raining and so we gave up finally the idea of the trip, turned over, heaved sighs of different fervency and with clear consciences again dosed off. It was noon before we felt "slept out", so had breakfast and lunch at the same time, and as the weather still looked unpropitious we settled down to loaf. Our amusement consisted, as before, in following by turns, the adventures of "The Three Musketeers" and playing with the dog. course the unoccupied, ones kept a pretty close watch on the slides opposite camp, but no bear took it into his head to show



CARRYING HOME SECOND BLACK BEAR. "Bear in the Big Bend."



A TYPICAL AVALANCHE SLIDE, "Bear in the Big Bend,"



THE BEAR HIMSELF WAS HARD AND STIFF. "Bear in the Big Bend."



POLING UP THE COLUMBIA.
"Bear in the Big Bend."

himself. It cleared up in the evening and we decided to pull down the valley the next day.

June 8th.-We had a pretty early breakfast, packed up and hit the back trail at twenty minutes to nine, keeping on flat to the end, instead of fighting brush a good part of the way as we on the way up. When we left the flat we found the brush pretty thick as most of the snow in the woods had gone and while the Devil's Clubs took a few falls out of us, altogether we made pretty good going of it, making our first camp in an hour and forty minutes. After a short rest and a smoke we started on. Kid, on his former trips had discovered a fine new way, so he said, by which we kept the left hand side of the river all the way, so in our simple, and child-like way we said that we would follow wherever he might see fit to The first thing we struck was a lead. steep point covered with bush, where it was impossible to go without the aid of both hands and almost impossible to go at all, as the brush was so thick that you could seldom see more than five feet in any direction, and very often could not find any place to put your feet unless you put them on each other. At first thought I was having a hard time, but soon forgot myself in the amazement caused by watching Jim who was behind me, swinging from branch to branch with the nest of pots in his mouth, in a way that would have brought envy to the heart of any trapeze artist. The next half mile was pretty fair going, fair going, that is for British Columbia. It was on this stretch that Kid, wishing, no doubt to encourage me, stepped on a Devil's Club about ten feet long and four inches in diameter, and used such judgment that when he stepped off it sprang back and caught me exactly on the nose. Feeling much cheered we negotiated the next point with comparative ease, and shortly afterward attacked what Kid termed the last hill. It began to rain about this time, which made the climbing slippery, but thinking it would soon be all down hill, no one thought of taking a breathing spell. we went through brush and tree tops, over slippery rocks and logs for about an hour. Of course in this sort of climbing if one makes a sudden slip and is obliged to grab anything for support he always picks out a Devil's Club, and the more the support is needed the larger and pricklier the Devil's Club grabbed. As Kid said, it was the last hill, in fact it had to be, as when we got through with it there was nothing any higher that we could see—at least in the neighborhood. We coasted down to the river again and from there into camp found good travelling. The village was reached at 3.15 p. m., and after having something to eat fixed up camp in anticipation of a day's loaf to follow.

June 9th.-After breakfast Jim was elected cook by a majority of one, and Kid and I, after I had armed myself with a six-shooter, started across the river to prospect and gather the teeth of a bear the Indians had killed. The animal in question had evidently been long defunct and his odor was something to dream about, so we did not tarry longer than was absolutely necessary for the dental operation. The afternoon was spent in loafing physically and working mentally as we wrote up our diaries and read. Just after supper Jack Evans appeared and announced his intention of going up river, which is another piece of luck, as he will be of great help.

June 10th.—We went to bed last night with the intention of starting up river to-day, but this morning found that it was blowing too hard to cross the lake, so one more block was added to Hell's pavement, if the old proverb is to be believed. The day was spent in the same manner as yesterday afternoon. Hope to be able to go up river tomorrow.

June 11th.—Early this morning the wind was still high from the North, but about half past eight it began to fall and we began to pack up. Got away about 11.30, and with the four of us working, or pretending to, headed up the lake and toward the island on which Lee and Dave, the Siwashes, were camped. As we drew near the island we saw them leaving, but a shot brought them back and we all went ashore to have a confab. Jack got hungry again about this time, and as it was after twelve, we had lunch before going on. Six hours of steady paddling and poling took us to an island some five miles below the

double eddy and we camped, feeling that we had done a pretty good day's work in spite of our late start.

June 12th.—As there was stiff water ahead it was thought best to lighten the boat, so after breakfast Jim and I were put across the river to hoof it. When we got across we found a good deal of water in the boat, which had not been there when we had gotten in, so of course thought there was a leak and the cussing began. Kid and Jack took her back to the island, hauled her out and made a careful examination, but without it resulting in the discovery of any hole, so they put her back in the water and tried her again. This time Jack found the trouble. Kid's trousers were tucked into his shoe tops and in wading into the river to push off the boat, the bags filled with water which of course emptied when he stepped in. Needless to say the leak was soon stopped and after loading up we all started up stream. Jim and I waited for the others where the trail hits the river just below the double eddy and then we had lunch. Luncheon over we started. hours brought us all to the landing and after unloading and hauling up the boat, we made some packs and hit the trail across the portage. For several hours previously we had been engaged with the skirmish line of the mosquito army and now we found ourselves opposed by the main body. The fight was waged with great fury, the casualities of the enemy being many in number. Finally we broke their center and fought our way as far as the upper landing, where we found they were so heavily entrenched that we retired in good order on our former position. When we got back to camp the programme was supper, an early bed and as much sleep as the mosquitoes would allow.

June 13th.—Jack, the early riser, hauled us out of bed several hours too soon and after breakfast we packed up the remainder of our stuff and the enemy still hold-

ing their position, again we took up the fight, this time with greater success, as we carried their position at the upper landing. We made a cache the cabin on the west side of river and then with fear and trembling loaded the Peterborough. Jack was sure it would not hold the four of us besides all the stuff, but we proved him wrong, although by a small margin, as we only had about two inches freeboard. Inches enough, however, and we paddled as far as Bush River before Jack got hungry again and we had to stop for lunch. The afternoon was spent in just paddling, but with such good results that camping time found us at eight-mile island, fourteen miles on our

June 14th.—Jim was sick this morning, at least I think he must have been, as he caused such a disturbance in camp at 3.30 that he woke us all up and not content with that made us get up and have breakfast, after which we again took our paddles and got under way. Paddling, poling and lining, we had made about six miles by nine o'clock and were beginning to feel as though we had again reached civilization when we had a surprise. Swinging out to round a sweeper we found a bear quietly standing in the river watching us. There was an immediate scramble for guns and cartridges, Kid holding the canoe still with the aid of a brush. The bear disappeared but when things had quieted down a little, a minute or so later, sizing up as harmless he again came out and started across the river. This gave me a chance and I shot him through the head. With some difficulty we dragged him out of the water and into the brush, and with all four of us working, in twenty minutes we had him skinned and were ready to start again.

At noon we reached Beaver in time to catch the train for Banff. The bear hunt was over.



Canoeing in Canada.

An Explorer's Experiences.

Mr. C. M. Wood, of the Kinsey Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio, supplies the following interesting notes on his holidays in Canada last year:—

I believe an ideal trip would be to go from the "Soo" to Michipicoten by steamboat, and thence by canoe from Michipicoten to Missanabie. It is a beautiful trip and some of the best trout fishing in Canada is to be had in its course, particularly at a place called Stony Portage between Manitiwich and Dog Lake. A party who comes from Oil City, Penna., U.S.A., goes to the portage every year and he says the trout fishing is exceptional. I did not try it myself, because the spirit of unrest was upon me, and fishing and hunting with me are only incidentals in a way. If one cares to see something of the northern country he can do so by canoeing fifty miles up to the head of the Moose River to Brunswick Post. My guide had been through to Moose Factory, and said that the country through which we passed from Missanabie to Brunswick Post was very similar to that through to Moose Factory. Then returning to Missanabie take the Canadian Pacific Railway to Biscoe or Winnebago and take the Mississagua trip. I took the first part of that trip, but instead of going to Winnebago I went to Chapleau, where I procured another guide, and we three, in a sixteen foot Peterborough. with the gunwales not more than an inch out of water, started for the "Soo." Unfortunately a severe cold with pains in my chest held me up for a day or two during which it snowed, although it was the middle of September. The thermometer registered at seven o'clock in the morning 23 degrees, or 9 degrees below the freezing point.

The streams between Chapleau and the Montreal River are all small and shallow, and the men were in the water much of the time, sliding the canoe over gravel beds. This resulted in puncturing the canoe in several places and scraping the bottom to a pulp. I have not my notes with me, but according to my recollection we did not have a single sunny day, and I

think it rained every day during the trip except the last. One other party had gone through from Chapleau to Lake Superior by way of Montreal River, but according to Professor Wilmont, the geologist for the Lake Superior Power Co., he was the first white man to take the trip from the Montreal River down. According to that I must have been the second.

After leaving the Montreal River we sometimes found traces of a trail, but most of the time we had nothing to follow, and our only guidance was the map and directions. In one instance the map was misleading, and we lost ourselves east of the course, but we were directed properly by the meridian which is cut out its full length, making a vista about fifteen feet wide, with mile posts at regular intervals. I was anxious to get into the country further south where I expected to pitch my camp. Consequently I, did not prospect for game, although the portages and barks of the creeks showed evidences of plenty of game, both red deer and moose. Several times we saw fresh wolf tracks. Trout jumped freely in the streams south of the Montreal River, but although I trowled several times I did not see any evidence of pike or bass. I did see two moose and three deer.

The timber north of Trout Lake is mainly spruce, jack-pine, and some tamarac, all of it about fifty to sixty feet in height. Only in one spot did we see white pine, and there the birch trees were large, and there were plenty of signs to show the Indians came here for materials for their canoes. The ground was for the most part swampy, and the trails as a rule rough and untravelled. We ran into one creek where the beavers were at work.

In travelling from one point to another, the distance between which, as the crow flies, is about two miles, we spent nearly the whole of one afternoon going by canoe. The water was shallow, and the rapids followed so quickly upon each other that it was exasperating. No sooner would we empty the boat and make the portage than we would see another or hear its roar. In

all we made ninety-five portages, and this does not include the numbers of times I left the canoe and walked around the rapids or shallow places while the Indians waded and pulled the canoe with them. nor does it count the times we cleared the streams of fallen timber. Every camp was made upon wet ground with no exception. Even though it was the last of September black flies were most annoying. The course seemed to be unusually free from life. We saw several large owls, and occasionally a whiskey jack, and a few white-throated sparrows. Once I heard a song of such exquisite beauty, so many variations and such clearness, that I searched the spot diligently to see if I could possibly identify the singer. I got the merest glimpse of a small bird which seemed to me to be yellow with something in appearance and size of a canary. I might have been mistaken, however, and perhaps you will know better whether or not it was a whitethroated sparrow. If the condition of the ground would have permitted it I think I should have made a more careful examination. I have never heard anything like it in the woods before.

You will probably judge from this that the trip does not offer many attractions to the ordinary canoeist. For one however who enjoys travelling through unexplored country it has its attractions. I made a map of the country, which though not thoroughly accurate is sufficiently so to guide any one correctly.

I read your account of your trip down the French River. I took part of the trip myself three years ago. I also read with much interest Miss Brewer's account of the trip down the Mississagua. I was back as far as Clear Lake with Jack Houston of Thessalon, and it came near being the last of both of us. Owing to Houston's illness

we struck the rocks twice in the rapids below Squaw Chute, about the country north of Desbarats. You say you have been through Patton Lake, Bass Lake, etc. camped on Island Lake for almost a week. We went through Patton and Chapman Lakes to Stuart Lake, where we spent the night and returned the next day. We found Stuart Lake to be more satisfactory than the others, as it is further off and more free from civilization. There were plenty of deer tracks, and at one; place on the edge of the Lake, we saw large moose tracks, which had been made that morning. I also caught two fine black bass weighing three and three and a half pounds, and one or two pike, and a friend with me caught one black bass with a fly in a stream. These were all small mouthed bass. In Bass Lake we had some very good fly fishing for bass, In Island Lake small brook trout fishing was good, showing that they are there, although we did not fish much for them. The portage from Bass Lake to Island Lake, you will recollect, is a little rough and wet at the Bass Lake end. From Island Lake into Stuart Lake the portages are all of them short and good. I also saw partridges on Stuart Lake. There may be ponds and small lakes around Stuart Lake, but the map does not show them. Of course we did not do any exploring in so short a time.

I am sorry I did not know anything of your efforts to start an All-the-year-round resort at Mount Orford, as I have just planned to leave for Florida. My preference however would be to go into the north woods where it is cold and dry. In fact I am one of those individuals who would like to be in your north woods all the time.

In Mooseland.

By C. C. FARR.

(Continued from February Issue.)

To the North lie those famous tracts of alluvial clay that are attracting so much attention, and which promise to become as a field for colonization second only to the great Northwest.

Here, too, on the western shore, is Haileybury, which like the old Haileybury in England is Haileybury the Hill. A prettier spot could not be found, and the view from it is unparallelled. Away to the north is the beautiful point where Wabikeesik used to dwell, the Indian from whom it and the adjacent Bay takes its name. Beyond, again Northeast, is the White Rocks point, a limestone cliff where the Geetchie Manitou played that cruel trick upon the famishing. Indians, in giving them half baked gritty cakes instead of pure bread. You can see the cakes piled in layers up the face of the cliff, unless the searchers for lithographic stone have displaced them.

Beyond this point the view extends fully fifteen miles, to the head of the Lake, where, the Ottawa river after plunging down a succession of rapids for fifteen miles is lost in Lake Timiskaming and where the White River, turbid with the clay, gathered on its course through miles and miles of alluvial soil mingles its muddy waters with the purer stream.

To our right we pass the Chief's Island, the scene of a tragedy of a kind which though not often chronicled or handed down by tradition, must have been of frequent occurrence in prehistoric days, namely the deadly rivalry of two contestants for the honour of chieftainship culminating in the sacrifice of the weaker or less wily of the two.

At the head of the lake is an Indian Reserve, and here can be found the remnants of a band, once powerful now reduced to comparatively few. But there are many half-breeds, and they make excellent guides.

This also has been the scene of many conflicts between the native Indians and the marauding Iroquois, as arrow, spear heads, bones, and all sorts of Indian relics, dug out of the earth, testify. This was the great highway to Moose Factory, or James Bay, and a very interesting trip it makes to day for those who have leisure to make it.

Those who love sport can not do better than get off the steamer at Haileybury on the Hill. There is an excellent hotel here, built expressly for tourists and hunters for Haileybury is the key to the finest hunting and fishing grounds in Canada, that famous chain of laxes and rivers

known as the Montreal River and Timiskaming Lake system.

Moose, caribou and red deer are here in abundance, as evidenced by the frequent tracks, while less than half a day's journey brings one into the wild and primeval forest, where Indians and Hudson's Bay Company's employees alone, of men, are met, a perfect solitude, broken only by the plaintive cry of the loon, the whirr of the startled duck or the trumpeting of the amorous moose. Here the fishing is of a kind unsurpassed, the only fault being that the fish are too easily caught. I will allow that it is convenient to be able just to throw out your troll behind your canoe, and in half an hour catch all the bass that a party of five or six can eat in a day, but trolling to my mind is murder, and an unfair advantage against the fish. Here it is. A sharp tug; then haul in by main strength. bass makes an heroic resistance. He jumps out of the water, dives down again, runs under the canoe, when at close quarters, but all in vain; he has got to come. There was no skill required in hooking him, and less in landing him. Here is another side. It is a lovely summer's morning. camp is pitched where fish abound. hear a splash. "There's a bass on the feed," and you run for your rod. You take a small green frog. (It is well to have a supply of these on hand). You pass your hook through his throat, and out behind the skull. Frogs don't feel. Then jump into your canoe and paddle towards the spot from whence the sound came, usually a shallow sand or clay ledge rising suddenly from green depths. You hear another splash and stealthily paddling towards it, you see the graceful dark green beauty leisurely swimming for the deep water, for the two have seen you. Make no abrupt movement, fish and game alike suspect abrupt movements, but throw your frog gently and insinuatingly in front of him. He sees it, but it sinks to the bottom before he gets it. Draw it gently back, and throw it again a few feet before him. This time he makes a rush. The water is so clear that you can see the frog disappear down his throat. Then the fun begins. You strike gently, but firmly, but I speak to men who are accustomed to this thing and they will understand. The first effect of

the hook makes you feel his weight. He simply accelerates his pace and heads for water. He is conscious of his strength, and laughs at the frail thing that holds him, but see! he is losing his temper, for he takes a succession of plunges, down, down, down, until the point of your rod touches the water. Suddenly realizing that the matter has become serious, he makes a rush from the depths, and jumping into the air, shakes himself savagely. If the hook stands this, you are pretty sure of your fish, though he can tow your light canoe a considerable distance on a calm day, and if you have forgotten your landing net, as you probably have, the contest will be a long one. But it is likely that in the end you will carry back to the camp a fish of which you can be proud, and of size sufficient to serve for breakfast for all hands.

But I have digressed. We had just arrived at Haileybury, the "Mat-tah-bah-nack" of the Indians, the place "where you come out at with your sleigh" from "Met" or "Mat" "come out at" and "Otah-bah-nack" "Toboggan". This is the spot where for generations, the Indians have passed, to and fro, on their journeyings from their hunting grounds to the great trading centre of Timiskaming, and through it, you also must pass, if you wish to try your luck among those lakes, and streams, that may justly be called the hunters.

Besides the moose, caribou, and red deer, bears are fairly plentiful. Beaver, fisher, mink, marten, lynx, otter and muskrat constitute the smaller fur-bearing animals. Of course all these creatures are not found on the high road, calmly waiting to be shot. One does occasionally meet with a moose swimming across a lake, or in the late summer, a bear may occasionally be seen gorging himself with blue berries on some rocky eminence, but as a rule one has to hunt up these animals in out of the way places. The Indians know their habits and where to find them, therefore it is best to procure an Indian guide, and if there happens to be a party of more than one it is best for each hunter to have his own guide and his own canoe, so that he can, at will, wander off the beaten track.

One of the most successful methods of

killing moose, is by locating some sequestered water lily covered pool, where the animal comes to rid himself of the annoying "mess-es-sack", Bulldog fly, by plunging into the water, or to crop the leaves of the water lilies. To lie in wait for him there, or if there is a waterway to steal upon him in the silently gliding canoe.

It is a magnificent sight to see four or five of these stately creatures wading through the shallow water. I remember once seeing seven of them thus engaged. I had no rifle and even if I had I would not have fired a shot, for moose meat was just then so plentiful that Indians fairly begged one to buy it at two cents a pound. Caribou are to my mind harder to approach than moose, and hence difficult to kill. I know one Indian, who was a very successful hunter of caribou, at all times of the year. His method was to ascertain the sleeping place of the animal, then, as it is the custom of the caribou to start off to feed about seven in the morning and return about ten, he would ensconce himself ' within range of the spot after the breakfast hour of the beast, and await its return. He was certainly a very successful hunter, so I suppose there is something in it. Of course Indians have so many opportunities of studying the habits of animals that they must of necessity have the advantage over the white man in this respect, who only leaves his ordinary business avocations for a short time in the year for a trip into the bush, and who cannot be expected to know as much of a subject as an Indian, who studies it his whole life time.

Bear hunting is quite an art, and omitting chance encounters, which are rare, there are about two or three methods alone employed by Indians. In spring, trapping by steel traps or by deadfall is the best. Bears have their regular paths, on which they travel season after season. Bait in the shape of stale fish or moose meat is used and the earlier in the season that the trap is set, or the deadfall made, the better. It is always best, if possible, to set them before a rain. Sometimes, when a bear is known to have laid a lot of suckers by, for future consumption (a bear likes his fish very stale) the hunter will watch the place at night and often bags his bear. I remember once, watching a bear engaged at his fishing. The suckers run up small creeks at a certain time in spring, to spawn, and every little rapid is then full of them. I saw Mr.Bruin scooping them up with his paw and pitching them ashore. He never eat one. They were too fresh. I was too fresh also, for I missed my bear.

In winter, they are often killed by the Indians, who find their dens by the aid of their dogs. It is counted a clever dog that can find a bear's den, for the bear is a clever animal. As a rule, an Indian, when he kills a bear, will shake hands with him, and "speak him fair." Such courtesy bodes good for future hunts, and the Indian thanks the dead bear for giving him so much good meat. A wise Indian never destroys or loses a bear's skull, he hangs it on a tree. It is considered respectful and the right thing to do, just as it is right to throw the bones of a beaver into the water, if plenty of beaver are to be expected, and on no account may a beaver be fried.

In August and September bears are usually hunted in the following manner. First find a blue berry patch (usually a high, nearly treeless rocky hill) where there are evident signs of a bear having made it his feeding ground. His supper time is about an hour before sunset, and if you go to some spot from which such a place is visible, it is more than likely that you will see, about that time, a black figure moving about over the bare knolls; and if so,

it is a question of stalk, sometimes successful, often unsuccessful, so much depends on the direction of the wind, and the noiselessness of the approach.

Bears are not really fierce except during the pairing season in June, or when wounded, or in a trap.' Indians are occasionally torn by them, if too careless, and in some cases killed. I remember one time, when an Abitibi Indian lost his life not so very long ago. He had stalked a bear in the manner described above. He shot the beast, and thinking that it was nearly dead, instead of reloading, he dropped his gun and closed in with his tomahawk. The bear knocked the tomahawk out of his hand, and the two fought, bare-handed. The man was dreadfully torn, but finally the bear, probably from the effects of the bullet, dropped dead, and the Indian after slaking his thirst with water from a stagnant moss-grown pool, managed to crawl to his canoe, where his son awaited him. He died after getting home, but he blamed the water for it more than the bear. would be useless for me to describe each particular route through this tangled network of lakes and rivers, lying between Timiskaming and Temagamingue, and northward to James' Bay, suffice to say, that, it is indeed a hunter's Paradise, the fisherman's Elysium, and that accustomed as I am to a life in the bush, I enjoy a iew days amongst the game and the bass there as I can enjoy myself in no other spot on this earth.

Forest Protection and Its Bearings Upon Fish and Game Preservation.

At the annual meeting of the North American Fish & Game Protective Association the following paper on this important subject was contributed and read by Dr. J. T. Finnie of Montreal:—

The subject of my paper is one which should appeal not only to the sportsman, who spends his week, or two, of holiday in the woods; not alone to the settler who is struggling to make a new home for himself and family, but to every well-wisher of his country, no matter under

what flag he may be. Much has been laid against the hunter, who, in too many cases, is one whose only thought is where to go to secure most for the money and the time at his disposal, living really for what he can secure for himself, and with no thought for those who come after him.

If there is one duty more important than another, in the present condition of the game preserves of this country, it is, to see that they are so protected, not alone from the hand of the "game hog", who is,

on every side so much in evidence as to cause us much alarm,-but there is a much more serious phase that is pressing itself upon those, who are anxiously guarding our fish and game interests, and that is the destruction by fire of our forests, that is annually taking place throughout the length and breadth of our land. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and no doubt the same applies to many of the States of the Union to the South of us, immense areas are destroyed by fire, that, in most cases, are entirely preventible. Much of the damage has been caused by leaving camp without taking the precaution to quench the fire; the thoughtless smoker who may throw away a "butt" of a cigar still aglow, the rakings of a pipe, a match thrown among the dry material, which is so plentiful in the woods, particularly in the Spring and Fall-all have helped to swell the amount of damage to our woodlands, which I fear neither time nor money can replace, at best not for a hundred years. Vast numbers of our game, both great and small, have been destroyed, and the cover for those that are left has been reduced, just by the area that fire has removed.

There is no denying the fact, that the individual with a gun, who goes into the woods to shoot, is rapidly increasing in number, and unless something is done to instruct such, upon the great danger of fire, we cannot look for anything like a complete stoppage of these periodical conflagrations. That the protection of our forests is now becoming a live question with our Provincial and State Governments, is evident on every side; printed instructions are being plentifully distributed in many parts of the Dominion, which are acknowledged to be doing much good; firewardens are also recognized as being indispensable throughout our timber country; and the Province of Ontario has been particularly active in this respect. out adequate protection to our woods, our game will rapidly disappear, so also will our beautiful fish from our inland waters, as without our bush lands we would have arid soil, diminished streams, and depleted lakes, all would naturally follow, as a sequel, to the soil, denuded of its trees. Then by all means let this Association press upon the different Governments, appertaining to the Provinces and States, the need of urging upon all, who seek our woods the great danger from fire.

It has done more damage to our forests, by ten times over, than the woodman's axe, has decimated our herds of gameand to the country the financial loss runs up into hundreds of millions of dollars. Nature has been most lavish in her gifts to us, of forest and stream, lakes and rivers, and it is 'our duty to see that they are safe-guarded from the hand of the vandal, whether it be in the form of the careless hunter, the fire fiend, or the reckless settler. The area of forest land that is annually destroyed by fire, is something that the ordinary citizen does not contemplate or grasp. Its value to the country, is beyond calculation—to name it in millions is simply to express it in the most modest way. By returns published last year, the damage done by fire in the various Provinces of the Dominion in 1903 was as follows:-

Nova Scotia.—Area burned, 300,000 acres; direct loss estimated at \$2,000,000; the prospective loss beyond calculation. The official report also states that the fish and game will likely become a thing of the past, if the fires continue as they have done in the years 1902 and 1903.

New Brunswick—In 1903 the estimated loss by fire 180,000,000 feet of timber; one village destroyed, besides large losses in private property—not forgetting that the productiveness of the soil for forest purposes is put beyond the possibility of repair for a century at least.

Ontario—Over one hundred fires occurred in 1903, but not of an extensive character, and what with hundreds of fire rangers throughout the Province, and also an arrangement with the Railway Commissioners, in case of fire along the line of construction, of any railroad—it is agreed to employ all the railway men in suppressing the fire, and half the expense will be paid by such Commission.

Ontario paid in 1903 \$31,000 for fire protection.

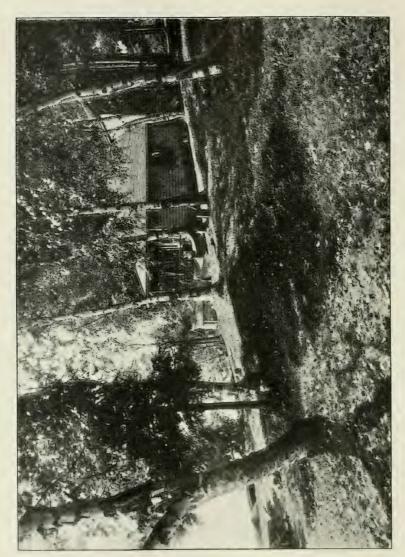
Quebec—In the same year 200 square miles of territory were devastated by fire, and the Province spent \$17,000 in forest protection. The department is fully alive



ONE OF OUR AIREDALE TERRIERS.
"Bear in the Big Bend."



NEAR MOUTH OF BOBCAYGEON RIVER.
Pigeon Lake, Bobcaygeon, Ont.



BOBCAVGEON, ONT. Excellent fishing, Spring Bank, a typical summer resort on Pigeon Lake.

to the need of watchfulness and promptness in subduing any outbreak, as this asset of the Province is the most valuable that it possesses.

With regards to the Western Provinces the same report comes in of destruction, but on a smaller scale.

Now gentlemen, in giving you the foregoing figures it is self evident that if in one year damage to that extent has been done, and if the same thing were to go on year by year, it would not take long before all the cover for our game would be gone forever, and as a consequence, the inland waters would no longer give us the fish in abundance, which they have heretofore been doing.

Let us fully realise the bearing that forest protection has to game preservation, and ever remember how grave a matter it is, when wandering in the woods, to carelessly leave a spark of fire, in any form, and lose no opportunity to fully impress the same upon all whose business or pleasure should bring them to sojourn in our bush land.

The efforts being made towards 1e-affores-

tation deserve all the encouragement possible, and we trust the work will go on under proper scientific supervision, and to some extent, in time, the result will help, in some measure, to compensate for the wanton destruction which has been going on, for so long, in the Eastern Provinces. The day has now come, when, what is left is being guarded to a greater or less extent, and areas of the Western Country are also being planted with millions of young trees, which another generation will appreciate and of which they will reap the benefit.

To those who are engaged in this good work, let us give all the encouragement possible. The full results cannot be actually seen by those who are carrying it out, but they certainly can be inferred, and mean a great deal to the country at large—not alone perpetuating a valuable asset, but preserving to us the present climatic conditions, our water ways, and supplying a constant source of pleasure to the lover of nature. By all means go on with the good work!

How Best to Form Public Opinion as to the Need of Fish and Game Protective Laws.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG, Montreal,

This paper was read at the annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, held at St. John, N. B., in February, 1905:—

At the last annual dinner of the Quebec Fish and Game -Protective Association a paper was read in which the Provincial Government was deservedly censured for its inaction in the matter of the protection of fish and game in the Province of Quebec. As I heard the paper the realization came home to me very strongly of the duty resting upon all good sportsmen and patriots of educating public opinion upon the policy which we, as a Protective Association, advocate. So long as his constituents are indifferent, the average representative of the public does not concern himself about such matters at all.

When no request to vote for these laws is proffered by those who send him to Congress or Parliament he is not likely to take up such matters of his own accord. The voter therefore is the man we must get at. How can that best be done? We may be able to do it successfully by working hard on these lines viz:- We must educate him by letters to the local papers, supplemented by talks in schoolhouses and other centres in the districts where the poaching and indiscriminate slaughter of fish and game is most generally practised. The idea is prevalent on both sides of the line that protective laws are made entirely in the interests of the rich, and that they press hard on the poor man. The labour organizations have come out strongly against all preserves

held by clubs or private individuals. There may be some argument against preserves but fish and game protection is not injurious to the poor man. We know the contrary to be the case, and what we want is to educate the settler and the poor mav up to the same view. Once we can get the people to understand this we shall be able to accomplish great things. I think that the different Provincial and State Governments should be memorialized to appoint some qualified person, in every way fitted for the work, to lecture for six nights in the week in the different schools of the district to be converted, and in this way to create a healthy public opinion upon the subject. I feel certain that most, if not all, the railways would agree to give such a man free transportation, that the trustees of the several schools would agree to grant the free use of their schools, that the results would be to popularize the policy of the protection of fish and game; and to make many men as eager to promote it as they are now indifferent or opposed to it. We might get the people's representatives to vote for this appointment. If the voter can be shown that it is directly to his personal interest to make his section of the country as attractive to outsiders as possible, and particularly to retain and protect the popular features of fishing and shooting, he is likely to change his present view to one more in accord with that held by the members of this Association. The voter should be shown that every acre of water ought to be and can be made as profitable as every acre of land, and to bring this about all that is needed are good protective laws, and their strict enforcement. Re-stocking will be necessary in certain cases. But where the fish and game are still plentiful they can be easily protected by the good behaviour of the settlers and other local inhabitants. Netting and other illegal means of fishing will soon be stopped if once it is made clear to the settler that his neighbour, who resorts to illegal means of shooting and fishing, is really robbing him and those around him. He is not only spoiling the fishing and shooting for outsiders, but also for himself and his neighbours as well. There would be fishing and shooting for every one, and plenty for

all, if each individual would be satisfied with his share of rod and line fishing, and if he were contented to see the laws necessary for the continued existence of both fish and game maintained in full force. The settler should be told that all the rod and line fishing that may be done by settlers and visitors in season will not injure the fishing. But he should have it pointed out to him that when a neighbor brings home a wagon load of fish, say brook trout, a sleigh load of deer, or six or seven moose, such a man has taken not merely his own share, but also the shares of several of his neighbours, and has injured those neighbours by taking for his own use what really belonged to them as well. Once let him be thoroughly convinced on this point, and he will then lend his help to pen up all such "fish and game hogs." Penned up they should be; imprisoned and not fined. It is this point that we want to drive home to the mind and heart of the individual settler, and the result will be such an awakening of public opinion that members of Legislatures, as well as the spoliators will have to change their tactics. A lecturer who would do such missionary work as I have suggested should be in a position to show how many millions of dollars are annually spent in the State of Maine (for instance) by reason of its position as a great fish game country. Other localities might easily share in the large profits made by that State if only they protected their fish and game.

I should like to see branches of this Association formed in as many centres as possible and supplied with literature on the subject. We might get the Orders of Foresters, the Elks, the Woodmen, the Redmen, and other Orders that have features seemingly in sympathy with our ideals to render us assistance in our crusade.

But the greatest and strongest lever to use with the voter is to show him that we are considering his interest in the matter, and that he has in only too many instances been going against his own interests in his mistaken sympathy for the game-law-breaker whom he has wrongly considered as a victim. I have myself, as an amateur, done a little of this missionary

work, and my success has been such as to assure me that if it were done on a considerable scale a great change in public opinion would speedily take place. I have found the backwoods settler quite amenable to reason on this matter, and very ready to see that the movement is in his own interest when it is carefully pointed out to him.

A DIGRESSION ABOUT GUIDES.

The Provincial and State authorities should everywhere be asked to make a list of men qualified to act as guides. The lecturer or writer who may be engaged to educate public opinion as to the necessity of fish and game protection should also impress upon the men selected as guides the importance of the fact that when their time is engaged and paid for by others that the said time belongs to those who so engage and pay for it. Many of these are gentlemen and ladies who are helpless, or nearly so, in the woods, and have to place great dependence upon their guides. It is the duty of these men, and they

should be so taught, to attend to all the wants of their patrons, to carry all the packs and canoes over the portages, put up the tents, to make nice beds of brush, and to have the food well prepared and served before attending to their own wants. These guides should also be shown that in this way they can take what is really a holiday to them, that they can be boys again in the woods for a week or two, and get paid for it. They can also have the further advantage of obtaining generally the largest share of the meat and fish secured by visitors who are often satisfied with having their own immediate wants supplied, and securing trophies of the hunt.

I hope this little paper will be followed by a debate and that one result may be a concentrated effort to get at the voter and secure his support by the quickest and most effective way. If we gain the electors the Legislatures will follow, and we shall secure not only good protective laws, but what is of even greater importance, the good will and zeal of the settlers in their enforcement.

From Timagami to Wanapitei—A Useful Log.

By G. W. CREELMAN.

Never did a more enthusiastic group of voyageurs start on a journey through the forest than the members of the Keewaydin Canoe Club last August, when twenty members of the Club left the camp headquarters on Devil's Island, Timagami Lake, Ontario, Canada, for Wanapitei. We had plans to go to Wanapitei in canoe, a distance of 110 miles, and thence by train to the Winnebago Siding. There we anticipated that we were to start upon that famous canoe trip on the Mississagua river Feeling ran high on that Monday morning, Aug. 8th, 1904, on account of the great and glorious prospect ahead, and because we were to take two trips not often taken. Then, too, we read our good fortune in the eyes of our less fortunate companions who were to be left behind.

We were a happy and jolly company for

we knew each other for good workers and enthusiastic campers. We felt sure that the spirit of the expedition would be of the best. For had we not all been off on trips before together, up the Menjamicosippi—the trout stream—and did we not all have a magnificent time? But that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

Our comrades started out with us to help us along over the first portages into Obabika Lake. From Devil's Island we paddled westward for about four miles and made the portage into the end of the north west arm of Timagami. Then through Obabika Bay we paddled to the portage into Obabika. These portages are all excellent and evidently much used. Here at the end of the portage we lunched together and after the dishes were washed we bade goodbye to our club mates, giving each a hear-

ty hand-shake. We also had to say goodbye to our very excellent Indian guides, Michele Cat, Charlie Moore and Big Paul. These Indians in the course of our stay among them from year to year have become more than guides to us. I suppose I have few firmer or more faithful friends than old Big Paul. He is a type of old woods Indian fast disappearing. He has lived all his life hunting and trapping for the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Bear Island, and I believe he never went as a guide until we found him out. He is a born teacher, anxious to teach us his native Ojibway and all the forest secrets at once.

If we were sorry to leave these guides behind, we rejoiced in like manner at the splendid men we had with us, Francois Le Clair and Big Joe Levigne of Mattawa. Joe is said to be seventy years of age, but no one believes it. He has the good sense and good humor of Big Paul and he dearly loves a joke. Frank has been the Keewaydin head guide for three years now and we have his promise to be with us again. He is self-reliant, able, and a genuine leader. He can do anything in the woods and to see him with his canoe in a piece of rough water is a thing to remember.

The afternoon of that first day we spent on Obabika Lake. It is a lake of rare beauty and peculiar lonesomeness. Its magnificent vistas, bold, rocky shores and again its long stretches of beautiful white sandy beaches make it a rare lake. I have in days gone by spent more than one day camping leisurely on this wonderful lake with my friend, Big Paul, but its loneliness and remoteness never left me.

Late in the afternoon of that day we left Obabika and made a portage into Round Lake. This is a good portage, but has bad rocks in a couple of places. This night we camped on the terraced shore of Round Lake on the left hand side. That evening some of us fished! Timagami, Evelyn Anima, Nipissing, have been long famous for bass. Obabika has been described as the best bass lake in the world. They are all good lakes for bass. But little Round Lake has them all beaten. I shall not relate our success here, for I wish you to follow me further in my ramblings. I ima-

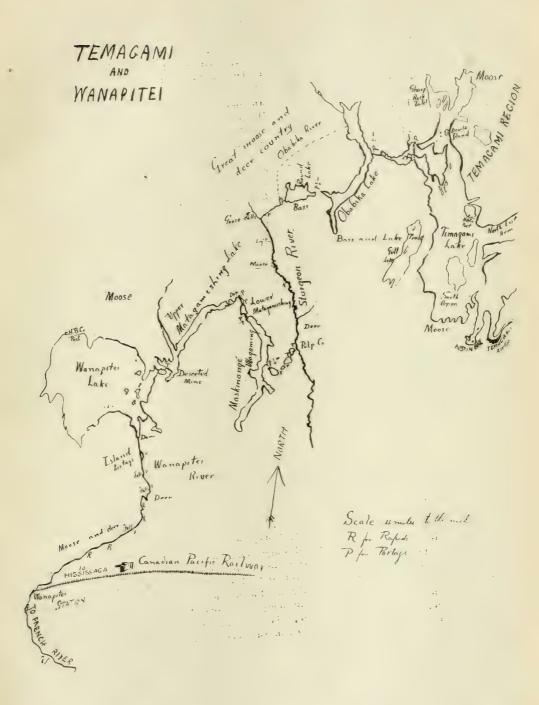
gined I had discovered a great fishing spot, but later on I found out that Big Paul knew all about it. I venture he never told any white men but us.

The next morning we were up bright and early, but it took us so long to fry both fish and rice cakes that we got a late start. We had some little trouble in finding the outlet of Round Lake, for it is ingeniously concealed in a mass of water reeds. The portage into the Obabika river is short and easy. Next came two more log jam portages. The first was short and pleasant. The next was longer-about half a mile. But it had not been cut out for a long time and had several bad jams in it. The Goose Falls portage into the Sturgeon river is another fairly stiff piece of work, although the trail is very good. At the end of the portage is an ideal camping ground within sound of the rushing waters of the falls. On this beautiful level peaceful retreat we camped, and from the big pool we captured an enormous pickerel.

The next day was rainy. We were all so much enraptured with our fun and so eager to be up and doing, that it required all of Frank's wisdom to persuade us to stay in camp. But even this day had its interests and its excitements for the Adjutant, going hunting, actually shot at a bear!

The next day we were eager to travel and we went down the Sturgeon for nearly 20 miles before dinner. The signs of game were as many as the signs of cattle in a cow pasture. Great deep "runways" everywhere showed where all sorts of wild creatures came down to drink. Directly after dinner we came to the headquarters of the Pulp Co. on the Sturgeon and here we bought some provisions from the employees of the company. At this point we said farewell to the Sturgeon and crossed over to Lake Maskinonge-Wogaming by a series of small lakes and portages. There were four lakes or ponds and five portages -only one long and that one was in good condition. That night we camped on a small lake, whose name we failed to catch. It wasn't really very much of a lake, but the water was good and Frank found us a very fair camping place.

Next morning a rather stiff portage brought us into Maskinonge-Wogaming Lake. Here we enjoyed a leisurely paddle



up the lake for six or eight miles. Few people visit this lake, yet it has its devoted admirers for all that. It seemed to me to be a lazy-hazy sort of a lake. Perhaps the day made me feel autumnal, at all events I am sure the dying trees on the shore made me feel that way. Some lumber company has put in a dam, and raising the water about six feet, has killed the trees near the shore. So this poor old lake has a fringed shore line, like a dignified, quiet old gentleman whose beard has developed the effects produced by the full "lace curtain" stage.

At the upper part of this lake we met stern and serious work. The water in the little stream was low and in many places the little rapids so troublesome that we simply had to get out and wade and pull the canoes along up after us. This afternoon we made five portages, all short some of them mere "lift-overs." The third portage was the bad one, bad because it was jammed full of big rocks and sharp boulders. These little troubles, however, did not hurt us any. We were out for just that sort of thing and we needed it to complete our round of experiences. That night we camped near a new lumber company's plant. They were very nice to us, selling us some of the last of their salt pork and giving a detachment of us five o'clock tea on a log. It was genial and sociable.

That night it rained some after the tents were up. But it did not hurt anything. It is only about once a season that the rain in the woods really hurts.

The next day we felt it necessary that some of the party should reach Wanapitei to meet Bill Harris, "the famous Mississagua guide." The Colonel, the Adjutant, and the Lieutenant undertook this task. Frank Le Clair gave such instruction as he could for he had been over a part of the route before, and the trio set out with a small map and compass.

That: day was a great day—a day that will linger long in our memories, full to the brim with every kind of excitement, travel and pleasure: After no little difficulty we found our way down on to the main body of Lake Matagamishing. At every two hours the voyageurs changed places in the boat, took a drink of water

and examined the map, all around. This was followed by the two hours vigorous paddling. On the second shift the little party reached Wanapitei Lake over two easy portages at about half past nine o'clock. At the head of Wanapitei we encountered some lumbermen who were heading, not driving, a fine bunch of logs into the little outlet artificially cut into the adjoining pond. The foreman of this lumbering gang was one of the most genial and natural swearers I have ever met. But there was little harm and no malice in it. We asked him about the distance to Wanapitei and the rapids down the river. He said that it was a --- good twentyfive miles of the - hardest kind of going. He said also that unless we were the - - best kind of paddlers we could never make it. Neither could we expect to shoot the rapids to any great extent. Then he went into great detail about the river, warning us of the treacherous falls at the bottom of Moose Rapids. Keenly excited by these unknown perils we set off across Wanapitei Lake, hugging the islands of the Eastern Shore to avoid a nasty wind: This lake is a gem, but rather too large to be always safe for a canoe. day we passed over it, we shipped some water in spite of our best efforts. 11.30 until 12.30 we lunched and rested and were up and at it again without much loss of time. So far we had found our map easy to read, but from the time we found the outlet into the Wanapitei River (which we did inside of an hour after lunch) we could make very little of our map. From the Island Portage to Wanapitei we could not recognize any single thing and there were all sorts of falls and rapids on the map.

After portaging around the dam we encountered some troublesome shallows. After a few miles of these shallows we came to Island Portage, a portage across an island around the Island Rapids. This is a long, steep and, at high water, an impassable rapid. We decided to run it, and we managed to negotiate it with fair success. A log across the current in the middle of the rapid drove us ashore and we finally managed to skirt it with very great effort. A rock at the very bottom gave us the most exciting moment of the summer.

Before we could turn to the side we were dashing headlong into this big sharp boulder. To this day none of us know how we managed to escape it. The other canoes in the Club had an amusing time at this rapid the next day, but at such low water no one could be hurt in it. One youngster lost a nice repeating shot gun and one crew got their boat badly smashed.

From this time on the fun came thick and fast. During the afternoon we portaged around four falls and ran several rapids of more or less difficulty. None of these rapids are dangerous. The worst that could possibly happen would be a hole in the boat, but that is excitement enough for most of us. The portages are all short and excellent in every way. They are big enough to drive a span of horses over them.

To run down a river for the first time is a pleasurable exercise, and one to be recommended to the person who has tired of other human interests. One is driven on and on to see more and more. Then one can never tell whether the noise around the bend is a nice exciting rapid to run or a nasty dirty little falls to portage. On these camping trips man seems very close to nature, battling with slender, but sufficient, weapons with old nature's wind and wave. Hunger, too, must be appeased and

shelter provided. Men in the cities hever realize this simple, elemental struggle and its keen human interest. I always feel that if everything and everybody went back on me and failed me, I could at all events "go back to the woods" cheerfully and live there for a while. Doubtless, I am very much mistaken in this notion. Yet it is to me very interesting.

During this memorable afternoon at different times we saw three deer. One was a big red buck with large horns still in the velvet. He was as large as a small moose. How slender, how graceful, how calm and dignified he looked as he stood watching us come up to him. We clapped our hands, fired a revolver and did everything we could to frighten him. After he had satisfied his curiosity he leisurely disappeared into the forest.

At about four o'clock we had our third meal of the day at an old logging camp. After bread, tea, bacon and cheese we were ready to make Wanapitei if possible. Presently we began to see signs of the old logging railroad, then we heard the whistle of the C. P. R. Just at dusk we did reach Wanapitei and three tired campers had a little supper, cooked in the dark, and lay down upon the hard earth to sleep—and that is the joy of it!

Down the Sturgeon River.

By a Member of the Band who followed Mr. Creelman from Timagami.

Four days from Devil's Island three canoes sped round a bend in the swift Sturgeon River. From the water twenty yards ahead sprang two cow moose. third stuck in the muddy bottom, and pawed valiantly, if unsuccessfully, at the steep sand bank, venting her disgust in a series of the most human grunts I ever heard a "dumb" beast utter. The canoes neared rapidly. "Polly" dug up a kodak and was desperately endeavouring to get the cow into the finder, when Old Paul swung the boat around giving her a tremendous slap with his paddle. Exit the moose, hastily. Tut laughed so hard he almost upset his canoe, while Old Paul shook like a jelly fish, and had his pipe not been firmly wedged in a gap left by a departed tooth it would have gone overboard, sure.

That evening we put up our tents on a sandy beach, made our bed of cedar boughs, for want of better, and cooked supper. I cannot truthfully say I enjoyed that meal—it was too gritty. The beans consisted mainly of sand; the oatmeal was very rich with it; while with the marmalade the stuff had mixed into a sticky mortar.

We had left Devil's Island in Lake Timagami, paddled through Obabika and Round Lakes, and had come to our present camping place by way of the Obabika River. From the rocky lake covered country we had emerged into a level, all too sandy section, where the pines were few, and the hard wood trees numerous. The forests here looked like those of the Middle States, lacking the sombre color common to most Northland woods.

After supper Tut and I took a gun and paddled up stream for some ducks. There were plenty of moose, deer, and bear tracks, but the ducks had all gone to their reed ponds for the night. The number of tracks along the banks was remarkable. Many places looked like cattle paths. and one could walk for miles along the stream treading in the footprint of some animal every step. As we were coming back there was a splash around a bend just When we reached the place there was a big bull moose standing knee deep in the water. As the canoe bore down he rushed squattering into the bushes, kicking sand all over us.

Upon gaining camp we found the other fellows smothering in smoke-filled tents, and peevishly cussing the "Skeeters." Nevertheless, after the insects were smoked out, we slept in peace, for with sand shoveled over the ground edge of the tent, and a tight flap, one may bid defiance to the most enterprising mosquito on the river.

By evening of the next day we reached Goose Falls. It is a charming place; the river pours down a rocky ledge forty feet high into a circular land locked pool. The water is stained brown by the logs, and

this somewhat spoils the effect. There we found the hind feet of a deer among the remains of a camp. Fire Rangers must have passed this way. Being Game Wardens they are the only persons who can safely kill deer out of season. We begged Doc Fisher to take a bath to day. He refused, but upset his canoe next morning. Fisher was our colored cook and was all right.

Half a day's paddle down stream brought us to a rather hard portage. Starting from a poor landing place, the trail led up a steep bluff to a broad table land. The trees had been burnt off half a century before, and the stumps, rotting out, had left the ground covered with a tangle of low bushes. Here and there the growth was trampled and broken, showing where a bear had come after blueberries. Half way across the carry I met Old Paul. who remarked with a genial, berry-stained grin, "Mino gijigad nishishin portage." "Sure-maacha anishinabi," I answered. Then my tump strap slipped, and when my pack landed the string broke, spilling half its contents on the path. As troubles never come singly, Sam passed just then and dropped the 'bacon for me to carry. My load now amounted to about half a ton. But at the end of the portage Doc. and "Polly" were cooking up a dinner fit for a walking delegate. Then a long cool smoke in the shade of a choke-cherry bush, and a good swim after that. Well, if you haven't tried it, you can't appreciate it.

RICHARD DOUGLAS,

Keewaydin Camps, 1904.

The Delights of the Mississagua.

IA GUIDE'S DESCRIPTION.

Mr. John J. Huston, of Thessalon, Ont., sends the following description of the Mississagua country and its attractions. It is evident from his description that his feelings have been deeply stirred by his experiences:—

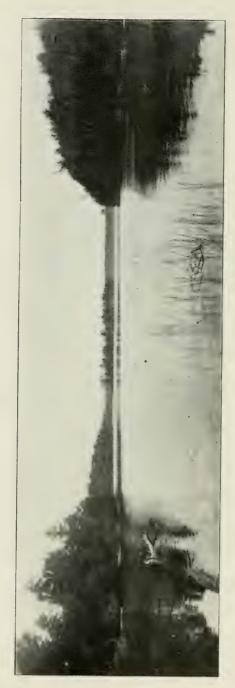
Whoever avails himself or herself of a trip down, the Mississagua will without doubt feel well repaid by the sights they will witness at every bend of the river. They will see nearly all along mighty peaks rising in the distance, with timbered hill sides closer to them, and these ever changing as the river rolls on. This ever varying scenery adds to the pleasure of those who glide down this beautiful river with its swift waters and numerous rapids, either in a sheet of birch bark, or in a canoe made of strips of cedar covered with canvas. To stick to the river alone,



BOBCAYGEON, ONT.

Spring Bank,—a hundred points on Pigeon Lake are as suitable as this for cottages.

Excellent Bass and Maskinonge water.



BAV ON LAKE WAQUEKOBING, NEAR THE MISSISSAGUA RIVER. Selected for the Home Camp of the Canadian Club.

however, gives one only glimpses of the outskirts as it were of this fine country. There are many tributary streams, all of which have something to offer in the way of fishing and hunting, and scenic surroundings, that have not yet been visited by any canoeist.

Most of these streams contain clear water and come tumbling down into the mighty river over smaller rapids than those of the Mississagua. If they are followed up it will be found that they usually lead into a lake, or chains of lakes, which are often accessible to the River by means of Indian trails. One or more of each of these chains of lakes will be found to be stocked with trout, the remainder with bass and red pike.

Although I never spend any time fishing for sport, I usually have done some fishing on all the many trips I have made exploring and prospecting for minerals in that section, and often I have had to depend entirely upon the fish in these lakes and streams for my meat supply. The Indians have told me that other lakes further back, that I have not been able to visit, are well stocked with trout.

About twelve miles above Squaw Chute a stream comes into the River from the East, and some distance further up a trail leaves the River and leads to a beautiful lake which, from the clearness of its water is called Clear Water Lake, or Waukematogoming. It is about six miles long by five wide, and abundantly supplied with trout and pike. The pike in this clear, cool water are quite different from what are found in the river or Upper Lakes. They are very lively when hooked, and offer as much sport as a black bass. meat is firm and sweet, pink in color, and excellent to taste. The trail to Clear Water Lake is fairly good, but many of the other connections are difficult to follow. Clear Water can be reached from Thessalon by wagon road and trail, as can also the Little Thessalon and Lake Petrolia. A considerable stretch of water on the Little Thessalon is fit for canoeing. I have never caught speckled trout in Clear Water Lake, yet they may be there, but there are plenty of other trout, and the very finest. There are other lakes and streams in the vicinity of Clear Water, which are well stocked with trout and other fish. This applies equally to Snowshoe Creek and its source of small lakes.

Trout are also found to the West of the River in Otter Township, where every lake and stream contains the red beauties. Another lake, very similar in appearance to Clear Water, which has its outlet into the west branch, is somewhat promising, as I have caught speckled trout by dragging a hook behind a canoe.

A trail leaves the river just below the first Falls above Squaw Chute and leads to the main Thessalon River, in the upper waters of which there is excellent trout fishing. No doubt some of the best trout fishing or at least the easiest reached at present is to be found in the upper waters of the East or White River branch of the Mississagua, as nearly all the streams and small lakes that outlet to it are abundantly supplied with those speckled beauties. The headwaters of this river are accessible to the Mississagua by trail from either Minnesinaqua or Clear Water Lakes or one can paddle up from Slate Falls.

About five miles below Squaw Chute a trail leads to the head of the Little Thessalon, which not very long ago was the greatest trout stream and beaver haunt in this country. Each season several strings of from one to three pounds trout are taken from Lake Petrolia, and in the stream below I have seen four men catch four hundred trout in less than two hours, in about half a mile of the stream. Many good strings of trout are yet taken from there every season and fresh beaver cuttings are still to be seen along the banks.

I have never yet been to Stewart Lake. The trail that I mentioned as leading to the main Thessalon is the only connection of which I know. Stewart Lake is north of Desbarats and is reached from there by wagon road and canoe. It is one of a fine bunch of Lakes. There you find bass and speckled trout in the same lake.



Our Medicine Bag.

We had the pleasure of meeting again in New York, those veteran sportsmen, Dr. Robt. T. Morris and Mr. Dan Beard. To meet them is as pleasant as to read their books. Have you read Hopkin's Pond?

The Canadian Camp have selected the Timagami, French River and Mississagua—Desbarats region as their happy hunting grounds. Most of their five hundred members will be seen next summer in what they call the hunting grounds of America.

We are continually asked for distances to Hudson's Bay. The distance from Missanabie Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway west of Sudbury, to New Brunswick Post is fifty miles, from New Brunswick Post to Moose Factory 250 miles, Moose Factory is on the Moose River quite close to James Bay. Returning via Abbittibi, the difference in distance is not great. Personally we prefer going via Abbittibi and returning via Missanabi.

We are glad to notice that an honorarium of one hundred dollars was voted to Mr. E.T.D. Chambers, the Secretary-Treasurer of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association at their annual meeting at St. John, N.B. Several of the members testified to the excellent work done by Mr. Chambers in the interests of sport, and to that testimony "Rod and Gun" cheerfully adds its quota. Mr. Chambers has proved himself a pleasant and informing writer on sporting topics, a good all round sportsman, and a most zealous official.

About twenty canoe trips in the district of Northern Ontario are described in "Camping and Canoeing," a book written by a canoeist, who has taken every trip he describes and who writes a most useful and entertaining manual. Michie & Co., Toronto, Canada, who make campers' supplies a specialty, have the book for sale at 50 cents per copy and have also inaugurated a system of charts by which they can supply a description of a 'rip sufficiently

"Rod and Gun" will give a free notice of one line to every guide in good standing. It will also keep a black list of guides against whom well founded complaints have been made. No guide will be placed in this list, however, until he has had an opportunity of stating his side of the matter, because we are quite well aware that there are unreasonable sportsmen and tourists, as well as cross-grained guides.

Mr. F. Coburn, the well-known ornithologist of Birmingham, England, has made an expedition to British Columbia, for the purpose of adding to his ornithological collection, which is said to be the most complete in the world, and is the result of fifteen years' work. Mr. Coburn, who has a series of groups depicting the life and history of every species of bird which has visited Great Britain, thus sums up the fruits of his expedition:—

"During this period I have procured and preserved the very large number of 635 specimens, chiefly birds. These represent about 150 species, of which 36 are amongst the most rare of British birds, and 114 British Columbian forms. Of the British birds I have secured about 21 complete life histories, and of the other section 22, giving the great total of 43 life histories. Several of the British Columbian forms will be new to the entire province, having escaped the notice of all previous observers. Amongst the British birds I have two phases of plumage hitherto unknown to science."

Mr. Coburn speaks in the highest terms of the assistance he received from the officials of the British Columbia Government, and all the settlers with whom he came in contact.

comprehensive for a novice to pilot his way unguided. These charts are all privately prepared and each trip revised by men who have been over the ground and Michie & Co. supply blue-print copies at a small charge.

The Chief Game Warden of Quebec reports that during the hunting season of 1904 over a thousand red deer and sixtytwo moose were killed in the northern part of the district comprising Pontiac and Ottawa counties. The district does not include Timagami, French River, Mississaga, Desbarats, or other portions of the New Ontario sections from which no report has been made. The Chief Game Warden also reports an increase in the number of wolves. The Quebec Government ought certainly to increase its bounty on wolf scalps; it should be made equal at least to that given by the Ontario Government.

We are glad to see that the Game Protective Associations are spreading. Nelson, B.C., has an active Association which is petitioning the Provincial Government for amendments of the present game laws. Complaints are going in to the Government officials that the Indians of British Columbia are wiping out the sock eye salmon. This is done before spawning time and in a wholesale manner. The Indians are up in arms about it, but the firm management of the Government will make them obey the law, and also compensate them for any damage they may receive for the curtailing of what may be considered as their rights and privileges.

Mr. Francis Kermode, curator of the Provincial Museum, Victoria, B. C., is the zealous naturalist, who has been distinguished by the discovery of a new species of bear. It is a creamy white skinned little animal—not the polar bear or any relation of his—and is found twenty-three hundred miles further south than any polar bear has ever been found. His present habitat is the region drained by the Naas and Skeena Rivers in northern British Columbia. Mr. Kermode deserves the high

The Malcolm Manufacturing Company of Syracuse, New York, are sending out a handsome little pamphlet, describing the perfected Malcolm Rifle Telescope. All interested in telescopes for target practice, will do well to write for a copy of this most useful little publication. It contains a great deal of information, not only a-

honor that has been conferred upon him by naming the bear after him.

Canada still has great stretches of country entirely unexplored whose animal life is not known. How many and how large these are that man knows who attempts to make maps of new canoe trips, as the writer has done.

The "Western Daily Press" of Bristol, (England) has been publishing a series of articles on "Canada for English Sportsmen." The following extracts from one of them shows how highly the sporting possibilities of Canada have commended themselves to this correspondent:—

"There is no finer game country in Central Canada than north of Ottawa. No comparison can be made between Scotland or Norway and Canada for true sport. The chief attractions in Canada are moose, deer, and bear, but for those who do not care for these, winged game will be found everywhere. What is called partridge here is not the English partridge; it is larger, heavier, plumper, and preferable in every way. The best variety of what is called partridge is really the Canadian ruffled grouse. Another variety, a handsomer bird, but not so good to eat, is the spruce partridge.

By the courtesy of Mr. George H. Ham, chief of the press department, Canadian Pacific Railway, I have received the company's compilations relating to sport. One of the most striking of the series is the "Sportsmen's Map," showing where game and fish abound in the Dominion of Canada and adjacent American States, the portion belonging to Uncle Sam comprising a comparatively narrow strip along the Canadian frontier."

There have been changes effected in the Manitoban Game Acts this session. The hunting season for deer of all kinds has been shortened from one month to fifteen days—that is from December 1st to Decem-

bout the Malcolm Telescopes, but about the use of the telescope in general, which cannot fail to be of interest to riflemen. This Company manufactures four kinds of telescopes, varying in cost from eight to twenty-four dollars.

ber 15th, which is now the open season. All persons, whether resident or non-resident, now require a permit to shoot deer. This permit has to be returned at the end of the open season accompanied by an affidavit declaring the numbers and the sexes of the animals shot. The season for muskrat hunting has also been shortened, and it now extends from January 1st to May 8th. The duck shooting season has been curtailed as well. September 25th is now the opening day for both duck and prairie chicken shooting in Manitoba. Section 11 of the Game Act allowing deer and other animals to be taken and kept for domestication is repealed. No non-resident can now get a permit for exporting more than one hundred geese and swans, and fifty ducks, while grouse, prairie chickens and partridge are entirely prohibited from exportation. While there is no country that has a larger number of first rate sportsmen than the United States, it has also unfortunately a class of so called sportsmen, who would be more correctly termed "butchers." Against the inroads of these people the Province has been compelled to raise the fees from \$25 to \$100 for non-residents. The necessity for such an act is exceedingly regrettable.

The annual report of the New Brunswick Tourist Association has just been issued, and is a very complete document of its kind. New Brunswick offers many attractions to the tourist, and with the steady and comprehensive work of this Association these are bound to become known to an ever widening field. Despite all the efforts of the Association however, the progress made last year was but small, and this fact is attributed to three reasons—the cold and backward summer, the St. Louis Fair, and the Presidential election in the States. The work of the Association is spread over a very wide field, and

We have received the advance sheets of an interesting publication called "The Keewaydin Club's Camps and Trips."

The booklet will be sent free upon application to

A. S. Gregg Clarke, Director, Asheville, North Carolina. advertising with them is conducted as a fine art. Their advertising matter is all good, and is valued accordingly. We quite agree with the Committee that to spend money in this manner is far more effective than to fritter it away in cheap productions that are speedily thrown away and forgotten. The general effect of the work of the Association is well illustrated by the following comparison of license fees paid to the Government which figures are well worthy of reproduction in "Rod and Gun":—

1896		 \$	102.00
1897		 \$	182.00
1898		 	1824.00
1899		 	4731.00
1900		 	6485.00
1901	*******	 	8442.00
1902		 	10,855.00
1903		 	16,155.00
1904	*******	 	16,216.53

One more case of wonderful cure is to be placed to the credit of the Canadian woods, and the open air prescription has been again completely justified by results. Mr. King, who is one of the insurance magnates of Indianapolis, has been in failing health for some years. Doctors and patent breakfast foods did their best or their worst, and he was reduced to such a state that he could scarcely carry a gun. At this stage of his illness he read about the rejuvenating powers of the northern woods, and dubious though he was as to the applicability of the cure to his case, he came north. Fortunately for him he became known to those who had personally tried and benefited by the same cure. and although his case seemed desperate, they had faith in their prescription, and urged it upon him. Still doubting, he consented to try, and accordingly having provided himself with a guide and an outfit he started for the woods. His advisers themselves had but little faith that he would carry the experiment through. Six weeks later the invalid appeared before them a new man. Instead of a weak, debilitated nervous man, they beheld a healthy vigorous sportsman, whose very handshake testified to the beneficient change the open air life in the woods had wrought in him. He had now discarded patent breakfast foods

and three meals a day, for solid fare and four substantial meals. He expressed deep gratitude to his advisers for their advice, and his thankfulness for having had the courage to carry it out. He had not only been able to eat, but what was still better, to enjoy, the plain fare of the woods. He caught his own fish, and his enthusiasm as he recounted his catches of bass and trout, dressed, cooked, and ready to be eaten in twenty minutes after being taken out of the water, was infectious, and set his hearers longing to be themselves partaking of that luscious fare. Mr. King also proudly exhibited his trophies, which for a sick man, made a capital display. These included a moose head, with an antler spread of fifty-four inches, a couple of moose hams (to give his friends at home a taste of the food that in his opinion beat all patent breakfast foods), the skins of a black bear and a red deer. The district Mr. King visited was the north of Lake Timiskaming, and in speaking of his experiences there, he declared it to be a veritable "sportsmen's paradise" and said that all sportsmen who followed his example must be grateful to the Canadian Pacific Railway for opening up such a district to them.

At the Sportsman's Snow in New York, I had occasion to watch the ways of the carpenters. They would not work at all on Saturday afternoon, but were anxious to come on at night or on Sunday morning at \$1 per hour. One large employer said, I want to work all night Saturday, but the afternoon off means the saloon and the men are no use to me on Saturday night. I will employ the sober ones on Sunday morning. I must say that the men I employed were smart and sober and I rather sympathised with the half noliday idea in spite of its abuse by many.

I met Mr. L. O. Armstrong of the Canadian Pacific, Mr. Smith, representing the New Brunswick government; Mr. Chambers who is there on behalf of Quebec, Mr. Charlton of the Grand Trunk, Mr. Creighton of the Intercolonial, and Mr. Chaffee of the Richelieu and Ontario Company.

My patriotism was gratified to see that Canada was seven-eights of the Sportsman's Show. Now let us hope that Canadians, whether they be of the governing class or the governed, will do their utmost to preserve our laws about protecting fish and game and forest.

In the Canadian exhibit, I saw such leading men as Dr. R. T. Morris, I. W. Addicks, Dan Bears and many other leaders in finance and sport.

Wm. and James Brewster, the Banff guides, who won the competition in throwin the diamond hitch three years ago, are doing a great deal for British Columbia. They are quiet gentlemanly fellows and have won many friends among society men in New York. Some of these are capitalists, who have invested money in the Brewster enterprise, and who can furnish what the Canadian Rockies have wanted badly for a long time, viz:—Men, horses, canoes and outfits for parties of all kinds and of any number.

It would be well if Rod and Gun published a very complete list of Canadian guides, in every province from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I find that a great many Americans not only take the magazine, but read it.

We publish the following letter from Mr. Shudham S. Hill, who holds the position of Fleet Paymaster in the Royal Navy, and who writes strongly on the question of fishing clubs. There is an argument on the other side, and our columns will be open to whoever will present it in a fair and sportsmanlike way. This is the letter:—

2 Fabrique Street, Quebec,

Jan. 12, '05.

To the Editor of Rod and Gun in Canada:

Sir,—I have always been fond of sport of all kinds, more especially fishing and shooting. I therefore wish to lay before you what I consider the most iniquitous laws by which a few to the detriment of thousands are debarred from the privilege of fishing and shooting over the greater part of opened country in this Province, by clubs.

charged \$1.00 license..... \$2,449

Say 5,0	000 wish	to salmon	fish \$5	
license	e			25,000
3,000 a	liens, \$30	0.00 'license		90,000

\$197,449

Present income to Government, minus \$8,000 to the guardians . 37,212

Increase to Government... ... \$160,237

By this arrangement a right and only justice would be conferred upon 82,449 tax-payers and a gain to Government of \$160,-237, and allowing a sixth (\$26,706) of this to pay guardians, keep boats and roads in repair a net profit of \$133,531 over and above all expenses.

Almost the whole of the surveyed lands of the Province excepting the Park are leased to some 373 clubs and fisheries of an average of six members; in all 2,238 persons, to the exclusion and injustice of the rights of 1,648,898, the present population of the Province.

Who are these 2,238 that monopolize nearly all the lakes and rivers? Nearly half are aliens.

In some clubs a territory of many square miles, including some dozen of lakes and rivers is leased for some \$50 to some six members. In the same reserve there is ample fishing and shooting for hundreds for the few days yearly that they have time for sport.

Many of the clubs have erected expensive houses and made passes to the several lakes. These would not be in any way interfered with until the lease expired, then the Government could remunerate the clubs for their outlay.

At the expiration of leases the Government could improve and enlarge these club houses, leaving them in charge of guardians and charging a small fee per day to those who would occupy them and use the boats. These rents would pay the guardians. These guardians ought to be trustworthy and well paid, and live there summer and winter.

If sportsmen did not wish to go to the expense of making use of the club house, they could bring their own tents or fit up a shelter as they might require, but all to pay for the use of the boats.

By these means I feel certain a better return from all lakes and rivers would be the case, for one and all would see that his neighbour fished and shot legally.

Many of the lakes are swarming with cannibal fish such as lunge, and these ought to be exterminated if possible.

Lunge from six pounds to twenty pounds are hardly ever caught by ordinary means. These live entirely on trout and other small fish.

One of these fish is responsible for the loss of thousands of trout that would take the fly.

Nets of a mesh that would take nothing below a six pound fish might be used by the guardians for the capture of such vermin as the lunge.

Fish passes or ladders are not in many of the dams, consequently salmon that would go up to good spawning beds are now prevented and of course not increasing, which they would do if access over or through these dams was given them according to law.

I am told the United States sportsmen spend a large sum at these clubs, which benefits the Province—so they may spend a few thousands, but my plan would give twenty times the income, for I feel sure by having the before mentioned rules carried out, not one sportsman would stop coming, but it would bring an increased number when they knew they were not restricted to one place for their sport as is now the case.

Some from the States to whom I have spoken told me they did not care a straw about the fish they would eatch, but they liked to get into the wilds of the country for a change.

My plan would answer this.

At present they are restricted to certain parts and those parts only, for hardly can any one go a quarter of a mile or so, but he is told, "you are on such and such club ground."

Again, who are these clubmen? Men with money, so that a poor man like myself cannot join.

Many Canadians, members of clubs, to whom I have told these proposals, said they would gladly see them carried out, as clubs entailed heavy expenses, but unless they belonged to one or other club, they would have no fishing or shooting.

Some of the clubs are established as a

speculation, as the following advertisements will show:—

FISHING RIGHTS FOR SALE. The unexpired lease of one of the best sea trout rivers (the Escuminac) in the Province of Quebec. Easily accessible. Terms low. For particulars inquire of J. W. Barney, Southboro, Mass.

FOR LEASE—ONE OF THE BEST Salmon rivers in Canada. Will accomodate four rods. Address I. W. Adams,93 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

Such being the case, why are the rights of every citizen to fish and shoot so bartered away?

From time immemorial from the foot of Montmorency Falls to the River St. Lawrence has been fished by the public (I myself have fished there for 20 years.) Now all is stopped by the Quebec Light, and Power Co., who have no more right to

stop it than they have to stop a person walking the public roads, but such is the power of money over justice and right.

Trout under 5½ inches in length ought not to be caught. I have seen several pounds of trout taken, from four inches to five inches in length, certainly not for eating, but to brag of numbers caught.

The foregoing I laid before the Minister of Marine and Fisheries last year, when I was informed "The Department is not prepared to take any steps at present in the way you suggest."

I would call the attention of all voters at elections, when they will have it in their power, to have these unjust laws cancelled by insisting upon the members promising to do so. Then would one and all be able to have some fishing and shooting and the Province be many thousands of dollars to the good over the present income.

We have just received the new Marlin Catalog for 1905 containing full details of Marlin repeating rifles, 22 to 45 calibre, and Marlin repeating shotguns, 12 and 16 gauge. It also has a section on ammunition, giving proper loads of black and smokeless powders and telling what bullets may be used in the various sizes. A third section has chapters devoted to "Care of Rifle," "Sighting Rifles," "Reloading Ammunition," "Low Pressure Powders," "High Power Powders," "How to Lubricate Bullets," Accuracy, Velocity, Trajectory and Penetration," "The Choice

of a Rifle" and many other similar topics.

The cover is in colors, showing two hunters sitting on a log resting and waiting for the savory meal looking over the camp-fire, their guns and dog close at hand, while one graphically relates to the other the story of "A Great Shot."

You can get a copy of this 128-page book with hundreds of illustrations, by mentioning this paper and sending three stamps for postage to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.





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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA does not assume any responsibily for, or necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

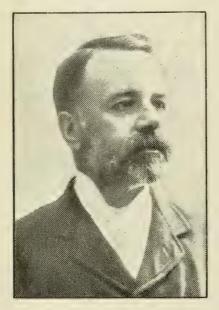
ROD AND GUN IN CANADA, Montreal, Toronto and Woodstock, Price, 10 cents a Number. \$1.00 a year.

Office of Publication, Woodstock, Ontario.

Good Work Done.

The sportsmen of the good old city of Quebec have long enjoyed an enviable reputation. The following account of the annual meeting of their Fish and Game Protective Association, will, we are sure, be read with interest. Among the names of the members are some who are the worthy descendants of those who in their generation were sportsmen. By its deeds the Quebec Fish and Game Association has earned a high place in the honor roll of its sister associations.

The general annual meeting of the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association was held in the Masonic Hall for general business and the election of officers for the coming year.



MR. C. A. PENTLAND, K.C.

Mr. C. A. Pentland, Vice-President, presided and the following gentlemen were present:—Messrs. E. J. Hale, T. H. Norris, J. K. Boswell, A. W. Boswell, E. T. Nesbitt, John S. Thom, R. Sampson, Frank Carrel, F. H. Andrews, Dr. Wells, and E. T. D. Chambers, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Secretary read his annual report, which showed that last year had been the busiest in the history of the Association. A large number of convictions against violators of the fish and game laws were

obtained. With the desire to avoid any suspicion of persecution some of the convicted parties had been let off with costs where these were high, though in the case of more flagrant offenders many fines of from \$50 to \$100 had been imposed and in some cases imprisonment had followed. In the Lake St. John district few complaints had been heard during the past year as a consequence of the good work done there in previous years by the officials of the association. Illegal moose hunters on the south shore, especially in the River du Loup, Temiscouata and Squatteck territories had fared badly during the past twelve months at the hands of the Association, several lengthy and interesting details of which, with names of the convicted parties, being furnished. Two serious cases of poaching on club limits in these districts had been worked up by the Association officials and one American club was so gratified with the result of the Association's work, that all its members joined it in a body, while another had written a letter of thanks to the Secretary and sent a reward of \$100 to the officer engaged in the case.

Mr. Chambers laid before the meeting an original letter which has come into his possession from an illicit dealer acting for a Montreal firm addressed to country dealers offering 55 cents per couple for partridges and asking that each recipient of said letter should endeavor to engage a hundred hunters to assist in filling the order. The letter furnishing interesting details of the manner in which the birds were to be shipped in order to avoid detection, and produced somewhat of a sensation among those present at the meeting

Reference was made to the enormous seizures of these partridges, made during the months of October, November and December last, full details of which were furnished, as well as a list of the charitable institutions among which they were divided.

The thanks of the Association were declared to be due to the Hon. S: N. Parent for his continuance of the annual grant of \$400 to the funds of the Association, and allusion was made to the interference en-

countered in protective work at the hands of certain politicians.

The report was most favorably discussed by those present and the opinion was unanimously expressed that efforts should be made to have it published in both languages and circulated as widely as possible in the country districts.

It was unanimously resolved that the attention of the Government be directed to the large number of non-resident sportsmen visiting the Province who are said to

evade the payment of the statutory license

The financial statement showed a balance in hand of about \$550.

The officers elected were as follows: President—Edson Fitch.

Vice-President—Chas. A. Pentland, K.C. Secretary-Treasurer—E. T. D. Chambers.

Committee of Management—Vescy Boswell, T. H. Norris, Frank Carrel, J. S. Thom, Chas. Lanctot, E. T. Nesbitt, Edmond Joly de Latbiniore and A. Laurie.

Auditor-T. H. Norris.

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.

Prominent Canadian Shooters.



THOMAS ALEXANDER DUFF.

The subject of this sketch was born at London, Ontario, May 1st., 1869. Mr. Duff, who was always fond of outdoor sports such as skating, baseball, football and shooting, commenced shooting when 10 years of age and at 14 was an excellent glass ball shot and a good field shot.

In 1887 he removed to Toronto where he studied law with the well known legal firm of Blake, Lash & Cassels, was admitted to the bar and remained with them seven years.

He did no shooting from 1885 until 1899 when he took up the sport again and joined the Toronto Rod & Gun Club. He won the club championship in 1900 and 1901 and has, also, won annual pigeon shoots of Stanley Gun Club and Toronto Junction Gun Clubs.

He was one of the founders of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association and was its first Vice-President. At the inaugural shoot in Ottawa in 1901, he tied with Mr. Fred Westbrook for high average and gave an exhibition with his repeater,—breaking 24

straight, letting six out of the magautrap as rapidly as they could be pulled.

He was elected President of the Association at its annual meeting in Ottawa in 1901 and resigned the office in 1903. During his regime the association progressed and held splendid tournaments in Hamilton in 1902 and Toronto in 1903, this latter having 151 competitors and being the second largest amateur tournament ever held in America. Both were held under Mr. Duff's management and at both he stood high up in the averages notwithstanding the worry and work of the duties as manager.

It was a matter of general regret that he was not at the Association shoot at Brantford, last August, on account of his absence in British Columbia.

Mr. Duff has now assumed the management of the Stanley Gun Club Tournament to be held in Toronto, May 17, 18 and 19, which will no doubt be a great success and promises to be one of the lar-

gest trap shooting events in Canada for 1905.

Mr. Duff has few superiors as a field shot, having shot from Quebec to B. C., his especial forte being partridges and quail. He is, also, an enthusiastic fisherman and is very fond of a dog and is the owner of several valuable pointers and setters of fashionable breeding. At the International Field Trials at Ruthven, Ont., in 1904, he entered two dogs in the derby and won 1st. and 4th.

Mr. Duff is the best type of sportsman, following the shooting game for the pure love of the sport. He makes a splendid presiding officer, being a ready and fluent speaker and of a genial nature that, apparently, nothing can ruffle.

We might mention, also, that he is a great and personal friend of Mr. "B. P. Rock" and where you see the latter gentleman making top-notch scores and leading the field against all favorites you can be sure that Mr. Duff is in his immediate vicinity.

Toronto Traps.

PIKE CO'S. TOURNAMENT.

The shooting tournament of the D. Pike Co., L't'd, was held at Woodbine Park, Toronto, Feb. 22nd, 23rd, and 24th. The weather was comparatively mild for February and some very good scores were made.

Prominent among the out-of-town cracks were T. Upton, M. E. Fletcher and W. Rasberry, Hamilton, E. G. White, Ottawa and F. H. Conover, Leamington.

Messrs White and Conover were present in the interest of Dupont Powder Co.

The regular target events were varied by a miss and out live pigeon event each day. The first day's pigeon event had 16 entries and was divided by Phillips, Crew, Jennings, Coulter and Kemp. That of the second day with 14 entries was divided between Phillips, Rose and Cromwell. That of the last day was won by W. McDowall, who out winded all his competitors, demonstrating that his skill with the scatter gun has not waned.

In the target events Mr. G. W. McGill, Toronto Junction, broke the record with 98 out of 100 shot at during the second day. This is not the first evidence of Mr. McGill's skill at the traps but shows that he is keeping up his good work.

E. G. White, Dupont representative, shot through the whole three days breaking 263 out of 285 or 92.3 per cent.

T. A. Duff (T. Rock) was high amateur first two days with 244 out of 285.

First Day.

First event, 10 targets, entry (including birds) 70c—T. Rock 8, E. G. White 10 X. X. 8, W. Rasberry 10, H. Williams 9. Second event, 15 targets, entry \$1.30—Rock 14, White 14, X. X. 12, Phillips 14, Roberts 11, Williams 10, Rasberry 11, Fletcher 13

Third event, 20 targets, entry \$2.40—Rock 18, White 18, X. X. 14, Phillips 18, Fletcher 16, Rasberry 16, McGill 18, Granger 11, Roberts 12.

Fourth event 15 targets, entry \$1.30—Rock 13, White 15, Phillips 15, Patterson 15, McGill 14, Coulter 8, Rasberry 14, Hick 7, Best 12, Jennings 11, Crew 12.

Fifth event, 20 targets, entry \$2.40—Rock 13, White 16, Phillips 17, McGill 16, Callender 15, Rasherry 18, Fletcher 14, Crew 14, Lewis 16, Hicks 16, Davies 12, Chapman 15, Upton 19, Rose 16, Vivian 16.

Sixth event, 15 targets, entry \$1.30—Rock 15, White 15, X. X. 13, Phillips 14, Davies 6, Mathews 12, Williams 13, Rose 8, Vivian 13, Upton 12, McGill 15, Rasberry 13, Hick 8, Thompson 8, Fletcher 11, Patterson 9, Roberts 11, Lewis 11, Chapman 10, Granger 10, Crew 12, J. J. Coulter 11, Kahn 10.

Seventh event, 20 targets, entry \$2.40—Rock 19, White 19, Upton 17, Rasberry 16, McGill 19, Phillips 13, X. X. 13, Hick 12, Thompson 13, Lewis 16, Crew 16, Roberts 18, D. Pike 14.

Eighth event, 15 targets, entry \$1.30—Rock 10, White 14, X. X. 11, Phillips 15, Best 10, McGill 15, Hick 13, Jennings 9, Miller 7, Williams 11, William McDowall 11, Sheard 8, Almack 9, Fletcher 12, Chapman 11, D. Chapman 11, D. Pike 11, C. Lavender 9.

Second Day.

Event 1, 10 targets, entry (including birds), 70c— T. Rock 9, Conover 9, X. X. 6, E. G. White 10, Williams 6, McGaw 3, Kahn 9, Moore 6, C. Turp 6.

Event 2, 15 targets, entry \$1.30— T. Rock 13, Conover 13, X. X. 13, E. G. White 13. McGaw 6, Turp 15, Williams 11, Kahn 10.

Event 3, 20 targets, entry \$2.40—T. Rock 16, E. G. White 19, X. X. 14, Conover 16, Thompson 19, Turp 16, Williams 17, Kahn 15.

Event 4, 15 targets, entry \$1.30—T. Rock 4, E. G. White 14, X. X. 9, Conover 13, McGill 15, Williams 9, Turp 15, Thompson 13, Kahn 8, Tompkins 9, Wm. McDowall 12, Beatty 12, Vivian 13.

Event 5, 20 targets entry, \$2.40— T. Rock 15, E. G. White 19, X. X. 15, Conover 19, G. McGill 19, Beatty 17, Turp 18, Thompson 20, Phillips 18, Vivian 17, Williams 15, Roberts 16, Hick 19.

Event 6, 25 targets, entry \$3-T. Rock

23, E. G. White 25, X. X. 23, Conover 24, G. McGill 25, Thompson 22, Turp 22, Phillips 23, Beatty 22, Hick 18.

Event 7, 15 targets, entry \$1.30— T. Rock 15, E. G. White 14, X. X. 9, Conover 15, G. McGill 15, Vivian 14, Williams 12, Hick 10, Thompson 13, Roberts 14; Turp 11, Rose 14, Cromwell 10, Phillips 15

Event⁸, 20 targets, entry \$2.40—T. Rock 18, E. G. White 19, X.X. 12, Conover 19, G. McGill 19, Hick 15, Vivian 15, Williams 16, Phillips 20, Roberts 16, Turp 17,

Event 9, 15 targets, entry \$1.30—T. Rock 11, E. G. White 15, X. X. 13, Conover 14, G. McGill 15, Kahn 10, Thompson 14, C. Chapman 10, Hicks 9, Vivian 8, Williams 11, Roberts 12, Turp 13, Granger 10.

Third Day.

Event one, ten targets, entry (including birds), 70c—Rock 10, E. G. White 9; X. X. 9; F. H. Conover 8; Van, 9; Mathews, 8; Dunk, 8; Morgan, 9; Jordan, 4; Vivian, 8; Williams, ; Kohn, 8; Hulm, 10. Second event, 15 targets, entry \$1.30—Rock, 14; E. G. White, 15; X. X. 11; F. H. Conover, 14; Dunk, 11; Van, 6; Vivian, 11; Mathews, 14; Jordan, 9; Morgan, 12; Hulme, 14; Williams, 11.

Third event, 15 targets, entry \$1.30— E. G. White, 13; X. X. 11; F. H. Conover, 12; Van, 9; Dunk, 10; Kahn, 9; Vivian, 7; Wm. McDowall, 12.

Fourth event, 15 targets, entry \$1.30—White, 12; X. X. 12; F. H. Conover, 12; Cass, 7; Kahn, 8; Wm. McDowall, 12.

STANLEY CLUB WEEKLY SHOOT.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday, Feb. 25th. The day being mild with a light southerly wind, was all that could be desired for good shooting. In the spoon contest, which is a 25-bird event, handicap by extra birds, there were 17 entries, and it was won by Mr. Wilson with six extra, totaling 23.

Spoon contest, 25 targets, handicap:-

	Hdcp	Score
Dunk	Scratch	20
Lewis	5	13
Rock S	Scratch	15
Hogarth	4	16
Buek	1	20
Hulme	Scratch	22
X. X	5	21
Hampton	2	16
Herbert	. 2	18
Day	Scratch	21
Fritz	3	22
Martin	6	22
Wilson	6	23
E. Chapman	4	21
D. Chapman	5	22
Ingham	4	16

In the other practice events Hulme broke 51 ex 55; Rock 48 ex 70; 26 ex '30; Fritz 32 ex 40; 38 ex 50; Dunk 22 ex 25; Ingham 24 ex 35; Day 28 ex 35; West 14 ex 30; Lewis 24 ex 30; Hogarth 30 ex 40; Hampton 14 ex 20; Wilson 19 ex 25; Martin 15 ex 20; G. Martin 4 ex 10; W. Martin 4 ex 10; X. X. 40 ex 60; Townson 5 ex 10; Chapman 14 ex 15.

JUNCTION CLUB SHOOT.

The Toronto Junction Gun Club held a shoot on the King Street grounds, Feb. 9th, and in spite of the unfavorable weather some good scores were made. The following are the scores:—

Shoot No. 1, at 15 sparrows, 20 yards rise—Philip Wakefield, 12; C. Burgess, 12; C. Turp, 12; D. J. Taylor, 11; W. Wakefield, 11; W. J. Sheppard, 10; J. Smillie, 10; D. C. Walton, 8; D. F. Hicks, 7; Peter Ellis, 7; J. Giles, 6.

Shoot No. 2 at 5 sparrows—Philip Wakefield, 5; C. Burgess, 5; C. Turp, 5; W. J. Sheppard, 5; W. Wakefield, 4; J. Smillie, 3; D. F. Hicks, 3; Peter Ellis, 3; J. Giles, 3.

CENTRAL GUN AND ROD CLUB SHOOT

Central Gun and Rod Club held their weekly shoot on their grounds at Ontario House, Kingston Road, on Saturday, Feb. 18th. The scores:—

At 10 targets.—Bell, 5; Larkins, 5; Wil-Beatty, 8; Sparrow, 4; Joslin, 4; Tansley, 6; Lawson, 3; Woods, 5.

At 10 targets—Colby, 4; W. McKeand, 6; Crew, 6; Goddard, 7; Bunker, 9; Boles, 5; Beatty, 8; Sparrow, 4; Joslin, 4; Tansley, 6.

20 targets, spoon shoot—Bunker, 16; Beatty, 16; Colby, 4; W. McKeand, 12; Crew, 11; Goddard, 14; Boles, 9; Sparrow, 2;Bell, 11; Dawson, 5.

Tie between Bunker and Beatty was shot off, miss and out—Bunker 7, Beatty 8.

STANLEY GUN CLUB'S COMING TOURNAMENT.

A meeting of the Management Committee of The Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (incorporated) was held Jan. 31st to consider the plans for the annual tournament in Toronto on May 17, 18 and 19. Those present were: Thomas A. Duff, (Chairman), Ald. Robt. Fleming, J. H. Thompson, (President), and Alex. Dey, (Secretary). It was decided to have ten 20 target events each day, making 600 targets in all; and to guarantee \$1250 in cash. It was agreed to give a valuable prize each day for high average, and a grand prize to the competitor who makes high average for the entire tournament. The committee also decided to present a diamond medal to the professional shot standing first in his class. The competition will be managed on the handicap system and open to the World-professionals and manufacturers' agents to shoot for targets only. The Rules governing the shooting are those of The Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association.

No expense will be spared to make this tournament a success, and with the liberal cash guarantee and other inducements offered, the Club feels that Toronto will see in May next a tournament that will eclipse the one held in August, 1903, which was the second largest strictly amateur tournament ever held in America.

Competitors will be able to remain in Toronto, and on May 20th see the race at the Woodbine for the King's Plate—the oldest continuously run racing stake of the Continent.

HAMILTON V. STANLEYS.

The Hamilton Gun Club were the guests of the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, on Saturday, Jan. 28th, when the return match between the two clubs was shot. Hamilton won the first match by 17 birds, and again defeated the Stanleys by 38 birds, 17 men a side. The shooting on the whole was of the gilt-edge variety. Hamilton's percentage for 17 men being 83.76, that of the Stanleys 74.82. The following is the result of the match.

Team match, 25 targets-

HAMILTON.

Waterbury, 20; Fletcher, 24; Marshall, 18; Singer, 23; Raspberry, 21; Brigger, 19; Horning, 22; Smyth, 18; Hunt, 22; Bates, 19; Doc. Green, 22; W, P. Thompson, 22; Graham, 22; Wilson, 23; Upton, 24; Hunter, 20; G. Cline, 17. Total 356.

STANLEYS.

McGill, 24; J. K. Thompson, 22; Farmer, 13; J. Townson, 17; Ingham, 19; Dunk, 21; Thomas, 20; Hirons, 19; Hogarth, 16; Wakefield, 21; Buck, 20; Herbert, 13; Lucas, 21; Rock, 20; Dey, 20; Hulm, 19; Greene, 13. Total 318.

STANLEY GUN CLUB WON.

The Stanley and Parkdale Gun Clubs met for the first time in the City Blue Rock League, on the latter's grounds, Saturday, Feb. 4th, at 25 targets per man. The weather was ideal for shooting. The Stanleys shot 16 men and Parkdale 18. The score is as follows:—

STANLEYS.

Thompson, 23; Downs, 13; Farmer, 19; Fritz, 22; Martin, 18; Townson, 18; Dey, 22; Hogarth, 15; Sowdon, jr., 15; Wilson, 14; Herberts, 16; Rock, 25; Buck, 23; Hulme, 22; Ingham, 15; Sowdon, sr., 21. Total 301.

PARKDALES.

Maywood, 15; Carlile, 17; Sanderson, 17;

Bain, 18; Birch, 20; Marsh, 19; F. Hicks, 15; F. Patterson, 20; Daley, 13; T. Patterson, 13; Montgomery, 14; Dempster, 10; Kent, 20; Bonguard, 18; Ried, 12; H. Pridham, 7; Stewardson, 11; Weller, 9. Total, 263.

RIVERDALE GUN CLUB.

The first meeting of the National and Riverdale Gun Clubs took place on the latter's grounds, Saturday, Feb 4th, the Nationals shooting 15 men against 10 men of the Riverdales; 25 targets allowed each man. The individual scores were as follows:—

RIVERDALES.

Hirons, 21; J. Hare, 21; W. Best, 20; F. Powell, 19; J. Jennings, 16; T. Warr, 14; A. Edkins, 12; C. Argue, 15; W. Mollon, 15; F. Hooey, 17. Total 170. Average 17.

NATIONALS.

C. Harrison, 18; R. Waternorth, 23; J. Granger, 22; F. Matthews, 14; O. Spanner, 18; W. Spanner, 17; G. Vivian, 14; J. Williams, 17; Jifkins, 10; Reynolds, 8; J. Ross, 17; Taylor, 6; Wallace, 19; Stubbs, 11; H. Harrison, 15. Total 229. Average 15.

CENTRAL CLUB'S SCORES.

The Central Gun and Rod Club held their weekly shoot on their grounds at Ontario House, Kingston road, Saturday, Feb. 25. Results:—

10 targets—Bunker 8, Beatty 7, McDermott 7, Bell 7, J. Crew 7, W. McKeand 6, Tansley 6, Goddard 5, Dawson 5, Jackson 4, J. McKeand 3.

10 targets—Goddard 9, Bunker 8, Bell 8, W. McKeand 7, Beatty 7, Dawson 5, McDermott 5, J. McKeand 4, Webb 3.

10 targets—Bunker 10, Tomkins 9, W. McKeand 7, Beatty 6, Dawson 5, Jackson 5, McDermott 4.

20 targets, spoon shoot—Bunker 17, J. Crew 17, Bell 15, Goddard 15, Beatty 15, Tansley 14, J. McKeand 13, W. McKeand 10, McDermott 9, Dawson 8, Webb 8.

Tie between Bunker and Crew was shot miss and out. Bunker won.

Sherbrooke, Feb. 24, 05.—The Annual meeting of the Sherbrooke Gun Club was held on Feb. 18 and the following officers elected for the year.

President-J. B. Goodhue.

Vice-president-C. Hilson.

Captain-G. M. Howard.

Directors—N. G. Bray, C. G. Thompson, T. M. Craig.

Secretary-C. H. Foss.

The date of the Annual Tournament was set for July 1st. It is expected that shooting will commence by the first Saturday in March and a successful season is anticipated.

The spoon competitions which proved so interesting last year will be continued and in addition a club trophy is to be arranged for.

C. H. Foss, Secretary.

Montreal Traps.

The scores of the Montreal Gun Club on Jan. 28th, were as follows, Event No. 1 being the Spoon Shoot and the rest sweepstakes:

Events	1	2	3	4
Targets	25	25	10	15
W. Candlish	22			
Ewing	.22	23	8	13
Nearney	.20	23	8	13
N. Candlish	17	19	4	
Alexander	.15	16	8	12
Ramville	.14	13	7	12
W. Candlish in No. 1 was	allo	wed	7	ex-

W. Candlish in No. 1 was allowed 7 extra birds. All others scratch.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB WEEKLY

Scores, Sat. Feb. 11th., at 25 birds. Spoon Shoot.

Ewing, 20; Redman, 19; Nearney, 18; Murdoch, 18; Landriault, 18; Dumont, 11

Scores, Sat. Feb. 11th, at 25 birds. President's Prize; event 2, was Spoon event, the other events were sweeps:

Targets 25	25	10	10	10
Landriault 21	19	7	9	5
Ewing21	20	10	7	10
N. Candlish 17	15		8	8
Kearney17	20		9	9
Dumont	17	6		
Redman16	21	8	9	9
Alexander 13	17	8	6	7
Kenyon 14				
Brosseau	- 19			
E. White	. 16			

In shooting off tie for President's Prize Landriault beat Ewing.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB.

The following is the result of the shooting held on the grounds of the Montreal Gun Club on Saturday, Feb. 25th.

Spoon shoot at 25 targets:—Mitcheson, 25; W. Candlish, 25; Rainville, 25; Alexander, 24; Ewing, 24; Landriault, 23; Redman, 22; McDuff 21; Parsons, 18; Dumont, 18; N. Candlish, 17; Kearney, 16; Brosseau, 11; Lemieux. In this event Mitcheson, W. Candlish and Rainville were allowed 7 extra birds each.

25 bird sweep:—Rainville, 25; Ewing, 23; Redman, 22; McDuff, 22; Landriault, 21; Parsons, 20; Mitcheson, 19; N. Candlish, 18; Dumont, 18; Brosseau, 16; Lemieux, 15. In this event Mr. Rainville was allowed 3 extra birds.

25 bird sweep:—Redman, 23; Dumont, 21; McDuff, 19; Ewing, 18; Kearney, 18; Landriault, 13; Lemieux, 12.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT

May 25, 26, and 27.

The Montreal Gun Club will hold a three-day target tournament, May 25th, 26th and 27th. The advance proofs of the program show that the Club will offer some exceedingly attractive features. The sweep events call for 585 targets with a total entrance, \$51.00. In addition there will be a merchandise event at 12 targets, entrance 50 cts., re-entries 25 cts., and a miss and out event, entrance 50 cts., re-entries 25 cts., Kearney system, each day,

during the tournament and ten prizes in kind with a minimum value of \$50.00 will be given in each event each day, making a total of \$300 in prizes in these events distributed during the tournament. Another prominent feature, each day, will be a 5man team event, at 20 targets, entrance \$5.00, divided two moneys for first five entries, with some additional money for every other three entries. Teams must be composed of bona fide members of one club. The sweep events will be divided partly Rose system and partly High Guns. The Gun Club will give \$100.00 in gold to be divided as follows:-\$10.00 gold piece in Merchandise Event, also a miss and out event, each day, a total of \$60.00 for the three days; \$5.00 gold piece for high average in sweep events, each day, and \$10.00 gold piece for high average for the three days, and \$5.00 gold piece each day, for best individual score in team event. All shooters are welcome, nobody barred, ex-

cept the man with black powder; but no one will be allowed to shoot for birds only under any circumstances. Professionals are barred from the \$25.00 given for high averages.

The Westmount Gun Club of Montreal will hold their Tournament as usual on the 24th of May, so that Montreal offers four days of continuous shooting. The Gun Club guarantees a distribution of \$1500.00 in prize money.

Nearly all the gun clubs in the Province of Quebec and the States of Vermont and New York have already stated by letter that they shall be well represented.

The Tournament will be held in the grounds of the Club adjacent to Montreal Water Works.

D. J. Kearney, 412 St. Paul St., Mont-real, Canada, is the secretary and will cheerfully give any further information.

Programs will be ready shortly.

St. Hubert's Gun Glub, Ottawa.

The St. Hubert Gun Club held a successful shoot "Saturday afternoon, Feb. 25th. W. J. Johnston. at a distance of 18 yards winning the President's trophy confined to Class A. shooters, and C. J. Booth, from 16 yards, captured the Vice-President's Shield for Class B. shooters. The scores:

J. M. Roberts (16 yds)	22	22-44
G. Esdale (18 yds)		
A. W. Throop (18 yds)	20	20-40
H. Viau e16 yds)	17	20-37
W. Slaney (18 yds)	21	15-36
F. A. Heney (18 yds)	15	20-35
CLASS B		
C. J. Booth (16 yds)	.20	23-43
G. Graves (16 yds)	20	23-43
I. N. Deslauriers (16 yds)	18	20-38
J. H. Ferguson (16 yds)	17	14-31
E. R. McNeill (16 yds)	12	14-26

Waterloo Traps.

The Waterloo gun club held the first shoot of the season at A. Hergott's. There were two events. The first was at ten birds and the scores were; E. F. Seagram 8; A. Hergott 6; G. Kuntz 5; G. A. Bruce 5; J. H. Seagram 4.

Second event, 9 birds; E. F. Seagram 9; G. A. Bruce 9; G. Kuntz 8 A. Herrgott 7; J. II. Seagram 7.

The club has reorganized and will have regular shoots during the year.

Canadians at Detroit.

Many prominent Canadian trap shooters attended the big target and live bird shoot at Detroit, Feb. 15, 16 and 17. Among these were Harry Scane, Ridgetown; F. H. Conover, Leamington; Geo. McColl, Fingal; D. Macmackon, Highgate; J. E. Cantelon, Clinton; R. Coffee, St. Thomas; L. Youngblood, Sandwich,

The first day was devoted to targets the program calling for 200. A. S. Tolsma, of Detroit, won high average with 176. Gilbert and Pontie Wood, Detroit, tied for second with place 173 and Spencer and Fisher tied for third place with 172. Of the Canadians Scane broke 163; Macmackon, 161; McColl 158 and Conover 157. "Shorty" broke 68 out of 100.

In the live bird events, second day, Cantelon, McColl and Youngblood killed 6 straight in event 1. In event 2 at 9 birds Coffee went straight, winning \$24.35. In event 3 at 10 live birds, Scane and MacMackon killed all and won \$21.09 each.

The weather during the three days was very cold with high winds and the scores under such circumstances were extremely creditable.

In the International event for the Gilman and Barnes trophy, 25 live birds, \$25.00 entrance, Scane killed 23 and Coffee 22. The trophy was won by R. R. Bennett, Pittsburg, Pa. with 24. Tolsma the winner of the trophy last year, killed his first 22 and then lost his last three birds. The winner, with the trophy got \$128.25. The 23's got \$83.90 and the 22's, \$11.85.

Speaking of Mr. Scane's shooting, the Detroit Free Press says, "Scane, the Canadian expert seemed the only exception to rule, killing 23 birds of the 25 shot at, the majority of them with the first barrel. He 'centred' almost every bird in fine style and handled his gun with a grace born of long experience."

We append the scores in the big event:-

Scores.

Totals

Name	and	Hdc	p.
------	-----	-----	----

Scotts. 10	itals
King (30)	22
Bennett (2)	24
Crosby (33)	23
Gilbert (33)	22
Spencer (32)	21
Gill (26)	21
Phellis (29)	22
Budd (32)	w
Marshall (31)	21
Tolsma (31)	22
Mayhew (30)	22
Scane (30)	23
Smith (27)	22
Fisher (28)	w
Taylor (29)	21
J. Marks (29)	21
Chapman (30)	23
Coffee (29)	22
Cox (28)0021102221	w
J. E. Reid (29)	22
L. H. Reid (29)	18
Sparks (27)	16
Clark (28)2221102212022222102121120	21
McColl012011121120112	W
Jarvis	21

Hamilton Gun Club Scores.

The regular shoot of the club took place at the grounds on Saturday, Feb. 25th. The weather conditions were perfect and some good scores were made in both classes.

In class A, for the Klein & Binkley diamond trophy, Hunter broke 25, Hunt and Oliver missed only one each.

In class B, for the Whitmore trophy, Marshall and Haby tied with 23 out of 25, Marshall winning in the shoot-off.

The scores:

CLASS A.

Hunter, 25; Hunt, 24; Oliver, 24; Upton, 23; Wilson, 23; Bates, 23; Frank, 23; Bowron, 23; Fletcher, 20; Brigger, 19; Cline, 19; Greene, 19; Crooks, 18; A. Smyth, 18; Rasberry, 15.

CLASS B., HANDICAP

Marshall, 23; Haley, 23; "Ben It", 22; Wilkins, 21; Maxwell, 20; Dunham, 20; Moncrieff, 20; Wark, 19; Lee, 19; Johnston, 19; Dean, 19; Waterbury, 18; Merriman, 18; C. Smith, 17; Ripley, 15.

MARSHALL WON ITHACA GUN.

In the final match for the Ithaca Gun, put up for competition in B. class by the Hamilton Gun Club, Harry Marshall won with a score of 96. A. R. Dunham and J. Merriman second with 94, C. Waterbury and C. Smith third with 92, the former in each case winning in the shoot-off The series was 100 birds, four shoots at 25. Mr. Marshall was heartily congratulated on his splendid score, and his win seemed to be very popular. The event was very closely contested, nine men finishing with over 90.

Klein & Binkley have offered another championship trophy consisting of a handsome diamond medal, which is to denote the club championship, all contestants to shoot from the 16-yard mark. The race is at 150 birds, 25 at each of six regular shoots. At the first match the following scores were made:

Dr. Wilson, 23; George Cline, 22; A. Smyth, 22; Fletcher, 20; Rasberry, 20; Dr. Greene, 20; Thomson, 20; Frank, 20; Brigger, 19; B. Smyth, 19; A. Bates, 18; Bowron, 17; Waterbury, 17; Marshall, 16; Hunter, 12.

Stray Pellets.

The Grand American Handicap Target tournament will be held this year near enough the Canadian border to attract some of our gun experts. Indianapolis, Ind., June 27, 28, 29 and 30 are the place and the date.

With three days shooting at Toronto, May 17, 18 and 19 and four days at Montreal, May 24, 25, 26 and 27, the trap shooting season in Canada will open with a rush.

The latest specimen of fool legislation is a bill prohibiting shooting matches for

prizes of value, a bill for which has actually passed the South Carolina House. If this bill passes, shooting "for birds only" will be the only style of trap shooting permissable.

The coming tournament of the Montreal Gun Club, on May 25-27, already referred to by us, should have a large attendance. A division of \$1500.00 is guaranteed by the club. Professionals will be allowed to shoot for targets only. There will be a sliding handicap 16 to 20 yards. Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association rules to govern.

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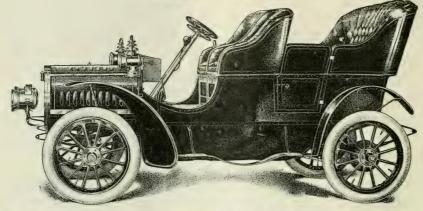
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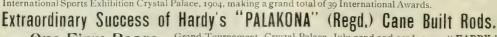
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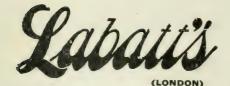
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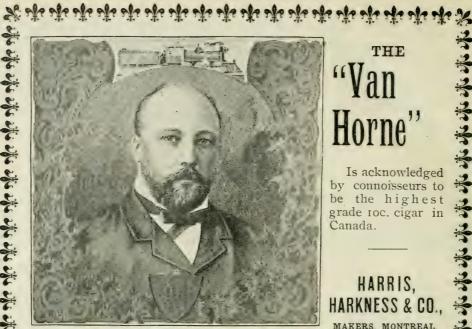
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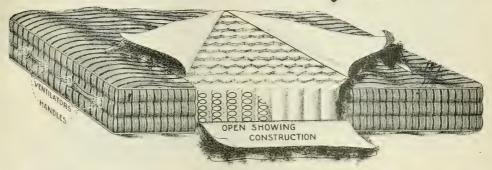
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Fig 1.



Fig. 2



Fla. 3

Fig. 1 shows the simple manner in which the lock is detached or replaced. Fig. 2 shows the bottom cover plate with spring catch at end to secure it in position. Fig. 3 shows the detachable lock, containing hammer, mainspring spring, sear, sear spring and cocking lever.

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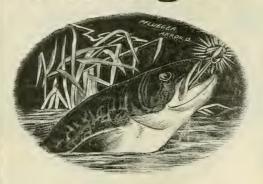
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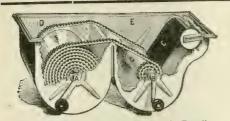
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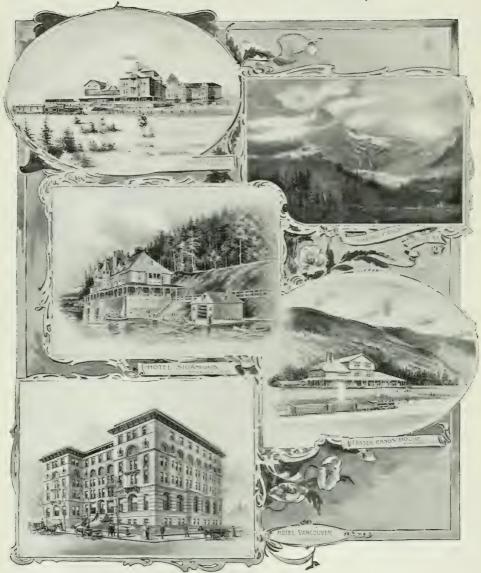
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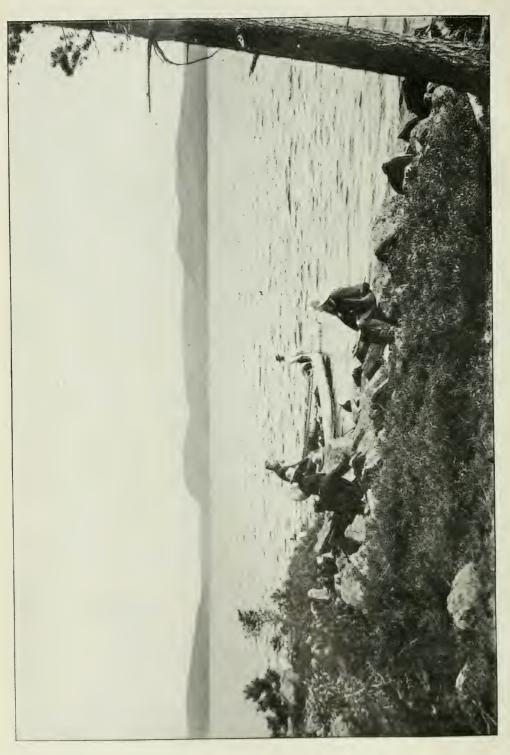


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VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 11

Timagami, Mississagua, French River and that Sort of Thing.

Every indication shows that the popularity of canoe trips, which reached such a height last season, will increase to a surprising extent during the season we are now entering upon.

Great is the number of those who are showing a hunger and a thirst for the thrilling excitements of exploring the un-This phenomenal condition though remarkable, is easy enough of explanation. The marvellous growth of the American cities, the destruction of everything that is natural, and its replacement by the artificial, the pressure of population in the Eastern and even in the Middle States, have reduced the wild regions south of the boundary line to such an extent that the lovers of the wild find it increasingly difficult, if not impossible, to gratify their tastes for life in the woods and wilds and turn longing eyes to the north. Canada has room enough in her illimitable stretches of forest, with lakes streams, and mountains, extending practically from ocean to ocean, for all who may come. In addition to her other attractions, Canada can give space enough to make playgrounds for the world. These possibilities and probabilities are being perceived by both Government and people. The Ontario Government is now showing the wisdom which is perhaps suggested to them by the experience of the 'United States, and endeavoring honestly to preserve the forests, fish and game. One great Forest Preserve, that of Timagami, Ont., consists of no less than 5,900 square miles and another one, on the Mississagua contains 3000 square miles. Both are in the forest primeval, both have myriads of lakes and streams, are full of hills and valleys and both abound in game and fish. In the middle of the Timagami Reserve is peerless Lake Timagami, with its 1,400 islands, and a thousand miles of coast line. Through the midst of the other reserve rushes that most perfect of canoeing rivers, the Mississagua, with countless streams fed by virgin lakes running into it, affording an almost endless field for exploration. At each of these reserves to be found excellent the shape of Algonquin-Ojibway Indians, who will give sportsmen and tourists the best of fishing and shooting, and in many cases prove most interesting companions.

Some eight or ten years ago I wrote an account of a Lake Timagami. At time the country was little known. Last year I wrote an account of a canoe trip down the Mississagua, where the country was even less known. I am very pleased to say that partly as a result of these stories, canoe trips are now being organised in a way that will enable the best classes of people to enjoy them. When I say "best classes" I mean those who will protect the fish and game, and by their sportsman-like behavior add a charm be possible, to that far if that country. The northern

din Canoe Club is one of these organizations, and its leaders lay themselves out specially to cater for young men and boys. For ten years the head of the club has had experience in conducting parties of young men through the woods in the State of Maine. For three years past he has been in Canada where he proposes to confine his energies in the future. The club has a staff composed of teachers from representative schools in the States, and these are in every instance experienced campers and explorers. In addition well known guides selected from Indians from the Hudson's Bay Posts, are engaged. There are two Camp headquarters, one of which will be on Lake Timagami, and one at Desbarats on Lake Huron; there will also be smaller posts. Patrons are taken into the woods for one month or longer as they please. As a rule the time will be spent one-half in canoe trips, and about onehalf in the permanent summer camps. These summer camps are permanent only in a sense, for during the time the campers are there short trips are taken, and the surrounding country and its canoeing, fishing, and shooting thoroughly exploited. The fishing there is especially good. The long canoe trips include a circuit trip throughout the Timagami region, a trip over the Height of Land to the Indian's home on Lake Abittibi, and the waters right to the Arctic flowing therefrom Ocean, through Hudson's Bay. The best of all the trips, perhaps, is that down the beautiful Mississagua to Lake Huron. There will also be big game hunting trips at the end of the season into Quebec for moose, deer and caribou. The staff contracts to provide everything necessary at an inclusive rate, or those who prefer to do so may bring their own things. This is not the ordinary boys' camp, but is the real thing, and to those who go in this way into the depths of the Canadian woods it means roughing it in the centre of the greatest fish and game country in America, where the most beautiful that Nature has to show man is to be found. The camps are managed by men who have made a special study for years of this subject, and are now so expert at it as to insure the maximum of enjoyment and benefit in their program. The Director of this Camp is Mr. A. S. Gregg Clarke, of Asheville school, Asheville, N. C. While canoeing, fishing and hunting are the prominent features of camp life, manual training, forestry, and wood craft are also taught, and the practical side of life in the woods is not forgotten. After an experience of this character a boy is familiarised with camp life, made self reliant, and is able to take care of himself both in the woods and out of them. Much of this training proves useful to him in after life whatever his future may happen to be.

In my original trip through Timagami I followed a route that I think might well be taken with advantage by those who may take the trip this year. First I would remind those who have forgotten or who may not know it, that there are two great lakes-one called Timiskaming, and the other is Timagami. If you want to find out where these lakes are take the newest map of the Province of Ontario, Canada. If you have no other the folder of the Canadian Pacific Railway will answer the purpose. On the first map of the two find Sault Ste. Marie at the east end of Lake Superior, and draw a straight line on the folder from Sault Ste. Marie to the mouth of the Saguenay River on the Gulf of St Lawrence. Then find Buffalo, N. Y. and draw another straight line at right angles to the first. The second line will run a little east of north. The two lines will meet near Bear Island, a Hudson's Bay post in the centre of Lake Timagami. This ideal lake is shaped like a chrysanthemum, whose pistil is Bear Island, and whose petals, extending in every direction, enable us (on a lake which is not over fifty miles across in any direction) to travel several hundreds of miles without visiting the same spot twice. And this gigantic chrysanthemum would be the most beautifully variegated specimen conceivable-its background a blue of Mediterranean hue, every petal fringed with the loveliest greens of pine, balsam, young poplar, silver birch, tamarac, spruce and maple. (And so it happens that in all this lake one cannot often get farther than a half mile from land.) How delightfully this colossal flower changes with the seasons as the greens of summer alter to the pink and gold of Autumn, which are found both on the and fringe on thousands of beautiful spots

tered on the petals, which spots are the countless densely wooded islands, whose infinite variety sets off the glorious expanse of blue. Even in winter, when I have traversed it on snowshoes, and the lake becomes a great white expanse, the islands look like green leaves scattered in profusion over its bosom, and it is still lovely.

To reach it you must take the Canadian Pacific Railway to Timiskaming Station, Quebec, on Timiskaming Lake, which is the boundary line between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. From here one can take canoe for either province. At Timiskaming Station is a surprisingly good hotel. One can either bring one's own canoe, or arrange previously with the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, who will supply the necessary canoes, Indian guides, supplies etc. Luxuries may be bought in the most convenient Canadian town, which for New Englanders would be Montreal; for Western New York and Pennsylvania, Torontc, and for Michigan and south that of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

There are several comfortable steamers that will take men from Timiskaming to Haileybury and other ports on the upper part of the lake. Timagami is far above the average in its beauty, its fish, and its big game, moose, deer and bear. With its 1,345 (to be accurate) beautifully wooded islands, with natural spring beds of one foot deep of moss and lichens, with its waters densely populated with trout, bass and dore, Timagami has made almost everyone of the tourists who have visited the lake express themselves in language, which to the stranger must seem exaggerated.

The fishing throughout my trip was the best I have ever had. Brook trout in the small streams and three kinds of magnificent lake trout abounded. Our party of ten sat down to dinner at which a fifty-five pound trout was served. I reluctantly admit however that one of the Indians caught him and not the writer.

The Bureau of Information of "Rod & Gun" furnishes many details of what is necessary in the matter of a trip to Timagami, so that the way may be made clear. A new road has been built which will take people down from Haileybury south to the Montreal River, or to Anima-Nipissing

Lake, or to the north east arm of Timagami, and these are the three ways of getting into Timagami. On the Anima-Nipissing route the fishing and shooting are good. The Montreal River route takes us through the lovely Lady Evelyn Lake. This lake is an exquisite gem in a perfect setting. Not to have seen it is to have missed one of the most attractive portions of the jaunt. By the Anima-Nipissing route we reach Lake Timagami at Sandy Inlet, and just here let me advise you to send to the Director of the Geological Survey at Ottawa for the Government map of Lake Timagami. It is infinitely the best although almost as good a map is given by the Canadian Pacific Railway in their pamplet on Lake Timagami.

Now just imagine yourself leaving this new railway, which is called the Timagami and Northern Ontario Ry. You ask to be dropped off at the nearest point to Anima-Nipissing Lake. There is rather a hard portage to begin with, but that quickly breaks you into your work. Then you will find beautiful islands on this lake which is eighteen miles long, by three miles wide. As you look round you imagine that you are the first white man there. Not the slightest sign appears of anyone having been there before, and you feel as if you owned the land. As a matter of fact the first families of Amerhave been camping there for possibly two or three . thousands of years. Anima-Nipissing is part of the paradise of the Ojibways. For the present, however, your feeling of ownership is complete, and you think that if anyone came and camped near you without asking your permission you would consider it an intrusion. Here you can get ducks and partridge, deer and moose; here you can catch as many black bass, averaging three and a half pounds, as you want, and by trolling from fifty to seventy feet deep vou catch lake trout.

While camping on Net Lake we happened to express disappointment that so far we had not had any brook trout. When we got up next morning we saw 50 trout, averaging one and a half pounds, laying on a long boom. One of our Indians who had heard our expression of disappointment, had got up early, made a little fishing ex-

pedition of his own, to some near-by lake and brought us the catch.

Mr. W. M. Fuller, at the Canadian Camp Fire Dinner at New York last winter spoke in this manner about the fishing in that lake. He got a variety of fish one evening he took five and whose aggregate weight was 75 pounds. He said that one stopped only when one's arms got tired of hauling them in. He spoke of his dinner with a stew that contained duck, partridge, rabbit, lake trout, venison, potatoes, and dough balls. That shows the quality of the sport. No wonder after that dinner Mr. Fuller sat and smoked, and asked himself the question, "Isn't this simply Paradise?" His dog Don speedily learned that a moose is 1 very fast swimmer. Mr. Fuller saw a dozen moose during his camp on the lake and they sometimes came to within twenty feet before making a break for the taking a little more time he shore. By thought he could convince everyone that a single trip to the Canadian backwoods, such as he had had, would come as a revelation, whatever their experiences elsewhere had been. This was Mr. Fuller's first experience of Anima-Nipissing. I know of other places, and I can assure aim and all my readers, that there are other places in Canada equally good and equally interesting.

It is an exceedingly beautiful trip south west from Anima-Nipissing to McLane Lake, with one long portage to Carrying Lake, and another one into Sandy Inlet, which is part of Lake Timagami. We pass two beautifully clear lakes quite close to Timagami in which there is apparently no fish. But the lakes are deep and pring-fed, so that I use the word "apparently" because I feel that I must be nistaken, and that some thorough test will demonstrate that there are fish in these lakes. I met a most interesting man who had built his house there, at Sandy inlet. He is a missionary, Father Paralis by name, an artist and an entertainer of no mean calibre. The Keewaydin Canoe Club proposes to make a station of his house, and from there one short paddle will take you to Devil's Island, and Devil's Mountain, where is the club's nain amp. This mountain, and Mutche Manitou Mountain, a few miles north of Desbarats, are two points of great theological interest to the Indians.

The beauty of Timagami Lake and its islands are phenomenal. Perhaps the most interesting part is about Devil's Island with the adjacent Devil's Mountain and Granny Island. The Indians firmly believe that Granny's Island is haunted, and even the local Hudson's Bay officer advised me not to sleep upon it. It has a stone which resembles a squaw, and this natural statue is the special diabolical incarnation. All the Indians appease her Majesty when they are forced to pass by with tobacco, pipes, etc. Time forbade my becoming more intimate with the squaw-possessed island: I hope to visit it again however. The Indians call her Kokomis, which being interpreted means Mrs. Devil.

At Bear Island we are at Indian headquarters. Upon my first trip to Timagami I went on foot, and had the hardest walk of my life. On my second trip I left Bear Island, and went down the Timagami and Sturgeon Rivers to Verner Stathe C. P. R. by bark canoe. tion on That was another hard trip, and we had many difficult pertages. Before reaching land for a portage the bow Indian would tell the steersman what to do about it, and when it was a case of the tourists getting out the instructions in Indian, literally translated, were "Only the beef goes out this time," and the crestfallen sportsmen meekly got out.

For tourists who desire to go down the Timagami and Sturgeon Rivers to Sturgeon Falls. I have only this piece piece of warning to give namely, that the trip isn't easy. But even then I feel that those who take the harder trip, provided that they are not ill, will have their reward, and find it no small one. Those who conserve some of the Godgiven enjoyment of nature in her most beautiful forms and moods, will not fail to admit that the writer is justified in his enthusiasm when Lake Timagami is his subject.

I took this trip early in May. On August 15th, after a very hard summer's work, which nearly undid all the benefit I experienced from my May outing, I was sitting in my office almost everpowered by that twentieth century tired feeling, when a friend came in and said, "I want you to

take me somewhere fishing. Where is that lake with the long name you went to in May?"

"Oh, Timagami," I said. "Nothing in the world would please me better, my dear fellow, but it is impossible."

"Rubbish!" he replied. "Why is it impossible?"

"Because," I said, "I have a mountain of work before me to demolish, and each day is only half long enough for its work." Here my friend broke in with that very inelegant word, "Rats!"

"Rats!" he replied, "don't you know that Daniel Webster said, "When I have so much to do that I do not know where to begin I go a-fishing."

"Look here," I answered, "Daniel Webster could afford to do many things that I cannot. Have you heard what he did in the hay field?"

"No," answered my friend.

"Daniel was a young man of the kind who can take care of themselves. He never spavined a wood-horse before breakfast. His father knew Daniel, junior. On this day Daniel's excuse was that he had a scythe that hung badly on the snath. His father came over to put it right, but did not succeed very well, and said to his son, 'Oh, hang it any way you like.' 'All right,' said Daniel, and he hung it on the limb of a tree and left it there. Men of genius can do this sort of thing, in stories at least, and seem to profit by it, but when I do it, I always suffer a penalty of some sort."

However I was temporising, and as is generally the case with one who dallies with temptation I allowed myself to be convinced that I would do more work in a week after a fortnight's holiday of change and rest, than I could do in a month feeling as I did then.

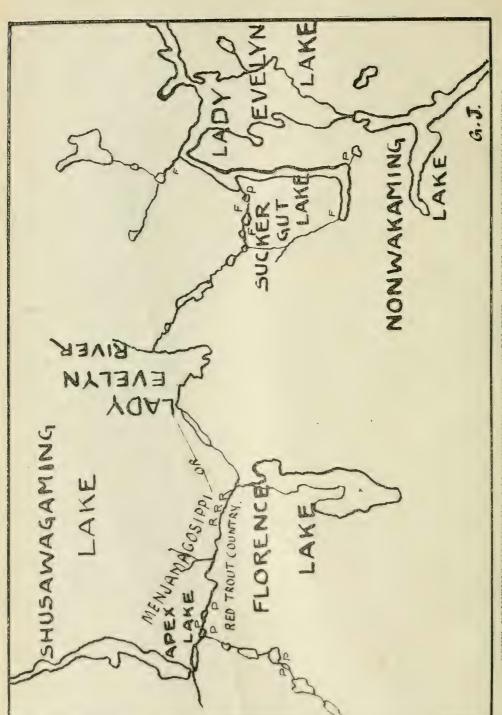
My Indian guide had told me in May that in Timagami in August the bass would figuratively speaking, jump into any boat in which one of its occupants chanced to be wearing a red tie. I had treasured this figure of speech in my mind and been sorely tempted by it, but as often had succeeded in resisting the temptation, being helped by the knowledge that if I went I should have to go alone, and whenever I am enjoying superlatively fine scenery, and good fishing or shooting I do

crave companionship in the enjoyment.

Now, here was an opportunity to go with some of the most congenial people in the world-two presidents of Fishing Clubs, keen sportsmen, a newspaper friend, a clerical friend, who was also an artist. a railway official, and a professional photographer, upon whom, unlike the amateur we could pour out the vials of our wrath if his views were not fairly good. We had also with us a good type of the Yankee boy of fourteen, the son of one of our club presidents, whom we brought in order to enjoy his enthusiasm in a redundant way, should we be lacking therein ourselves. On the wrong side of forty, one's youthful enthusiasms begin to disappear, and I elect to enjoy it over again through those who have a full supply.

From New York, Buffalo or Boston to Lake means . twenty-four Timiskaming hours in the train, with an hour's stopover at Mattawa on the Ottawa River, the cars being comfortable and the scenery good all the way. At Timiskaming Station we left the surprisingly comfortable hotel to take a small steamer to Haileybury, at the upper end of the lake. Almost too short seemed the journey. I cannot remember whether it was thirty, forty, or seventy miles. We arrived there Sunday morning and found a well-to-do settlement, there being among the settlers some highly cultivated people from England. Out of respect to their thorough church-going habits, out of awe of the parson, and because we were strongly attracted by the people, with whom we spent a most enjoyable day socially, we determined to wait until Monday morning at Hailevbury. All hands went to service. We were moved to the extent of putting our hands into our pockets to help the construction of a church. We managed to smash the Sabbath day, nevertheless, by hiring our eight guides, consisting of eight Indians, with four canoes. One of our Indians turned out after being washed to have been born in Bond Street, London, but he proved a good Indian, notwithstanding that fact.

We left Haileybury on Monday, the twenty-second day of August, A. D., 1898. Although we had made many firm and almost religious resolutions to leave at 5.30 (we were to get up at five o'clock, be dressed



BOWS POINTING NORTH TO LADY EVELYN LAKE—FROM KEEWAYDIN CAMP TO MENIAMAGOSSIPPI (The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.

in ten minutes and leave after a full twenty minutes of breakfast), the serving out of packs to the men, and thorough distribution and loading up of our luggage, took all the time up to 7.30 o'clock, at which hour we started. The first stage of the journey was a tramp of six miles, our Yankee boy of fourteen insisting upon carrying a rifle for four miles, when he reluctantly gave it up to the writer. At half past ten the party reached the Fire Ranger's cabin at Sharp Lake, every one being in a greater or lesser state of perspiration although the day was cool and pleasant. Our luggage was carried in a wagon.

The Indians each carried a canoe over those six miles with apparently as much ease as we did our rifles and fishing-rods. I may mention that we here opened up our outfit of provisions, and found it to be excellent, good in quality, sufficient in quantity, and easily carried.

Although Lake Timagami was our destination, and we had decided not to loiter on our journey, I determined to have a little fishing in Lake Sharp, which is about two miles long, as I specially wanted to try an artificial minnow that I had bought from an old fisherman in Little Saint Antoine Street, Montreal, over whose door is the legend, "God save the Queen, and all honest fishermen." He told me that he had begun to make flies and artificial minnows at twelve years of age, and had made them for seventy-two years, also that this was the best minnow he had ever made. I took him to be an octogenarian fraud, but when I landed the first fish, a fine pickerel, upon my first cast of the minnow, I mentally apologized to my old friend. The lead was easily kept with that minnow over the most tempting flies and most taking spoons, with which the excellent fishermen from Syracuse and Rochester so skilfully whipped the lake. Lake Sharp gave our party plenty of fish, but nothing but pickerel (or as the Canadian calls it, dore) and pike. We arrived at the foot of Lake Sharp at 1.30, and made a short portage and an easy one into Lake Ajickigaming, which was at 2.20.

The next lake was small and took us only about half an hour to cross. Here we found more pickerel and dore. After a short portage we found the Montreal River, which is a fine stream. Leaving for

our trip up this river at five minutes to four o'clock, we reached the foot of the first rapid at 4.40 p. m. Here we caught plenty of very gamey bass, and the faint shadow of disappointment that had settled over the countenances of our fishermen disappeared. Up to this we had caught plenty of fish, but few bass. "Now this will do," said Syracuse. "All right," said Cleveland, and everybody else felt that fishing, canoes, Indians, grub, and temperature were right indeed; heaven was smiling upon us.

Incidentally I may mention a proposition I made while here, and which was adopted as one of the statutes in our temporary constitution, viz: That a heavy penalty should be inflicted on any one killing more bass than our eight white men and eight Indians together could consume. A provision was made that more bass could be caught, if they were returned to their native element at once, only time enough being given the fisherman for one gloating look and one guess as to his weight.

A five-minutes' portage carried us over the second rapid, and then we had supper. Only one day out, but a genuine forest appetite was beginning to make itself felt. We made a mistake here; we should have slept at this portage, for the Indians had already done a heavy day's work, but we were too anxious to reach Lake Timagami to stop with two hours' daylight before us, and so we continued until nearly eight o'clock before camping. This tired our men a little too much for the first day, although they did not grumble. It was an economical mistake. Just as we neared the camp our Yankee boy killed a porcupine with a revolver, of which feat he was very proud. We tried to eat the porcupine but our cook made a failure of that dish, -his only failure. The picturesque camp, the porcupine, and the fish just caught that day were photographed by flashlight before turning in for the night. We had two excellent 10x12 tents bought in Montreal, and four white men for each tent. The Indians had their own. We had almost too much room, but that is a luxury that is easily borne, and the tents were not too heavy.

Many will sympathize with us in the delight we experienced in being in an uninhabited country; uninhabited, that is except by those oldest families of the north, the Algonquin Indians. Our own men were a splendid lot of fellows. One of them carried seven bags of flour on his back at one time over a portage. He was six feet two in height, stout in proportion, and as intelligent and modest as he was big. Readers when you canoe that way ask for the Indian Willy Paulson. Most of these Indians have had more or less experience in travelling with the Hudson Bay factor, and each Hudson's Bay factor is more or less of a Mikado in his make-up and habits. He travels in great pomp; he has two paddling Indians for his own canoe, and two other Indians, generally, in another canoe, with a camp equipage, but his most stylish way is to travel in a very large war canoe, with a numerous crew. This Northern Mikado has a cook for himself, and another cook for the Indians. Upon landing for dinner the first care is for my lord; the bass just caught and the choicest of the game is, of course, for him, and perhaps rightly enough as the world wags, both here and elsewhere.

At night his tent is put up first. Balsam boughs are cut, and placed so as to give him a springy bed a foot thick, and very springy and comfortable it is. All this is done while his cook is preparing his dinner. He dines late while travelling to save valuable midday time.

The Hudson's Bay Company, London, keeps very old wines and liquors of every description, which it distributes among its posts in the north in a liberal manner, so that the traveller who has the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of the Hudson's Bay factor, can comfort the inner man most thoroughly at these oases in the wilderness. Our Indians had travelled with the factor, and they had learned the art of pleasing the canoeist and camper almost to perfection. I say, almost, because they could not for a long time treat us with quite as much consideration as they did the Hudson's Bay Company factor, but after that "long time" had elapsed, when they were promised that each one of the eight Indians should become the owner of one of the suits in which the eight white men were travelling, and when more over, they were told that the best Indian should be presented with a really good briar-root pipe, with amber mouth-piece. their behavior attained to perfectibility.

Before taking up our second day's journey, I should like to give a little incident which occurred at our dinner place at the portage. While there we found, in a stake driven into the ground and split at the top, two Indian love letters, written on birch bark, one being several weeks old, the other of quite recent date. The first was written in the month of strawberries, the other in the month of the nuts, which was our month. The Indians are innocent of dates. Our missionary translated these letters for us. It may have been a mean thing to do, but we did not think so then, neither do I now, because we did not move in the same circle, and would certainly not use the information to the social annovance or detriment of either of the par-

The letter began with "Dear little Dore" (this fish is a favorite with the Indians, and it was' the most endearing term that he could think of), "I love you dearly. I want to see you so much, oh, very much! I called at your Asohagan" (the Indian name for home), "but you were absent." And then he uses superlatives just as our lovers do, swears eternal loyalty, and tells her he will come back in ten days. He comes back to be disappointed again, and writes a second love letter, in which the terms are still more affectionate, and says he knows that she will pass by this portage before very long, and therefore, he leaves these two letters, and he hopes that she will write to him. It really was a very fairly written love letter. One has not a varied experience of his own in a case like it, so that comparisons are difficult. We photographed the post containing the love letters, as well as the letters themselves, and my friends call it a capital picture.

Tuesday, the twenty-third, we left our camp at 8.40 a.m., arriving at the Hudson's Bay Company's post, Matachewan, on Bay Lake, from whose agent we bought one or two items of which we imagined ourselves in need, but our real motive was to repay the hospitality we had received, having taken refuge there from the rain. At 10.40 a.m. we left the post, and arrived at the portage at Pork Rapids at 11.35 a.m. By this time the Indians had given



THE NOTCH OF THE MONTREAL RIVER.

Near Lake Timiskaming.



KA-ABITA-CIBONATE (HALF-PORTAGE-HALF-CANOE) RAPIDS. Timagami River,



KOKOMIS-LAKE TIMAGAMI.



A FINE TROUT HOLE ON THE MENJAMAGOSSIPPI. (The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)

us all Indian names. One of our party bears the name of Cotton (Wabiskigin), and we overheard them speaking of last night's camp as the place where the "little piece of 'Wabiskigin' killed the porcupine." Of course it was Mr. Cotton's fourteen-year-old son of whom they were speaking.

Most of that day was spent in traveling through Bay Lake, which was very impressive with its vista views of bluffs, standing out in regular echelon array on each side, the effect being intensified by the absolute calmness of the water and the misty atmosphere.

At 4.15 in the afternoon we arrived at Mattawabika Falls. If I remember rightly, the meaning of the Indian word is a place "where the rivers meet the waterfalls." Montreal River, and the river which is an outlet to Lady Evelyn Lake, here form a landscape of river, lake, waterfall, moss and lichen covered rock, and green trees of many tints that I can never forget, and we were so successful with our photographs that the beautiful and bold outlines will ever be with us, even though the glorious coloring exist only in memory. The fishing here was very good, and indeed it is everywhere. It rained as we started out on beautiful Lady Evelyn Lake. This I regretted very much, because we had heard its beauties described by sober-minded and thoroughly reliable people. Even in the mist and fading daylight one could realize something of what its attractions would be in fine weather. There are no good camping-places immediately after leaving Mattawabika Falls, but two or three miles down the lake, in a sheltered inlet between two islands, we found a comfortable spot, where we pitched our tents in the rain. But almost everywhere in this country one finds dry fuel and it takes but little fire to dry one's self, however damp, or even wet, he may be.

We had done another long day's work, but had plenty of good food, tobacco, and an ample supply of boughs to sleep upon.

We left camp at 7.15 in the morning, which is about as early as a large party can manage to leave, with dishes for sixteen men to wash and stow away after cooking breakfast, four tents to pitch, and the impedimenta of guns, rods and photo-

graphing cutfit to stow away in canoes.

Next day was lovely, with a bright sun modified by clouds, which made a good photographing day, while exquisite scenery, bordering on the grand, surrounded us all the time.

At Obisaga Narrows, at 10.45 in the morning we camped on a lovely island, in order to have time for a swim and to do some photographing before dinner. I swam in Timagami Lake on May 9, when the water was cold. It was lovely every day in August and September, during our stay.

We left at 1.30 p. m., passing through Lady Evelyn Lake to the portage which separates Lady Evelyn from the almost equally lovely Diamond Lake. At 5.30 the portage was completed, and the party about ready to traverse the latter. It was while waiting for the Indians to carry over our stuff that the Rochester fisherman, looking down into the clear waters of Diamond Lake, saw a number of bass from the bank quite plainly. He determined to catch the heaviest of these, and succeeded in getting a beautiful three-pounder, which the writer caught with a snapshot, when the fish was halfway out of water, making a very interesting photograph for future days. It was very enjoyable to witness the playing of that bass, by the experienced fisherman; every dive for liberty, every attempt to get behind a rock, every wicked shake of the head and fierce flop of that bass's tail, was clearly seen in ten or fifteen feet of water, so that the bite, the leap, the struggle, the landing, and the death were all witnessed distinctly. Talking of death, there may be some of my readers who do not know how absolutely necessary it is, in order to fully enjoy the flavor, that a fish should be killed immediately upon its being landed in the boat, either by being struck upon the head, or by driving a knife through the brain. To allow it to die slowly distinctly affects the flavor of any fish, and it is

We camped on a magnificent island in Diamond Lake. Near the water the rock is so flat and smooth that a couple of sets of lancers could be danced upon it. From this smooth and level rock the island rose gradually to a wooded knoll. The water of the lake was absolutely pure to drink, and in all our journey of fifteen

days from Boston to Timiskaming and return we did not once have anything but the purest water.

On Thursday, August 25, we left camp at 5.40 in the morning, before breakfast, intent upon reaching that night Father Paradis' farm. His calves were brought in by canoe, and his horses swam quite a portion of the way. This was my clerical friend and fellow sportsman, ex-professor of mathematics, artist, colonizer, and prosent day farmer, who has had enterprise enough to start a large farm on the northeast corner of Lake Timagami otherwise called Sandy Bay, because of the level Sandy beach, as long and as hard to walk upon as that of Old Orchard in Maine.

This was the hard day of the journey. We arrived at the last portage at 6.10 in the morning. This portage takes about fifteen minutes. It is a little difficult and rather rocky. We left the portage at 6.50 in the morning, in the rain. There is a portage, a very short cut, here into Sandy Inlet, but it was so overgrown with trees from want of use that Indians told us that it was almost impassable, and we determined to paddle all the way around by Devil's Mountain, sixteen miles, rather than attempt it. The wind freshened into a gale; the rain came down steadily on a biting slant. The writer was in the largest of the four canoes, which needed a third paddle to enable it to keep up with the three smaller boats, and we had to paddle altogether twenty-two miles in the face of this gale,-steady, hard work, because the relentless wind drove us before it the wrong way, if we stopped for moment.

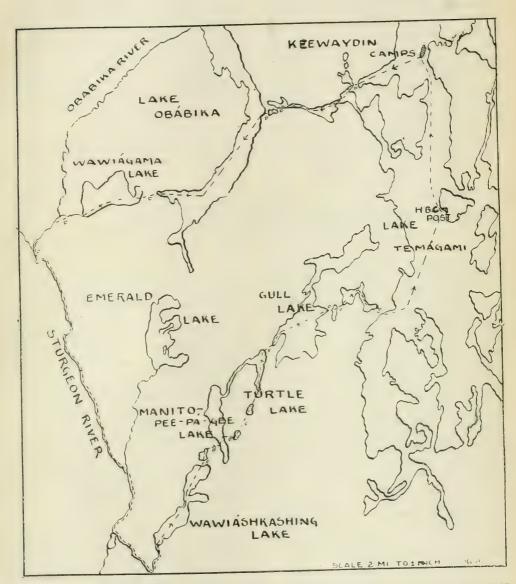
However, at noon, we reached Father Paradis' house, and found there stoves, cows, a garden with its vegetables, all for our use, and once more all was well and the ills wiped off the slate.

The little bark canoes are wonderful sea boats. We rounded some points and cut across some bays with so heavy a sea that one might have thought it impossible for so frail a craft to live, but there are very many pretentious row boats that will not stand as much as a bark canoe. It was not necessary to do so, as we could have found shelter anywhere on the road. There is, however, a limit to what the bark canoe will bear. The Cleveland fish-

erman was determined to catch one of the sixty pound (and heavier) trout, which are sometimes caught here. He hired the farmer's son who took him out, with a very heavy weighted troll, but we were not fated to know whether there were any big trout in the bay waiting for the Rochester champion. The fisherman's boy had thoughtfully prepared the Rochester fisherman a seat, whose foundation was so secured that, upon sitting his comfortable proportion upon it, it rolled over, and in a moment the canoe was on top and the man under. This necessitated the second complete change of raiment, and we had to thank the great run on dry garments for excellent models, from which we drew on the walls of the farmhouse limbs worthy of "the dying gladiator."

How much food we consumed, and how much tobacco we burned, and how many fish taradiddles we swapped that afternoon deponent saith not. Our host entertained as by showing us a large number of exquisite water-colors—rare bits of Northern mountain and lake scenery.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth day of August, our party separated in the morning, two canoes going to Devil's Mountain to photograph. There is, in addition to Devil's Mountain, Devil's Island, and also Granny's, or Kokomis's Isles, Mrs. Devil's peculiar property. The white man has never married the Devil to anybody. The Indians believe that he was married, and that his wife being a little better than he, her virtues drove her from him; he chased her to the shore at Devil's Mountain, where she plunged into the water and swam to the island, which now bears her name. His dislike to clear, cool water prevented him from following, but he revenged himself by turning her into stone, as she sat grieving over his cruelty, and there her statue remains to this day. It really is a striking piece of rock, of which we obtainan excellent photograph. Nothing would induce the Indians to sleep upon the island, and no camp-fire has ever been lighted upon it. Devil's Mountain is a bluff, a thousand or more feet high. It was down that mountain that the Devil chased his wife that day. It is near the centre of the lake, and from it magnificent views may be had in every direction. The climbing was easy, and we were more



KEEWAYDIN CAMPS AND ROUTE TO WANAPITEI, MISSISSAGUA, DESBARATS, AND THE FRENCH RIVER FROM TIMAGAMI

This map shows the route followed in the story, 'From Timagami to Wanapitei" by George Creelman, which appeared in the March Number

than rewarded by the views that we were able to take from the elevation. Showers of rain came at intervals, and our light was not perfect, but, nevertheless, we made most interesting views. When our appetizing can of bouillon was spilt by accident that day the Indians said it was Kokomis that did it.

Our camping-place at the foot of this mountain is an ideal spot for a villa or hotel, and we shall see one or the other here before many seasons go by. The Keewaydin Canoe Club have selected this spot for their headquarters.

We left Devil's Island at 7.30 in the morning, and arrived at Bear Island at 9.30, where the Hudson's Bay agent

has a store which furnishes supplies. Here we pitched our canoes, which were leaky. We left it at noon, and ran down into Island Bay, and camped near there on Saturday night, on a beautiful sandy point to the west of High Rock Island. This was a memorable Saturday night. We drank to sweethearts and wives, we smoked to the glory of God as Spurgeon did, we had a regular brokers' exchange of stories, and altogether spent many profitable hours before turning in to our very comfortable camps.

To be continued.

(The up-to-date Timagami will be treated in our next.)

What I Learnt from Jim Brewster.

By STRAW HAT.

To describe the Canadian Rockies as the Greater Switzerland is to give an idea, if a very inadequate idea, of that great natural feature of the Dominion.

Travellers who have exhausted all that the world may have to show them elsewhere, experience a new sensation in visiting and exploring the Rockies.

It is generally admitted that whatever be the subject matter that may enter into comparison, it has to be exceptionally -and undoubtedly in advance of anything Switzerland can show to make the Swiss guides who work in the Canadian Rockies admit that the Canadian Mountains are superior to their own. Nevertheless these guides do admit it. The American is fair in these matters and it is a common experience to hear visitors from the United States freely and frankly declare that nothing in America can approach, much less equal, these wonderful and majestic mountains. The Canadian Rockies are awful in the literal sense of the word. Even use and wont never makes one familiar with the Rockies. They are so vast, so awe-inspiring and the littleness of man and the comparative absurdity of his works are so apparent by contrast, that rough natures are silenced by it all.

In the midst of these hills is beautiful

Banff, a little town made busy in the delightful Canadian summer-time by the comings and goings of travellers from all over the world desiring to see something of the marvels of the Rockies and to make acquaintance with the big game who find in these fastnesses, their homes. Jim and William Brewster, guides with many horses and much outfit and many experienced men in their employ, live at Banff. These two slight boyish looking fellows have killed more grizzly than any men of their age in the mountains. In an interview with Jim the writer obtained the following facts. Anything in the story that is complimentary to Jim is the writer's own opinion and language, not Jim's who is an exceedingly modest fellow. Jim will be surprised when he reads this estimate of him.

From Banfi parties go out in all directions in the summer and upon trips of all kinds. These are mostly packhorse trips although there are journeys that can be made by canoe. No amateur should go without a guide, for the valleys are deceptive to strangers, distances are specially deceiving and people who are lost do not always keep cocl and consider. With a competent guide however a trip of any period—from days

to months—can be taken and acquaintance with the mountains and its various inhabitants made at leisure. A party can be out in the Rockies for months at a time and never see a sign of civilized life or meet a human being. To the visitor from the crowded countries of Europe this experience is always new, always interesting and at all times charming.

There are Indian Reservations on the slopes of the mountains and in the eastern Rockies and foot-hills the Stoney and Blood Indians still have their The former tribe is now considered to be only seven hundred strong, whereas only a few years ago their numbers were at least double. Contact with the whites and white civilization has had the same effect in their case as in others. The Brewster Bros., who have their ranch, guides, and horses at Banff, and who have made a life-. work of this occupation. consider, as we have often heard before, that the so-called civilized Indian is often unreliable and unfitted to be trusted as a guide. If one can find an old Indian, who is still faithful to his national traditions and national life, the chances are that he will be well treated by him and find this Indian reliable and trustworthy, but should he unfortunately get hold of a degenerate of the other sort and make the mistake of offending him in some of the many mysterious ways in which offences are conveyed to Indians, he find himself deserted and may speedily left alone in the wilds. He may be quite sure that his fate, whatever it may be, will not trouble the conscience of that Indian one iota. I say he may because he may also meet very good civilized Indians. The Canadian Government, with that pathas which solicitude always ernal marked their conduct towards all the Indian tribes in the Dominion, have set apart some of the most beautiful portions of the country as reservations. The tourist and hunter may pass through these reserves but upon them the Indian alone is master. There are complaints that in its fatherly care of these people the Government has gone too far. The Indians are free to hunt and shoot and fish where they will and now that the white man's weapons have come into their possession their powers of slaughter are tremendously in-

creased. They are doing much to exterminate game, and fish, both of which are still abundant in most districts of the Rockies. Mountain sheep which are characteristic of the Rockies, are slaughtered by these Indians in a wholesale fashion. Mr Brewster says that if a few Indians can get a flock hemmed in between rocks they will shoot them all down, even to the ewes with lambs. In other words, they have no thought for the morrow. The Indians are very fond of the flesh of these animals and when ill they think nothing else can cure them. A movement is now on foot to ask the Government to purchase the rights of the Indians to the game and restrict them in the use of the rifle. In return the Government will have to give them rations, and teach them how to farm, and many people hold this to be the best way of meeting the problem, as the Indians often suffer privations from their incurable habit of failing in times of prosperity to make preparations for those of adversity. More and more are governments and people alike becoming alive to the importance of this question of game preservation. Even the Rockies themselves would be deprived of one of their greatest charms were the mountain sheep and other game to follow into extinction the buffalo of the prairies. For good or for evil white civilization is pressing them hard everywhere and the Indians, like the whites, will have to conform to its laws and regulations. The wasteful and reckless methods of the past, cannot, in the interests of all, be allowed to continue. To take firearms away from the Indians would be an extreme measure but strong regulations will have to be enforced if game is to be saved, and saved it must be. It is calculated that no less than 20,000 mcuntain sheep were slaughtered by one tribe of Indians last year, nevertheless it is not too late if prompt measures are taken to save them.

Bears, according to the same authority, continue to be as plentiful as ever. It is one of the problems in the Rockies, and more interesting than the generality of such riddles, how these animals come to follow such well defined districts. If it is a grizzly that is wanted the experienced guide can find him and take the hunter to the valley where numbers will make their

appearance. It is the same with the black bear, the cinnamon, and other varieties. An amateur might hunt for weeks and never get sight of a bear. He might easily persuade himself that bears have deserted that part of the country. But let him take the advice of his guide; he will then be directed to a beautiful valley, on the slopes of which grow the wild potato, which may be of the same family as the original tuber that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced into Europe from America. These slopes are avalanche slides, much good earth having been brought down by them in their course, the "slides" are very fertile. The bears know a good thing when they can get to it, and in addition to being fishermen can also take up a potato harvest. As he has no means of cooking them bruin eats them raw and in pretty fair quantities. This bit of gardening is done at the, end of the day, but with the clear air of the Rockies and the long lingering twilight, which lasts until ten o'clock at night, and is in itself well worth enjoying, a marksman stands every chance of bagging his game. Absorbed in his supper and in obtaining it from the ground, the changing mctions of the bear afford many a chance of which a good shot takes full advantage. This is one of the sights of the Rockies not to be seen elsewhere, and the trophy which the hunter secures is a constant reminder to him of a bit of unique experience in his life.

Our young yet veteran guide on one of his journeys was out with a party of five of the citizens of the greatest Republic on earth. They were looking for 'bear and in the meantime, emboldened by the presence of each other some "tall" stories of their experience with bears in the States were related. To listen to them was to wonder how a single bear could have been left alive south of the line. A believer in their exploits might well have imagined the survival of such an animal to have been due to accident. Suddenly however in the midst of the best of the the stories, the party rounded a corner and there, forty yards from them, sat a particularly ugly looking grizzly. Whether the gentleman had had a matrimonial quarrel that morning, or had had to turn out without his break-

fast, could not be ascertained. All that was plain was that he was in an ugly temper, and immediately upon perceiving the party, which in the enthusiasm of relating its prowess was not particularly quiet, he made for them. Instantly the rifles rang out, and the gentlemen from the States thus vindicated their honor. One of the valiant marksmen, more it is believed by accident than design, grazed the animal, causing him to emit a howl and increase the speed with which he shambled towards them. Immediately three of the bold warriors threw away their rifles and showed the bear their heels; the other two were too frightened even to run, and stood tremblingly awaiting their fate. Mr. Brewster allowed the bear to get within thirty feet of them, and then with one well directed shot broke his neck. For the remainder of the trip the bears of the Republic had a rest, and by general consent the subject was tabooed. This story must not be supposed to convey any reflection upon the sportsmen of the United States. There are boasters in every country, and they do not always escape so easily as in this instance.

As a rule the bear hunter in the Rockies should take no chances. It is best to pump as many bullets into a grizzly as time and opportunity will allow you. The bullets on entering make very small holes, which soon close and are covered by the hair, and but very rarely one goes through. If one did so it would do more on emerging to spoil the skin than a dozen on entrance. To illustrate this advice, Mr. Brewster tells of a case where he and five Indians had a hunt at the head of the Red Deer River which ended in a tragedy. A light snow had fallen and they came upon distinct bear tracks. In the Rockies the bears do not begin their winter siestas till the snow is deep, and as at such a time the animal is at his best the men were anxious to take him. He was tracked to a little wood about half a mile long, by a quarter of a mile wide, and from general observations it seemed likely that the animal would come out on one side. Accordingly forces were unevenly divided, one Indian alone going to one side to head the bear back should he attempt' to break out, and Mr. Brewster and the others going as they believed to meet the bear.

Before they had taken up their positions however they heard a single shot, and as no other followed they imagined something was wrong, and everyone made for the place from which the sound came as speedily as they could. On arriving at the scene of the encounter the Indian was dead and the bear just giving his last dying kick. To experienced eyes the story was as plain as though those gathered there had been eye witnesses of the occurrence. Contrary to expectation the bear had broken out of the wood on the side taken by the single Indian, and made for him with all the speed of which these animals are capable. The Indian aimed truly and shot the bear through the heart. His rifle then "jammed" and before he could release the mechanism the hear was upon him. With one supreme effort it tore him open, and then succumbed itself, to the fatal shot.

The horses of the Rockies deserve an article to themselves, and however much tourists and visitors may have had to do with horses at home, they have always something to learn from these sturdy and sure footed little animals. These cayuses, as they are called, are not much to look at, but as it is with people, you want to live with them to know them. When you find a little animal, weighing about 600 lbs., carrying a dead weight of 300 lbs., day after day up and down hills and along valleys, and always doing it cheerfully, managing to pick up its own existence at night from the grasses in the neighborhood, you insensibly learn to respect him. When added to that you ride a similar animal and find that, if you will allow him, he will take you safely over all the difficult and dangerous places with unfailing and unerring judgement, and bring you safely through what looks like impossible places, you gain a warmer feeling still for these sterling little creatures. It is but rarely an accident happens, and in such cases it is generally the visitor, and not the horse that is to blame. When camp is made for the night, the horses are released, and no further attention paid to them. They are generally found quite near in the morning, and Mr. Brewster with his long experience and his many horses, has never lost a single animal by straying, although occasionally he has had to go as far as four or five miles away to find them. Natural instinct, a love of man's companionship, and a general interest in the work which horses used to it always plainly show when sent out on the trail, keeps them close by. Even in the case of fires all the horses were recovered.

Mr. Brewster had, on one occasion, an experience with horses which demonstrates that a guide has to be a man of determination if he comes safely out of some of the tight places in which he may find himself. Late in the fall the two Brewster brothers had conducted a party over the Great Divide and were on their return journey. They had seven head of horses with them, and had reached the Simpson Valley. During the night four feet of snow fell in the valleys, and this meant four times that quantity on the mountains It was a case for quick and determined action. There was but one course open and it was taken without hesitation. To leave the horses where they were meant a lingering and painful death by starvation. The more merciful course, as it was impossible to save them, was to shoot them. This was done promptly, although one of the animals had been used by Mr. Brewster as his own saddle horse for five years, and had carried him safely up and down some of the most difficult and dangerous places in the Mountains. He "hated to do it," but when necessity drove he showed no hesitation in facing the ordeal which fate had forced upon him. Out of the skin of one of the horses two pairs of snow snoes were speedily made, and packing the best of their provisions on their backs, the two brothers set off, and after a tramp of 75 miles struck the railroad. Of such stern and uncompromising stuff nave the Rocky Mountain guides to be made. During the winter these horses are sent down to the prairies where they manage to secure a living for themselves. Of course they are all branded and disputed ownersip is comparatively rare.

As a sample of the adventures by means of which guides are made, one that befel Mr. Brewster about one hundred miles north of Banff is worth relating. Accompanied by a party of Indians he was crossing a glacier stream. The rush of water proved too much for his horse, which was carried off his feet, and commenced as horses do in such cases to turn over and

over. Mr. Brewster was too good a rider to attempt to retain his seat under such circumstances and with the first giving way of his horse he promptly threw himself free, and attempted to strike out for himself. But the stream, which had proved too strong for his horse, was not to be resisted by him, and he was carried along with such force that he was drawn under a small log jam. The current carried him completely under the logs, and in a very short time-although it seemed like an hour to him-he appeared at the other end. A fall of ten feet was comparatively only a few yards off, and nothing but the prompt action of his Indian friends, who managed to drag him to the bank by means of a rope, saved him from serious, if not fatal, injuries. The horse was carried down to the same log jam, and one of the Indians ran out and held up his head, thus preventing him from going under, while the others fastened ropes around him and eventually rescued him as well as his master. It was an exciting time while it lasted, and the whole party crossed the steam at a safer ford.

One further adventure with horses will well come in here. The brothers were one day breaking in a couple of young colts, and as usual in such cases long ropes were used. Returning along a bush path, in single file, the colt led by the away, and broke behind galloped ahead trailing his long rope. James, who was in advance, held on to his animal which had become as excited as his companion, and the runaway in passing managed to entangle its rope in Jim's feet, throwing him to the ground and dragging him along in its wild career. Both horses were now galloping their hard est, and according to the victim, and in the expressive language of the mountains, "sitting on a hot stove was nothing to it." Fortunately for him the horses turned up a side path, and he managed to catch hold of a tree, and reduce their speed. With voice and with further pulls he brought them to a stand and released himself. Three weeks in bed was the result of this unpleasant episode, his retirement being rendered imperative not merely by the shock, but also by the necessity of "growing more hide."

This was an episode only and as "Jim"

says once only in all his mountaineering has Mr. Brewster met with an "accident." Climbing with both hands and feet, if not with eyebrows and eyelashes, he happened to get fast with one foot, and in his struggle for release managed to throw himself over a ledge. Fortunately for him the fall was one of only ten feet but that was quite enough, for it "burst (broke) his arm" which prevented him for a time at least from being as active as was natural to him in his daily habits

Forest fires may be a distinct danger in the Rockies, and even the most experienced camper and traveller is liable to be burned out. But with proper precautions these dangers are not great, no greater indeed than that spice of danger which attends all travelling everywhere, and which adds to the enjoyment, and detracts from the monotony, of life. One of the best precautions is to camp if possible on the banks of a stream, and there at hand is the means of prevention of the spread of fire and escape from its dangers. Another is to camp above the timber line, although this has many inconveniences and drawbacks. The first is the best. Then with ordinary care in building a fire, and seeing that the flames do not reach the surrounding trees, all should be safe. Even with the experienced however fires will happen. The mischief is done before one is aware that the slightest danger has been incurred. The fir cones burn fiercely and make a great heat and much smoke, but they are soon burnt out. The danger however is that this fire may run rapidly, and be all comsuming for the time being. In the case of finding oneself in such a predicament, either take the heroic course of throwing everything into the stream and yourself following, or if there is time place everything beyond the timber line. Mr. Brewster has been burned out on several occasions, but never had any serious losses. Once when out with a large party he was camped on a creek on the Sunwapti. Another party was spending the night several miles below them, and by means of a field glass they could be distinguished. During the night a fire started by second camping party, Mr. Brewster, ([]) to them, and with that fine instinct due to responsibility, soon became aware of



CAMP, TIMAGAMI.



READING THE INDIAN LOVE LETTERS.

Timagami Trip.



SURPRISING A MOOSE AT EVERY TURN. (The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)



STILL SMILING ON THE MENJAMAGOSSIPPI. (The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)

the danger. The packs speedily went into the stream, and the people themselves would have followed, but there was time to reach the timber line. Arrived there it was found that all the party were safe with the exception of the Chinese cook. As there still appeared to be a chance of saving him, Mr. Brewster went back, and there sure enough was the man running round and round a tree. He had to be literally seized and forced into safety to prevent him from being burnt to death, so completely had he lost his head. All the articles were recovered, a few of them scorched, but none badly injured. While these fires are bad enough, they do not lay bare large tracts of country similar to visitations of the same kind in the bush lands. The camper and the explorer may well be advised however to miss no precaution to avoid them, for even when life is not endangered, much valuable timber is destroyed and it is awkward to say the least, to have one's outfit burned, and to be left with no means of speedily replenishing one's supplies.

On the western side of the Divide, salmon are found in many of the smaller streams. When they first come up they are very good, and the Indians spear them in considerable quantities. Those who get so far from the sea appear unable to find their way back, and after a time they bite each other viciously. The place where they are bitten becomes white, and anyone taking a salmon with a white patch on it is careful to cut this out. The remainder of the fish is good. But if the salmon is left the white spot gradually spreads until the fish dies of it. The theory is that the bite of the salmon at certain times is poisonous. There is no need to tell fish stories here, as the fisherman can at times spear not only all he requires, but enough to supply him for the winter should he desire to be so provident.

The life of the guide and hunter is not all sunshine. Like other callings it is subject to its ups and downs, and its variety of fortunes. In both instances hcwever the Rocky Mountains offer advantages over any other place on earth's surface. The are more easily recovered from, and the sunshine is not too long delayed.

Mountains themselves are exhilarating. They dwarf the Alps, they are more accessible than the Andes and the Himalayas, and though the advancing waves of civilization may alter the foot hills, the invasion will pass over the Rockies and leave them open as ever to the explorer and the adventurer of the best kind. Pack-horse train travel and mountain climbing is being more and more practised by women as well as men. The sportsman who has failed to take in the Rockies has yet much to learn. He will find there what no other place can give him. and his experience of the world cannot be complete without a visit to them. In this vast region the Canadian Government possesses an asset whose value can scarcely be over estimated. At a time when the pressure of the great cities is presenting a problem with which no country has successfully grappled, the high clear air and the vast open spaces of the Rockies must be constantly increasing in value. In the midst of an ever changing world they retain their unchangeable, yet unapproachable beauty-a marvellous charm, alike to the stranger, and to those who have passed their lives beneath their shadows.

HE LOVED THE WOODS.

He loved the woods and almost ev'ry day Would find him strolling there, heart-free and gay,

Through shady bowers. Each leaf an' tree Seemed mos' to know him, seemed as if he Was kith an' kin to birds, an' such as they. Folks called him "Nature's fool" and loved to play

Their jokes an' tricks on him an' then he'd stay

Down where the forest brook runs wild ap' free;

He loved the woods.

Sometimes he'd be for weeks an'days away.

An' folks as didn't understand would say,

Jim's got another broodin' spell''; but

we-

The buds an' flowers, ferns an' things an'

We knew; we knew what led his steps astray;

He loved the woods.

-Stacy E. Barker.

The Trout of the Menjamagossippi, Ontario, Canada.

It was early morning when I scrambled out of my blankets and stuck my head out of the tent for a look at the weather-especially the wind. What luck; not a breath! Not a leaf stirred, and the waters of Lake Timagami hardly lisped as they gently bathed the pebbly shores of Devil's Island, where we were camped. The lake lay as smooth as a mirror-what I could see of it; for a gauzy mist hung low and hid the further shores from view. Our Island, sheltered from frowning Devil's Mountain was still in the gray of dawn; but the sun was up, and out on the lake the silvery mists were rising at Geezis' bidding, "High time for these loafers to be up," thought I, "if we are to make the other end of Lady Evelyn Lake before night." Out they tumbled, after some urging, and soon were exchanging mutual greetings of "Kway! Kway!" with the Ojibway guides round the fire.

Breakfast, breaking camp, and loading the canoes were soon over, and our bows pointing straight up the North Arm of Timagami, towards Nonwakaming Lady Evelyn Lakes. But not a moment too soon; for the waves were doing more than whispering now, and off to the north west were rising the white fleecy clouds that mean wind-and more than twenty miles of paddling against a head wind over a good sized lake is no fun! It was still early morning when we made the portage into Nonwakaming and by no means latel when we put ashore on a convenient Island in Lady Evelyn for luncheon; and so, although we had quite a head wind, before the day was over we had no difficulty in making our distance, through charming Lady Evelyn Lake, and turning to the west into Sucker Gut Lake, before we camped for the night.

Who were we and where were we bound? Just a party of fishermen, Billy, the Doctor, and I, with Frank Leclaire, "Old Joe," and "Big Paul," for guides—and we were bound up Lady Evelyn River for a try at its famous red trout, the trout of the Menjamagossippi. It is no cinch to take that trip, as we thoroughly appreciated before the end of the next day; for six portages of the hardest kind lie between

Lady Evelyn and the beginning of the good fishing. Imagine carrying a canoe or a heavy pack up a rock slope of forty-five degrees, more or less, or jumping from boulder to boulder without falling in a grand jumble of pack, canoe, curses and smiles. As Old Joe said-"If you go up first six portages all right, you stand the others;" which reminded me of the horse dictum "if doctor's that, the mare didn't die that night, she get well." It likely to work, that first day's up the Menjamagossippi, and we were a tired lot when we made camp late in the afternoon on a little peninsula at the head of Lily Lake, a little grassy rock just above the falls. But it was worth it, yea a thousand times over; for, when after supper we paddled over to a likely looking spot to try our luck with the rod, scarcely had the first fly fallen gently on the water, when there was the swirl of a great tail, a glorious strike, a singing of the reel, a battle royal, and a two-pound heauty, with shining sides and a belly as red as flame, lay flopping against the ribs of my canoe. That was the beginning of it; from then until it was too dark to see the flies they kept at it. those hungry Menjamagossippi trout; cast, strike, fight, landing; over and over again-now a double header, beauties both; now an old buster, full of years and honours-until, when the failing light compelled us to turn towards camp, we each had a dandy string safe on the bottom of our canoes.

That night around the camp fire! Shall I ever forget it? What a glow of satisfaction pervaded us all as we stretched our tired legs towards the blaze, and fought our battles over again, or built castles for the morrow in the curling smoke of our pipes—while from over the water came the long drawn mournful cry of Mahng, the loon.

Up and at it again in the morning; not in Lily lake this time, but a little up the river, beyond some more rapids, and in a miniature pond above. Sport! I never knew anything like it. All day long we kept it up, except for a rest in the full blaze of noon for lunch, and not once was

our interest allowed to flag. Soon had all we could well eat before they would spoil, so back they would go into the water unharmed. We tried every fly we had, not to see which the trout would take, but which they wouldn't. It was no use; Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Brown Hackle, Montreal, Parmacheenee Bellethey were all one to those fellows, and gobbled them down without a thought-or tried to. It was a shame to trifle with the affections of those inno-And so we thought as we paddled homeward with the trout we had kept, tired, but radiantly happy.

On the way to the camp, Billy varied the sport by scooping up out of the water a little fledgeling loon, and immediately adopting the tiny creature and christening it as one of the family. "His last name may be 'Mahng' as Joe says," said Billy, "but his other name shall be for me." And "Billy Mahng" he became from that time.

The Doctor not to be outdone, had his experiences too. In spite of the Day's sport he could not resist the temptation to try for a "big fellow," under an especially alluring rock in the stream just before we reached camp. It was growing quite

dusky, and perhaps that is the reason why the Doctor several times cast his flies most temptingly in vain. But at last, on a back cast, there came a fierce tug, a mighty splash, and the Doctor began reeling in—a night hawk. We awarded the Doctor first prize. We had heard of fishing for gulls, but this was the first night hawk fishing I had experienced.

Another trout supper, another evening around the fire, another dreamless sleepand then we broke camp. To go home? Not much! To go still further up the Menjamagossippi, the trout fishing getting better-if possible-all the time; up beyond, through the little Tungediesippi, where we waded up to our waists for a day and a half, through dense alder ground, surprising a moose or two every turn; clear to beautiful Shushawagami, the gem of all Ontario's lakes, where the great grey trout are thick as hair. on a dog; even beyond, down the swift Montreal to desolate Metachewan, and soon back to Lady Evelyn and Timagami. But I am not going to tell about that trip; that is indeed "another story."

KEEWAYDIN.

New York Dog Show.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

I was admitted into the most intimate circles of New York's thoroughbred Society recently, and within its charmed circle I spent a couple of days. Of course it was as a representative of "Rod and Gun'' that I mixed with New York's "Four Hundred." The families represented, and by whom your representative was treated in such a pleasant and affectionate manner, were the Airedales, Beagles, Dach sundes, the several branches of the Terrier family, the Pomeranians, the Dalmations, and a host of others. Canada was well represented by its branches of the Pomeranian, Cocker Spaniel, Terrier families. Several members of Airedale these aristocratic families permitted new introductions during the week, and as is often the case both with blue blooded and other families, this proved to be the first step in bringing about changes in the families and their residences. Many of the Canadian representatives will hereafter be classed as residents of the United States.

The swell functions at which I "assisted" (as the French say) were held in Madison Square Gardens under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club. The invitations were extended to as many as would give fifty cents for them. In consequence of this, the thoroughbreds had their cheeks and noses patted by many plebian hands. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Thomas W. Lawson were very much in evidence. However wrongly their money may be gotten some of it was well spent

here—that is of course from the sportsman's point of view.

The New York Dog Show is a great and useful institution. The weeding out of the cur, and the bringing in of the thoroughbred is good work. Here is where dogs innumerable of sterling good qualities are trained to do things, and to do them bravely; trained to love their friends, and to die if necessary in fighting their master's enemies.

I was very much charmed with the absolute fearlessness of the ladies in petting the dogs. It mattered not how fearfully they barked—or how fiercely they looked—bull dogs, terriers, and great Danes, these gentle ladies walked up to them. Sometimes I looked on in fear, but in a moment fear was exchanged for envy when I saw the caressing given to the dogs. Then

I often wished I were the dog! This reflection led me to another, viz., how much superior in many respects were the best of these dogs to many of the men that I know.

Ι witnessed a grand transformation scene in the Gardens-the change from dogs to Sportsman's Show, outfits and camps. Within twelve hours of the close of the Dog Show, 100 feet of platform had been built. A floor 500 feet by 200 feet had been torn up and carried away, preparatory to turning the area into a lake. Car loads of forest trees were coming in, as the dogs were being carried out. In forty eight hours the change was complete and what would have taken ordinary country people a month or six weeks to effect was thus done in the space of two days and nights.

A Rhinoceros Dinner.

"There goes the rhino" was the word passed amongst the diners as the waiters paraded through the dining hall of the Hotel Astor on the occasion of one of the recent Canadian-Dinners in New York. The Canadian Camp is responsible for this terrible alimentary revolution. Among the guests who assembled to despatch the rhinoceros were the Rev. Henry Van Dyke of "Little Rivers" fame and many other equally valuable causes for a good reputation; Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, President of the Camp; Mr. Dillon Wallace, survivor of the Hubbard exploring expedition; Mr. Alvah D. James, of Amazon fame, Mr. Dan B. Smith, millionaire sportsman; Artist Dan Beard; Writers and Sportsmen L. F. Brown, L. O. Armstrong, and J. A. Cruickshank, Dr. Robert T. Morris, and a host of men well known in connection with camps, shooting and fishing. Last year the Canadian Campers served a bear that Grover Cleveland shot, and served him right. This year nothing but the royal rhinoceros would do. Next year as great a surprise will be managed.

Nobody can be a Canadian camper unless he has circulated and graduated in the woods of the Dominion. The members con-

sist generally of Americans who have camped in Canada. Besides the rhinoceros, Mephisticus-americanus was served—if you do not know what it is consult the dictionary. The dinner was a very good one even for the new banquet hall of the Hotel Astor

It is needless to say that the Rev. Henry Van Dyke was an inimitable toast master. Dillon Wallace told of hunger, cold and hardship in Labrador, and doubtless his story was true. The trip however should not have been made as arduous as it was. It was nevertheless one that brought out the sterling qualities of three good men, and the story of the expedition, and the diary of Hubbard, make intensely interesting, if pathetic, reading.

Mr. Alvah D. James in his story of his Amazon trip, told of many adventures with which those present felt the sympathetic touch of human nature.

Jim Brewster, of Banff, gave a splendid story of a grizzly hunt in which he was once engaged. As the toast master said it was true in every gesture and expression, and, added he, "that is the sort of a story we want here." Mr. Brewster was also compelled by the gently imper-

ative audience, to tell now he caught his forty eight inch trout with a tepee pole and a clothes line.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong spoke for half an hour about new rivers and lakes, and unexplored territory in New Ontario, and far North Western Quebec. The interest shown in his illustrated narrative was very keen, and the three hundred and fifty diners stayed to the last minute.

The Canadian Camp is a very flourishing institution, and one that will do Canada good. The Camp has settled upon its permanent home, which is to be along the Mississagua River in New Ontario.

Three days afterwards the Camp-fire Club had their dinner. These are the two leading organizations of sportsmen in New York. The Canadian Camp has the larger membership, and many of its members also belong to the Camp-fire Club. Both clubs are increasingly and deservedly popular. At the dinner of the latter Club, Dr. W. T. Hornaday was the genial toast-master.

An ardent auto-mobilist aroused more indignation than he was made aware of by his temporarily misplaced enthusiasm about auto-mobiles. He said that in a thousand years from now there would be auto-mobiles, but that the horse would be gone. Of course we did not believe him. The members of the audience were, however, too well bred to say what they felt; it is an ill judged effort at a meeting of sportsmen to attempt to prove that the auto will kill the horse.

The speaker of the evening was Prince Colloredo-Mannsfeld. He spoke of a trip he made into the Soudan to rescue an Austrian officer, who was fighting with Gordon's army, and had been captured by the Dervishes. His manly way of telling of his experiences, his good humored method of turning the laugh against himself whenever it was possible, and the value of the matter advanced by him, all proved him to be a most delightful after dinner speaker.

Mr. Loring gave some most interesting details of his trip to Alaska in search of live wild sheep.

An item in which considerable interest was shown were the selections from the songs of the Hiawatha dian play by Mr. F. R. ton. Mr. Burton held his ience without difficulty, and they would have liked more. He gave the history of his discovery of this surprisingly good Indian music, and said that he was not the actual discoverer, but that Mr. L. O. Armstrong who had paved the way for him was, and that President Rocsevelt was so keenly interested in the preservation of these songs as to have given not only moral, but also financial aid in recovering and publishing these songs.

Your correspondent's experience of New York altogether made him feel more strongly than ever what a most valuable asset Canada possesses in her wildest country and most uninhabitable regions. The greater the acreage of bricks and mortar in the large cities of the United States, the greater the mileage of her railways, the greater the expansion of her manufactures, consequent pollution of her rivers and destruction of fish; the stronger is the desire of our friends to the south to escape for as long a period as possible from the ficial to the absolutely wild. They want camps, they want to live in tents, to live the life of the guide and the trapper; they are tired of summer hotels, steamships, Europe and everything else that is artificial. Only the call of Mother Nature is agreeable to them now. They want what is well expressed by the Rev. C. F. Yates, of Golden, B. C., in a poem entitled "In the Selkirks," which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine, appealed to me strongly and which will well bear repeating in part:-

And a tired trapper and trapper's dog,
As sons of the hills know how,
Curl close on a bed of eiderdown
Fresh cut from the cedar's bough.

And the dying camp-fire's embers show

The tint of the stars above;

And the night wind sings the old, old hymn

Of Omnipresent Love.

The Genesis of the Dog.

By D. TAYLOR.

A short time ago a friend of mine in the Old Country picked up at a second-hand book-stall, a treasure trove in the shape of an ancient treatise on dogs, and, knowing my penchant for a good dog and any sort of literature relating to the canine race, he very generously sacrificed his personal feelings in the same direction and sent the book to me. It is a gift for which I feel truly grateful, as apart' from its intrinsic value as an old and quaint specimen of the printer's and illustrator's arts of bygone years, it contains much useful information for dog fanciers and many interesting anecdotes illustrative of the sagacity, faithfulness and courage of "man's best friend." the greater part of which could well bear reproduction. The standards of the different breeds might be taken exception to by the authorities of to-day, as might also some of the certain specifics for dog diseases, which are not in accordance with modern practice and generally of a too drastic nature; still the work is not devoid of pointers to those who are looking for knowledge. Unfortunately the title page is gone and there is no indication in the book itself of whom the author is or when and where it was published, but from other internal evidence it would appear to have been printed about the first decade of the last century. I came to this conclusion from the fact that there is an extract from a personal letter (not dated) from Sir Walter Scott, from the tone of which it may be presumed that the author and the "Wizard of the North" were on intimate terms. The letter refers in eulogistic terms to his greyhound "Maida," which along with others he afterwards immortalized in some stirring verse:

"Remember'st thou my greyhounds true? O'er holt or hill there never flew, From leash or slip there never sprang, More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

There are other evidences scattered throughout the volume to connect the work with that period.

The letterpress is not out of the way. but what shall I say of the illustrations? They are all printed from wood cuts, which are drawn in such a way that most of the breeds have a common resemblance. The dogs appear as if they had just stepped out of a child's "Noah's Ark," they have such a wooden and hopeless look, and I have no hesitation in saying they are a gross libel on the animals they are supposed to represent. Indeed the one described as the "Great Rough Water Dog" would very well stand for the missing link, while the bullterrier is striped like a tiger and spotted like a leopard. But there are many varieties of dogs mentioned in the book which we never hear tell of now-adays and the illustrations, after all, may not have appeared so very comical to our great-grandfathers. But how unlike they are to the present day illustrations which we obtain by means of photography-full of life and action, and true to nature in every particular.

The foregoing is merely introductory to this article I have headed "The Genesis of the Dog." Of all the animals known to mankind the dog is the most diversified in form, size, properties, intellect and propensities,—agreeing only in one particular—his constant attachment and fidelity to his master. The oldest writers speak of the dog as an associate of man. He is mentioned by Aristotle, Pliny and other sages, who narrate many fabulous stories imputing to dogs many extraordinary and supernatural qualifications.

We are told by Pliny that before a certain king was driven from his kingdom, the event was presaged by the speaking of a dog and the barking of a serpent. The Egyptians made frequent use of the figure of a dog in their hieroglyphics, emblematical not only of professions, but also of qualities. Thus he was delineated as a scribe, because a dog spends more of his time in silence than in barking, and the people considered that a perfect scribe ought to meditate more than he spoke; him that spoke much they reckoned a fool. The dog was also shown as a prophet, be-

cause he was considered to delight in all good actions and exercised all his energies for the benefit of man; so ought the eyes and ears of a prophet to be constantly turned towards heavenly things. They also pictured the dog as a king, to signify vigilance and activity, and in their religious processions carried along dogs. We are also informed by another ancient writer that the people of an Ethiopion nation held the dog in such high estimation that they gave to him the honor of a king, and they had no other. When he fawned upon them they considered he was well pleased, when he barked that he was angry, and, interpreting his other gestures as intimating some directions for the government of the state, they instantly carried into effect what they conceived to be his wishes with an implicit and abiding faith.

There is also the dog-star, named after this animal, and the thirty days or thereby during which this star rises with the sun are called the dog-days, from a supposed influence on the canine race-a superstitious belief quite prevalent even at the present day. The dog is also mentioned in the Bible and in the New Testament where we are told of Lazarus, in Luke's gospel, that "the dogs came and licked his sores," from which circumstance, it may be inferred, has arisen the belief so widely entertained even now that there is virtue in a dog's tongue, and that if he lick a sore it will the sooner heal; and because dogs' sores are seldom attended to, and heal of their own accord without the assistance of a doctor. But it is only in consequence of the sore being kept clean by frequent licking that a cure is so soon effected.

For some reason or other not apparent the Jews seem to have held dogs as emblematical of the wicked. We find this idea strongly manifested in several portions of the Scriptures. David in the 22nd. Psalm says: "For dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me," and again: "Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dogs." In Ecclesiastes we find; "For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion." Even Solomon the wise appears to have had a prejudice

against the dog, for he compares him to a fool when he says: "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly." The Evangelists also record various sayings of the Saviour concerning dogs which agree in the main with the views of older writers. In Matthew's gospel he is quoted as saying: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs," and in speaking to the Greek woman "Let the childrer first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's meat, and cast it unto the dogs." In the Revelation we find: "For without are dogs and sorcerers."

It is quite probable that, from these quotations and others of a like nature, the saying has arisen, "He has gone to the dogs," when referring to a man who, either from the dishonorable conduct or failure in business, has fallen in the estimation of the world. Dogs at other times have been considered as unclean animals, and in some ages it was supposed even unsafe to touch them.

Among the superstitions in regard to dogs given by an old writer with the greatest candor and sincerity as to their efficacy I mention one or two. A dog's tooth bound on the arm will restrain the violence and fury of the most vicious dog; a live rat put into a pottage of a dog after he has partaken thereof, the dog will never bark any more; show a dog a black stone and he will run away and never be seen any more; a small bone taken from the left side of a toad is also a certain specific against the violence of a dog.

From what I have mentioned it is diffito determine whether the dog in those remote ages was more savage in his nature than he is at the present day. Without indulging in speculations on this head, I would like to consider the animal as he actually is and as he has been described by authors who have thrown aside superstition and fictitious theories. From the earliest ages he has been the companion of man in all countries, and whereever the human being has extended his discoveries and dominion he has almost invariably been accompanied by this truly useful and intelligent animal. His alertness in giving warning of the approach of an enemy, his caution, perseverance and fidelity have rendered him worthy of the friendship and confidence of man. By domesticating this intrepid, honest, faithful, sagacious and affectionate animal he secured the most necessary and means of conquest over many wild animals. By his exquisite sense of smell the dog is enabled to pursue unerringly all other animals; he can trace their every winding and turning till, by his strength and persistency he at last overtakes, overcomes and destroys them. Without the aid of the dog, how could man have conquered, tamed and reduced the other animals to a state of slavery? How could he still discover, hunt down and destroy savage beasts for his own safety? Hence the training of the dog seems to have engaged the early attention of man, and his subjugation and domestication may well be considered among the most useful conquests he has ever made. In the state of society in which we now live this is not so apparent, but a little consideration of the times when our ancestors lived in semi-barbarism will readily satisfy us that we originally owed much of our progress in civilization to the powers and energies of the dog.

To illustrate the services of this faithful animal in the earliest stages of society, I may be allowed to quote the cpinion of a celebrated African traveller. In his "Travels in Africa" Mr. Burchell says: "Our pack of dogs consisted of about fiveand-twenty, of various sorts and sizes. This variety, though not altogether intentional, as I was obliged to take any that cculd be procured, was of the greatest service on such an expedition, as I observed that some gave notice of danger in one way, and others in another. Some were disposed to watch against men, others against wild beasts; some discovered an enemy by their quickness of hearing, others by that of scent; some were useful for speed in pursuing game; some for their vigilance and barking, and others for their courage in holding ferocious animals at bay. Their services were invaluable, often contributing to our safety, and always to our ease by their constant vigilance, as we felt a confidence that no danger could approach us at night, without being announced by their barking. No circumstance could render the value and fidelity of these animals so conspicuous and sensible as a journey through regions which, abounding in wild beasts of every class, gave continual opportunities of witnessing the strong contrast in their habits between the ferocious beasts of prey, which fly at the approach of man, and these kind, but too often injured companions of the human race. When wandering over pathless deserts, oppressed with vexation and distress at the conduct of my own men, I have turned to these as my only friends, and felt how much inferior to them was man, when actuated only by selfish views."

It is deeply to be regretted that all that has been handed down to the present age, from the written authorities and traditions of antiquity concerning the natural history and different races of dogs, has been rather hypothetical than the result of experience from actual observation. There is no subject in natural history so involved in obscurity as the origin of the dog; and it is equally difficult to trace with certainty the source of the different races. Under these circumstances it will be my chief endeavor to give some account of dogs as they are known at the present day without burdening the mind with unprofitable and uncertain theories as to their origin and evolution.

(To be continued.)

Love, the Greatest Thing in the Woods— Two Instances.

In the depth of the forest, at the mouth of a small river, with two guides only as witnesses, Father Marquette was buried. No stone was erected over his grave but he had a more enduring and lasting monument in the results of his loving life's work. The explorer when he died in the midst of his triumph on the shores of Lake Illinois, now known as Lake Michigan, wrote an epitaph for himself that



ON THE PORTAGE OF THE MENJAMAGOSSIPPI. (The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)



OUR START.
This illustrates the story "From Timagami to Wanapitei", by Mr. Geo. W. Creelman, which appeared in the March number.



FIVE NICE SPECKLED TROUT FROM THE MENJAMAGOSSIPPI (The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)



INGAFLORA.

The winning Airedale at New York. Bred and owned by Mr. W. H. Whittam, Chestmut Hill, Pa. (From "Rider and Driver")

will last as long as the pyramids. The intrepid missionary started on his last exploration trip on March 29th, 1675. In those days the difficulties to be overcome by explorers were far more severe than those of today. Marquette's success, however, (while carrying the knowledge of Christ to the Indians) the discovery of the Father of Waters was ample reward for all he underwent, and when his end was near he knew that he had done a great work though he could barely have realized all that the discovery of the mighty river meant to succeeding generations.

Marquette died near the Indian village of Kaskaskias on the shores of Lake Michigan. For some days before the end he realized that death was near, and made necessary preparations. Sight strength had almost failed towards the last, and his guides frequently heard him say "I know that my Reedeemer liveth." He gave directions as to his burial, and spoke so calmly of his end and of what must necessarily follow, that it was as though he spoke about the death and burial of one other than himself. On passing the mouth of a river he perceived an eminence which he thought suitable for a burial ground, and asked that it should be his last resting place. His guides, who loved him dearly, wished, however to pass on as the weather was favorable, and the day not far advanced. A contrary wind sprang ur and compelled them to return. They then entered the river pointed out by Father Marguette, carried him ashore, kindled a little fire, and raised a bark cabin, in which they made him as comfortable as the means at their command allowed. They were so overcome by sadness at the thought of losing the leader they loved so well, that, as they afterwards said, they did not know what they were doing. He gave them his last instructions, thanked them for all the kindness showed him during the trip, and begged their pardon for all the trouble he had given them. He asked them to go and take a little rest, and promised to wake them up in time to witness the end. Two or three hours afterwards when about to enter his agony, he called them. He was buried at the spot he had himself selected. Love begets love. The love of Marquette for his fellows, fully returned by them, made his last hours happy. After this the wave of exploration passed over him, and his last resting place was forgotten. Some years passed by and the Indians found his grave, and brought the bones to St. Ignace, where the place of burial was again lost sight of until September 3rd, 1877, when it was rediscovered. A monument has since been erected over the place of sepulchre, and on it appears the inscription:—

"Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, was taken ill, died, and was buried on his return jaurney fram the Mississippi to Lake Michigan."

The work of a good, hardworking, loving unselfish man is a better memorial him than monuments of stone or bronze. Throughout all the ages men have endeavored to render their memories imperishable. Survivors would make the memorials of those who are dear to them of the most enduring nature, but all in vain. There is no way that is permanent. Indian makes a paling of wood, or a cairn of stones; but fire, frost, and man's needs destroy these in a short time. We put up our monuments of stone and bronze, but the elements, and the commercial needs of some coming age are likely to wipe them out, and scarcely leave a trace behind. The Egyptians used costly embalming fluids, and built the apparently age-defying pyramids and temples. These are either razed to the ground, or the persons to whose memory they are erected are forgotten. Instances like these of the impotence and futility of men's efforts to secure remembrance are strikingly recalled by the results of such a life as that of Father Marquette. The love of the man for his fellow man and his work for them cannot be forgotten. Both his name and his lifework will be remembered as long as the Mississippi flows.

Why does an old sportsman write of these things? Because of his experience of the need of patience and love in the woods owing to the difficulties which are there encountered. We need both virtues to make this life bearable and pleasant anywhere, but they are particularly necessary qualities in the woods. The two modern instances I am desirous of quoting are strik-

ing and impressive. I have told of Father Marquette for the first instance and the second instance I give is that of young Hubbard, who died of starvation the Labrador trip and whose has just seen the light. Even better perhaps, for my purpose, and more to the point which I wish to impress upon my readers, than my own remarks might be, are the following extracts from his companion's. Dillon Wallace's book. This is the word picture of the last parting.

"These preparations for Hubbard's comfort completed, George and I returned to the tent to arrange the kits we were to take with us. Hubbard sat in the middle of the tent towards the rear; George and I on either side of him in the front. Hubbard gave George his pistol and compass, and I had my own pistol and compass. The pistols we fastened to our belts along with a sheath knife and tin cup. Having a case for my compass, I wore it also on my belt; George placed his in his pocket. Each of us had half a blanket, this to be our only covering at night. George placed his half, together with a tin pail and some tea, in the waterproof bag he had been using to carry food. This bag he bound with a pack strap, leaving a loop to sling over his shoulder. I also bound my half a blanket with a pack strap, thinking as I did so that I soon might want to eat the strap. And then when George and I had filled our waterproof boxes with wax taper matches, and placed a handfull of pistol cartridges in our pockets, we were ready to start.

"At this point I suggested it might be well for each man to make a note of such disposition as he desired made of his effects. George made an entry in his note book, and asked Hubbard to write when we were gone a letter to Mr. King, the Hudson's Bay Company's Agent at Missanable, in reference to his (George's) affairs at that post. I then made the last entry in my diary, and with it wrote what I believed might be a last message to my sisters and my friend and associate in business, Mr. Alonzo G. McLaughlin. I put the diary with my other papers in my camp bag, and placed the bag in the rear of the tent, where the note Hubbard was to write for George was also to be placed; we believed that if worst came to worst the tent was more likely to be found than our bodies down on the trail. Hubbard had been watching us silently while we did these things, and now he said:

"Wallace, if you get out of this, and I don't, you'll have to write the story of the trip."

"I expressed some doubt as to my ability, but he made me promise I would do the best I could. I also promised at his request, that if I survived him I should place his diary in his wife's hands.

"Thank you b'y," he said, "And now before you leave me won't you read to me again?—I want to hear that fourteenth chapter of John, and the thirteenth of First Corinthians. I fell asleep last night when you were reading, I was so tired. I'm sleepy now, very sleepy; but I'll keep awake this time while you read."

"I got my Testament from my camp bag, and read both chapters through noting as I read that the look of happiness and peace was returning to Hubbard's poor wan face. When I had finished, he said quietly:

"Thank you b'y, thank you very much. Isn't that comforting? 'Let not your heart be troubled.' It makes me feel good. I've faith that we'll all be saved. I'm not worried. McLean was caught just as we are. He sent a man for help and got out all right. God will send us help too."

"Yes," said I, "and we shall soon be safe home."

"We'll soon be safe home," repeated Hubbard—"safe home. How happy that makes me feel."

"It was time for George Elson and me to go. But I could not say good-bye just yet. I turned my back to Hubbard and faced the fire. The tears were welling up into my eyes, and I struggled for self control. George sat silent, too, and his face was strangely drawn. For a full ten minutes we sat silently gazing into the fire. Finally George arose.

"Well, Wallace, we'd better start now."
"Yes," I said, "we'd better start."

"I collected myself as best I could, and turning to Hubbard, held out my hand.

"Good-bye, b'y; I'll be back soon." And then I looked into his poor wistful eyes, and broke down and sobbed. "I crawled over to him, and put my arm about him. I kissed his cheek and he kissed my cheek. We embraced each other, and for a moment held our faces close together. Then I drew away.

George was crying too. The dear fellow went over to Hubbard, stooped, and kissed his cheek.

"With God's help I'll save you Hubbard."

Hubbard kissed his cheek and they embraced.

George slung his bundle on his shoulder, and I took up mine. We turned to go. But I had to return. I stooped and again kissed Hubbard's cheek, and he again kissed mine. He was quite calm—had been calm throughout. Only his eyes shone with that look of wistful longing.

"Good-bye, boys, and God be with you."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

And George and I left him. About twenty yards away I turned for a last look at the tent. Hubbard evidently had immediately lain down; for he was not to be seen. All I saw was the little peak of talloon silk that had been our home for so many weeks, the fire blazing between it and the big rock, the kettle of water by the fire, and the white moss and the dripping wet fir trees all about."

During many years of travel in the north in the course of which the writer has had to test the good qualities and endurance of many men, it has been forced upon him that the Anglican church seems to train the Indians and half breeds to a state of usefulness and reliability greater than that of any other influence exerted upon them—greater even than the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is on the whole very good. Let me again quote Dillon Wallace:—

"George," I asked, "have you your Testament with you."

"It's the book of Common Prayer," he said, drawing it from his pocket," but its got the Psalms in it."

He handed me the tiny leather-covered book, but I could not see the print; the haze before my eyes was too thick. I returned the book to him, and asked him to read one of the Psalms. Quite at haphazard, I am sure, he turned to the ninety-first, and read it through.

The Psalm made a deep impression upon me. "For He shall give his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways." How strange it seems, in view of what happened to me, that George should have read that sentence.

The sun was again showing itself above the horizon, setting the expanse of fir trees and snow aglow, and the boys, having placed the kettle over the fire for breakfast, were cutting more wood, when Donald and Allen suddenly came over the bank, as they had done on the morning before. Their packs were as large as ever, and they had Hubbard's rifle. I knew at once that the worst had happened. "His wife and mother"—like lightning the thought flashed through my mind. A dizziness came over me, and for a moment I could not breathe. Donald spoke:

"Yesterday evening we found th' tent, sir. He were fastened up tight with pins on th' inside, an' hadn't been opened since th' snow began. Says I to Allen, sir, th' poor man's dead, 'tis sure he's dead. An' Allen he opened th' tent; for I had no heart to do it, sir, and there th' poor man was, wrapped all up in th' blankets as if sleepin' sir. But he were dead, sir, dead; and he were dead for a long time. So there was nothin' to do but to wrap th' poor man safe in th' things that were there, an' bring back th' papers an' other things, sir."

We kept silent, we five men.

The pathetic nature of the following will appeal to every reader. It is the last entry in Geo. Hubbard's Diary:—

"They will try to reach the flour tomorrow. Then Wallace will try to bring a little and come back to me. George will go on to the milk and lard and to Skipper Blake's, if he can, and send or lead help to us. I want to say here that they are two of the very best, bravest, and grandest men I ever knew, and if I die it will not be because they did not put forth their best efforts. Our past two days have been trying ones. I have not written my diary because so very weak. Day before yesterday we caught sight of a caribou, but it was on our lee, and winding us got away before a shot could be fired. Yesterday at our old camp we found the end we had cut from a flour bag. It had a bit of flour

sticking to it. We boiled it with our old caribou bones, and it strengthened the broth a little. We also found a can of mustard we had thrown away. Mina (his wife) gave it to me as we were coming away, saying she had no use for it, and it might be good for plasters here. I sat and held it in my hand a long time thinking how it came from Congers our home, and what a happy it was, and what a dear, dear girl presided there. Then I took a bite of it and it was very good. We mixed some in our bone soup and it seemed to stimulate us. We had a bit of caribou skin in that same spot. It swelled up thick and was very good. Last night I fell asleep while the boys were reading to me. This morning I was very, very sleepy. After the boys left-they left me tea, the caribou

bones, and another end of a flour sack found here, a raw hide caribou mocassin. and some yeast cakes-I drank a cup of strong tea and some bone broth. I also ate some of the really delicious rawhide (boiled with bones) and it made me strongerstrong to write this. The boys have only tea, and half a pound of pea meal. Our parting was most affecting. I did not feel so bad. George said: "The Lord help us Hubbard. With His help I'll save you if I can get out." Then he cried. So did Wallace. Wallace stooped and kissed my cheek with his poor sunken bearded lipsseveral times-and I kissed his. did the same, and I kissed his cheek. Then they went away. God bless and help them."

Well, may we say, "Rest in peace."

The Old and the New.

(Continued)

Yes. Those buildings. How well I remember each one, as, in imagination, I come upon the old familiar scene. First there was the canoe house, the building wherein were stored all canoes, ranging in size, from the tiny fathom and a half, to the gigantic five fathom. It was in that building that I learned the art of taking care of canoes, and in those days, woe betide the luckless apprentice who from carelessness, or ignorance, allowed these precious means of transport, the rolling stock of the Company, to receive damage.

As the reputation of a 'Bowsman' depended mostly on his ability to save his canoe from serious damage, amongst the rocks of the rapids, so did the reputation of the Postmaster depend on his care of this important branch of the business. His duty was to see that all these craft were not damaged by frost, and the cry of, 'I did not think that it would freeze up so soon' never helped him. His duty was to anticipate the frost, and prepare for it, in time. That preparation consisted of slackening the ribs of the canoes, and when those ribs were slackened, to see that the

canoes retained their proper shape. To do this, bags full of wild grass, or moss were used, to form a bed whereon the canoes could rest in their natural shape. A canoe whose ribs have been slacked is a 'soggy' thing, and will take almost any shape that its position will give. In that state, it is so impressionable that carelessness, or neglect, will spoil the best canoe ever made, especially if the length exceeds two and a half fathoms. If the precaution of slackening the ribs is not taken, it means a split in the bark, for the cold acts upon it in such a manner that it will shrink, and if the ribs are tight, either the sewing will give way, or the bark will split.

Great care has to be taken that the bow and stern are sufficiently raised so that it does not break its back, for a broken backed canoe is an abomination and a disgrace. Therefore there is a nicety of adjustment required in these matters, that is only born of experience.

It was here that I learned the art, and have never forgotten it, though, seeing that the cars are here now, such knowledge seems to be an incongruity.

In the old days, the men who made the

profits of the great Company, knew these things, almost by instinct. Many of them could not spell 'beaver' and when they wanted to credit an Indian with his catch, would draw a rough hieroglyphic, representing the skin of the animal brought, with corresponding strokes, representing the number. The Indian was satisfied with this Egyptian-like method, for it was intelligible to him, seeing that he himself used the same, and this fact established a mutual confidence between the two partties to the transaction, and these men knew many other things, chief amongst which was the nature, and the idiosyncracies of the Indian; the real key-note to the whole system of trade, in those primitive days; men who could identify themselves with the men out of whom they were making an enormous profit, and yet so simple withal, that they did not know that they were making any profit, but who rather thought themselves species of philanthropists, who were placed there by the Hudson's Bay Company, and Providence, to administer to the wants of the poor Indian. Such men are becoming rare in these days, and are only found in honcrable retirement, or so far away back, that they are harder to get at than the moose.

Next to the canoe house, was the provision store, the delight of the Indian, but an ever present trial to the Trader, for it contained the pork, flour, and grease, the heaviest commodities, excepting shot, in which the Company dealt. How often has my heart ached as I have watched the keg of grease getting lower and lower, or the number of flour bags dwindling. If an Indian's lands were not depleted, and his stock of heaver good, I could cheerfully ladle out the grease, and let the Indian carry out the flour, but on the other hand, if the whiteman had been poaching on his lands, if he himself had strained a point, and killed off more beaver than the natural increase would allow, then the expensive commodities might never be paid for, and tribulation would follow in shape of a sharp reprimand from the Chief Factor of the District, to the effect that the Post was going behind; a desperate condition of affairs, for on the word of the great man depended promotion. Yes. All Hudson's Bay Company men remember the Provision Store, and some of them remember it with a shudder, and as, in imagination, I revisit the old spot I am glad that I am not in the same business still.

And now I see the Trader's house, like the rest, a building of logs, but a trifle more pretentious than the other buildings. The paint on the window casings and sills, not to mention the door, must have cost fully ten dollars, but one cannot have grandeur without cost. Moreover, there is a verandah, a luxury that is a distinction in itself. The whole is surrounded by a picket fence, not sawn pickets, but hewn out of the bush, and neatly pointed at the ends with an axe. It was a very hold Indian, or a very good hunter that dared show himself within those sacred precincts, for that was the home of the 'At-ah-waywe-nini', 'The Trader', the high cockalorum jig, the man whose smile meant grease, and whose frown meant plain rabbit or fish. An oily smile counted for something in those days, and to the Indian was worth winning. This particular house was of one storey, and divided off into four rooms, with a kitchen at the back. The rooms were as follows, the sitting room, the Trader's bed room, the clerk's bed room, and the dining room.

The furniture, with the exception of one chair, was home-made, and the adornment was of the most primitive kind, consisting of a few pictures out of some of the illustrated papers, or photographs of some of the beloved ones at home. In later years, I remember the pride of the day on which I brought up a rocking, chair. It was resplendent, for it was painted red, and was a source of much comfort to myself, and admiration to the favored Indian, who might be brought, as an especial honor, into that holy of helies.

The dining-room was without a stove, but that did not matter, for the menu, in those early days, was not such as to tempt any man to linger long over his meals. For breakfast, porridge, and good solid porridge, sometimes with milk, and more often without it, though one could always get sugar, provided the allowance (yearly) of one hundred pounds, held out.

Fish or fried potatoes, if your cook was in good humor, followed the porridge. For dinner there was no porridge, but the fish and potatoes were there. For supper one could be sure of fried potatoes, and if one did not eat up all the fish for dinner, one might get fish, re-hashed. If a mocse were killed, one took moose meat instead of fish, so there was often a chance of variety.

Many a monotonous day have I spent in that house. I wished, sometimes, that I could scare up a ghost, and the creaking of the timbers of which the house was built, would sometimes give me hope, but nothing ever came of it, but dead, flat, monotony, an isolation that at times appeared to me a living death. When they built the dam at the foot of the lake, the water, in the spring, flooded me out. It crept higher and higher, first into my pretty garden, and then over the floor of my verandah, and I sincerely hoped that the flood would abate, but no. It rose until I was obliged to take off my boots and socks and turn up my trousers before I could get to my bed. The frogs sang their nocturnal songs whilst I would have been sleeping.

Next came the Indian house, a long low building, furnished with a huge open fireplace. It was here that the Indians, in the winter, made themselves as comfortable as they could without a stove, but with the privilege of cutting all the wood that they could burn, provided they carried it in themselves. Here they danced on festive occasions, making the air rank with the smell of smoke, of ancient clothes, and of Indian. All old time Hudson's Bay Company men know this smell, and though they may not like it, they can never forget it. When first the whitemen began to become common cn Kippewa, I have seen this place turned into a very pandemonium, through the effects of whiskey, and bad whiskey at that. I have seen men, women, and children writhing upon the floor, all drunk, and knowing not what they did, the work of thoughtless men, who looked upon it all as funny. Such sights may again be common as the new railway creeps up north, up to Abittibi, and beyond, even to James' Bay, but the railway will bring with it civilization, means to keep such things in and the

check, which we had not in those days, hence it will be easier for another generation. I propose to give a description of the annual New Year's feast, later on, and therefore I may again have to allude to this building.

Beyond it, but attached, was the men's house, the habitat of the hired man, a house of the same dimensions, as to height and breadth, but rather smaller, as to length.

In those days the workingman was more easily satisfied than he is today. In this year of grace, a man who would ask a fellow man to take up his residence in such a hovel, would be laughed at, and yet there are men living to-day, who will speak of the time when they were glad of days of the past, for it was a life of alsuch accommodation and regret the happy ternate ease and hard work, a slight improvement on the Indian life, and one that appealed to the sporting instincts of humanity, for these men were encouraged to hunt, and provided that they took a few occasional hard trips, when they were called upon to do so, they led a life of ease, and freedom, without responsibility or care.

In those days, the hired man was usually imported, by way of Moose Factory from the Orkney Isles, or from Scotland. He usually considered that the move was a step towards freedom, but he had sufficient attributes of the 'Crofter' left upon him, so that he cheerfully recognized the constituted authorities with a touch of the cap, but he was always able to fill his stomach with something, and that was better than what he had been used to, therefore the relations between the Trader, and the hired man, were seldom strained, and often very friendly. The hired man would expect abuse, and get consideration. The trader would expect impudence and get civility, so the combination worked well, and many lasting friendships have sprung from it. Chief Factors have occasionally been evolved out of the hired men, but it was a slow process, something like rising from the ranks in the English army.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT



The Keewaydin Club's Canoe Tours.

IT'S CAMP-AN ATTRACTIVE PROGRAM.

Nowhere in all America are there such varieties of sport, and such opportunities for pleasure as in the great forest country of New Ontario, Canada. Virgin wood lands stretching away miles upon miles, interlaced with a perfect network of lakes and streams; moose, deer, caribou, and bear in large numbers, not to mention ducks, partridges, and all kinds of small game a plenty; speckled trout, bass, maskinonge, jack, salmon, and lake trouts; in short about every fresh water game fish; and the greatest canoe trips in the world, where one can paddle for weeks through country unsurpassed for wild beauty without seeing a house or a white man; these are some of the things New Ontario offers to the sportsman and lover of nature.

The three most attractive regions of Ontario are the Timagami country, the Mississagua-Desbarats region, and the French River district. Each has a charm of its own. The Timagami country, the fabled paradise of the Algonquin Indians, is simply unequalled for a summer's outing of all round sport. Here in the centre of a great Government forest reserve of 5,900 square miles, lies beautiful Lake Timagami, like a huge chrysanthemum (as some have said); its petals stretching in all directions, its rugged shores fringed with great virgin pines, its broad bosom dotted with over thirteen hundred islands. To the end of each petal one can paddle his canoe not only over charming local trips, 'but through forest waterways to far distant points even to Hudson's Bay itself-and thence to the Arctic, Atlantic, or Pacific oceans. The explorer, the canoeman, the camper, the fisherman, the hunter, each can follow his own bent to his heart's content.

Mississagua, the great river flowing from the Height of Land to the shores of

Lake Huron, offers the finest canoe trip in America. Through miles of forests untouched by man, paddling over charming lakes, rushing down swift rapids, camping beside great cataracts or after a short side trip on the shores of a well stocked trout or bass pond or stream, all in a country really grand and impressive, the canoeman-sportsman finds all his desires fulfilled. In the season the Mississagua is a splendid big game country. southern end of the trip is Desbarats, a Keewaydin "station," and a delightful spot among the thirty thousand islands of the north channel of Lake Huron, where each summer the Ojibway Indians give a play (Longfellow's "Hiawatha") in their own tongue.

The special attraction of the French River district is its wonderful fishing, particularly for bass and maskinonge, the gamiest fish that swim. Nor is it much, if at all behind these other regions for beauty and general attractiveness, and it is the most easily accessible of the three.

The Keewaydin Club is organized to enable one to enjoy to the full these regions; to camp, fish, take canoe trips, and hunt throughout this country. The Keewaydin Canoe Club is no experiment, but has twelve years of successful experience at its back. The scheme of organization is this: The club has its general headquarters on Lake Timagami, and at the other most convenient and attractive places throughout the regions named has permanent camps or "stations." From the headquarters and from each "station" local canoe trips are taken continually; some but for the day, others of several days' duration. with the tents, duffle, and general paraphernalia of a moving camp. At the same time longer trips are taken over the best of the adjacent canoe routes; such as a trip the whole length of the Mississagua system to Desbarats. There are two ways from the Mississagua to Desbarats-one is by way of Waquekobing Lake, with its bass fishing, and then by wagon road and rail; the other is by striking west through a new country, which gives some of the best trout and bass fishing in Ontario, and enables one to take canoes all the way to Desbarats. This is the harder and much the wilder trip of the two. Another Keewaydin route is down the Wanapitei River; a third a "circuit trip" of the Timagami region, and the like. These trips are all personally conducted by one of our staff, men of several years' experience in just this sort of thing, and are accompanied by cooks and Indian guides. Private parties will also be outfitted, supplied with everything and furnished with guides-as well as with a conductor if required-for any length of

The Keewaydin season will begin on June 14th and continue until the close of the hunting season in November. During this time one can take his choice of the following ways of spending his time or combine various ways:—

- (1.) Stay at one of our permanent camps and take daily canoe trips, fishing trips, tramps through the woods with the Indians, mountain climbs, etc. The charges for this are as follows:—(a) Without special guides \$40.00; (b) with one special guide to any two campers \$60.00; (c) with a special guide apiece \$70.00.
- (2.) Make headquarters at one of the camps and take some of the shorter trips, yet trips of several days each. Charges with one guide to every two campers \$60.00; with a special guide apiece \$75.00.
- (3.) Take one of the longer trips with regular parties, charges \$75.00.
- (4.) Be outlitted for a private trip. Charges, with guide, (but without a conductor) \$88.00; with a conductor, \$50.00 extra for the party.

The charges given are for a stay of two weeks, the shortest possible time. For longer stays substantial reductions will be made.

TIMAGAMI.

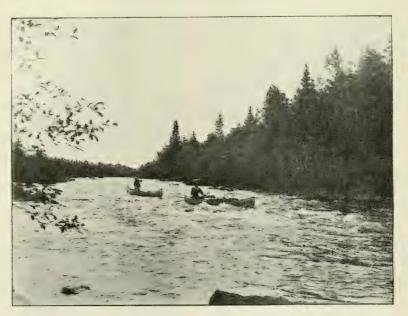
It would be hard to find anywhere a region to which could more properly be applied the term "Summer play ground of America," than to the Timagami country. Lying out of the ordinary course of travel, it has so far escaped the inroads of the summer tourist, and is still in all its native beauty and wild grandeur, its only inhabitants those "first families" of the Northland, the Algonquin-Ojibway Indians, its stock of fish and game still undepleted. Timagami itself is a beautiful woodland lake, its deep, clear, emerald-green waters teeming with bass, dore, and three kinds of magnificent lake trout, and the streams in the neighborhood with brook trout. The surrounding forests swarm with moose, deer, bear, and small game.

On this lake is the headquarters of the Keewaydin Club, and at various points throughout the region are the Club's "stations." A member of the Club may stay at any one of these camps and confine his canoeing, fishing, and hunting to the immediate neighborhood, or stay awhile at one camp, and then change over to another; or he may take a circuit canoeing trip throughout the entire region, visiting each "station" and getting the full benefit of the whole country. A glance at the map will show how wonderfully the country is watered. With short portages here and there, a camper can go by canoe to hundreds of lakes and streams. These lakes are all beautifully wild and untouched by man, and are full of gamey fish, principally the small mouthed black bass. A whole season can be most pleasantly spent by taking daily trips from one of the "stations," or by taking excursions of a few days each, returning to the "station" to get a new lot of supplies and to start out again. Once each month, on the 15th (unless it be a Sunday) the "circuit-trip" will leave the head quarters for a tour of the region. This will last two weeks, and will enable one to get a great variety of canoeing fishing experiences.

Within the year a new Government rail-way has penetrated to Timagami, touching it at the extremity of the northeast arm. This with the Canadian Pacific Railway (from whose North Bay Station it leaves) and connections, make it now an easy matter to reach the camps of the Keewaydin Club, and puts members within easy reach of the mail and telegraph.



ON LAKE OBABIKA.
This illustrates the story "From Timagami to Wanapitei" by Mr. Geo. W. Creelman, which appeared in the March number.



DOWN THE STURGEON.
This llustrates Mr. Douglas' story which appears in the March number.

MISSISSAGUA AND DESBARATS.

The tourist who has failed to make the Mississagua River trip can have no idea of the beauty of the country and the perfection of this trip. Until very recently the country was unknown except to the Indians and it is now a true virgin territory. The fishing and hunting are unexcelled (when led to by our guides); but it is the wonderful canoe trip that is the greatest attraction of the region. Almost all sorts of canoeing experience is there in bewildering variety; here a paddle over a beautiful forest-girt lake; here a portage around a cataract, higher by five feet than Niagara; and here an exciting "shoot" down forty miles of rapids. For one fond of an out-and-out canoe trip through beautiful and ever changing scenery, with plenty- of fine fishing and all sorts of game, this is ideal. Of the two routes from the Mississagua to Desbarats, one gives bass, and the other speckled red-trout and bass fishing, second to none.

The Keewaydin headquarters for this region are at Desbarats. Here one can stay and put in a whole summer of delightful experiences aside from the canoe trip. The spot is very beautiful, and all sorts of summer recreations are there. Not least of these are the Indians, their encampment, and their "Hiawatha" drama affording never ending sources of pleasure.

FRENCH RIVER.

The French River, from Lake Nipissing to Georgian Bay, has long been famous as a land of promise for the fisherman, canceist and camper. A two weeks' trip through this region will make a splendid outing. The country is very beautiful and rugged, and fine for camping, while the fishing is extraordinary. This is the first year that cance trips have been organized for this river. Bass and maskinonge are more than plentiful, and afford unusual sport.

The Keewaydin Club's "stations" and trips will be similar to those in Timagami and the Mississagua, and the prices will be the same.

IN GENERAL.

On all trips and at every camp the guides are Indians, men who have the training of generations in the service of the famous Hudson's Bay Company. As canoemen, hunters, and fishermen, they are without equals anywhere, and it is an experience in itself to be with one of these men.

At camps and on trips everything except personal effects is furnished by the Club. Nothing but the best in any line will be provided.

In each region ladies are taken in certain camps, and a long trip especially for ladies will be taken on August 15th. It has been demonstrated by experience that ladies can take these trips and thoroughly enjoy them.

All these regions can be easily reached from any part of the United States east of the Mississippi by the Canadian Pacific Railway and connections.

The advantages offered by Keewaydin are apparent. For a lump sum (so that the entire cost of the trip may be exactly known at the start) one is enabled to enjoy the woods in whatever way he likes best, in comfort and in safety, with the very best guides in the country, conducted by men who have made it a special study how to provide a programme that will enable the campers to get the maximum pleasure out of the woods with the minimum of inconvenience. The campers have no werry about "how much it is going to cost us before we get through"; no anxiety about supplies,-nothing but to enicy everything.

It will be readily seen that in order to enable ample and satisfactory arrangements to be made, applications for membership should be sent in at the earliest possible date. Address any member of the staff, or the Director:—

A. S. GREGG CLARKE, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA. BOYS' CAMPS.

Some may be interested to know that at Timagami two boys' camps, one for younger, and one for older campers, are conducted by the same management, but are entirely separate from the camps of this club. These boys' camps are out-and-out sportsman's camps, modified to suit the boys' needs. The camp booklet may be had on application.

SEASON OF 1905—STAFF.

A. S. Gregg Clarke, Director, Asheville, North Carolina.

Alfred B. Hall, Lakeville, Connecticut.

George W. Creelman, Lakeville, Connecticut.

George Jackson, Asheville, North Carolina.

J. Campbell, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

Ralph C. Porter, 44 Wall St., New York.

True Sport and Good Religion.

"The American Fish Culturist" publishes some intensely interesting extracts from the "Book of St. Albans" also called a "Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle." I have already quoted from this book which was printed at Westminster in 1496 by Wynkyn de Worde, an assistant of William Caxton. We would now make the following further extracts, which we are sure will be read with pleasure by all readers who have not previously perused them (and even with them they will bear repetition) giving all credit and full assurance of sympathy to our brother, the appreciative Editor of the "Culturist":—

"Here beginneth the Treatise of Fishing with an Angle. Solomon in his parables saith that a good spirit maketh a flowering age, that is a fair age and a long. And sith it is so I ask this question, which be the means and the causes that induce a man into a merry spirit? Truly to my best discretion it seemeth good disports and honest games in whom a man joyeth without any repentance after. Then followeth it that good disports and honest games because of man's fair age and long life. And therefore now will I choose of four good disports and honest games, that is to wit: of hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling. The best to my simple discretion which is fishing, called angling with a rod, and a line and a hook.

"Thus me seemeth that hunting and hawking and also fowling be so laborious and grievous, that none of them may perform nor be very mean that induce a man to a merry spirit; which is cause of his long life according unto the said parable of Solomon. Doubtless then followeth it that it must needs be the disport of fishing with an angle; for all other manner

of fishing is also laborious and grievous: often making folks full wet and cold, which many times hath been seen causes of great infirmities. But the angler may have no cold nor no disease nor anger, but if he be causer himself. For he may not lose at the most but a line or hook: of which he may have store plenty of his own making, as this simple treatise shall teach him. So then his loss is not grievous, and other griefs may he not have, saving but if any fish break away after that he is taken on the hook, or else that he catch nought: which be not grievous. For if he fail of one he may not fail of another, if he doth as this treatise teacheth; but if there be nought in the water. And yet at the least he hath his wholesome walk and merry at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savor of the meed flowers that maketh him hungry. He heareth the melodious harmony of fowls. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, coots, and many other fowls with their broods; which me seemeth better than all noise of hounds, the blast of horns, and the cry of fowls that hunters, falconers and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fish, surer then is there no man merrier than he in spirit. Also whoso will use the game of angling he must rise early, which thing is prcfitable to man in this wise, that is to wit, most to the heal of his soul. For it shall cause him to be holy; and to the heal of his body, for it shall cause him to be whole. Also to the increase of his goods, for it shall make him rich. As the old English proverb saith in this wise, whoso will rise early shall be holy, healthy, and zealous.

"Also that ye break no man's hedges in going about your disports: nor open no man's gates but that ye shut them again.

Also ye shall not use this foresaid crafty disport for no covetousness, to the increasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the health of your body, and specially of your soul. For when ye purpose to go on your disports in fishing, ye will not desire greatly many persons with you, which might let you of your game; and then ye may serve God devoutly in saying affectuously your customable prayer. And thus doing ye shall eschew and avoid many vices, as it is right well known. Also ye shall not be too ravenous in taking of

your said game, as too much at one time, which ye may lightly do if ye do in every point as this present treatise showeth you in every point, which lightly be occasion to destroy your own disports and other men's also. As when ye have a sufficient mess ye should covet no more as at that time. Also ye shall busy yourself to nourish the game in all that ye may, and to destroy all such things as be devourers of it. And all those that do after this rule shall have the blessing of God and St. Peter, which he them grant that with his precious blood us bought"

Our Medicine Bag.

The Editorial Department is receiving very many pleasant letters from readers of "Rod and Gun", most of them from the United States, but some from Canada.

We would like to say that we are making a determined effort, in which we will not spare ourselves or our means, to make "Rod and Gun" second to none on the continent; but we would like more Canadian support and more Canadian contributions to do this. We are as yet receiving a much larger support from the United States than from Canada.

We would say to those who are supporting us so loyally. We are in our seventh year; we are vigorcus; we are growing! Our subscribers in the United States and Canada tell us that they get what they want in our magazine, viz., good descriptions of Canadian territory. We will try to give them more and better matter than we have in the past, in every department of the magazine.

Canadians made a very good record at the New York Dog Show with bull terriers, cocker spaniels and Dalmatians.

We would ask the guides from all over the Dominion, and adjacent territories, to register their names with us, offering to give them one line free. We have already the names of a number of reliable guides, and expect to be able to publish our first list next month. There is a perennial discussion as to record moose heads. As far as our knowledge goes the best four American heads are in the possession of, and were shot by Mr. R. S. Reed, of Vancouver, B.C., on one trip in Northern British Columbia. The smallest was 68 and the largest 78 inches spread.

Mr. G. C. Cowan, who has shot in British Columbia for twenty years, is going to make his 61st trip across the continent to Kamloops, where he keeps one of his hunting outfits. He is going north from there for grizzlies and record moose. Mr. Cowan is one of our valued contributors.

Charged with jumping astride a wild but somewhat exhausted deer and pounding it to death with a stone, pretty Luella Hulett, a young married woman, appeared in the Bennington, Vt., court. When arraigned she was clad in the typical garb of a backwoodsman, including trousers, red sweater, holster belt, fur cap and had her hair closely cropped.

A contemporary thus refers to the death of the late General Lew Wallace;—"His cance has started down the river—let us hope that the waters will be placid and the hour not too dark, but that he can ever see the shore and enjoy the grasses, flowers, trees, and birds that he loved while here on earth."

Oakland, California, is responsible for the following story:—"Wild ducks that swim in the bay have been the victims of civilization in a queer and astonishing way. Their wings have been glued to their bodies by materials floating out from a big paint manufactory, the result being that the birds could neither fly out of the water nor make a living by catching fish."

The far north canoe trips and especially the Hudson Bay, Timagami, and Mississagua canoe trips give evidence of renewed vitality for the forthcoming season, and as an indication of the interest taken in it across the border, we may draw attention to an interesting article on the subject appearing in the March number of "Sports-a-Field" by one of the first party of ladies who took the trip in August last.

I read with pleasure in an account of the annual dinner of the Fly Fishers' Club held at the Hotel Cecil, London, on Feb. 21st, that His Majesty the King is a fly fisher, and that Her Majesty the Queen does not allow him to surpass her in skill in casting the fly. All their children follow the parental example in this respect, and their eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, is said to excel any of the members of the Rcyal Family as a fisherwoman.

The Secretary of the Board of Trade for the Town of Sturgeon Falls, Ont., writes us:—

"Better facilities will be afforded tourists visiting Lake Nipissing and the French River this season as a passenger and freight steamer will ply on the lake. This steamer is under construction at Sturgecn Falls now and will be in commission when the tourist season opens. James Hendrie is the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company with headquarters at Sturgeon Falls."

Miss Flossie Armstrong, a pretty young woman, resident at the Baumfolk ranch, eight miles from Bisbee, has the distinction of being the only woman known to have killed a mountain lion in Arizona.

Out for a morning ride alone, she found the lion feeding upon the carcass of a calf it had killed. Miss Armstrong at once pulled from its holster the rifle she habitually carries on the range and began firing. One of her bullets found the beast's heart. Then she placed a rope around the lion's neck and dragged it in triumph behind her pony to the ranch.

Inter-State fish and game protection would appear to be making progress across the border judging from the following which appears in an exchange:-"As a result of a conference of the game protectors of three States held at St. Paul, W. B.Douglas, formerly Attorney General of Minnesota will draw a bill giving five States concurrent jurisdiction over inter-State waters. The conference continued nearly all day at the office of S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Minnesota game and fish commission and in addition the game wardens of Minnesota, representatives of the game and fish interests of Wisconsin and North Dakota were pres-

"Rod and Gun" has aimed at giving useful information about every fishing and -shooting section in Canada, and every portion of the great northland that is attractive to tourists. Particular interest has arisen we find in the Timagami, French River, and Mississagua countries. This is our reason for publishing illustrations of articles appearing in the March number about these sections, and the connections between them, which arrived too late for March publication. The illustrations referred to are those that should have appeared with Mr. G. W. Creelman's and Mr. Douglas' stories. We are sending out special correspondence to a great many sections of Canada to obtain reliable information about regions concerning which we know too little, and the public still less. This specific information we hope to have ready for the months of May and June.

The "Newfoundland Quarterly" contains an account of the hunting experiences in that Island of Lieut. E. C. Kennedy, R. N. The writer is very enthusiastic in his description, picturing Newfoundland as one large deer park and a grand range for its splendid caribou. After a first disappointment, he struck a portion of the country in which deer were plentiful, and succeeded in shocting two stags and a doe—the num-

ber allowed by his license. One of the stags had a good head of 30 points, and the other 32 points, with a finer head, the brow antlers being particularly well developed. A big black bear was also seen, but the ground was too broken, and the underbrush too thick, to get a good shot, and Bruin escaped.

A remarkable story of the successful acclimatization of fish is told in one of the publications of the United States Bureau of Fisheries. The experiment of planting shad and striped bass on the Pacific Coast cost the Government under \$5,000, and now the yearly market catch is valued at \$165,000. This is only one of a score of similar successes which the Government may well place to their credit when the fires of criticism, are directed against them; and it well deserves the description given of the work as that of enlarging the world's food supply. The United States Government has not only done great things for its own country in transplanting fish, but has generously assisted outsiders, and amongst others has benefited Canada by a large shipment of rainbow trout eggs and by stocking International waters.

The efforts put forth by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association to prevent spring seine fishing in Missisquoi Bay, in Lake Champlain have not met with the success they deserved. When the deputation visited Ottawa the reception they were accorded led them to believe that the personal interest of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries was enlisted in their favour, and this led them to indulge in the hope of gaining their point. A letter has however been received from the Hon. R. Prefontaine stating that he has "come to the conclusion that the case of the Canadian fisherman is a strong one, and it is not justifiable to deprive them of the privileges which they have exercised for so many years." Evidently the Association has a good deal of work in front of the members before it is possible to get the two countries to work together, even when their mutual interests would be served thereby.

If the Minister of Marine and Fisheries clings to his un-neighbourly method of

treating the application of the representatives of the States of New York and Verment, who wish to stop the spring seine fishing in Missisquoi Bay in Lake Champlain, where they control very much the larger portion of the water, he will have neither the support nor the sympathy, of the sportsmen of Canada. Such representative Associations as the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, and the Province of Quebec Protective Association, have both placed themselves on record in favour of joining the States in stopping this seine fishing. This fishing is an injustice not only to the sportsmen, but also to thousands of farmers, both Canadian and American, who for the sake of a few Canadian net fishermen, who sell all their fish to the States, have their summer fishing spoiled, by this unwise, unjust, unpatriotic, and unsportsmanlike spring seinefishing.

A correspondent who relates some interesting stories of the discemforts voluntarily and eagerly experienced by sportsmen in the pursuit of their favourite pastimes, asks, "Is there any limit to a sportsman's daring or indiscretion at times? I have seen a big grown up man freeze himself for two hours chasing a poor little crippled teal up and down the river, and finally drop it into his hunting coat with a feeling of satisfaction not to be bought with the Rockefeller or Carnegie millions. I have seen two apparently sane and intelligent fellows chase five geese in a freezing blinding snow storm up and down the river for five hours, at times crawling many rods on hands and knees for a shot; wading the river four times and finally rounding up the last one, only to take them home and distribute them amongst their friends. There are times when every man who loves a horse, a dog, or a gun will do something like this. Is it sportsmanship? Or is it some disease not yet known or fully understood?"

Mr. E. A. Samuels, a well known authority on natural history, writes pleasantly in "Fishing and Shooting" on "Our Woods Inhabiters in Winter" taking the fox as his subject. The crafty nature of this animal, and the skill he shows in hiding himself, and escaping the destructive tendencies of

civilization, coupled with his wide distribution, renders the subject of general interest. The pelt however is not worth the trouble of taking, with the exception of the blue fox, which is bred in Alaska for commercial purposes, the climate being particularly adapted to the growth of fine fur. The fox ranches are made on islands from which the animals cannot escape. Attempts have been made to confine the red fox in tracts of woodland around which fences of fine wire netting were set, but these proved no barrier to the escape of the cunning animals, which burrowed beneath the netting without any difficulty,

A wonderfully interesting human document is the diary of Leonidas Hubbard, jun., written by him when on his trip in Labrador. The unfortunate expedition aroused considerable interest on the part of all who are concerned in the slightest with exploration work on this continent, and with out-door life in general. The diary is full of pathos, and tells the story of brave endurance under failure—the very hardest strain of all upon a man. Obviously it was not intended for publication as it appears, but as plain memoranda from which to work up his story, and it is all the more pathetic on that account. As this was de-



ON GULL LAKE.

This illustrates the story "From Timagami to Wanapiter" by Mr. G. W. Crcelman, which appeared in the March number.

no matter how deeply the fence was set. Nevertheless the wolf is craftier than the fox and we renew our appeal to the various Provincial governments to increase the wolf bounty.

We publish elsewhere an account of the death of two explorers which will I think touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of every sportsman. The two men are Father Marquette and Leonidas Hubbard.

nied him, the simple record of his struggles, sufferings and death make up the story of one more of the army of the Martyrs of exploration who gave up his life in the endeavour to wrest some of her great secrets from Nature.

The Hon. H. T. Payne, of California, has gone to the trouble of compiling a mass of figures showing how much it is to the interest of many classes to aid in the full

protection of fish and game. He takes as the text of his discourse the remark made by President Roosevelt upon seeing the carcass of a deer hanging in one of the markets in New York city:-"That deer as an article of commerce is worth not more than \$20.00 to the man who killed it, but so long as it was running wild in the Adirondacks it was worth to the people of the whole State fully \$500." He then proceeds to demonstrate by means of figures how true is this statement, and comes to the conclusion that 90 per cent. of the expenditure of sportsmen in their favourite pursuit finds its way into the pockets of the wage earner. Every statement is supported by figures, and he thus shows how the railroads, stage lines, livery stables, hotels, guides, manufacturers of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, and other articles are directly benefited, while workers of all kinds in the preparation of raw material are indirectly and very largely the gainers from the trade of those who hunt and fish.

A recent number of the "Fishing Gazette," published in England, contains an account of a rainbow trout, which feeds from a lady's hand. The account is testified to by Mr. C. Barnby Smith of Woodlands, Retford, and he says that the fish was obtained by him as a yearling, and now weighs about two and a half pounds. It is kept in a tank holding about 600 gallons of water. The process of taming was started by tying food to the end of a piece of string and letting it hang on cr near the surface of the water. The fish soon saw the meaning of this, and would drag the string about most violently in his efforts to get the food off. Gradually the string was shortened, and then dispensed with altogether. Mr. Smith states that "he will often come with his nose near the surface of the water to look whether a hand held over the bridge really holds anything tempting or not. The sensation of having one's fingers right at the back of his mouth (which regularly happens when he is leaping) is very curious, and he often has to give himself a twist in the air to get free again. He will readily leap to a stranger's hands, but half a dozen ladies standing round the tank and wearing bright costumes make him rather nervous or sulky. He also objects to leap into the bright sunlight, and this makes the business of taking his photograph a matter of difficulty."

We have a letter from one of four brothers who are thoroughly conversant with the Mississagua-Desbarats country, who says:—

"It would be a good idea to take the people in from Desbarats, Ont., and out the Mississagua and they would then cover the very best fishing country there is up there anywhere. My younger brother Joe, who is with me here, has covered all of that country and knows the lakes and rivers and tells me this morning that the best trout fishing in the country is right in the section you speak of. The boys have all been over that portion of the Mississagua too. I may have overlooked telling you there are four of us brothers that are thinking of going into this thing as a permanent business and we have all been over that country, as well as three of us having been to Abittibi three times. The boys do not feel like giving maps away though. I have been trying to get that map for you all winter, but since we got the idea of running these trips the others say we ought to hold the information, as it would be of no use to us if we told exactly where we do our big fishing. These are matters we can discuss' later."

The country referred to is unexplored except by the timber surveyors, of which profession is one of the brothers. These are men of good general education and well up in woodcraft. For speckled trout and bass fishing, and for a canoe trip of great beauty never before made by any tourist, we can recommend this. It is a country that will remain wild because, while well timbered, the land is generally unfit for settlement.

In view of the fact that Leonidas Hubbard and his party were helped in staving off starvation by eating caribou horns the following, which appears in the "Manitoba Weekly" will not be without interest to our readers:—

HOW ELKS SHED AND RENEW ANT-LERS.

Elks shed their antlers about the first of February, though much depends upon the locality and upon the age and health of the animal. It often happens that one antler is carried several days after the other has been dropped. The new antlers push off the old ones, and when they appear they resemble scars on the animals forehead, but soon take the form of two black velvet buttons, about the size of silver dollars.

As they continue to grow they gain in length only, and by the first of July they have attained their full size. If you could examine them now you would find them soft, rather flexible, nourished by blood and incased in a thick, tough skin covered with velvety fur. The antlers are now 'in the velvet,' as the hunters term it, a most critical period for the owner, who seems to realize it, for he is careful to avoid contact with anything liable to injure them. Should an accident happen and the skin get broken or the antler disfigured, it might result in the elk's bleeding to death, or in his carrying a deformed antler until the following February. Through a process of nature the blood vessels that have fed the antlers are shut off about the middle of July, and then they begin to

A few weeks later the elk may be seen rubbing them against trees or thrashing them about in the bush while endeavouring to rid them of the velvet, and in a few days it hangs in shreds and soon disappears entirely. The elk is now lord of the forest, and is ready to combat with his rivals or enemies.

Mr. F. B. Hussey of Pittsburg and Golden, B.C., has told me of the admirable promise made by his Airedale pups of becoming good grizzly dogs. They did excellent work for their age when accompanying him on his famous hunting trip last year, when he killed seven grizzlies and many other bears. The Airedale is fast coming to the front as a good all round dog. weight of from 40 to 45 lbs. he is heavier than other terriers; he has a deep powerful jaw, lips tight against the teeth, a black nose, ears V shaped, eyes small, dark and expressive, and a strong neck. His long hair makes him a good dog for a northern climate. The Airedale is also a good house dog, a good watch dog, never seeking a fight but always ready to defend

his own and his master's rights. For intelligence he is second to none. He is a good water dog, and makes excellent company on a trip. He can be easily trained as a messenger dog. His constitution is good; he never barks for nothing, he is no "vapper." He is well known and appreciated in England, and he is becoming popular for his many excellent qualities in the States. At the New York Sportsman's Show I saw some Canadians who had come down to purchase an Airedale. This shows that the Montreal and other breeders have not vet ascertained the advertising value of "Rod and Gun." We lose many good things through ignorance, but where that ignorance is not invincible, as the maid pronounced it in the case of the Anglican bishop, there is a chance of salvation.

The New York Sportsman's Show management made a new departure this year. Apart from the Canadian exhibits-consisting of the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Intercolonial, and the Richelieu and Ontario, there was only one small exhibit by the State of Maine. The motor boats, and the auto boats-the \$10,000 to \$50,000 fads of the millionaire-drew very large numbers of people, who have not hitherto been sportsmen in our understanding of the term. Many spent some time among the Canadian exhibits, and many individual Americans and American parties were booked by the Canadian representatives for trips in Canada during the coming season. All our Provinces have friends among the American sportsmen - New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontaric and British Columbia. Manitoba is pretty well shut out from American sportsmen by the high license fee of \$100.00.

A correspondent in Chesterfield favors us with the following: "Saw a copy of your magazine for the first time last night and was much impressed with it. It is what I have been looking for, for some time, namely, a magazine of Canadian sport with rod and gun. I take an American edition which is very good, and which I like in some respects better than yours, — it devotes more space to dogs, which I consider the hunter's best friend. Have we any Canadian breeders of dogs? I have never seen an advertisement of one. Do we have any Canadian field trials or dog

shows. I would like to see accounts of them in some magazine."

We feel gratified that, on such a short acquaintance, our correspondent entertains so favorable an opinion of Rod and Gun in Canada, and we hope that a more extended knowledge of the magazine will still further raise in his esteem its value as an exponent of the higher branches of Canadian sport. We recognize that a "Kennel Department" in such a magazine is a most essential element, and we hope in future to be in a position to supply this want. another part of this issue we print the first portion of a paper on "The Genesis of the Dog'' by a gentleman who at one time was a regular contributor to Rod and Gun, and we have reason to believe that more will follow. Meanwhile we would ask those of our readers who take an interest in dcgs to help us make this department interesting by contributing facts -or "fancies", for that matter-about the dog, his utility in the field, on ground or winged game, or as a worker on the farm. There must be, in this great country of ours, many sportsmen who have yarns to tell about their four-footed companions when on the hunt, then why not tell them to a larger audience through the medium of Rod and Gun?

Our correspondent asks if there are any Canadian dog breeders. Oh, yes, there are —lots of them—both sporting, non-sporting and show dogs, but it is true they make

the mistake of hiding their light under a bushel. They do not advertise, or if they do so, it is in an exclusively kennel paper with a limited circulation among what may be called professional fanciers, and the results of ccurse are discouraging. As an experiment we would recommend them to try an "ad" in Rod and Gun, a magazine which has a very large circulation among the best class of sportsmen, not only all over Canada, but in the border States of the neighboring republic. We are satisfied they would not have to wait long for results.

In regard to dog shows and field trials, Canada is not behind in these respects either. There is an annual show in connection with the "Industrial" held in Toronto every year, which both in quality and quantity will compare most favorably with anything on the other side, with one or two exceptions. Then there is a large bench show every year in Montreal and one or two specialty shows as well, while Hamilton, Ottawa, Sherbrooke and other cities also have yearly exhibitions. In Western Ontario and Manitoba field trials are held every year, while sheep trials were inaugurated in connection with the last Toronto show, an example which we hope to see copied by others, for there is nothing more interesting to look at, and even those who care nothing for a dog cannot fail but appreciate the work of the sagacious animals.





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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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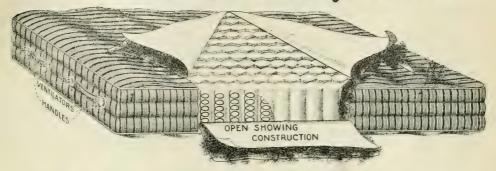
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Division of Money.

Editor Rod and Gun:-

Please allow me space in Rod and Gun to make a few remarks regarding division of monies and to encourage our middle men to help us make our shoots in Canada a success. There are hundreds of 65 to 85 per cent. men who would like to indulge in shoots and they find they fail and at the end of a day's shoot they are out \$25 to \$30. Under the old system of dividing money which is altogether in favor of the good shot, only, at Toronto in 1903, there were at least thirty to forty, 65 to 75 per cent. men, spending their money and all failed. At the Brantford shoot in 1904 none of these classes were present and the number was much fewer than at Toronto. All at Brantford were 88 to 92 per cent. men and what was the result? Most came into the money and none made a big thing. Unless some system is brought out to encourage the middle men our tournaments will in a few years be drowned, only a few 90 and 95 pent men will enter and in consequence there won't be money enough to pay for their shells and they will be merely spending time and shells. As the Chicago Gun Club stated in October issue of Rod and Gun, they have made the right move and their idea can be improved. The Chicago club adopted the system dividing all moneys dividing all monies equally amongst those entering the money. I would say, do a little better to the good shots and still leave a fair thing to the lower scores. I say, give 4 monies for 15-bird event and class the division into two monies, say, the two higher scores 50 per cent. and the two lower 50 per cent. The latter as a rule would have a few more falling into the money, therefore, the two would receive a little more which they are entitled to, while the latter would get a fair thing worth while trying for. In a 20bird event, five monies, say the first two higher scores get 45 per cent. If there be 2, 3, 4, 5, or more in first and second Third, fourth and place all get equally. fifth get 55 per cent. of total. To explain more thoroughly, in a 20-bird event, 19 and 20 men get 45 per cent and 18, 17, 16, men get 55 per cent. of total equally. By this system of division we would encourage our middle men and our number of shots would increase instead of decreasing as under the present system. By this new division a 15-man would get as much as an 18-man, which would be a fair prize, while 19 and 20 men would get a little more on the average and at times probably 15 would take as much money as a 20, but chances would favor the 19 and 20 man. The middle man would not always fall into money but if he knows he stands a good chance to reach that stage, which no doubt is easy, it encourages him and he will try over and over and certainly does not need to leave at the end without making nearly his expenses and through the practice he gets will improve and consequently our number of shots will in-

What would our shoots amount to in a few years were it not for the lower per cent. men. These are the men the better shots count on to make their money and, therefore, I say encourage these men in time. You will all admit that under the old system of money dividing in a few years a 95 per cent. man will only shoot and at the rate of 95 per cent shooting he

won't get paid for his shells. So encourage our middle men.

The better shot is very little ahead of the amateur in receiving money so far as the same number of shots is concerned at our present shoots, but let it be understood by having plenty of middle men joining in, the better shot makes more money at the end of the day than under the old system and the middle men will get a good share as well because our entries will be double.

The table below shows what the average man would get including 65 to 85 per cent. men in connection with a 90 per cent. and 95 per cent. man:—

15-bird event, 40 entries, entrance \$1.50, divided 50 and 50 per, cent., total purse,

\$48. 2—15.

3 - 14

5 men get 50 per cent. or \$4.80 each. (Professionals.)

4-13

3-12

7 men get 50 per cent or \$3.43 each. (Amateurs.)

20-bird event, 40 entries, \$2, entrance, 45 per cent—55 per cent. Total \$64:

2-20

3-19

5 men get 45 per cent or \$5.76 each. (Professionals.)

4-18

3—17

2-16

9 men get 55 per cent. or \$3.92 each. (Amateurs.)

Hoping to hear a reply through Rod and Gun.

G. B. SMITH, Ayton, Ont.

Guelph Trap and Game Club.

The above club held its annual meeting on March 6th, 1905, and reorganized for the coming season.

The protection of game and fish during the close season and the encouragement of trap shooting is the object of the club. Two members are annually appointed to act as game wardens and "Davy Jones" for those law breakers who are caught by

It is a pleasure to note that the "sporting" citizens assist the members of the club in the protection of fish and game and it is only an occasional small boy with his "B.B." rifle who cannot withstand the temptation of a pot shot at a partridge or rabbit.

A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of medals won last season. The first prize of a medal presented by Mr. W. A. Mace of the Sleeman B. & M. Co., was won by Mr. H.H. Cull with a score of 119 out of 120 shot at. Mr. R. Barrett was second high with 118, winning the locket given by Mr. Jas. Johnson, the President.

"Harry" and "Dick" will be in evidence at the Tournaments held in this district during the coming season.

The election of officers resulted in Mr. Jos. Johnson being returned to the President's chair and Mr. Ed. C. O'Brien that of sec.-treasurer.

Toronto Traps.

Balmy Beach Beat Parkdale.

The return match in the City Blue Rock League series, between the Parkdale and Balmy Beach Gun Clubs, was shot on Saturday, March 4th, on the grounds of the latter club, and resulted in a win for the home team by the narrowest margin. The

first match between these clubs went to Parkdale by default, but that club refused to win a match in such a way, and has very generously invited the Beach team to shoot it off on the Parkdale grounds, upon a date to be arranged. The following is Saturday's scores:—

Balmy Beach—J. G. Shaw 25, Adams 22, Booth 20, Ross 20, J. A. Shaw 20, Pearce 19, Pearsall 19, Smith 16, Casci 16, Seager 15, Ten Eyck 13, Ratcliffe 11, Hunter 10, Spencer 10, Draper 9. Total (15 men) 245. Average, 16.33.

Parkdale — Maywood 19, Bongard 19, Reade 19, Thomas 19, Sanderson 17, Kent 16, A. Wolfe 16, Dalley 16, Carlyle 15, Fagan 14, Burch 9. Total (11 men) 179. Average 16.27.

PRESIDENT STUBB'S SIDE WON.

An interesting shoot took place on Saturday afternoon, March 4th, at the National Gun Club grounds, for a supper, between teams picked by President Stubbs and Vice-President Harrison; the latter made a good score, considering that he had to shoot from the left shoulder. The president's side won by 23 birds. The following is the score:—

Twenty-Five Targets per Man.

President's Side—Grainger 22, Waterworth 12, Stubbs 11, Williams 15, Ross 17, Wallace 14, Taylor 22, Habbeley 17, O. Spanner 21, Vivian 20. Total 171.

Vice-President's Side—C. Mangenel 18, Jordon 13, C. Harrison 19, W. Spanner 18, Turner 13, G. Mangenel 15, Lawson 12, Owston 14, Patterson 18, Carmody 8. Total 148.

CENTRAL CLUB SHOOT.

The Central Gun and Rod Club held their weekly shoot on Saturday, March 18th, on their grounds, Ontario House, Kingston Road. Results:—

Event No. 1, 10 targets—W. Joslin 7, P. Goddard 8, McGinnis 4, P. Joslin 3, Tansley 8, P. McKeand 6, W. McKeand 7, Douglas 7, Beatty 9, Bunker 8, R. Crew 7, P. Todd 5.

Event No. 2, 10 targets—J. Goddard 10, A. Bunker 6, P. McKeand 7, W. McKeand 8, W. Knox 8, McGinnis 6.

Event No. 3, 20 targets, spoon shoot — W. Joslin, 18 yards, 15; A. Bunker, 19 yards, 13; F. Beatty, 18 yards, 11; P. Mc-Keand, 16 yards, 9; Douglas, 16 yards, 12; Tansley, 16 yards, 15; McGinnis, 16 yards, 13; J. Goddard, 16 yards, 15; W. Mc-Keand, 16 yards, 12; R. Crew, 16 yards, 14; W. Knox, 16 yards, 16.

STANLEY CLUB SHOOT.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday, March 18th. The day, though mild, was disagreeable, raining quite hard at intervals throughout the afternoon, which put somewhat of a damper on the sport. Some of the practice events were shot off the club-house platform, a distance of 26 yards, which accounts for the lowness of some of the scores. In addition to the regular practice a team match in the City Blue Rock League was shot between the Stanleys and the Parkdale Gun Club, the Stanleys shooting 15 men to Parkdale's 10 men, on a percentage basis, and was won by Stanleys by 79.20 per cent. to 68 per cent. The following is the result of Saturday's scores:-

Stanleys.

McGill 21, Hulme 21, XX 19, Ingham 20, Herbert 16, Morshead 19, Green 23, Buck 19, Fritz 14, Rock 18, Thompson 20, Lucas 18, Dunk 23, Charles 24, Thomas 22. Total 297; 79.20 per cent.

Parkdale.

G. Thomas 22, Maywood 15, Reid 19, Sanderson 14, Kent 13, Wolfe 20, Fegan 15, Marsh 17, Carlisle 18, Daly 17; total 170; 68 per cent.

Event No. 1, 10 targets—Fritz 8, Herbert 7, Marsh 6, Sanderson 6, McGraw 5, Reid 6, Wolfe 8, McGill 9, Thompson 8, Ingham 9.

Morshead 10, Kingdon 4, Daly 6, Dunk 7, Buck 8, Morshead 9, Logan 8, G. Thomas 7, Thomas 10, Maywood 6, Birch 2, Kent 8.

Event 3, 10 targets—Marsh 6, Reid 10, Morshead 10, Kinbdon 4, Daly 6, Dunk 7, Whittam 3, Hogarth 7, Rock 7, Carlisle 7.

Event 4, 10 targets—Sanderson 6, McGraw 5, Wolfe 7, Ingham 9, Birch 5, Whittam 7, XX 5, Martin 5, Lucas 8, Green 9.

Event 5, 10 targets—Herbert 3, McGraw 2, Wolfe 5, McGill 10, Kingdon 5, Whittam 4, XX 5, Martin 4, Wilson 5, Townson 7.

Event 6, 10 targets—Marsh 5, Sanderson 5, McGill 8, Ingham 6, Logan 5, Hogarth 5, Rock 8, XX 4, Wilson 6, Townson 8.

Event 7, 10 targets—Fritz 6, Herbert 6, Marsh 4, Sanderson 5, McGraw 4, Wolfe 7, Logan 5, Birch 6, Hogarth 2, Green 8.

Event 8, 10 targets-Fritz 5, Herbert 6,

Wolfe 6, McGill 10, Birch 7, XX 9.

Event 9, 10 targets—Herbert 9, Sanderton 9, McGraw 9, Wolf 6, McGill 9, Ingham 6, Buck 5, Birch 5, XX 10.

STANLEY CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The annual tournament of the Stanley Gun Club, on May 17, 18 and 19, promises to be a splendid success. The solid sterling silver trophies being presented by the club and its friends for daily and general average prizes, are certainly the most valuable ever offered at any similar shoot on the continent. The Stanley Gun Club event, at 50 targets, for which a \$100 trophy is provided, should prove an interesting competition. Programmes will be ready by April 15th, and a large number of applications therefor have been received. The fact that the dates come immediately before the opening of the O.J.C. races at the Woodbine should prove an additional attraction.

RIVERDALE GUN CLUB WINS.

On Saturday, March 18th, Riverdale defeated Balmy Beach Gun Club in a schedule match of the City Blue Rock League series on the grounds of the latter club by the following score:—

Riverdale—Hirons 22, Hare 21, Best 19, Crewe 19, Jenning 19, Edkins 15, Hooey 15, Mullin 14, Powell 13, Argue 11, Cashmore 9. Total for 11 men, 177. Average 16.1.

Balmy Beach—Adams 21, Ross 19, Bocth 18, Pearsall 18, Draper 17, J. A. Shaw 17, Casci 16, Hunter 16, Blea 15, Smith 15, J. G. Shaw 13, Davis 13, Seager 11, Ten Eyck 11, Hambly 10, Mason 8, Pearce 7. Total 17 men, 245. Average 14.4.

BALMY BEACH WON

A schedule match in the City Blue Rock League series was shot on Saturday, Mar. 11th, between the National and Balmy Beach Gun Clubs, on the grounds of the latter, resulting in a win for the home team. The following is the score:—

National	Balmy Beach
W. Spanner 21	J. A. Shaw 23
C. Harrison 19	Booth 21
Williams 19	J. G. Shaw 21

C. Mongeure 16 Smith	19
Grainger 16 Casci	19
Matthews 15 Ross	17
G. Mongeure 15 Adams	
Vivian 14 Pearsall	
O. Spanner 13 Draper	15
Ross 13 Pearce	
Waterworth 13 Lyonde	
Wallace 13 Hunter	
Stubbs 9 Hambly	12
Jordan 8 Seager	
Taylor 7 Marlowe	
_	
Total 211 Total	2 32

PARKDALE TEAM WON

In the City Blue Rock League, March 11th., Parkdale won from Riverdale Gun Club on the grounds of the former. The Parkdales made an average of 19 per man, against 17.3-5 for Riverdale.

Parkdales, 190—G. Thomas 24, A. Wolfe 22, Maywood 20, Reid 19, Carlyle 18. Daly 18, Birch 18, Kent 17, Fegan 17, Sanderson 17.

Riverdales, 176—Edkins 21, Hovay 21, Best 20, J. Hare 19, Argue 19, Warr 17, Jennings 16, Herons 15, Powell 14, Mullen 14

PARKDALE CLUB WON

At a League blue rock shoot, on the grounds of the Nationals, the Parkdales won by an average of 17 3-5 against 16 4-5 average of Nationals.

The following is the score:-

Nationals.		Parkdale.	
Harrison 2	22	Thomas	15
W. Spanner	18	Daley	15
Vivian	18	Reid	19
Waterworth	19	Maywood	. 19
Grainger	25	Saunderson	. 16
Mathew 1	16	Carlyle	17
Turner	16	Fegan	20
		Birch	
		A. Wolf	
O. Spanner	. 14		
Clark	1	3	
Mougenal	1	7	
Ross	. 15		
G. Mougenal	13	3	
Taylor	. 1		
Total S	25.2	Total	176

STANLEY CLUB SHOOT

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday, March 25th., the event of the day being a team match in the City Blue Rock League, between the Stanleys: and Riverdale Gun Clubs. The day being fine and mild, there was a large turnout of the members and friends of both clubs. The match was shot on a percentage basis, the Stanleys 15 men to the Riverdales' 10, and was won by the Stanleys, 74.93 per cent. to 70.80 per cent. Several of the younger members of the league are fast developing into good shots, and will be before long be showing the way to those who were instrumental in teaching them the art of handling a shotgun. The following is a summary of Saturday's scores:-No. targets-10 15 10 15 15 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events-Hooey 6 11 ... 8 XX 9 12 10 13 11 4 Ingham 7 11 8 15 12 10 Hirons 8 12 Dunk 9 ... Hulme 9 13 Edkins 6 7 Argue 4 ... 5 Best 8 Thompson 9 12 9 13 12 ... Fritz 5 14 Buck 8 10

T. Hare 2 9
J. Hare 5 11
Dey 8 11
Cashmore 3 4
Powell 3
Herbert 7 11 5
McGill 8 12 10 15 15 10
Hampton 9 12
Martin sr 8 9
Mullen 8 11 7
Morshead 8 14 8
Murray 4 8 4
McGraw 6 2 9 7
Hogarth 12 10
Edwards 10 9 7
Wilson 13 9
Thomas 9
Crewe 11 6
Green 9 14
Jones 1 6
Spencer 8 5
Edgar 10 10
Longmore 11 8
Sinclair 3
F. Martin jr 6
Flint 5
Team match 25 targets-Stanleys-
Hulme 24, Buck, 12, Hampton 16, Thomp-
son 20, McGill 22, Dunk 21, XX. 19, Fritz
20, Herbert 16, Ingham 19, Morshead 17,
Rock 20, Thomas 18, Green 20, Lucas 17;
total, 281; 74.93 per cent.
Riverdale-Hirons 18, Mullen 19, Crewe
20, Edkins 18, Hooey 17, Best 20, Powell
16, J. Hare 15, Jennings 20, Argue 14;
20, 0. 2200 20, 00000000 21, 222000 21,

Hamilton Gun Club Scores.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB'S SCORES.

Rock 9 13 8 12 12 9

The third shoot for the Klein and Binkley trophy was held at the Gun club grounds on Saturday afternoon, March 11. As the match was shot over a new trap at unknown angles the scores are not up to the usual standard. Dr. Wilson still leads in the event.

A shoot for merchandise prizes was held for B class only, and C. Smith carried off first prize with Ralph Ripley second.

H. Magill won the professional event with a straight.

A Class 25 Birds—Dr. Wilson 22, W. Thompson 22, Dr. Bates 21, Dr. Greene 21, Frank 20, J. Hunter 20, J. Oliver 19, J. Crooks 18, T. Upton 18, A. Smyth 18, M. Fletcher 18, B. Smyth 18, C. Brigger 18, J. Bowron 17, J. Cline 17, Dr. Hunt 16, Ben It 15, Marshall 13.

total, 177; 70.80 per cent.

B. Class 25 Birds—C. Smith 24, R. Ripley 22, A. Lee 21, W. Wark 21, C. Waterbury 21, Moncrief 20: Beattie 20, Dean 19, Ben It 19, Haley 18, Merriman 17; Wilkins 16, Hodgson 16, Maxwell 15, Dunn 13.

Professionals at 25 Birds—H. W. Magill 25, C. Truesdale 24, C. E. Thomson 23.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB SCORES.

The fourth shoot of the series for the Klein & Binkley trophy was held on Saturday afternoon, mar. 25th. The result of this shoot left Dr. "Wilson" in the lead with Frank second and G. A. Cline third.

The B class merchandise shoot was won by James Maxwell with a possible. W. Wark captured the second prize.

Klein & Binkley trophy. 25 birds: Frank

24, Wilson 23, Green 23, Hunter 23, Rasberry 22, Upton 22, Hunt 22, Marshall 22, J. Crooks 22, Thomson 20, G. Cline 20, Fletcher 19, Brigger 19, A. Smyth 19, Bates 17, Ben 16, Bowron 15.

B. class, merchandise, 25 birds:

Maxwell 25, Wark 23, Ripley 23, Dean 20 Ben R. 20, Merriman 20, Ben H., 19, Beattie 19, C. Smith 18, Haley 18, Moncrief 17, Wilkins 16, Rich 14, Truesdale 8, Meginn 5.

Montreal Traps.

Following are the results of the shooting held on the grounds of the Montreal Gun Club on Saturday, March 4th. McDuff won the spoon with 22 out of 25, and Lark, the third win on the "club championship" with 25 straight.

Spoon events at 25 birds—McDuff 22, Dumont 22, Landriault 21, Redman 21, Ewing 21, Alexander 21, Rainville 18, Lark 18, Skadunks 17, Kenyon 16, Cheese 11, Parsons 11.

15 bird sweep—Ewing 15, Skadunks 15, Dumont 14, Powers 13, Lark 13, Redman 12, McDuff 12, Rainville 12, Landriault 10.

Club championship event at 25 birds — Lark 25, Skadunks 24, Ewing 24, McDuff 23, Landriault 23, Redman 22, Alexander 22, Dumont 22, Rainville 19, Parsons 19, Kenyon 16.

15 bird sweep—Landriault 14, Ewing 14, Dumont 13, Lark 13, Rainville 12, Redman 12, McDuff 11, Skadunks 10, Powers 10.

10 bird sweep—Redman 9, Skadunks 9, Landriault 9, Dumont 7, Ewing 7.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB SCORES.

The following is the result of the shoot held on the grounds of the Montreal Gun Club on Saturday, March 11th. Mr. Mc-Duff won the spoon.

	S. E.	S.	S.	S.
Targets —	25	25	15	10
D. Murdoch	23	22		
W. McDuff	21	23		8
C. Redman	21	22	12	8
N. Candlish	21	20	13	(
J. Landriault	21	21	***	9
W. Ewing	20	25	10	8
D. Kearney	19	21	8	10
G. Dumont	17		11	8
J. Rainville	13	12	9	6
G. Magnon	12	11	7	5

In spoon event Murdoch entered for birds only.

Quebec Gun Club Shoot.

The Quebec Gun Club had a successful shoot on March 8th on the club grounds at which some very good scores were made. Event No. 7 was a merchandise event, the figure indicating the place in

the event taken by the shooter. We give below the scores as well as the powder, shells and guns used by the different shooters.

Events		1 2	3	4	5	6	7	Shells.	Powder.	Guns.
Targets	10	20	5	25	15	10	Mdse			
C. Paddon	2	13	2	16	11	7	4	U.M.C.	New Sch.	Lancaster
L. H. Hamilton	10	19	5	21	13	7	2	4.6	+6	Parker
Capt A.de L.Panet	5	15	3	18	10		12	4.6	" L	. C. Smith

R.	O. Montambault	3	14	3	18	14	7	6	4.6	Robin Hood	Lewis
	K. Boswell								4.6	New Sch.	Parker
F.	Turcotte	0		2				13	4.6	6.6	Field
H	des Rivieres	7	12	4	17			1		6.6	Winchester
F.	H. Wood	5		4		12		8	4.6	4.6	Bland
E.	R. Pepin	7	18	4	16	7				1.6	Parker
	M. Duggan								6.6	W. S.	Syracuse
	G. Burroughs								W.R.A.	Infallible	Brown
	S. Stevenson								6.6	6.6	Douglas
C.	A. Lafrance				11	6		10	6.0	4.4	Parker
P.	Gagnon					6		15	4.6	11	
G.	S. Oliver							14	U.M.C.	New Sch.	4.0

London Traps.

At the Springwood Gun club on Saturday afternoon March 18th., the competition for the LaFama cups was continued, and some excellent scores were made, despite the unfavorable weather. The scores made were as follows:

Class "A" 22 birds. 19 yards—Screaton, 18; Breckon, 16; Webb, 16.

Class "B" 23 birds, 18 yards—Reid, 15; Bryce, 10; MacBeth, 16; Arnott, 20.

Class "C" 24 birds, 17 yards—Bissett, 16; Bowman, 18; Smoothy, 12; Hughes, 19. Class "D" 27 birds, 16 yards—Stone, 16.

Extra event. 25 birds—Glover, 21; Day, 21; Smith, 15; Webb, 16.

SPRINGWOOD CLUB SHOOT

At the weekly shoot of the Springwood Gun Club Mar. 23rd., the following scores were made:—

Twenty-five birds—Tillmann, 19; Payne, 16; Bowman, 12; Parker, 18; Glover, 23; Reid, 16; Anderson, 16; Gurd, 17; Fortiner, 18; Simcoe, 19; Avey, 15; F. Brown, 14; Glover, 22; Tillmann, 21.

Winnipeg Traps.

Fort Garry Gun Club Organizes.

Cups and trophies galore await the members of the Fort Garry Gun Club this year at their shoots which open on the first Monday in May, and some very interesting tournaments are certain at their grounds in Norwood. The annual meeting was held Mar. 14th., at O'Connor's hotel, Mr. F. G. Simpson presiding, and the proceedings included the acceptation of several new and valuable trophies and election of officers—Mr. Isaac Pitblado being chosen as president. The membership fee was raised to \$10.

Those present were Messrs. J. H. Bourgoin, J. A. Lindsay, G. W. Baldwin, G. A. Britton, G. A. Carruthers, J. C. G. Armytage, C. W. Graham, F. G. Belcher, J. McL. Holiday, L. Hurry, C. M. Scott, H. B. Totten, F. G. Simpson, I. Pitblado, J. P. Turner, W. A. Matheson.

NEW OFFICERS.

The new officers were elected as follows: Patrons, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir. Daniel McMillan, Mr. C. C. Chip man and Mr. William Whyte. President, Mr. Isaac Pitblado; vice-president, Mr. J. A. Lindsay; honorary secretary, Mr. J. P. Turner; committee of directors: Messrs. F. G. Simpson, J. McL. Holiday, G. A. Britton, J. C. G. Armytage, and C. M. Scott; field captain, Mr. G. A. Carruthers.

A motion was made by Mr. Simpson to raise the subscription to \$7.50, but several members thought \$10 very cheap for a season's shoot, and it was unanimously agreed to make that the annual fee.

The honorary secretary reported that the club house was blocked by lumber and houses, and it was moved the other day 250 yards south. The meeting approved

and ratified the arrangement made by the committee by which the Winnipeg Gun Club share the club house and grounds as they have been crowded out of St. Johns. It was thought that the two traps in front of the club house would add to the amusement.

The meeting decided that a paid secretary and caretaker should be employed.

TROPHIES OFFERED

M. Lindsay, on behalf of the Ashdown Hardware company, offered a cup, the terms upon which it was to be shot for to be settled by the committee. He also, as the new vice-president, offered a trophy for the "dubs" class, to be awarded as an encouragement to the men who made the best score under fifty per cent.

Mr. Pitblado said he would offer a trophy as president, and Mr. Simpson offered a \$50 cup which it was decided should be shot for as the team championship of the west, open to clubs from all parts to send as many teams of five as they like.

The Manitoba championship is to be shot for on July 1, on the Fort Garry grounds and the city championship which consists of the Dupont trophy, is held by the club and will be competed for on May 24. A tournament is also announced for Good Friday.

The hour of shooting was altered to seven o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays. Votes of thanks were passed to the donors of trophies and to Mr. O'Connor, for the use of the room.

WINNIPEG GUN CLUB ELECTS OFFI-CERS.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Winnipeg Gun Club was held Mar. 21st., at W. J. O'Connor's Hotel in Winnipeg, and a large number of enthusiastic trap shooters were present.

The secretary's report showed a substantial balance on hand to the club's assets, and also showed that the past year was a very successful one. Among the honors won by the club during 1904 was

the provincial championship captured by Jas. Spence, and the inter-club team championship, won by the following team: R. J. Whitla, G. Andrew, H. U. Lightcap, W. Sutton, F. T. Cadham, R. J. McKay, J. Lemon, J. H. Thompson, C. Wellband and O. F. Lightcap.

The following officers were elected for this year: Patrons, Sir. Daniel McMillan and Mayor Sharpe; hon. president, R. J. Whitla,; president, F. D. Cadham; vice president, H. U. Lightcap; hon. secretary-treasurer, J. Chas. Dodd; field captain, Geo. Andrew; directors, J. H. Thompson, W. Sutton, J. Lemon and C. Wellband.

It was decided by the club to shoot on Norwood grounds this year. After some discussion it was also decided that the membership fee be raised to \$10, so as to place the club in a better position financially to co-operate with the Garry Gun Club in making the grounds more convenient for all members.

The averages of the club for the past year were read and showed that H. U. Lightcap captured first place, with a splendid average of $86\frac{6}{8}$ per cent. out of 630 birds shot at. Mr. Sutton and J. Lemon tied for second place with an average of 77 per cent. It was decided to begin shooting on the first Tuesday in May, and to shoot throughout the season on the first Tuesday and Friday evenings, as heretafore.

The following prizes were donated for competition for the ensuing year:

By the club, a silver cup to be competed for annually, and be held by the winner of the high aggregate from year to year.

President F. T. Cadham presented a prize for this season to be given to the shooter making the highest number of points, the aggregate to be computed in button-winning in the semi-weekly shoots.

Vice-President H. U. Lightcap donated a prize for competition among the junior shots, the winner being the highest average under 50 per cent.

Several new members were proposed, and the club looks forward to a very successful season.

A tournament will be arranged for Labor Day.



North West Trap News.

Ashdown Prizes awarded.

Mr. William Schwartz, of Brandon, is the lucky winner of the handsome \$125 L. C. Smith gun, offered by the J. H. Ashdown company, Winnipeg, Man., for the highest individual average at the shoots of western gun clubs. The competition, which was formed for the encouragement of general shooting, those who had previously won championships being debarred, was very keenly contested, in all sixteen clubs entering the lists, all the way from Winnipeg to Macleod.

In addition to the gun offered for the competition, the Ashdown company have gracefully awarded two other prizes in re-

cognition of other features of trigger prowess.

To the Indian Head gun club, which showed the highest team average, they have given a pair of hunting boots, which the club may compete for among themselves in any way they decide.

To Mrs. Waddell, of Brandon, goes a handsome cut glass vase, as a tribute to the best score made by ladi's in the competition.

The management regret that those awards were not made more promptly on the close of the season, but the delay was caused by the confusion and rush incident upon the destruction of their stores by fire last fall.

Stray Pellets.

We publish this month the photographs of Messrs. W. II. Upton and A. W, Playle, the president and secy-treasurer, respectively, of Pincher Creek, N. W. T., Gun Club. We are glad to see the trap shooting invading the great Canadian West and

D. McMackon is president and C. H. East-lake, Sec'y-Treas., of the club. Programs will be ready April 6th. As Ridgetown is in the centre of a warm bunch of crack shots, the shoot will, no doubt, be well attended and produce some record scores.



W. H. UPTON, President Pincher Creek Gun Club, Pincher Creek, Alta.



O. W. PLAYLE, Secretary-Treasurer Pincher Creek Gun Club, Pincher Creek, Alta.

have no doubt the Pincher Creek Club will give a good account of itself. We will always be glad to publish scores and other items of interest to shooters that may be sent us.

Ridgetown, (Ont.)Gun Club, will hold their annual tournament April 20 and 21.

TEAM SHOOT AT BELMONT, ONT.

The shooting match between shots representing Gladstone and Belmont resulted in favor of the local team by six shots.

CLIS	1011	OWD.					
E	Belm	ont			Gladsto	ne.	
Α.	Jo	nes	10	Wm.	Groat		9
J.	N.	Boyd	8	F. 6	droat		7
J.	С.	Durand	9	L. SI	hain		8
Α.	D.	McCallum	8	W. E	. Taylor		5
			_				
			35				29

BEAMSVILLE, (ONT.,) SCORES.

The following are the scores of the Beamsville Gun Club for March 22nd.

Event No. 1—10 birds; H. Konkle, 9; J. Culp, 8; F. McCalley, 7; G. Culp, 7; H. Vidal, 6; H. Robinson, 6; E. Chart, 5; H. Boughner, 4; Konkle, 4.

Event No. 2. 10 birds—H. Boughner, 9; J. Zimmerman, 9; H. Konkle, 9; G. Culp, 8; E. Konkle, 7; H. Vidal, 7; F. McCalley, 6; W. Luey, 5; H. Robinson, 4.

Event 3; 10 birds—D. Konkle, 9; W. Luey 3; Tulloh, 8; J. Zimmerman, 7; R. Glover, 7; H. McGregor, 5; F. McCalley, 4.

Event No. 4; 10 birds—R. Glover, 7; H. Robinson, 6; J. Culp, 5; R. Ryckman,

Event No. 5, 10 birds—J. Culp, 9; H. Boughner, 8; J. Zimmerman, 7; Tulloh, 6; H. Robinson, 4.

KOMOKA, (ONT.,) CLUB SHOOT

The scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Komoka Gun club, Mar., 18th, were as follows:—

Jas. Harrison	11101111011—8
F. J. Rocks	11101100016
W. T. Oliver	11110111111-9
F. Harrison	00110111110 - 6
C. Harrison	1010001100-4
C. Smith	0000110010-3

The score of the Komoka Gun Club shoot held on March 9, was as follows:—

Jas. Harrison	1110111011—8
F. J. Rooks	. 1100110001—6
W. T. Oliver	. 111101111119
F. Harrison	. 0011011110-6
C. Harrison	. 1010001100-4
C. Smith	. 0000110010—3

The Sportsmen Gun Club of Ayton, Ont. hold their annual shoot on June 1st and 2nd. Programs are now ready to be mailed to all Canadian shots. All are welcome and the shoot promises to be one of the best ever held. G. B. Smith, Ayton, Ont., the well known amateur expert, is the manager.

W. H. Heer at Des Moines, Ia., made a neR target record in open tournament trap shooting by breaking 307 targets without a miss.

An effort is being made to organize the Sportsmen of Western Ontario into a Trap Shooter's League. It is proposed to hold a series monthly at some central location and to offer attractions which will ensure a larbe attendance at such shoot. The

details will probably be settled at Ridgetown shoot in April.

Fort Garry Gun Club, Winnipeg, have organized for the summer.

Make a note of June 8th and 9th and keep your eye on them. Those are the days selected by the Springwood Gun Club London Ont., for their 3rd Annual Tournament. London is a nice city to visit and some nice people live there. There are some hot squads among the local shooters and visiting sportsmen can be sure of a warm welcome both ways.

The Ontario Government have granted \$1,000.00 which will be used by the Ontario Game Commission in re-stocking the depleted quail grounds of Western Ontario.

The Quebec Gun Club have announced that they will hold their Annual Shoot on the 17th. of June.

H. C. Hirschy is contemplating a journey to Europe. He, with L. E. King of Cripple Creek, Colo., has under consideration an offer to visit the old world and participate in a series of shoots during the coming summer and fall.

At the weekly shoot of Springwood Gun Club, London, Ont., on Mar 25th., the following were the scores at 25 targets:—

Glover, 22; Breckon, 20; Day, 20; Webb, 17; Bryce, 16; Stone, 16; Bowman, 13; Harris, 10.

Canadian trap shooters will be pleased to learn that the Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal, are putting on the market an entirely new issue of shot gun shells. These are called "Crown," "Sovereign," "Regal" and "Imperial." The "Crown" is adapted for black powder, the "Sovereign" for bulk smokeless and the "Regal" for dense smokeless. The "Imperial" is a high priced shell, designed especially for trap shooting. All except the "Crown" have battery primers. The inside base of these shells is constructed according to the most improved ideas of shooters and manufacturers. The "Sovereign" shell is loaded with "Empire" smokeless and the "Regal" with Ballistite.

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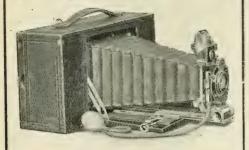
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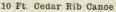
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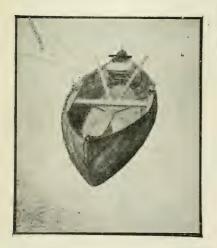
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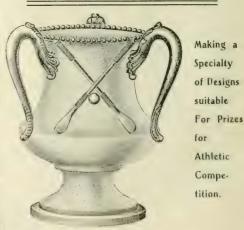
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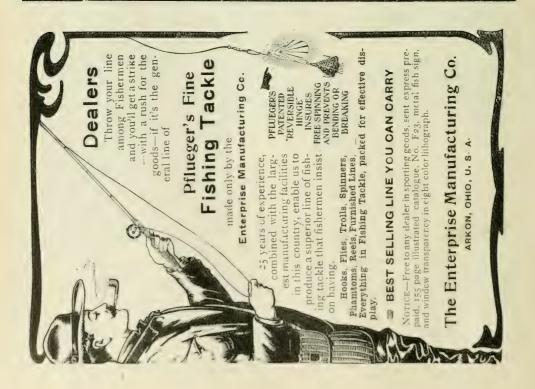


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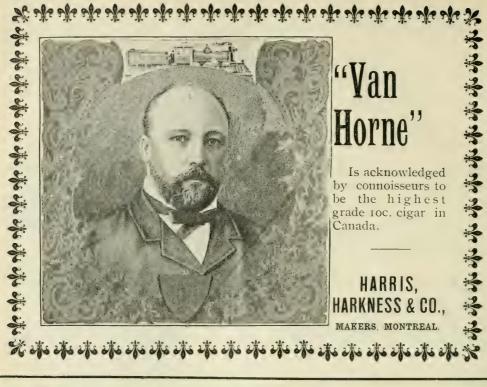
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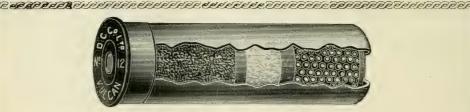
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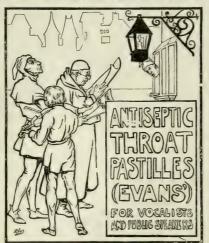
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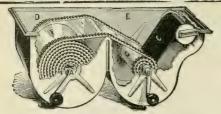
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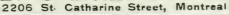
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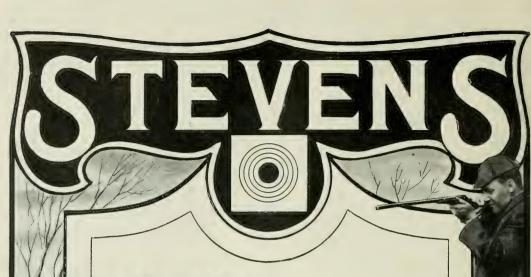
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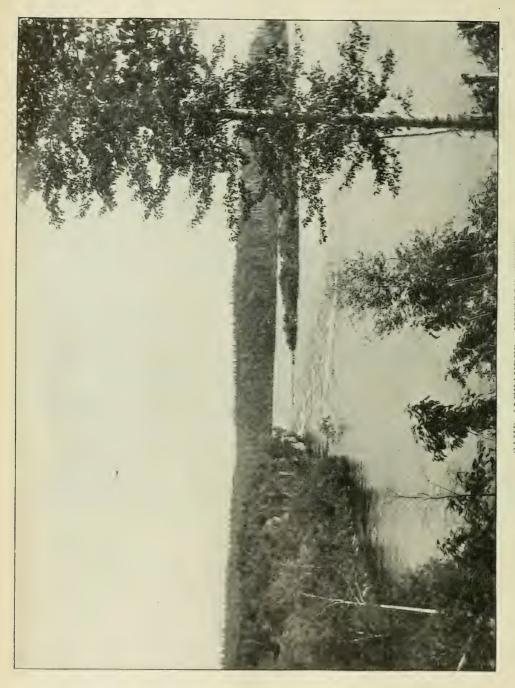
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Robert Kerr, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL



VOL. VI.

MAY, 1905.

No. 12

Camping at Banff.—A Holiday Trip.

By MARY L. KENNEDY.

The rumble of the car wheels beneath and the sense of movement assure me that I have really bidden adieu to my responsive but unsympathetic ally of ten years, the type-writer, and am off from Winnipeg to Banff for a month's much needed rest. Mellow August weather, bright, strong countenances about me, and a well-filled luncheon basket to be supplemented by the good tea and coffee served in the dining car, seem the proper accompaniments to the all-pervading air of comfort of my travelling carriage and my glorious destination.

That happy trio yonder, a mother and two grown up daughters, bound for Victoria, furnishes a pleasing example of our Canadian womanhood, clear-browed, purposeful, and daintily neat. Over the way that stalwart young Manitoban who is half dozing, is probably dreaming of the splendid sport which he and his father will enjoy during the next three weeks on their trout fishing expedition up the Fraser River. He also is a good type of our sturdy young country,—plenty of individuality, pluck and capacity.

After an hour or so, one has mentally arranged and docketted the passengers: the warp is there, and it is imperative to my nature to weave in some of the woof of human sympathy. Accordingly, as the prairie view is limitless, and it seems 'always afternoon,' I attack my fellow countryman with observations. His birthplace and home are near Brandon, the 'Wheat City,' known to early trappers and traders of the prairie as 'Brandon House.' He

interests me greatly in describing the development of that part of the country. He dwells particularly on the advantage the Brandon Experimental Farm has proved to many a prairie hamlet and solitary homestead,—a veritable foster-mother. Year by year she gratuitously sends forth natural and acclimatized products from her nurseries and shrubberies, to enrich the interests and homes of our people. How many lonely hearts have been cheered and gladdened by the box of sturdy little shrubs and trees, which, when set out, seem to stand up to the world with brave front, determined to be and do their best in gratitude for the care they have received.

In turn, my companion enquires as to incidents in the early days of Red River Settlement, and dreamily my thoughts go back to some of the interesting 'old timers' of various nationalities who, during my childhood, were welcome and entertaining guests in our home. Those were strenuous men, and they were strenuous times, which tested and brought out man's best. We both agreed that Scotchman's best must be good thing verv indeed, for the Scotch settlers implanted the native population such simple and high principles of honesty and energy that to this day they are recognized by their descendants as the standards of the 'good old days.' Here we both sit up straight and confess that we are mostly Scotch ourselves! My friend has seen a Red River oxcart, one of the common conveyances of the period. Perhaps my first recollection is of a train of these, coming, well laden and groaning industriously down the road by the riverside, bearing wonderful cases and bales which had come all the way from England,—the opening of which was a sort of Arabian Nights wonder to me. I can smell the London fog in them now. Oh! the thrill we experienced on hearing the freighters' narratives of the six weeks' journey over the prairie from St. Paul in

letters. When the last boat went out we felt that we were sealed in for the winter, and the provident householder turned to and got ready for it. In discussing these early recollections the monotony of late years is blotted out and I live over again those vivid youthful impressions.

The Riel Rebellion of '70? Yes,—those were the days when turmoil and unquiet reigned, and even in one's own house talk on current events was generally in whis-



DESERTED TRAPPER'S CABIN.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M Richards, in the January Issue.

A Deserted Trapper's Cabin on the Spanish River, two day's travel from Biscotasing. A half tanned moose skin, and the pegs upon which hung his rifle were the only signs of occupancy. The cleared land around proved a long residence because of all the wood that had been cut and burned.

Minnesota! What heroes too the faithful old oxen were to us! They had all come from the great beyond, out of Paradise,—to our childish imaginations.

Another reminiscence is of the arrival of the 'York boats' coming up the river from Churchill and York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, bringing commodities and mail which had come over the sea by the yearly ship to Hudson's Bay, and later the departure of the same, bearing furs and

pers. At that critical time the sound common sense of the Scotch Commissioner came to the front. His wise counsel and force of character more than anything else influenced the natives to accept with dignity the new regime. My companion and I could not help being proud of the development of Manitoba during the last twenty years. Surely it is a striking tribute to the wisdom and far-sightedness of her pioneers, Mr. Donald A. Smith (now Lord

Strathcona) and her first great native statesman the Hon. John Norquay. Truly these were Lords of the North.

We try to picture the onrush of a buf falo herd before the dusky huntsmen of the plains, over these once silent, waving seas of prairie. This brings our consciousness back to the narrow steel line which belts our fertile land of promise, over which we are speeding towards the setting sun. It is difficult to realize that the little wayside stations where huge, hungry grain elevators are literally the 'lions' of the place, are each and all centres of commercial activity for the surrounding districts. Beside that pretty clump of trees is the neat little school house, where the future makers of Manitoba's history are being mentally equipped-physically they are right well endowed now.

But it is time for luncheon, and here comes the porter with offers of a table, hot water &c., for we are not wealthy and travel 'tourist.' Soon we have finish. ed our repast, and, finding the train slowing up, we take a brisk walk on the platform, which is most refreshing. These Manitoba skies are grand, and the air exhilarating! As we rush by sloughs and creeks occasionally we see quantities of wild ducks. The friendly little prairie chicken too is plentifully in evidence. It must need some determination level a gun at these little birds who trot along so confidingly just ahead of one's conveyance for quite a distance, before rising. We generally consider, however, that as a bonne bouche they are hard to beat, and we try to reconcile ourselves to their fate

The day is waning as we reach the divisional point, Broadview, and here we alter out timepieces to Mountain time, one hour slower. From here the rising grade noticeably increases.

Tomorrow at 6.08 we shall reach Banff. About five we shall catch the first glimpse of the Rockies, those giant ramparts of our continent, which since childhood have stood to me as all that is profoundly wonderful, the symbol of solitude, wealth and grandeur. The night is very chilly, but we rest beside open windows. The second day of our journey is somewhat like the first in regard to scenery, but it is inter-

esting to explore the minds and characteristics of our travelling companions. How closely we are all linked together in one way and another! The gentle kindliness of the elderly coloured porter impresses us all, and he occasionally drops some very interesting information as he passes on his rounds.

The fresh morning air as we pause a short time at Medicine Hat is delightfully crisp and cool. We have been riding for hours over coal beds and natural gas. and in the centre of great ranching operations. Soon we are thundering over the new steel bridge which spans the South Saskatchewan River, and, when across, have a pretty view of the town opposite, backed by low-lying hills. Now the railway rises to the high prairie plateau which extends, gradually rising, to the base of the Mountains, and in a few hours we reach Calgary, the most important place between Brandon and Vancouver. This is a large business centre for mining and timber industries, and is an important station of the Mounted Police.

Is that a rising bank of clouds on the horizon, or,-Yes, it is indeed the Rocky Mountains, nearly a hundred miles away. For the next two hours we travel through the foothills, made famous by the graphic pen of Ralph Connor. I take up 'The Challenge of the Mountains' that I may observe understandingly. There comes back to me a little maiden of five summers, sitting at her mother's knee, in her home on the Red River of the north, with wide eyes and ears drinking in the description which an old friend, Mr. Robert Campbell, is giving to her father of his discovery of what is now known as the "Kicking Horse Pass." I recall too the experiences of an old lady-friend who, long before the days of railways and luxury, once crossed these Mountains on foot, with her baby strapped to her back. As we draw nearer the 'barrier seems impenetrable, but suddenly the train swerves and enters 'The Gap' between two almost vertical walls of dizzv height.

The scenery is endlessly changing and striking as we follow the valley of the Bow River. The Peaks of 'The Three Sisters' are unique amidst these great Mountains. At Canmore, a great coal mining

centre, we first observe the Hoodoos, giant pillar formations of clay. Five miles further we enter the Rocky Mountain National Park. This covers over five thousand square miles and is ninety-six miles long by seventy-five broad. All sorts of game abound here. Some hundreds of miles of splendid carriage roads and bridle paths have been laid in the most interesting localities and the North West Mounted Police exercise supervision over these from their headquarters in Banff. Surely an ideal locality for a National Park. After

going to behold the exquisitely beautiful Lake Louise, Paradise Valley, and later, the Coast.

We drive through the prettily wooded road to the little village of five hundred residents nestling among the lordly giants, Cascade, Stony, Squaw, Sulphur and Rundle Mountains. Oh! the delight of soap and water after two hot days in the train. We exhale a sigh of gratitude to Messrs. Pears, and retire to our couch feeling that we are newborn into a pure and ethereal world.



THE END OF THE PORTAGE.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

One of the two small lakes on the Height o' Land plateau, north of Winnebago and Biscotasing, Ontario, in the heart of a great game country.

passing Anthracite, which gains its name from its coal supply of that species, our attention is arrested by a herd of buffalo on the right hand side of the road,—the progeny of the celebrated 'Silver Heights' herd, which was presented to the Park by Lord Strathcona. These one-time animal Kings of the North, tho' now banished from their prairie home, seem to fit well into their present rugged surroundings.

We are all relieved to reach our destination, but bid adicu to our fellow travellers somewhat enviously, for are they not The first breath of morning air is fairly intoxicating in its sweetness. Can we define the perfume of it?—balsam, spruce, red pine, yellow pine, Douglas Fir, Balm of Gilead, sweet briar, and all delicious odours combined. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the uplifting bouyaney of the atmosphere and surroundings. As the sun tips the Mountains the glory spreads downwards, and a feeling of reverence overcomes me as I watch the pearly and silver grey take on opaline tints. Distance gives to the fur-

ther ranges the appearance of a silky gauze texture. Cascade Mountain with its turretted peaks looks down in solemn grey grandeur and dignity on the little habitations of men. The streaks and masses of perpetual snow give the touch of stillness and solitude which suggest eternity. About all, this sweet, pure atmosphere whispers of peace and spirituality.

Our party starts out early to locate a camping ground. We follow the wooden sidewalk down the one street of the village towards the Bow River Bridge. Entering the rustic little Museum, a model of handicraft in fir and cedar, we register our names in the visitor's book. From the bridge we take our bearings. Behind us to the north, nestling in the valley flat, lie the village and the wooded meadows of the animal paddock. Pre-eminent over all is Cascade Mountain. To the east, behind the village, is Tunnel Mountain, which almost suggests a haystack in the midst of its towering brethren. Beyond this the River Valley, above which Mount Rundle projects its mighty mass skyward. the north west stand Vermillion Range and Stony Squaw, the latter a prettily wooded elevation. Up the Bow Valley westward in the distance are the snowy, central heights of the Main Range about Simpson's Pass, most prominently the square terraced crest of Mount Massive. On an eminence facing us southward stands the Sanitarium, set in a frame of green forestry against the dark grey background of Sulphur Mountain. A double flight of steps leads up to this terrace.

Running right and left from the bridge are two ideal carriage roadways, upper and lower, the latter lying close beside the stream. It begins at the little white boat house facing us at the tend of the river upstream, and follows its course past the falls to the bridge over the Spray below the C. P. R. Hotel. The upper road on the right terminates four miles from the bridge at Sundance Canyon. On the left, it leads upwards and branches into two sweeping driveways, one to the C. P. R. Hotel and the other ascending the gradual rise of Sulphur Mountain to the Hot Springs, and to Middle Springs.

How picturesque the life about us. There is a Princeton graduate in his buck-

skin shirt and cowboy hat who spends dollars more recklessly than I can spend cents. I am not envious however because my cents are making me very happy and everybody says that the Princeton boy is a 'deuced' good fellow. There are a party of them "throwing the diamond hitch" as they call the process of squeezing the life out of the fat little pony who has a small mountain of baggage on his back. The graduates are accompanying a prince of the blood-royal and another man bred in the purple, both of them stalwarts and good-looking upon whom we looked without the bated-breath I had read about as being the proper thing to have for the occasion. I confess however I did wish for a moment that I were a man. I heard long after that these men had all sorts of good-luck in killing grizzlies and other bear and caribou.

We choose a site for our camp on the side of Sulphur Mountain about a mile from the village, near Middle Springs, a charming spot,—ten feet off the roadway, with a warm sulphur stream flowing about thirty feet to the left, and a short distance across the road a rivulet of clear spring water. Between some giant spruces we pitch our two tents and erect a long table made of packing case boards. An ancient apology for a stove is set up in a little clearing, and soon the smoke is curling upwards to the top of the highest pines. We sit down warm and happy after our exertions. Who could improve on the fried ham, baked potatoes, and tea, partaken of under the shadow of this noble mountain amid the silences of the fragrant forest. Before the day is out bold little squirrels and chipmunks pay flying visits to our vicinity, curious to see what we have brought for them. Soon one sociable fellow assists himself to portions at the far end of the table, and scolds us diligently while endeavoring to compass an opening to our bag of cheese. Two strange looking birds also regard us from a low branch at near quarters, and we are evidently out of their favour.

A sort of mysterious (almost superstitious) awe comes over me on sleeping the first night out on the side of Sulphur Mountain. The very name suggests necremancy, and one wonders how many gen-

erations and races of men have derived their legendary lore from the hidden working of the forces of nature in this locality. One also thinks curiously of the convulsions old Mother Earth must have experienced during the period when these giants sprung into being. For centuries this dark, verdure-clad mountain must have stood as the Mecca of healing to the Indian world within its ken.

The following morning we are up bright and early. A short steep climb brings us to the Middle Springs Cave, the approach to which is indicated by generous fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. We pick our dip. We are told that the valiant young Indian brave of olden days sat cross legged before this bubbling stream offering up sacrifices and making the medicine which he believed would give him strength to stand the terrible ordeal of the pole, thong and stick. This cave must have witnessed, many a time, a strong man's agony.

Some yards to the right, hidden by the brush, there is another cave with a larger opening. We also notice high up on the sheer rocky cliff a well defined pathway leading to the Sheep Cave, which runs into the solid rock, affording a shelter to wild sheep and goats during



FORT MATTAGAMI.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

A trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Mattagami River, about one hundred miles north of Biscotasing, showing the Indian encampment.

way upwards over the stones in the out flowing stream, into the low opening of the cave, and find that, once inside, we can stand upright. We step into water of delightfully warm bath heat, which comes bubbling up like aerated water into the basin. In twenty minutes we feel greatly refreshed, and promise ourselves a daily stormy weather. Continuing over the crest of the mountain we should come to Sundance Canyon and Falls, but this we shall visit another day and by another route.

As two of our party on account of rheumatic suggestions prefer to take their daily dip in the Cave or Basin, we trudge down to the bridge and follow the river road up for about a mile till we reach the tiny building enclosing the entrance to the Cave. The caretaker conducts us through a tunnelled pathway, carefully holding a candle aloft to light our steps. The weird glimmering rays only heighten the blackness and 'spooky' effect, and we keep our fingers at 'attention' in case of bats or dragons, and step gingerly. A few steps upward, and we are under a vaulted dome, thirty-six feet in width and forty-five feet high, with a small natural opening at the top which admits modified daylight on to the water. The latter is enclosed in a huge railed basin of Portland cement and is about three feet deep. On account of its silent, uncanny atmosphere the Cave is not patronized as much as the Basin, which is a few rods further up the road. The caretaker gives us a history of the Cave and draws our attention to curious markings and projections of the rusty rock which seem to resemble the features of certain celebreties. A pretty little Chalet admits us to the Basin, and we find ourselves in a dainty, modern bath-house, which seems to transport us to the sea. There are two large open air swimming pools which are constantly thronged. At all seasons and in the lowest temperature bathers here disport themselves. No known waters possess more highly curative powers. They abound in sulphur together with other fragrant elements necessary to the healthy well being of man. The invigorating heat and bouyancy of the water makes this bath delightful ex-Most of the perience. children wear little air-filled balloon wings. making them look like wet cherubs. Odd meetings sometimes occur here. A few days before our visit, a gentleman of my acquaintance, diving in the Basin, came up face to face with an old friend whom he had not seen for twenty-five years, and that was in England.

On our return to camp, we visit the famous Sanitarium. This imposing structure, like the Belleview Hospital, four miles further up the mountain, is owned and controlled by Dr. Brett, the pioneer of Banff. It has a commanding view of the river, and, viewed from the village opposite, is a most conspicuous and pictur-

esque building. It is usually full to overflowing of patients from all quarters of the globe, and large additions are being made to it.

We have ordered a 'gladstone' and pair of horses for the afternoon, so that we may reconnoitre and spy out the land preparatory to laying out our future programme for each day. It is an ideal afternoon, and the horses seem to enjoy it as much as we. Once more we make for the bridge, and, turning to the right, follow the river road down towards the magnificent hotel erect-Canadian Pacific Railed by the way Company on one of the most remarkable and beautiful sites world. We take the lower and soon find ourselves face to face with the Bow River Falls, the roar from which has been steadily increasing as we drew near. The milk white mass of churning water dashes over the spurs of rock into the steady stream below. It bends away to meet the sapphire blue waters of the Spray, though the two do not mingle for miles, the waters of the Bow retaining their soft greenish blue tints. Here Tunnel Mountain seems to have been sundered from the towering mass of Mount Rundle, and has drawn far back to allow these two mountain streams to clasp each other and pass on their way towards the distant ranges of mountains thus opened to view. We drink in the abounding beauty on all sides, and feel that amid such surroundings only poets and artists can adequately find a medium of interpretation and expression.

Coming back to our familiar everyday selves, we find we are standing beneath towering spruce and pine trees, which seem to spring out of perpendicular slabs of solid rock. Here and there rustic winding steps lead away upward to the height on which stands the great hotel. It is a unique world, and one thinks of the Forest of Arden and Rosalind. Surely it has taken master minds to plan and successfully carry out the elaborate details of access and convenience which abound on all sides.

The good old horses retrace their steps and take us across the Bow River Bridge, through the village and on to the animal enclosure beyond, a range of eight hundred acres, under Cascade Mountain. Here we are allowed to drive among the Lords of Creation in Buffaloland. Mrs. Buffalo and her family are not accessible, but we observe them in an enclosure apart, and have no desire for a more intimate acquaintance. Her lord looks at us sideways out of his wicked little eyes, and tho' it is evidently a hard struggle, he lets us almost touch his flank in passing without tossing us into next week. We enquire for the patri-

en themselves to their woodland nooks for their afternoon siesta.

Now comes our inspection of the Sundance Canyon. Back through the village, over the bridge and up the river road to the right, past the Cave and Basin, on and on past endlessly changing points of interest. A turn to the left round the base of Sulphur Mountain and we cross a quick running mountain stream, up which we follow. A little distance ahead on our



PART OF INDIAN CAMP, FORT MATTAGAMI.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

Each spring the Indians come to the Fort to trade their furs, usually remaining until August. They are the true woods Indians, and speak no language but their native Ojibway.

arch 'Sir. Donald,' but are told that he keeps very much to himself since his fight last summer with an aspiring young lord of the harem. We trust that the name of the celebrated donor of the buffalo to the Park will always continue to be bestowed on the leader of the herd.

Two little mountain lions lounge lazily out of their den to inspect us, and one, evidently not thinking us worthy of his distinguished consideration, yawns and retires. Two pretty little Angora goats were the only other animals we had the good fortune to see, the moose, elk, deer and other animals having evidently betak-

left we perceive a diagonal cut in the side of the straight rocky tain. On reaching observe it, we the issue therefrom of the stream of water by which we have been driving. The road ends abruptly here, and we alight. We cross the log which serves as a bridge and enter the cleft. A picture of undreamed loveliness arrests us. An amphitheatre of rock opens 'inward, the outer wall overhanging in blocks and masses. Some of the party follow the little pathway leading round and upwards some hundreds of feet to the left, and at the top they look like mosquitoes. From

this elevation and from various others in the descent issue graceful streams of crystal clear water among the crags and boulders. They rush merrily down over fallen timber and picturesque rockery, the glint of the sunlight on the silvery cascades forming many reflections and rainbows. One almost expects to see dainty little elves and fairies spring forth. It is said that in ancient times the Indians assembled at a spot just above these falls to hold their annual Sun dance, on which occasion young bucks were made full fledged braves and became attached to the following of some celebrated warrior. There still remain the stumps of the poles to which the ambitious young Indian hung his quivering body by a thong of buckskin passed through the chest muscles. There he was suspended until madness, frenzy and pain passed, and he fell into a semi unconscious state, from which he awoke claiming that the Great Spirit had visited him and told him of the wonders he would perform in his future career as a warrior. The few minutes spent at this point of interest are all too short. My thought goes forth to the busy toilers in great cities, to whom an hour spent here would prove such refreshment of mind and body.

Driving in the mountain air makes me overpoweringly sleepy. We return to camp well satisfied with the world and our present share in it.

A few days subsequently, two of our party decide to walk to the summit of Sulphur Mountain, where is situated the Observatory which registers and transmits to the Government Museum beside the bridge the weather reports for the bureau at Ottawa. We start at ten o'clock and two miles from our camp reach the Belleview Hospital, the great resort for rheumatic patients, where we have a most kindly reception from the lady in charge. Here, the hot sulphur water, coming directly out of the living rock at a temperature of from 110 to 120 degrees of heat, flows straight into the bath. Many are the tributes which the genial, capable Doctor Brett has received from all parts of the world as to the completeness of his treatment.

A few yards beyond the hospital we

see a white tumbling stream of sulphur water coming over the hillside . We dip our fingers in and withdraw them in haste, for it is almost scalding. Soon this too will be imprisoned for the benefit of the Government baths, which are now under course of erection. At this point, we commence the ascent of the bridle path which zig-zags twenty-eight times to the summit. On the way up, various familiar flowers and shrubs smile a welcome to us from their soft green carpet. As we reach a higher altitude, lichens and mosses hang from the dead branches of trees, forming graceful draperies. This climbing is very hot, thirsty work. We rejoice greatly when we come to the lower of the two paths leading off to the great cleft in the face of the mountain, over which trickles a little stream of clear, cold water. We hold our mugs with grateful solicitude to catch the refreshing beverage, and here open our luncheon baskets, from which we feast, to the music of the dripping water, above the silences of the tree clad vallev of the Spray. Here the physical and spiritual seem to call for silence, and we drink in some of the teachings of Nature, which hitherto have come to us as lessons from the Great Book. How convincing is experience! At the higher point, after our intervening tramp, the water issues much more grudgingly, but we hold the bottle to be filled drop by drop, well content to wait, that we may have some on reaching the mountain top.

At the summit, 7,455 feet above sea level, our eyes behold only the 'everlasting hills,' grey snow crowned giants rising out of seas of billowy green, and in reverence we involuntarily worship the Great Maker thereof. As we look around from this altitude to the peaks of other great mountains, we are filled with a sense of solitude and awful majesty. It is a sea of mountains, range upon range, towering away in every direction to the limit of the horizon. One thinks of the command 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' This first ascent marks a period in life. We rouse from our intoxication of being to cross the narrow ridge and climb the little crest to the Observatory. The wind is so strong here that hats have to be well looked to. Seated on this point, we wonder how far a tumble would take us in any direction down this mountain side;—much further than we should ever know. This little Observatory is visited every Monday for clock winding purposes. One longs to spend days up here. On August 13th. 1903, a communication of Cascade, Bow River, and Perfection Masonic Lodges was held at the Observatory. Especially solemn and impressive must this occasion have been to all taking part in it.

The descent in the golden afternoon by the friendly little pathway under the towering pines and firs, and the thankfulness of achievement, who can describe!

Visiting American cousins have expressed profound astonishment that the Canadian National Park has been so little written about. Perhaps it is well for the few that it is so at present, for once the general public is aware of the vast wonders of interest and enjoyment to be found in 'the Rockies,' they will be over-run. At present, the solitude amidst the teeming animal and vegetable home life of these rocky fastnesses presents the greatest source of attraction to botanists, explorers and sportsmen. To art lovers and poets here is inspiration!

The Boy and the Big Brook Trout.

The boys in the country are already thinking of May 1st. and getting ready for the "Speckled Beauty" season. I shall always remember one little incident that occurred to me in the trout season about fifteen years ago.

I was only a small boy at the time but my home was at Thessalon, Ontario, which is about half way between Mississauga River and Desbarats. The small lakes and creeks around there were full of fish—and are yet as I have reason to know. I had a city cousin staying with me and we two spent the previous day getting our bait cans full and a good supply of hooks and sinkers ready.

We left very early in the morning of an elegant trout day and drove to the creek running out of Lake Waquekobing. It is a heautiful clear creek, and we boys decided to start at the head and fish down. We took to the middle of the stream, hoots on and all, and were having the time of our lives, when I came to a small clear pool and noticed under a large tree, lying about a foot above the water, and across the stream, a beauty about 18 inches long. Imagine me! We had been catching 10 and 12 inches up to this time and here was my big fellow. The sun had come out and he was lying quietly in the shade just mov-

ing his tail enough to keep from being carried down. First I stood still and dropped my hook gently in some distance from him and let it drift down, but I couldn't do very well that way, so I cut my line from the rod and crawled out on the tree till I was directly over him and then dropped my bait right at his nose. He just moved to one side and let it go by. I changed worms a couple of times, tried a grasshopper and then gave up. It was the hardest luck a boy ever had in my opinion just then.

I had brought some bass hooks of a large size in case we should go fishing in Waquekobing lake. So I cut the small trout hook off my line and put on the biggest bass hook I had; for I was bound to get that big one to take home, and to get the start of my cousin.

I dropped the big bare hook as far out as I could without showing my arm, and let it come right under the jaw of the fish, but I had to wait for the current to place the hook right and then!—well I took him home all right and he weighed just one pound and three quarters, and was the biggest fish ever taken out of that stream by a ten year old boy.

Draper Dobie.

In the Woods of Nova Scotia.

By W. R. GILBERT.

By the light of birch bark torches, the phantom party wind their way through the woods. No sounds of footfalls disturb the silence of the night as they sink into the deep wet moss, now brushing through the bushes laden with dew, now stumbling over the granite boulders, lying in some dried up watercourse.

The extinction of the torches on nearing

sound which Louie, John, Peter or Paul emits from his birch bark horn. The wild notes of the Indian's call echo and re-echo through the woods, until they die faintly away in the distance.

Then comes an eager and intent interval of listening for some ten or fifteen minutes with ears strained to detect a response in reply to the luring notes of the



FORT MATTAGAMI INDIANS.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

They do not believe in race suicide.

the vicinity of the barren is a necessity, lest the glare of light in the open should destroy all prospects of sport for the morning. The barren reached, the Indian selects his place for calling, and locates you—probably on a boulder—about one-hundred and fifty yards from the edge of the wood. Between the trunks of the trees all is black as night, and from these recesses your game may show itself.

Ouu-ovou-wa oou-oo-wa is the nearest approach to transferring to paper the

caller, who, maybe, will suddenly disturb your attention by looking towards you and, with uplifted finger, puts the curdling query, "Hear him?" Of course you nod your head in assent. Oh, reader—gentle or otherwise—may you be forgiven, for you heard nothing—that is, nothing beyond the thumping of your own heart as you lay upon the rock. Ah! you think you did hear something that time — something like the distant breaking of a stick. That noise was made by the antler of a moose

striking defiance on a tree trunk at a distance probably of three miles.

Another long heart-beating wait, and the Indian's horn again disturbs the silence of the dawn, but this time the notes are rather subdued—and the call is short-ened—the better to sustain the delusion that the amorous sound proceeds from the lungs of a lone female in search of a mate, than from a 14-inch roll of birch bark.

Sometimes if the responses are too long delayed the gruff grunt of a bull moose may with effect be imitated in order to accelerate the timid approach of the male. The fact of obtaining a single reply to a call is an easy accomplishment, as compared to the skill and experience required in keeping up the deception.

If, after the second call, the bull seems to be advancing, the horn may with advantage be laid aside, as the deception becomes more apparent according to the proximity of the moose, and serves rather to scare than to attract so wily an animal. By a musician the sound proceeding from a birch bark horn would be denounced as noise; but to a sportsman after moose, it is as the music of Mozart.

But to return to our moose, which has again announced his nearer approach by louder and more continuous taps against the trees, so near that it is well to let him come on without running the risk of arousing his suspicions by further recourse to the horn: so near that the top leaves of a birch sapling, a few yards from the edge of the wood, are seen to quiver from the blow delivered on its trunk by the approaching bull; occasionally too a low grunt is heard. The rifle is sighted and is at full cock-as it has been for the last half hour; the Indian lies buried in the moss; and over there, scarcely distinguishable from the dark background, stands the object responsible for your visit to the woods. His horns and grey muzzle are the most conspicuous marks, though between them and the adjacent birch trees, there is little in color to distinguish. As he stands with fore feet planted in the moss, his head is held straight out, and his huge ears are strained forward. The entire attitude of the animal is one of surprise at not perceiving the object of his search. Bang! The Indian has already covered the distance between where he lay and where the bull stood. He picks up the fragment of a broken branch, and points to the spot where a bullet has grazed a tree trunk. The swamp robins croak their morning chant, the laughing of the loons is heard on the distant lake, the sun shines over the tree tops, and we wend our mournful way to camp.

This evening, if you will, we can try a new ground for the moon is favorable for calling; and though shooting by night is not so simple an accomplishment as it is in the morning a miss is more pardonable than-well, we will say no more about missing the bull still striding through the timber at twenty miles an hour, we will dismiss the dreadful episode with the parting remark-the biggest fish are never landed nor the biggest moose slain. Still I have an idea that its head compared favorably with one I saw years ago, from tip to tip of horns measuring five feet six inches, the width of the frame portion being two feet one and one-half inches. large cradle could easily have rested within the splay of the horns; what an appropriate idea for a moose hunting enthusiast.

If you wish for morning trout fishing in the lake your Miemac Indian within an hour will rig you up a raft, a rod, and tie a fly, which though of the dimensions of a small bird, and as many colored as the rainbow, will not fail to provide a good morning's sport, for trout in these remote waters are of the most unsophisticated nature, knowing nothing of "separate schools" or in fact education of any sort. I fear to mention some of my experiences in these woodland lakes, lest by arousing scepticism I may reduce the number of my readers in future rambles.

The Micmac cannot by his best friends be termed an industrious individual; in fact they are too lazy to cultivate their bit of land. He is a modernized Indian, gradually being bleached out by intermarriage with "whites", chiefly descendants of the French. The Micmacs are dull in disposition and so is a foxhound when basking in the sunshine, but put him on a hot scent, and see how his natural instincts revive. So with the Micmac, watch him on a trail in the woods, note his sagacity, his

craft, and his quickness; you follow him in blind confidence, feeling that you have a dependable guide—if the whiskey is kept away. The race of Micmacs are modernized and object to be thought otherwise.

I remember an instance of one complaining most bitterly of his employer—a Royal Engineer from Halifax—that he would persist in taking sketches of him in various positions. So much did it worry him that he would have to leave the camp and return to the settlement if the insult continued.

The next afternoon he came again, but in better spirits, and narrated how the captain insisted on learning how the red man obtained fire by rubbing two sticks together. In response to this demand, the Indian set out with the captain, ostensibly to search for the woods requisite for the operation and after a long weary tramp through the roughest country the Indian could select, and having induced the captain to assist in gathering woods for the fire, the modernized red man, producing a bottle from his pocket emptied some of the contents—which smelt uncommonly strong of coal-oil and set the heap ablaze with the light from a match, and a wax match at that!

The Genises of the Dog.

(Continued)

Although there is much obscurity as to the origin of the dog, it is almost universally held by naturalists that the shepherd's dog is the parent stock from which the endless varieties of the species have sprung. Naturalists have formed a genealogical table of thirty-seven distinct races, originating with and diverging in different lines from that dog, and although this table rests only on hypothesis yet there are strong grounds for believing it to be tolerably correct. Is it any more improbable that the shepherd's dog of all countries is the general parent, than it is that Adam was the father of all the diversified varieties of the human race?

In seeking for a common progenitor for the dog, various authors have fixed on the wolf, the fox, and the jackall. This may be purely conjectural, but it seems pretty well authenticated that progenies have been produced between the wolf and dog and fox and dog, and that they were not hybrids, but capable of propagating their Explorers in the Arctic regions unite in stating that the native dogs have a strong resemblance to wolves. In the line of Franklin's route the dogs were observed to be similar, in their general physiognomy and in the prevailing markings of their fur, to the wolves of the same districts. In his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, the traveller James noticed

the resemblance which the Indian dogs of the Missouri bore to a species of wolf common in that quarter. But facts of this kind are not confined to the northern hemisphere. A well-known South African explorer remarked that the dogs bore the same general resemblance to the hvena that those of northern countries bear to the wolf. Therefore, it may be taken for granted, that the dog, the wolf, the fox, and the jackall are but modifications of the same species, so that the different races of domestic dogs ought to be referred, each in its proper country, to a corresponding indigenous wild species. Those who have become domesticated, in the course of their migrations in the train of man, have produced, by various crosses with each other, a still further increase of distinct races, of which there are over seventy at present cultivated.

In a wild state, dogs differ but little in character and manner from wolves, as they hunt in packs, and will attack wild cattle and boars and even lions and tigers. Some authors have affirmed that wild dogs evince an inclination to associate with man upon being approached in a conciliatory manner, and that a course of gentleness will subdue and render him tractable. I have strong doubts on this head, as the tendency of all wild animals is to fly from man, but if a wild dog was taken when

young, there is reason to believe he would become familiar, though there would always be suspicion on either side, and he would never become a voluntary servant. The Indian dogs of north-western Canada, from all accounts I have read, have little of the docility of the European races, possess no courage, hunt in packs and prey upon almost every kind of carrion. The Esquimaux dog, on the contrary, seems to be a more generous race, which may perhaps be ascribed to the greater kindness shown them and their intimate association with their masters for the greater part of the

all accounts, those dogs of every country which are very rough and ugly seem to have an instinctive propensity to be guardians of flocks, a circumstance indicating a strong affinity to the shepherd's dog. And when spaniels or other long and rough-haired dogs are taken to extremely warm climates they quickly deteriorate, and in the course of three or four years they lose their hair, and their bark changes to a howl; their progeny grow up hairless and anything but pretty. Thus it appears that the dog, in all its varieties, shapes, habits and propensities, and in whatever



INDIAN CAMP, OPISHINGQUAGUA LAKE.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

In August the Indians leave the trading posts for their winter trapping grounds, where they spend their early Fall, laying in a supply of moose meat for winter. The meat is cut in strips, and hung above the fire to smoke and dry—as shown in the picture.

year. Buffon, the naturalist, was of opinion that dogs in a wild state after many years will naturally return to their primitive form, but more recent investigation has proved the fallacy of this opinion, as those of the present day make a nearer approach to our common greyhound than to the shepherd's dog, having long and flat heads, with short ears. The short erect ears seems to be a characteristic of wild dogs, those of Peru in addition being very ugly and having long coarse hair. The same characteristic is also found among the dogs of Lapland, Siberia, Iceland, and also of New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope and other warm climates. From

country he inhabits, seems to be but one species, under different modifications of form occasioned by the variety of climates in which he has been produced. When we consider the varieties in man himself, from the influence of climate, it is easy to conceive how an inferior animal may undergo still greater changes. We find that both the extremes of heat and cold have the effect of altering the human species; that as we approach both poles man diminishes in stature; and that it is in the more temperate regions where he is found most perfeet, not only in physical symmetry and power, but also in mental capacity. same influence exerts itself on dogs. One

thing is certain, that in a natural state every species of animal, with few exceptions, has a color, size and form peculiar to itself, which is the same through all generations; but experience teaches us that in the course of time, all animals which have been domesticated—from the birds of the air to the wild denizens of the forest—alter in their color, form and size.

The effect of climate on the dog is most striking. It is in the cooler regions alone that he retains all his natural ardor, courage and sagacity. When removed to a hot climate he quickly loses all those faculties for which he is so much esteemed in temperate countries, and we find also that it is but in the medium or cold climates that he reaches his greatest size and strength. This seems to be a fixed law of nature in the physical distribution of animals, and more particularly of plants, over the surface of the globe. It has been established beyond a doubt that, in the case of plants, all species have their existence under a certain range of latitude; hence, by the same process of reasoning we may conclude that similar results may be produced in the animal kingdom. Such is the difference of size in dogs that in some of the varieties he is found to measure about seven feet from the snout to the tip of the tail, while others are frequently met with only a few inches. In the museum at Dresden, it is said, there is a full grown and perfect specimen measuring only some five inches in length, and this dog had arrived at the age of over two years before he died. The dogs of Greece, Tartary, the Crimea, Denmark and Ireland are said to be the largest in the world.

There are in the known races of dogs various parent stocks. The Danish dog, Irish greyhound and common greyhound are Buffon is of opinion of the same origin. that the Danish dog is only a more corpulent greyhound, and that, had he been a native of France, he would have produced the common grey-hound; and, he observes, experience teaches us this, for the Danish dog is brought from the north and the greyhound from the Levant and Constantinople. The hound, harrier, beagle, waterdog and spaniel are one and the same, their instinctive propensities being nearly allied and differing only in the length of their legs, ears and bodies, but having all of them soft, pendulous ears. The Dalmatian is claimed, by some authors, to be descended from the same stock, although supposed to be a native of France. Spaniels and water-dogs are unquestionably natives of Spain and Barbary.

The great variety of dogs which are now to be seen in Great Britain may be accounted for by the intercourse of foreigners from all parts of the world with that country and also with its maritime connection with every quarter of the globe. From this cause and the constant mixture of the different races-crossed in endless ramifications by dogs of all sizes, colors and forms-proceeds the varieties which in that country abound: hence the impossibility of naturalists distinctly enumerating the various tribes. With these endless modifications of shape and size, the dog is found to differ nearly as much in point of intellect and intelligence. Mongrels seldom have the same sagacity as those of distinct races, and the more remote or impure the cross the more they seem to descend in the scale of intellect.

The unerring sagacity, faithful and unalterable attachment and other inherent virtues of the dog render him an agreeable companion for man; his actions indicate more than mere instinct, and some of those recorded evince no small degree of the faculty of reasoning. In course of time he acquires an intimate knowledge of the customs, manners and habits of all by whom he is surrounded, and, with a discrimination equal in many points to human intelligence accommodates himself to each. United to his mental capacity, his senses of hearing, smelling, and seeing are astonishingly acute, and that he can trace the footsteps of those with whom he is acquainted, or find his way back to his original home after removal to great distances, is well authenticated. The strict vigilance with which he guards property intrusted to his charge is not the least important feature in his character; in such cases there are no bounds to his courage and he will only desert his charge with his life. When strangers approach, he intimates his presence in a manner at once determined and threatening, and such is his fidelity that no amount of flattery can seduce him from his charge, or the direct threats drive

him to desert. It is no less surprising how soon dogs become acquainted with trading people or those having frequent intercourse with the family, and to distinguish them from the mendicant or tramp who prowls from door to door on the lookout for plunder; the latter he always regards with a suspicious eye, and keeps them at a proper distance. Without the vices of man, nature has formed the dog with an ardour and purity of attachment which, when once matured, remains unsullied and inviolable. His whole actions are marked by zeal, vigor, and gratitude for the little

kindnesses he receives, and he seems perfectly sensible of favors bestowed on him. Under correction, whether deserved or not, he in general displays a firmness by submitting to and not avoiding chastisement, while with conciliating looks he endeavors to allay the wrath of his chastiser, and will lick the hand by which the blows are inflicted. Every kindness he receives is remembered, while punishment, often undeserved, is speedily forgotten. With strangers it is quite different; he will boldly protect himself against an unmerited injury, and will seldom forget it.

The Airedale in Canada.

By D. TAYLOR.

We are indebted for the presence of the Airedale terrier in Canada to Mr. Joseph A. Laurin, of Montreal. He was the first in this country to recognize the now generally acknowledged merits of the breed, and followed up his convictions by purchasing some of the best dogs and bitches obtainable in England for breeding purposes. This was in 1899 and since that time he has gone on importing and breeding, looking for improvement at every step taken. That he has been more than successful the annals of the most prominent dog shows both in Canada and in the States will bear witness. The natural result of mating only the best sires and dams was soon apparent in the large number of orders received for young stock from all over the United States, and although Mr. Laurin keeps quite a number of brood bitches he is unable at times to supply the demand.

The Kennels are located on a farm at Petite Cote, about three miles from the Papineau Road terminus of the Montreal Street Railway, and makes from there a pleasant walk on a fine morning. Mr. Alex. Smith is superintendent, and under his careful and intelligent management disease and mortality has been almost nil. What Alex. does not know about the nature, habits and treatment of dogs would not be worth knowing; in fact he is a pocket encyclopedia on everything relating to the canine race, and can give you off hand the

pedigree for four or five generations of every prize-winning dog of any consequence on both sides of the Atlantic. He is conceded to be an authority on any breed, but is especially at home with terriers and collies, which may be said to be his favorites.

Acting on a pressing invitation, one morning last fall found me, at the end of the first part of my journey, seated in a primitive buggy, behind a steed constructed on the early pointed gothic style of architecture which, although not much to look at, was, as my host solemnly averred; equalled only by Lou Dillon as a trotter. Under the guiding hand of Alex. the animal did not on this occasion belie his character, and soon the white-washed walls and red-colored roofs of the superintendent's house and kennels came in sight. They stand back from the road, some five hundred vards, on high and dry ground, and looked very pretty in the bright November sunlight. On reaching the house I was received by the hostess, Mrs. Smith, with that quiet, unostentatious hospitality which has made her and her home so popular with visitors, of whom the Colne Kennels have many from all quarters, for they enjoy much more than a local reputation. Being a lady of refinement and many accomplishments, Mrs. Smith makes an excellent entertainer. She is a cultured musician and a brilliant conversationalist, with a keen wit and ready repartee that makes an hour or two spent in her society an occasion to be remembered, and no visitor who has ever crossed the threshold of her always open door has anything but praise for the courtecus treatment received at the hands of the kindly and genial hostess of the Colne Kennels. In her efforts to please Mrs. Smith is ably seconded by her husband, a versatile singer with a fine tener voice, and her charming daughter, a little maid of sweet sixteen, who bids fair to rival her mother in musical ability.

The Airedale is the largest of the terrier breed, the male weighing from 40 to 45 lbs. and the female somewhat less, and is a most useful dog in various capacities, very obedient, a close companion and firm friend. His admirers claim, and not without reason, that the Airedale can be trained to almost any kind of work, as his intelligence is of a very high order. Few dogs can equal him in the water, and his dense wiry jacket is proof against cold and wet. He is a natural hunter, has a keen nose, a good retriever, is easily brok-



CH. MASTER BRIAR.
A Typical Airedale.

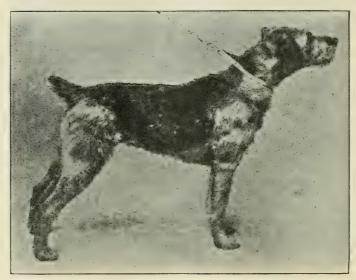
After a pleasant lunch, which was very acceptable after the drive through the keen appetizing air, I was invited to look around the kennels. And right here it may as well be stated that everything was in apple-pie order, both the kennels proper and the runs attached being clean and free from any taint of smell. The situation of the kennels is favorable to this condition of affairs, still it was evident that every sanitary precaution to preserve the health of the dogs and ensure their comfort was used. Indeed it is rather remarkable that, notwithstanding the large number of puppies reared during the two years Mr. Smith has been in charge, he has never had a single case of distemper or any sickness of a serious nature.

en to the gun and can be taught to drive cattle like a collie. His courage and tenacity of purpose are of the highest order, so that if a badger is to be induced to come out of his box the Airedale either brings him out or is a dead dog. Favored with a hardy constitution he is able to withstand ailments to which all puppies are liable and to which those of other breeds frequently succumb, but when he attains full growth his capacity for rough wear and tear is unlimited. His rearing during the earlier period of his career is thus reduced to a minimum of risk and trouble. In disposition the Airedale is anything but quarrelsome, at the same time he will not turn tail to any dog or any kind of wild animal that roams our forests. He has been tried against bear and stood the test admirably. Mr. James Brewster, the well-known C. P. R. guide at Banff, N.W.T., is the authority for this statement. He wrote a very enthusiastic letter to Mr. Laurin in which he says:—"They will tackle any grizzly that walks. I have never seen any other dogs that would do that. I think that a dog that will go after a grizzly before he is one year old does not need any further recommend in regard to grit. I have hunted these dogs all summer and find that they take to almost any game, and are very obedient."

Mr. James Mortimer, one of the most

possessing enough affection to make him attractive around the house." And there are a good many who will agree with Mr. Mortimer.

The breed derives its name from the valley of the Aire in Yorkshire, Eng., where it has been known for many years, and is supposed to be derived from a cross between the Otter hound and a larger dog. Mr. Laurin has some of the best specimens of the breed to be found anywhere in his kennels today, the head of the kennel being the famous Colne Lucky Baldwin, who created quite a sensation on his arrival in this country two years ago, when he gained his championship by defeating all com-



CH. COLNE DUMBARTON LASS.
A Typtcal Airedale.

popular, as he is one of the best, all-round judges in America, in answer to a question as to which breed he considered, best for general purposes, replied: "There is no general utility dog." "If you were to select one whose build and traits seem likely to make it of real use in a country place, and a companion as well, which would it be?" was further asked. "That is almost as hard a question as the first," he replied, "though, off-hand, I would say the Airedale terrier. Little is known about him in many parts of America, but he is a thoroughly satisfactory animal, capable of learning nearly anything within reason and

ers at New York, Newark and Boston. Another grand stud dog is a more recent importation, Colne Rooley Toff, who was an extensive winner in Great Britain, where he was awarded fourteen firsts besides specials at five shows. The matrons are nearly all imported and chosen from the best kennels in England. Among them are Ch. Colne Princess Briar, Colne Consort, Colne Lady Marjorie, Colne Miss Previous, Colne Mistress, Colne Lady Jane Grey, Colne Walton Flyaway, and others which have been the proud mothers of many winners and others in prospective. One of the most notable puppies reared by Mr.

Laurin is Ch. Colne Nut Brown Maiden, who when only six and a-half months old was awarded the special for the best American bred bitch at New York 1904. Although only eighteen months old she has gained over thirty firsts and specials.

But the most interesting feature of the show was the young stock, of which there was close upon one hundred, ranging all the way from two or three weeks to three or four months old, and were, without exception, the most level lot of puppies I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. There was scarcely a coarse one in the whole outfit, the great majority having wonderful color and head properties, good wiry coats and exceptional terrier style. I saw in one of the runs the remnant of what was a remarkably fine litter ex Colne Consort by Lucky Baldwin. They were named the Four Maries, but alas! like their namesakes I was led to understand that in a day or two they would be separated, a Worcester, Mass., fancier having purchased two for what I believe is the record price paid in Canada for puppies: As the old ballad says:

"Yestreen there were four Maries,
This nicht there'll be but three,
There was Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seaton,
An' Mary Carmichael an' me."

The sad fate of Mary Hamilton, the last of the quartette of maids of honor to Mary Queen of Scots, let me hope would not be repeated in her namesake. In another run were three dogs and four maidens, full brothers and sisters to Ch. Nut Brown Maiden, which were very promising, one especially-a dog puppy-could not be overlcoked, and I should say it would take a good price to tempt Mr. Laurin to part company with this dog. In another run were fourteen out of Lady Nellie and Walton Flyaway, all about three months old, and a prettier lot at that age it would be hard to conceive. Beside this run is ancther containing seven, their dam being Miss Previous, a bitch of rare quality though lacking in show properties. She is a good mother and her puppies have the substance and bone, the color and coat of their sire, Lucky Baldwin.

But I have not space to particularize further, suffice it to say that, to anyone who desires to see the Airedale as he should be, there can be no better opportunity than by paying a visit to his home in Canada at the Colne Kennels, where all visitors intent on gaining knowledge of the breed are made welcome. After spending a pleasant day I came away impressed with the fact that, while Mr. Laurin has made many sacrifices and spent a lot of money in introducing this breed of dog to the people of Canada, he has never wavered in his purpose to get only the best, and the standing of his kennels in the canine world today is ample proof that he has succeed-

My First Deer Hunt.

By HANK.

I had bought a 30.30 Winchester carbine, discarding my 44 Winchester repeater, and decided that with a little practice, which I managed to obtain, I could perhaps drop a deer if I had the opportunity.

Dick, Jack, and I therefore decided that we would get our packs together, and try our luck back of Fox Lake, and around the Big John Swamp, which is situated about eighteen miles west-south-west of Cartier; on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We boarded No. 2, the East

bound Transcontinental Express, at Chapleau, and made the journey east, 137 miles to Cartier, arriving there at 2.45 a. m. We stretched ourselves out for a two hours nap on the floor of the station, not caring to go to the boarding house as we intended making an early start for our hunting grounds. We awoke at five, and went over to Vic's to get stocked with the necessary provisions, and received the best of treatment. We also got the loan of a pack horse, put our load on him and away we

started about a quarter before eight. We used an old wagon road that had been made by lumbermen some years before for hauling supplies in to camp. We came across several creeks, and on different occasions we had to repair the corduroy bridges, placed across them as they had become a little the worse for wear and age, and were not then sufficiently strong for our horse and his load. This of course delayed us considerably, but we did not grumble at it too much. At noon we had a meal, filled our pipes, and with the philosophy which comes at such times consoled ourselves with the reflection that if we did not get any deer, we would certainly get some experience. As a matter of fact before the end we got lots of it.

they had the tent up, and a supply of wood cut, I had the fire going, and three partridges cleaned and in the pot, with a little salt pork, onions, and hard tack. I had the whole going very nicely when along comes Dick, and says he, "Say, Hank, what's the matter with a smoke?" "Where's Jack?" says I. "Gone to fix up Mr. Horse." Well we waited until Jack had fixed up Mr. Horse, and then we filled our pipes and got to discussing the methods, etc., of deer hunting. Jack said he never had had any practice with a rifle, he having a 44 Winchester with him. I tell you however he certainly is a cracker with a double barrelled small bore at blue rccks or ducks on the wing. Indeed, anything on the wing seldom gets away when



OUT OF SEASON

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

A two hundred pound buck killed on the shore of Kop-a-kai-og-a-mog Lake, in the heart of a big game country has never been hunted by a white man

Dick, good big hearted soul, soon wanted to be up and doing. So away we go, and four o'clock found us with two more of those bridges made passable, and six miles from our hunting grounds, making camp for the night. You know a fellow in this locality has got to have his eye open for a suitable place to lay his head about three o'clock in the afternoon at this time of the year (2nd of November) as it gets dark quite early. Dick and Jack put up the tent, and I turned to as chef. By the time

he draws a bead. Dick is no slouch with a shot gun either, but his ideal is a .303 Savage, and his motto is "Never pull until you are sure of what you are pulling at." When you see that big good natured lump take a bead with that .303 you can bet your last drop of Scotch Emulsion that it is his. We also talked of the 30.30 I had, and decided that it looked a little light. I said "yes." But by all accounts however if I managed to get the right bead I thought they would come down."

"Oh, yes, don't let us forget all about our partridge stew, Hank," chipped in Jack, and with that we dropped our pipes and prepared for the banquet. I tried the soup and found it lovely, as was also the rest of the meal. We were about to start eating, when Dick remarked that as we had got our feet wet several times that day he thought that it would be a preventive against cold to each take a table spoonful of Scotch Emulsion, and he, being the eldest, we naturally took his advice. I don't think we found it hard to take. You could actually feel it driving the cold out of the heels of your boots. certainly did justice to that feed, the first hot meal since we started out, and we brought hungry appetites to its discus-The next move was to light our pipes again, and have another talk. I being chef had Dick and Jack to wash the dishes, and I put them away handy for the morning meal.

At five next morning I hustled on the fire, put on the balance of the partridges, made a pot of tea, and called the lads. We had all done and were on our way by a quarter past seven. At noon we arrived at the camp of our old friend Williams, and he would hear of nothing else but that we should be his guests while we were in the neighbourhood. Our friend Billy Williams is a hunter and trapper, and was at this business when we (lucky for us) happened to run across him. Anything and everything he had was at our disposal, and he used us as only a man of the woods, with the experience he has had, could use us. He fixed us up with bunks, and we unloaded Mr. Horse, tethered him, and proceeded to explain to Billy why we were out his way. When we had heard us he expressed the opinion that he could "fix us up all right."

We had dinner, and taking our rifles had a look around. Running across a couple of partridges, we bagged them and returned to camp. Billy asked us what we thought of what we had seen, and we all decided that things looked favourable for the success of our expedition. Billy then advised us to have supper and turn in early so as to be able to make an early start in the morning. We followed this advice, and bright and early next morning found us astir. But early as we were we found that

Billy had been before us, and had breakfast waiting. It was a dandy one too—fried deer steak and other things. It was all grand, and I fancy I could tackle it yet, and tackle it often. Then we had to make our dispositions for the hunt.

Dick and I followed a gully, Jack and our friend Billy going in another direction south of Fox Lake. I took the bush at the head of the gully, and Dick did the same about midway. We were travelling on parallel lines, when lo, and behold I saw my first deer, a nice little one about one hunpounds, feeding about 120 yards straight ahead of me. I took a second glance to make sure of what I was pulling at, and then my little 30.30 carbine spoke. You talk about a jump, say, that was the quickest jump that deer ever gave. He simply made one jump upwards and came down a cropper. Well I was not long before I was over there alongside, and there he was, my first deer, stone dead, with a soft nose metal patch bullet clean through two ribs, the bottom portion of his heart, and out the other side. The hole made by the bullet in emerging was sufficiently large to place in a hen's egg. By this time my old standby Diek was alongside. We bled and dressed him and placed him in a convenient spot so as to be handy to get when going back to camp. It was then noon, and we had arranged to meet at a log slide at the head of Fox Lake for lunch. It was a quarter to one when we reached the place, and we found Jack and Bill there before us. Over our after dinner pipes I related my experience with my first deer, and the beautiful work my little 30.30 had done.

For the afternoon Friend Bill had some traps he wanted to overhaul. He therefore told us to "go it alone," and he would meet us at camp about dusk. Dick and Jack decided to go in a direction which would take them about one and a half miles beyond the head of Fox Lake, turn and work back to camp; while I meant to work straight back west from the lake, turn, and hit the spot about where I had left my deer. I travelled along as quietly as possible, but neither heard nor saw anything, until all at once three shots were fired in succession, and then eight more, fired rapidly, followed. Judging by the

reports I thought they came from the 44, and sure enough I was right. I stood and kept a sharp look around thinking it possible that if anything got away I might get a running shot, and sure enough I did. In a short time I spotted a streak of grey going by on my right hand side, about forty yards away. "Well," I said to myself, "there's my meat," never thinking I would get it. I drew a bead and another time that little 30.30 spoke, and down comes as nice a buck, weighing 300 lbs., as you ever saw. By good luck I just happened to fire

still. The moment I saw the deer I raised it, and then seemed to take the ague, or shivers, or something of the kind. I could not hold the gun steady, and that's all there is to it." We had heard a lot of talk about the "buck fever" and decided Jack must have taken it badly. There we were with the second deer down and not a drop of Scotch Emulsion to go down with it, though our feet were terribly damp at the time. We treed this deer till the next day, taking the little one which I had shot in the forenoon back with us to Camp.



FLYING POST.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

The second objective point of the trip. A typical fur post of the north, on the headwaters of the Ground Hog River—The Factor and his family receive their mail four times a year.

as he was in the act of jumping over a tremendous big log, catching him through the hind quarters. Ah, that's where you could see the terrific work that little 30.30 did. Jack and Dick then came up, and Jack asked "Did you get him?" I pointed to the buck, and with that he says "Boys I may be all right with a shot gun, but I am no good with a rifle. Why the blooming thing, I don't know what was the matter with it. I could not keep it

As usual Friend William was there ahead of us, and had a grand spread prepared—roast partridge, fried rabbit legs, fried pork, and a bowl of good tea—a meal fit for any king. We all agreed that we never had a more enjoyable meal. After supper I had to give Bill a full and particular account of my luck. When he had heard all about the work of that little 30.30 Winchester (he favoring a single shot Remington) he says "Hank, I took that

gun of yours to be nothing but a popgun, and by Jove it has turned out to be a regular cannon." Well, he wanted that gun badly, but I could not part with such a friend. "Say, Bill," says Jack, "just you wait till you see that other fellow we have strung up out there, and you will say you never saw such smashing work for a small bore in all your life. Your black powder guns aren't in it." We smoked, cleaned our guns, and turned in and slept the sleep of the weary, until we had to be awakened by our host.

When we scrambled up sure enough there was breakfast ready for us again. To all our remonstrances for not calling us before and allowing us to assist him he answered "I knew you boys would be clean tired out, and I thought I would let you enjoy your sleep." We did not allow this incident to interfere with our enjoyment of our breakfast, and afterwards our arrangements were speedily made. Friend Bill and Jack went together this time, and Dick went with me. "Well, Hank," says Dick, "I must get something today. Jack's along with Bill, and they are sure to run on to something." Dick was no false prophet this time, and I will give his experience first place.

After leaving us they crossed what is known as the Johnston Creek, going in a northerly direction, and had travelled for about an hour without seeing anything. Close to a long narrow beaver marsh or meadow they decided to sit and wait awhile. Before long Bill thought he saw something moving across the upper end of the meadow. Jack could not see clearly but there appeared to be three or four objects moving, and Bill decided to go towards them. They circled round the upper end of the meadow, having as Bill said to be very careful not to get beyond them as the wind was blowing from them. They edged nearer and nearer to them, going out occasionally to the meadow to see if they were near enough. They found that the deer had stopped about the middle of the meadow, and they were then about 200 yards away. Bill asked "Do you think you can get the buck?" (there being one buck and two does.) Jack said he would prefer to get closer, for if there was any chance he did not want to miss again and get the laugh. Bill remarked that they did

not appear likely to move, providing no noise was made to disturb them, and so very cautiously and anxiously they crept up to within about 80 yards. "Now, Jack," says Bill, "don't get excited. Keep cool. Take steady aim at the buck's front quarters, and when you have a dead bead, pull, and you will get that buck sure." Well Jack did as he was told, and he said that the deer standing there quite unconscious of danger seemed to steady him. The gun rang out and the shot went straight through the left shoulder. Well, you talk about a surprised lot of deer. They certainly were surprised. The buck tried hard to get up, and Jack wanted to go out and stop him. But Bill kept him back, knowing as he well did that the does would make a few bounds and stop, curiosity getting the better of them. When this happened Bill's Remington spoke, and down came one of the does at a distance of 125 yards, shot clean through the heart. Bill told Jack afterwards that he had covered the buck in case he missed him, but Jack did not do so. Jack's first buck weighed 200 lbs. and Bill's doe 135 lbs., two nice deer, and best of all no "buck fever" as Jack remarked.

"Now Dick," says Jack, "What luck did you have?" "Well, boys, luck was certainly against me today," replied Dick. "After Hank and I left you we decided to go over to that big hill, Hank taking with the wind, and I against it, so that he would drive anything he might raise towards me. Well away we goes, and mind you I had not left Hank twenty minutes when up starts a lovely big buck. I fired but he was toc far away and going like the wind. After a three hours tramp, I found myself just where I started and no deer. But, Hank, I feel it in my bones I am going to bring down a peach to-morrow."

After having supper we turned in early, and by half past five the following morning we were up and at breakfast, and waiting until it was light enough to shoot. Again Dick and I went across the lake, and Jack and our friend Bill made tracks for the Big John. When we landed on the south side of the lake Dick says, "Now Hank you take the south side of that big hill, and I will go up the ravine, and if you start anything it may come my way." I had travelled about half an hour when

the silence was broken by sharp reports, which I knew to come from Dick's Savage—one,—two—three—four—five—six, and a pause for about a minute, and then the welcome signal was fired, so I knew he had got something. I hurried over the hill, across the gully, to the old timber road, when I stopped and heard Dick singing out "This way Hank; I have a pair of dandies." I ran over, and sure enough there lay a fine buck of about 250 lbs. weight, and about fifty yards further on was a doe. I said "Good, old boy; how did you get

down." He pulled out a small leather covered flask of Scotch Emulsion. "I brought this," he says, "to christen my first buck." Christen him we did most royally. "Say, Hank," says Dick, "you may talk about that cannon of yours (meaning the 30. 30 Winchester) but this .303 Savage beats all the cannon ever made." "Well," says our friend Williams, "you certainly have had great luck. Hank, you have a nice buck and doe; Dick you also have the same; and Jack you have a nice buck."

"i think Mr. Williams," says I, "I



FLYING POST INDIANS

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

They speak no English, and were very unwilling to be photographed.

them?" "Well," says Dick, "I am sure there was four, but at first I thought there was a dozen. I pulled on Mr. Buck who got away first. I knew I had missed, and I says to myself 'steady your nerves old boy' and then directed my attention to this one. I missed again, but at the third shot he was mine. The doe over there had come towards me, and I waited for I knew she would have to cross the road. Sure enough she did and I pulled, and down she came. She gave a bound, but I gave her a second shot which brought her down to stay. But, say, Hank, help me to put this

will turn my attention to getting a few partridges to-morrow." Dick thought he would do the same. Jack however said, "I will try my hand at a wing shot at some ducks which I have noticed are usually feeding down in the Bay over the other side of the Lake." Accordingly we started off next day, Dick with his .303 and I with my 30.30, each using the miniature cartridges which are just the thing for partridges and small game. Jack took Friend Williams' No. 12 shot gun. Our luck in this line of sport was fine. Dick got seventeen partridges, and I got twelve.

Jack was of course at home with a shot gun, and he dropped two fine black ducks, and three mallards. He was so enthusiastic over his experiences that he wanted to take us along the following day and show us how it was done.

But it seemed to me that we had all done sufficiently well, and that it was high time for us to get back to our regular employment—railroading. After a full discussion we all decided this was the best, and so the following day saw us all packed up and on our way out. We had made so sure of having something to bring back that before going in we had arranged with the railway agent at Cartier (Mr. W. B. Robinson) to have a wagon and team sent in to us. We found the team at the east end of Fox Lake, and were thus enabled to take out our trophies to show our friends.

When we left our good friend, Bill Williams, we decided not to take any more provisions than necessary. We boiled a large piece of deer meat the previous night, and also made a large scone in a frying pan, thinking we should thus have ample supplies for the outward trip. When we bade good bye to Mr. Williams, he invited us to repeat our visit whenever we might feel inclined. In the morning we made good progress, and at noon were about half way out. We called a halt, made

a fire for the tea, and then found that we had left tea, sugar, and salt at the landing at the lake. No tea was to be had, and so we made preparations to be content with the scone and the deer meat. Then we found that we were altogether wrong. boiling the deer meat the previous evening we had omitted, after draining off the water, to leave the cover off the pot. In consequence the meat had soured and was so bad that we could not eat it. There we were nine miles from the railroad, four hungry men and one scone to divide between us. Well, it might have been worse, and the only thing was to look pleasant and make the best of it. In this spirit we ate our little snack, had a drink from the creek, filled our pipes, and started out on the home stretch. It seemed a very long stretch to us, and I do not think I ever experienced anything like it before so far as hunger is concerned. I thought we never would reach that railroad track, and, worse luck just when we were about a stone's throw from the track, didn't that Dick hunt his pockets over and find a hard tack! Of course we were then too near a hot supper to think of eating that. We arrived home at last, and my first experience of deer-hunting was nothing more than a glorious memory, which I shall always cherish.

Mississagua, French River and Timagami.

(Continued.)

The photograph of our Camp is very beautiful, but not nearly as fine as the Camp itself—the magnificent coloring of the red pine, the bark of the trees, the green of the needles, and the perennial blue of the water, the whole making a combination which photography can reproduce only very imperfectly. We left Timagami by the Timagami River, and found the fishing both above and below Timagami Falls better than anywhere else in the Lake. I was sorry to hear from my friend, Mr. W. M. Fuller, of New York, to whom I recommended the neighbourhood of the Falls as the best fishing ground, that

he had not the success there I had led him to anticipate, in fact that the fishing was no good. Is this to be attributed to the dam the Sturgeon Falls Pulp and Paper Company built, and which was afterwards blown up by the Government? I am told that the damage done by the dam during the short time it was there was very great in the way of killing trees along the shores, and that the spawning ground of the fish was hurt. I hope however this is not true. It would be a sin to allow any commercial interest to hurt this beautiful lake.

The portages are pretty hard going down

Timagami, so that those who object to fairly hard work on a canoe trip had better go back to the North East Arm, and either go north to Haileybury, and take the steamer down to Timiskaming; or the railway to North Bay. These new routes of travel will both I believe be' in good working order by the time this story goes to press. To make an advent to Timagami now is a singularly easy matter and a most enjoyable experience. None of the matchless Timiskaming scenery is lost by

oldest and most valued contributors. We quote from the "Haileyburian":—

"We have heard, on good authority, that the C.P.R. have made arrangements for a round trip ticket. It practically covers the wonderful canoe route, which has become so famous: Leaving the main line of the C.P.R. at Mattawa the tourist will be able to take the branch line, from there to Timiskaming station following along the historic route of the Ottawa. From there he will travel by steamer, up



INDIAN CHURCH, FLYING POST.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January Issue.

A twelve by fifteen foot structure, built of hewn logs, with a roof of cedar bark. Inside, on the walls, painted in the Indian Characters, are a few of the well known hymns, which have been translated into the Ojibway language. The last minister died two years ago, and there have been no services since.

this route to Timagami. A round trip ticket is being arranged by Lake Timiskaming to Haileybury, rail and boat; thence down by rail from Haileybury to Timagami at the North East Arm; a trip round Timagami, and back to the North East Arm; and then by rail south from Timagami Station to North Bay. This makes a very comfortable and an exceedingly picturesque trip. A very readable paper is being published by C. C. Farr at Haileybury, Ont. Mr. Farr is one of our

to Haileybury passing through the most wonderful scenery that the upper Ottawa affords, which has been pronounced by some, to exceed that of the Saguenay, for Lake Timiskaming is a noble sheet of water, enclosed by forest clad mountains, which for ages to come will have no other inhabitants than the bear, the moose, and the rabbit, apart from the numerous spots, along those shores, that are inextricably bound up with the history and legends of an almost forgotten past. The air

is health laden and redolent of the forest. The very spray: of Lake Timiskaming is suggestive of all that is wild and unconventional so that men that have once sailed upon its bosom, can never forget it, and long to be back again, where the waters dance so free, and ozone is so cheap. At Haileybury the new railway, known as the T. & N. O. Ry. comes out to the lake, passing through miles and miles of otherwise trackless forest, filled with game and unsophisticated fish, a veritable sportsman's and tourist's Paradise, the most wonderful fishing grounds in the universe. The beautiful Timagami system of lakes is something to dream about, impossible to describe, and a conception of which can only be gained by a personal investigation. After revelling days, weeks, or even months in the heart of this fairy like creation of Nature, the train can be caught at Timagami, or other stations, which brings the tourist back to the main line of the C.P.R. at North Bay, probably regretting that the train travels so fast. The order of the route can be reversed, the same tickets being available for either way, that is starting from North Bay, and out at Haileybury, a short or long time spent in the play ground of the continent, and the trip from Haileybury down the lake, to Timiskaming Station kept for the last, as the tit bit, the piece de resistance, something to be remembered for a lifetime."

In leaving Timagami I very much prefer personally to paddle across Lake Timagami to Obabika Bay, down the Sturgeon and Wanapitei Rivers to Wanapitei Station. From that point the trip can be continued by canoe to the lower end of the French River; or one may go east by train to Sturgeon Falls and take the comfortable steamer that plies from there across Lake Nipissing to the French River, and then take our canoes and paddle down that wonderful river, which for one hundred and fifty years was the great highway to the west, and which has since for over one hundred years only been travelled by an occasional explorer or Government agent.

A railway is being built from Toronto to the French River, and Sudbury, and when it is completed in December next it will be possible to reach that district from Tcronto in three or four hours. This will make the French River country the most accessible district where real virgin fishing, and very good big game hunting is to be found. There are about two hundred miles or more of this river, which is really not a river at all but Lake Nipissing divided into many channels, and leading from Sturgeon Falls to Lake Huron. There are hundreds of islands in the river, some of them very large and many small ones. For bass and maskinonge fishing, and moose, deer, and bear hunting I know of no better region. The Government realizes the value of this fishing, and is determined to preserve it very effectively.

Even preferable however, from the canoeist's point of view, is the canoe trip down the Mississagua. This is the most exciting and the most beautiful of them all. two hundred and fifty miles, or more at will in the shape of its side-streams and lakes, amidst scenery of the most varied character, and with swift water, this trip can be made. In order to do this in the best possible way the train is taken to Winnebago Siding. There, with canoes, tents, and outfits, a start is made. There is a paddle of one-half day up stream, which passes close to the Siding, to Lake Wakamagaming, then a portage over the Height of Land into Lake Kabiskushing. Thence all is down stream. On reaching the Wennebegon River we turn to the right or west a mile or so to visit Lake Wennebegon, with its many islands and good fishing; and then continue our course downd the majestic Mississagua. There are nine miles of one rapid, and there are days when we spend most of the time in the rapids. So good however is the supply of water, and so skilful the guides, that I have yet to hear of a wreck though many canoes have made the journey. It is true the river is new, and not many people have done the trip, but amongst them have been some who were strange to the canoeing experience of this river, which is in many respects unique, and some upsets would not therefore have been a matter of surprise. We have seen no canoeing pictures better than those taken on the Mississagua.

About thirty miles from the mouth of this river a short portage brings one into Lake Waquekobing—a beautiful bit of pure, cold, clear, water, well stocked with bass and salmon trout. At the western end a

little stream runs into the the lake, and here brook trout can be obtained. There is brook trout also in the outlet to the Lake. Great catches have been made at this point. We have come out of the absolute wild into semi-civilization at Waquekobing, and a drive of five miles will bring us to the station at Dayton, and forty-five minutes by rail westward will take us to Desbarats, where there are summer camps, and another headquarters for guides. There are lakes in the interior

favourable conditions. It is sixteen miles to Bass Lake, and the country is interesting all the way. North of Bass Lake are Island Lake, Patton Lake, and Stewart Lake, and here we are not far from the Echo River.

From Stewart Lake I am told that a short portage to the Echo brings us to swift water in which there is good trout fishing and that any fisherman who makes a trip to this point will be well rewarded. Following the River Echo to its source in



GOD'S HOUSE.

Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.

Permanent Indian Camp on Sah-katawichtah Lake, between Flying Post and Biscotasing. The Chief of the encampment is known as God.

from here that have been fished very little, and some not at all. Of these some are bass lakes, and some are trout lakes. They can be reached either by canoe or by driving. One of the drivers when I was there had contrived a very ingenious rack by means of which he could arrange four canoes on a wagon, and accommodate from six to eight people on comfortable spring seats beneath the canoes. A pair of good horses can draw such a load, and the pretty drive can thus be made under the most

an easterly direction we come to a township in which are the headquarters of three locally important rivers—the Garden, the Echo, and the Thessalon. One can almost throw a stone from the source of the Echo to the source of the Garden. Then a chain of lakes, not all connected by water, brings one, by nice and easy routes, to the Mississagua River again. In Otter township trout are found in nearly every lake and stream.

In this rapid transit trip I think I have

brought before my readers the best of the fishing waters of Ontario. I should be willing to spend my own holiday on any of these waters, and it would be difficult to choose between these four districts—Desharats, Mississagua, French River, and Timiskaming—Timagami. These are two

different Lakes—Timiskaming is an expansion of the Upper Ottawa River and it leads us into the great North-Western Quebec region, with its moose, deer, bass and trout. Mattawa and Kippewa are its supply points.

Bass Fishing.

By THOS A. DUFF.

In recent issues of Rod and Gun I have observed justifiable complaints about the netting of black bass, which in some localities has so diminished the number of this splendid game fish that a good catch is out of the question. What a pity people are so shortsighted, so unsportsmanlike, and so greedy for a big haul that they will violate the law and thus "kill the goose that lays the golden egg." As a rule, sportsmen are liberal minded men and are ever ready to pay a guide a goodly sum for his services and reasonable prices for supplies. All of this ceases as the fish disappear.

Probably the writer has during the last fifteen years, angled in about as many localities in Ontario as the average man, and can corroborate what other contributors have said with regard to the scarcity of bass in the Bay of Quinte district. The same condition of affairs exists in many other localities, notably in Lake Simcoe. Formerly one could spend a day on this beautiful sheet of water and return home with a well-filled basket; but now all is changed. The net has done its work, and a good catch is out of the question. account of the excellent fishing formerly found at this Lake, a large number of summer cottages were erected on its shores and the occupants paid liberally for guides and supplies, but as the fishing is now so poor several cottagers are seriously contemplating deserting these summer homes and going elsewhere. But where are they to go? That is the question!

There is certainly splendid fishing in the Manitoulin Island Lakes; the bass are large and good fighters. I have visited many

different Lakes on this island with excellent results, but the best one was, course, in a most out of the way place where ice and fresh supplies were practically out of the question. One could easily get the limit of big fish in a couple of hours. In August, 1903, I had the great pleasure of landing a beauty which weighed five pounds eight ounces, and I shall never forget the battle royal we had with my eight-ounce rod and automatic reel. But as one has to take at least two or three weeks from business to go to Manitoulin the writer looked about for a good place fairly close to Toronto, and is convinced he has found one, and one that will be good for many years to come, provided the netting is not indulged in; and right here I want to make it plain that the law will be set in motion on all offenders.

Upon my return, in August last, from a trip to British Columbia, I went from Toronto to Honey Harbor—a summer resort on the Georgian Bay, about twelve miles from Midland. The resort is "among the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay," and I have no hesitation in saying it is one of the most beautiful spots in Ontario. The scenery is grand and the air delightfully cool and invigorating. Boating may be indulged in at all times, as the many Islands afford shelter from the prevailing North-West winds.

But the fishing! It is good. I engaged a half-breed boy as a guide, and he could on any day place me where the limit allowed by law could easily be caught, and all were genuine small mouth black bass, game to the last, and weighing from one and a

quarter to four pounds. An abundance of large mouth black bass may be taken with a troll, and those who enjoy mascalunge fishing can have excellent sport. The bulk of my angling was done in the Georgian Bay, but there are many small lakes in the township where I am informed even better fishing may be had and, on the average, larger fish secured.

Honey Harbor is located in the Township of Baxter, District of Muskoka, and may be reached by G. T. R. to Midland, and then by steamer "City Queen," or by G.T.R. to Penetanguishene and then by the Northern Navigation Company's steamer, "City of Toronto." The time occupied in making the trip from Toronto is under seven hours. Should one miss the steamer there are any number of gasoline launches which may be hired.

Four summer resorts provide excellent accommodation at reasonable rates, viz:-Pleasant Point Resort, Royal Hotel, Victoria House, and "The Resort." places were well patronized by guests, many coming from United States cities. There are a large number of beautiful cottages, and many more are being built. So well pleased was the writer with the beauties and temperature of Honey Harbor, and the prospects for excellent fishing, that he purchased forty-one acres and has built a substantial summer dwelling; and hopes for many years to come to be able on any suitable day to land his limit of that King of all Ontario fish-the small mouth black bass. In the Fall there is splendid duck and partridge shooting, and also quite a number of deer.

Preparing for the Trouting Season.

By WALTER GREAVES.

The recent mild, sunny days have caused me, and no doubt many other anglers, to begin to think of overhauling rods and tackle and preparing lists of sundry articles required for the approaching trouting season. To me, this is one of the numerous pleasures of fly fishing, and I know several other enthusiastic anglers who take the same delight in going over their stock and making out orders for the coming season after examining various catalogues. The anticipation of the sport has a great deal to do with angling. There is considerable uncertainty in fly fishing for trout in lakes, that is where one has only a few days fishing, for it occasionally happens that fish will not rise well to the fly for a day or two at a time, even in well-stocked waters, and this may be the case when you are there; whereas, during the few previous days and the days immediately following your departure, they would take anything in the shape of a fly. To my thinking, this makes the sport all the more fascinating, for I do not want, during an outing of this kind, to take many fish, but am satisfied with a few of the fair-sized ones taken on the fly, with a light rod and fine tackle, and it affords me just about as much pleasure too to see the friend with me cast, play and land trout, provided, of course, that he is fishing with the fly.

Brother anglers, begin to re-wrap, revarnish and repair your rods, oil your reels, make your casting lines and re-arrange and re-stock your fly books for the delightful sport on both lake and stream will soon commence. As to the salmon and bass fishing I may have something to say later on.

I am pleased to say that I have, during the past two or three years, noticed a very great improvement in the quality of the fishing tackle offered for sale in some of the stores here where they sell sporting goods, especially in the rods and flies, and I know one firm who will have an excellent stock of rods and flies from England shortly that they say they will be able to offer for sale at very reasonable prices. I have seen some of the samples of the flies and if the ones for sale come up to the samples they will be the best trout

flies I have seen for sale in any establishment in this city. It is, however, true that that is not, necessarily, saying very much. Although I make nearly all my own flies, I am glad to see that anglers, generally, will be able to procure a really good article here and I am pleased also to note an improvement in the quality of both rods and flies placed on the market here and at prices within the reach of people of moderate means. It is surprising

the number of people in Ottawa who have within the past few years taken up fly fishing for both trout and bass compared with the fly fishermen four or five years ago. They are getting educated to it chiefly, I think, through the excellent facilities afforded for transportation to the numerous lakes and streams by the four or five railways that radiate from Ottawa.

Ottawa, 1st March, 1905.

Exploring The Nipigon Country.

In January of the present year a Canadian Pacific Railway exploration party set out to traverse the country between Lake Superior and Lake Nipigon. The party was under the management and conduct of Mr. A. W. McDonald, of Pembroke, Ont., who has done much similar work in various parts of Canada, including the British Columbia coast, for both railway and syndicate enterprises. Mr. McDonald was accompanied by Mr. James B. Cassidy, and they took with them as cook a half-breed named Paul Timouski, of Golden Lake, Ont. They left Montreal on January 13th last, and went to Pembroke where they made their preparations for the journey. That town was left on the 16th, and on the following day they were at Nipigon Station, a place 926 miles from Montreal on the main line. Three more days were consumed in further preparations, and then with a horse team drawing their baggage, they set out for South Bay, Lake Nipigon. There was a good sleigh road, and at night they reached the Halfway House, known as Alexander, where they remained for the night. Next morning they were early astir, and before daylight appeared had covered two-thirds of the twenty two miles that intervenes between Alexander and South Bay. Arriving there by dinner time they established their camp, at which they remained for a week, and therefore had time to make themselves comfortable. Included in their outfit was a tent capable of accommodating six men, and they

had also a stove. Wood was plentiful, and with provisions in abundance they had a good time. On the morning of the second day their horses were sent back to Nipigon, and Mr. McDonald and Mr. Cassidy busied themselves during the week in exploring the country south and west, and examining the timber nearly to McIntyre Bay. When they were ready to make another move they found an Indian, Walter Applson by name, who had a dog team, consisting of five dogs of the Husky breed, which breed it is said was originally imported from England by Hudson's Bay offi-At McIntyre Bay they found a Church of England mission to the Indians. A little log church had been built and near by resided the missionary, an Englishman named Fuller, with his wife and family, They have a comfortable house and the church is neatly arranged and evidently well cared for. A great deal of the labour of love has been expended upon it. is also a good general store here, and some of the comforts of civilization are to be obtained. Mr. McDonald's party were so well supplied at the start that no new stores were needed; nevertheless they obtained a few small articles at this place as a sort of return for courtesies extended to them at this station in the woods. a stay of four days, wholly passed in exploration work, they worked round the Bay to the west and north to the Black Sturgeon, and went as far west as the Poshkokagan River. The country is all wild, and they found none but Indians inhabiting

this district. About half a century ago the whole district was burned over, and the explorers found an excellent and hardy second growth of poplar, birch, spruce, and tamarac, with scattered bunches of pine over a great area. The land is flat and good for agricultural purposes. After working round Black Sturgeon Lake the party moved down to Calm Lake, and after a week of exploration in that district went up to the little Sturgeon, and back to the south of Sturgeon Lake, from there back again to Calm Lake, down by the river, where the Sucker River joins the Sturgeon, then east and back up the Sturgeon to Fraser Lake, from Fraser Lake south east to Nipigon, where they struck the route to Sucker Creek, three miles south of Alexander, from whence a speedy and easy return was made to Nipigon station and civilization again. The whole of the exploring work was done on snowshoes, and during the entire fifty seven days the party were out they were enabled to carry on their work every day. During this period five inches of snow fell, but all came in the night, and work was not interfered with for a single hour. The dogs were kept for twenty-eight days, but by that time their stock of provisions had so decreased that no inconvenience was felt in moving the whole of their paraphernalia on hand sleighs. With plenty of dry wood and green birch about they had no difficulty in keeping themselves warm, and as provisions were in abundance all the time they had a very pleasant outing. Mr. McDonald would have no gunhe does not believe in "fooling around" with firearms in the woods-and the party were intent upon their own work of timber

exploration. They came in contact with Indian hunters on many occasions, and never lacked for fresh meat and fresh fish. They also saw red deer, moose, caribou, and bear; while wolves, foxes, mink, marten, fisher, otter, are also abundant. They were shown a pelt of the black fox: caught in the neighbourhood, and heard that the lucky hunter obtained \$250.00 for the same. In fish they had trout, bass, pike, and maskinonge, and Mr. McDonald brought home two of the latter, three feet long, as curiosities. All these were caught at air holes made through the ice. The whole expedition was most successful, passing off without any incident out of the common, and so careful had the calculations been made that only about one day's supplies were left when the party returned to Nipigon. Only one melancholy incident disturbed the members, and that was the death of a young Indian woman at South Bay.

The expedition was well managed, and if matters were run a little close in the way of provisions there was no doubt the party could have obtained food in the shape of meat and fish in abundance had they been weather bound at any point for a few days. As it was good fortune in the way of weather attended upon good management and foresight, and the expedition was most successful in accomplishing the aims with which the party set out and some good results are likely to ensue in the future. The country is rich in timber, and fish and game, and with common prudence the Ontario Government should do a great deal to preserve it as a portion of our great national assets.

Beware How You Follow This Advice.

The Spring restlessness comes upon me very strongly as I open up the new map sent me by the Ontario Government in order to follow McDonald's trip. It is the map of the Lake Nipigon. Lake Nipigon is north of Lake Superior. On it I see a canoe route, of the exploration kind, that tempts me almost irresistibly to leave the sanctum of "Rod and Gun" to deputies,

after having made the necessary arrangements with the Hudson's Bay Co.'s Agent at Dinorwic, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, or with Mr. McKirdy at Nipigon Station, for canoes and guides, to go to Lac Seul which appears to be the headwaters of the English River, and which in its turn falls into the Winnipeg River, and thence into Lake Winnipeg. The route that

I wish to take goes the other way, however, i. e., east to the eastern end of Lac Seul, thence I would portage into Lake Joseph, one of the big mother lakes of the Albany River, which is the northern boundary of the Province of Ontario. I would then paddle through Lake Joseph, eastward to Osnaburgh House, the Hudson's Bay Company's 'Post, through the island-dotted Albany River, past many beautiful points, spring fed streams and lake expansions, to Abazotikitchewan Lake; then southward through Eagle Rock Lake, Sucker Lake, Kageinagami Lake to Mahamosagomi Lake, whence two portages would take me to Ogoke River. Surely these Ojibways are descendants of the Japanese! From there I should go south-westerly to the Otter River, where it runs into the Ogoke, down the Otter River, to the portage running eastward to the Makoke River, up the Makoke to Summit Lake, the lake which is a great cleft in the Height of Land, and which seems to have two outlets, one being into the Ombabika River, which falls into Ombabika Bay in Lake Nipigon. What more glorious distribution of river, lake, and stream can be found than in the eastern, part of that lake. Arrived at that point I would paddle down the east side of the lake to the Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Poplar Lodge at the mouth of Sandy River, thence down the Nipigon River, the most justly and

widely famed of all the trout rivers in the world, to Nipigon Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There is another road a little shorter by which we take a branch of the Albany River near Osnaburgh House up to Pushkokogon Lake, Green Bush Lake, Wood Lake, to the Height of Land between the Albany River and the Ogoke, thence going down the Ogoke to White Earth Lake, portaging into Smooth Lake, and Island Lake (suggesting all kinds of geologically interesting features) then south east by an almost continuous chain of lakes into Wabinosh Bay in Lake Nipigon, just a little north of Nipigon House. On either of these routes we make acquaintance with a number of bona fide Pagan Indians and I like them. I like a good Christian Indian as well, however.

There is still a third route by which we follow the Ogoke River to White Clay Lake, then go almost due south into Windigo Bay by the Pitikigouching River.

The second route is the shortest; the first the longest and most interesting probably; and the third the easiest.

Strong as is the temptation I may have to resist it. If so "Rod and Gun" would be very glad to help any one who may wish to take it, with information, with the proviso that "Rod and Gun" may have the sole privilege of publishing an illustrated account of the trip.—Editor.

Our Vacation.-Moose Hunt near the Mississagua.

Our vacation as it is called, is a topic of interest in the village of Thessalon, when moose season is at hand and the enthusiastic hunters begin to long for the trail. It was the last week of the hunting season and we were making ready to start on Monday morning—Jim Berry, Fred Sanderson and myself—never any more, but always we three.

Leaving Thessalon at dawn, we drove to McClennan's camp on the Little Thessalon river, and then packed our stuff to a lake, quite small in size, but grassy and heavily timbered, and an ideal place for moose—and that was what we were after, as the

party of older fellows had been out the week before and got plenty of red deer, and it was our aim to beat them. We got there in the evening after an easy pack and made supper and then discussed what tactics we would use against the wonderful craftiness of the moose. Next morning we were pleased to find that it had snowed about an inch, although it was pretty cold in our thin tents; but the fresh air and excitement quite overcame that. We left the camp at daylight and had only gone about a quarter of a mile when Fred caught sight of a deer loping along easily. He was armed with an old Snider-Enfield

rifle, which hurts the shooter nearly as badly as the game, and instead of shooting he turned to us and asked if we saw a soft place for him to light, which seemed funny to us and we laughed, which was all the deer needed to make him run. But Fred was there and after a terrific report and an immense cloud of smoke we found the poor animal with a bullet in his shoulder, which shows that Fred although only sixteen at the time was not green at the business. We dressed the deer and went to camp just an hour and ten minutes away, and we thought we had done enough for half a day, so made some improvements around the camp until noon. After dinner we went to another lake a little larger and with very clear water. A trapper told me it was alive with trout, but we did not want trout, and anyway it was out of season and we always abide by the game laws. We got there about four and saw fresh sign of moose, and tried a couple of calls; but we were only amateurs at that time and the wise old moose were not going to be fooled by any sixteen-year old boys blowing through a birch bark horn, so we had to come back empty-handed, effcept for a couple of partridge and a rabbit that we shot after deciding to give up big game for that day.

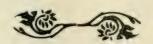
The next morning we decided to take different directions and still-hunt and not to come back for dinner. We walked about a mile together when we came on a fresh moose track leading up an old lumber road, so we decided to all go after him as he was moving slowly and eating as he went. We started very slowly, careful not to make any noise, but still we were not quiet enough, for when we had gone only a little distance we saw something black against a boulder, and Jim whispered, "A moose!" It was our first, and although

he had heard us coming he had not seen us yet. Jim, the oldest, and recognized as the best shot and hunter, said, "we will all shoot at once", so he counted,-at three there was a bang, the leaves flew and so did the ground, but the moose only walked away. Jim turned to us angrily and said, "buck fever eh!" We spread out and started after him on the run. Jim was sure he had hit him. Fred was on the left. I on the right and Jim in the centre. Fred was a little ahead and the moose saw him first and made for him, but Jim shot him in the hip and brought his hindquarters down, but did not stop him charging Fred. Jim rose to the occasion again and put a bullet fair between which gave us the victory and the eyes, the big moose, which is a prize worth winning. We put Jim's license on the moose, but all claimed equal glory in his capture.

Next morning Jim went to the village to get a waggon, he said, but I think it was something else took him in. Fred and I took a walk and after an hour's still hunting I caught a glimpse of a deer about three hundred yards up a ravine from me, which I bagged in one shot from my 30.30 Savage. That gave us an animal apiece, and we were satisfied, so when the waggon came we were ready to go home and it was great to get back after such a successful hunt and we were surrounded with other boys, all asking where and how we got them. "We know and don't intend to tell" was all the answer they could

The next year we had a lot of applications to join our party, but we decided that our vacation would be spent the same as usual,—we three together and we intend to spend every one that way as long as we can.

Joe. Dobee.



Sports Afloat!

BEING A SECTION DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO BRAVE WIND AND WAVE, IN WHITE-WINGED YACHT OR DAINTY CANOE, IN FRAGILE SHELL OR SWIFT POWER BOAT.

EDITED BY LOUIS MARAIS.

My Little Bow.

Let me introduce myself.

I am one of Rod and Gun's new ideas—one of the many children of the managingeditor's brain, crystallized into concrete being.

Look me over and see how you like me.

If I look good to you, pass along the kindly word.

If I don't—well, swat me with pen and ink, and perhaps the exercise I get in the combat may do me more good than a boost.

But dcn't clout me when my back is turned

Give it to me straight.

Write the editor of this department, care Rod and Gun in Canada, Woodstock, if you see anything you think is wrong—

Or if you have any kick coming-

Or if you want to tell somebody something that is within the province of this section. That is what I want.

Tell it to me, or tell it to some one else but tell it through Rod & Gun.

This is your department—and mine,—power boat man!

Paddlers!

Oarsmen!!

Sailors, too!!!

Come on, with your complaints, your little items of information, your stories, and incidents of cruise and competition.

If you don't—or can't—I lick 'em into shape.

And the photographs!

Don't forget them.

Send us interesting photos.

Don't be bashful.

Keep in touch with me and let us have a corner here that will make the hunters and fishermen, astern and ahead, sit up and gasp.

THAT'S ALL.



Scholes versus Greer.

The determination of Lou Scholes, not to defend his title of amateur single sculling champion of the world, is questionable.

There is much to be said on all sides of the issue.

Frank B. Greer of Boston, and his inti-

mates, make lurid remarks about "quitter" and "four-flushers". Greer's friends assert that Scholes is afraid to meet the husky Boston man, and, Greer himself offers to row Scholes, anywhere, at any time. All he wants is a chance to prove the superiority he claims to possess.

Scholes and "Company" come back at Mr. Greer, et al, this wise:-"Go across the water and win the Diamond Sculls for vourself, Greer. Go and do like I have done. Work and slave and train for four of luxuries, vears,—deprive vourself and spend your own money getting into shape, in travelling expenses, and buying costly shells, and then stack up against the cracks of the light little Isle, and if you can win out, come and talk race to me. Win your reputation in the way I have won mine, and then talk. When I was looking for reputation in 1903 you turned me down at Worcester. Wouldn't race me, until I got a reputation. Now take some of your own medicine. Wouldn't I be foolish to take a chance on surrendering all I have won to you as the result of one race? I'm through with the single sculling game, unless I can meet a man who has won at Henley. Now go away, and leave me alone. That decision is final."

But Mr. Third Party in a monologue soliloquy remarks thusly:—"A champion is a champion until he is deposed. How can a champion be deposed unless he gives bat-

tle? Those who are in the front flight of any sport have a right to cast the gaunt-let down to the "head-liner." If he is a true champion he will accept all defiances in reason and pit his skill and strength to the absolute test. Greer's challenge seems reasonable. He has the reputation and his fame was not lightly won either. Greer has worked himself up in the way Scholes did, and is worthy of attention, surely. He is in fact more than a dangerous man. Is Scholes afraid of him? Would the big Canadian take on any less doughty opponent? Or is he sincere in his announced retirement from the singles?"

Those are the three points from which the Scholes-Greer proposition is being discussed.

I know Scholes personally. He told me last fall that he would never step into a single again to race outside of club, or possibly city, championships. He repeated it this spring, and now he is busy sweating out a winter's accumulation of fat, in preparation for a season's work in doubles and fours. He will pull double with Frank Smith and will stroke the Toronto Rowing Clubs four and eight.

Which is the Faster?

Will the boats of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association's new class—the 16-foot ballasted knockabout class—surpass in speed that fleet, able, class of 16-foot racing skiffs which was brought to perfection under the protection of the Association?

That is a question puzzling not a few.

The skiff men stretch their lungs in a laugh of good natured derision, when the question is put to them.

The very idea!

No chance!!

Why the 16-foot skiffs are the faster things, foot for foot, afloat and, given them just time allowances, will—in respectable weather,—beat anything afloat on the lake.

This if you would believe the men who sail the skiff.

At the same time, while their claim seems a bit extravagant, skiffs have, granted their official time allowances made faster trips over racing courses than the big fellows.

However those who sail the new 16-foot ballasted boats,—for the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained, that these are cabined craft, usually of deep draft or of compromise build, carrying the same amount of canvas, but being from two to three feet longer on the water line and five feet over all, than the skiffs,—say that their craft will beat the skiffs out. Going to windward they assert that they will both outpoint and outsail the skiffs.

Well! they may, but at that, I'll wager all I can dig up that, on a three-cornered course, the skiffs will gather up enough spare space, reaching and running, to win out on the scurry for the finishing flag.

What's the matter with a mixed race? It is up to some of the clubs to put on a mixed event at once on their open dates or regattas. Such an event would add zest to the sport in both classes. Those 16foot ballasted boats are handy little "punts", and they are gradually growing more popular every year, but the growth will be stultified unless some of the Skiff Association clubs give the class more en-The class was virtually ccuragement. made for the Queen City Yacht club, and yet, this year, they are only giving them two races. Three or four should have been scheduled at least. No harm would be

done even if the events did not fill, but the encouragement of club attention might result in the construction of a boat or two more next season. They are a cheap handy craft with a turn of speed and are seaworthy. I made two trips across the lake in the first one built on the lake, and though we hammered throughout one good breezy day in mid-lake there was no thought of danger, and the same boat safely made her way across the lake in a gale, so fierce that steamers came into port damaged by buffeting. She was superbly handled in this sea-fight but at that she proved the claim of the founders of the class that the restrictions and requirements would produce good seaboats.



Reduced Centerboarders Beam.

That an attempt to place schooners on a more equal racing footing with single stickers, by allowing them to increase their sail area, without payment therefore in racing measurement, should result in the abolition of the extra beam, made compulsory for centerboard boats, is a trifle strange, but that is exactly what has happened in the Yacht Racing Union, the governing body of the Great Lakes, and the Lake Yacht Racing Association, of Lake Ontario.

A year ago at the Y.R.U. meeting a motion was made to allow extra canvas for schooner rigged craft. The matter was referred to a sub-committee and the recommendation to eliminate special beam and freeboard requirements for center-boarders was forthcoming. It passed there and in order that the Canada Cup contest might not be affected the L.Y.R.A. adopted the amended rule.

The result is readily apparent!

A centerboard boat built under the new rule must go so much deeper to get the required immersed midship area, and the result will be a worse boat than before.

Just while we are handling this ques-

tion of restriction, it might be remarked, that the new regulations, compelling the construction of a beamy, rocmy boat are not regarded, by all yachtsmen, the panacea for all yachting evils.

A great big husky boat is produced but these new boats won't work to weather in a seaway like the old-plank-on-edge eraft.

Stack Strathcona, the Canada's Cup defender of 1903, up against Vreda of Toronto, the Watson steel cutter, in an easterly sea and send them dead to weather.

What would happen?

Why! the deep, thin Vreda would split her way through the seas while the Strathcona, though by no means a scow, or even approaching closely the skimming-disk type, would pound. Her bulky sections would shoulder into the cotton-tops and every smash would check her progress.

This immersed cross section area demand compels the designers to carry the boat out too far. There is more than a chance that a resolution will be introduced at the Association meeting calling for a reduction in the area of the immersed midship section for deep drafts.

In The Proper Spirit.

The agreement between the Rochester men and the Royal Canadians, anent the challenge for Canada's Cup, to utilize the services of amateur skippers only; and to select them from bona fide club members, is an admirable one, if the spirit is lived up to by both parties.

The sting of the Canadian defeat of 1903 was neutralized by the fact that Skipper Jarvis of Toronto—an amateur of course,—made James Barr, the professional brought up from Long Island Sound to sail the challenger, look like a selling plater in a stake race, and that the Rochester contingent had to send for Addison G. Hanan, another New Yorker, though an amateur, to sail their craft to victory.

This year it looks like a contest between racing skippers whose fame has hardly yet spread beyond the confines of their respective clubs.

In Toronto, now that Mr. Jarvis has pointed out that his summer's programme

will not permit of him handling the challenger, even if he were selected by the committee, new men are coming to the front.

Eddie Wedd has already been selected for the command in the "Temeraire" the Fife boat, built for Frederic Nicholls, and Norman Gooderham will sail Invader, the cup winner of 1901, in the trial races. Wedd is only a young man-under thirty,while Gooderham is still an Upper Canada College boy. Both are graduates of the 16foot skiff school. Gooderham sailed on Stratheona in 1903, and Wedd spent last summer sailing 20 and 25 footers. Both are good, tricky, fearless stick-handlers and have displayed the keen judgment of wind and weather conditions, that are the earmarks of the good racing man.

At Rochester, too, L.S. Mabbett, and other young men, who have served their apprenticeship in small boats will be in the fray, which will weed out the cup defenders and their skippers.



A Retrogression.

The agreement between the Rochester Yacht club and the Royal Canadian Yacht club, which allows the contest to take place between 30-foot racing craft is not to the best interests of the sport. Canada's Cup was donated to foster the interest in the big classes and 30-footers are not in that category. The stipulation was expressly made that it should be for boats of 35-foot racing measurement or over or boats equivalent to the old 35-foot class under existing rules. The new 30-foot class are even larger boats than the old 35-footers, but still at that it was a mistake to let the contest get away from yachts of the class of Strathcona and Irondequoit, the cup boats of 1903. They are grand big cruising boats, and a credit to any club. Another contest for 40-footers, and the Lake Ontario would have had four boats, if not more, that would have produced magnificent racing for ten years to come. Of course it might be argued that the Rochester Club has not got yachtsmen who will bother with such large boats, and the fact, that Irondequoit laid on the ways all last summer, might be brought forth to support the argument that smaller boats in commission are of more advantage than large yachts that do all their sailing in a dockyard basin, or spend the summer on the ways breasting nothing more material than waves of sun heat.

Still, now that the class has dropped to thirty footers, it is but another short step to 25-footers. Every step downward cheapens the cup. The traditions of Canada's Cup should be just as precious to Great Lake yachtsmen as those of the America's Cup are to the millionaire yachtsmen of the Atlantic. They stick to their highwater mark with admirable persistence.

So should we.

Look at the battering the America's Cup contest gets because of the regulations which allow the utmost latitude in model. Build them any way, of anything, as long as they will measure in, the 'deed says in effect, but no matter how "unwholesome," and "dangerous" a "skimming dish" is

turned out by the American defenders of the trophy no change is made to secure a more wholesome type. This is not a criticism of the restrictions placed upon cup boats on the Great Lakes. They are wise. The only protest is because of the reduction in size.

Boom in War Canoe Paddling.

War canoe paddling promises to reach the zenith of its popularity this summer. Dean of Toronto has built new racing war canoes for the Grand Trunks and Lachines in the east, the Orillias in the north, and the Island Amateur Acquatic Association of Toronto, and all the other clubs have good fair boats.

The advent of the new war canoe boat on the Island has stiffened up the racing men of the Toronto Canoe club and they will make a desperate effort to retrieve the laurels lost during the past two years. Reg. Blomfield, the club champion, will steer the Toronto canoe club's No. 1 crew and the "Red Ring" boys are panting to take Orillia's unbeaten northern crew, and the new I.A.A.A. braves into camp at the Dominion Day Regatta, where all three will meet.

Blomfield is in excellent place in the stern of the boat for while he is the most powerful blade pusher in the club, he puts such a peculiar body twist in his work, that he disconcerts the men behind him. Blomfield has the true Indian stroke. He works his body from the hips, with a half turn, instead of the almost purely fore and aft motion of the club paddlers.

This year the Toronto Canoe Club intend to specialize in racing work. Instead of having six or seven men in all the events, two or three will be trained for singles, double blades and pairs, while others are developed for fours and tandems. This will bring each man into a couple of events only and will not wear him out.

M. Shea of Shea's Theatre has given the Toronto Canoe Club medals for a junior fours race.

The Head Waters of the Fraser.

By P. A. MOORE.

A TEA DANCE IN THE YELLOW HEAD PASS, B. C.

The Yellow Head Pass is one of the best known passes over the continental divide through the Rocky Mountains which forms a passage way from the head of the Fraser River down to the Athabasca at a point about seventy-five miles from its head and is the shortest way through the mountains from Edmonton, in Alberta, to all points on the Columbia River, B.C. It is a heavily wooded, low pass of about twenty-nine hundred feet and on its eastern slope the Miette River slowly winds its tortuous course down a gentle grade and

over the old "Buffalo Plains" into the Athubasca. On the Western slope the Fraser rises and the Yellow Head, or Jasper Lake forms its principal source. This lake is about seven miles long and a mile and a half in width and out of its lower end the Fraser flows uninterruptedly for about eighteen miles when it spreads out into Moose Lake, a body of water eleven miles in length and two in width. Just above the lake a deep, swift stream called Moose River flows into the Fraser from the north and about a mile from its junction with the Fraser are its beautiful falls.

At this point the river narrows into a space thirty feet wide and plunges down seventy-five feet into a narrow rock-walled canyon, roaring over the boulders and filling the air with a cool spray. These falls and Mount Robson, twenty miles further on form the two most impressive bits of scenery on the trip through the pass. Sixty miles west by trail from the divide or about thirty from the lower end of Moose Lake lies the "Tete Jaune Cache" where a few years

north bank of the Fraser and a depression in the ground marks the place of Tete Jaune's cache. A couple of graves back of the post show the last resting place of two white men whose names have long been forgotten. On both sides of and well elevated above the river are broad, spacious flats covered with a long thick grass affording plenty of feed for the horses of the little Indian encampment which at present is made up of a few scattered teepees containing but three men and about ten



By courtesy of Mr. F. B. Hussey,

KID PRICE SPEARING SALMON.

Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser" by P. A. Moore

ago Mr. F. B. Hussey, Mr. L. H. Williams of Pittsburgh, Jim Brewster, guide, and I were camped after a trip from Banfi. The Pass, Lake and Cache derive their names through the French as in the early part of the last century Tete Jaune, (Yellow Head) the chief of a band of Iroquois halfbreeds, who were there engaged in trapping for the Hudson's Bay Company, had a cache or hiding place for their furs at this spot. The outlines of the fireplace and walls of the old post can still be traced among the weeds and brush on the

squaws and children. The day we reached the Cache the men of the village were several miles down the river spearing salmon of which there are an immense number during the August "run", but by evening they had returned and the "Ti-ee" or head of the village—"Johnny Mauise" by name—came across the river in his twenty-five foot dugout to pay us a visit. He was a short thick set Shuswap halfbreed with an intelligent face and spoke very good Cree. With him came his tribe of two, and "Kid" Price, an old prospector and trap-

per, and our first meeting with human beings was properly celebrated by a large dinner of salmon and blueberries. After this extensive menu had been served we sat around the fire and swapped yarns in Cree for several hours when Chief Johnny invited us to come across to the village for a "Tea Dance" or welcome to the strangers who had made the long journey to

out howls from a host of Indian dogs made the night hideous and announced our arrival in a most effective manner, whereupon the fires were replenished and all things gotten in readiness for our reception. Several visiting bucks and squaws added an element of unexpected gaiety to the village, and all hands received us with great solemnity as Johnny ushered us into



By courtesy of Mr. F. B. Hussey.

FALLS OF THE MOOSE RIVER.

Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser," by P. A. Moore.

their town. We successfully hid our eagerness to accept and with the dignity and deliberation due to such a formal affair put on all our buckskin clothes together with our "loudest" handkerchiefs and walked down to the river bank where the dugout awaited us. We were soon across as the river is but about fifty yards wide at this point, and as we arose above the banks on the opposite side a chorus of long drawn

his twelve foot teepee and we arranged ourselves as best we could wherever a space presented itself among the bucks, squaws, blankets and dogs. Of the last there was countless numbers, being in the usual Indian village ratio of ten or more to each teepee and as all had "their exits and their entrances" under the bottom of the teepee one very often received a sharp, vicious nip on the arm or back and would

turn just in time to see a mangy tail disappearing under the skin covering of the lodge. In the middle of the teepee a bright fire of pine sticks was burning upon which was placed a pail of tea. As the village possessed no "peace pipe" each one drew out his own, and we sat around smoking, talking and drinking tea so as to further the acquaintances just made. One of the

dance. Belts were tightened, mocassins relaced and Albert launched himself out into the dance. All rose to their feet facing the fire and slowly circled around it from right to left, the dance consisting of advancing the left foot ten or twelve inches parallel with the fire and at the same time dropping slightly in the knees. Then the right foot is brought forward at right



By courtesy of Mr. P. B. Hussey

ONE OF OUR TROPHIES.

(Male Salmon)

Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser" by P. A. Moore.

visiting Crees—Albert—went out of the teepee and in a short time returned with his favorite "tom-tom" which he held near the fire to tighten its head of green deer skin, thus making it more resonant. After it seemed to his critical ear to be "in tune" he gave it a few preliminary beats and let a few "ki yis" roll from out his chest as an introduction or prelude to the

angles to the left, so that the instep is at a point directly back of the left heel and in the same motion the knees are straightened with a quick snap. The "tom-tom" is beaten at each movement and the second beat, which comes at the time when the knees are straightened, seeming almost like the echo of the first, while the musician's voice is raised in a continual varying chant

sung from the throat and chest. Among the Crees the person who keeps up the dance for the longest period is considered the best dancer, and there are instances known where the dance has continued for three whole days without a stop. The squaws usually excel in these dances as they are more inured to hard work. We kept doggedly at it for about a half hour, and then we began to drop out one by one until the Indians alone were left. As a special dispensation we were allowed these resting spells of which we were badly in

of a chief to engage in a dance, during our resting spells we talked with Johnny, who told us tales of his prowess in the hunt and in salmon spearing and he promised to take us down the river the next day for the latter sport. The dance went tunefully along, and as we rested we had a good chance to observe the faces and poses of all the participants. The bucks wore a mixture of civilized and savage clothes, some being dressed in a full white man "layout" with the exception of a bright hand-kerchief, a necklace, a medal or two and



By courtesy of Mr. F. B. Hussey.

YELLOW HEAD LAKE.

Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser," by P. A. Moore.

need, as the monotony, smoke from the fire, and unaccustomed muscular exertion soon told on us; but the bucks and squaws went on without a break, and one little squaw about five years old showed no sign of weariness at all, though almost scared cut of her life at the presence of so many white men. The music of this dance as played by the Indians has a remarkably attractive rhythm, while the bodies of the dancers brought out in full relief by the glow of the fire form a most picturesque and novel sight. As it was beneath the dignity

the ever present moccasins which an Indian never abandons. Others were a bit more picturesque with buckskin leggings, breechclout and fringed hunting shirt. A few feathers did duty as a headdress. The squaws were dressed in calico dresses of a distinctly aboriginal pattern and of most striking coloring, and these together with beaded moccasins, leggings, shell, bead, and feather ornaments added much color and brightness to the dance. As the day broke we said good-bye to our hosts and recrossed the river to our tents and a much

needed rest. It seemed as if we had hardly fallen asleep when Johnny and "Kid" walked into our tent and dragged us out of bed, and without the preliminary of breakfast paddled us down the river several miles to the salmon shallows in which we were soon wading with our spears on the lookout for the big fish. The spears are patterned after a harpoon and have a detachable head which is fastened to the pole by a thong of buckskin and so when the spear is sent through the body of a salmon the head remains on the opposite side of the body and one is thus enabled to drag the fish to shore. It is necessary to pick the "good" fish as in a "run" of this kind the fish are continually crowding each other and their back and tails are either bitten or bruised against the sand or rocks and the action of the fresh water causes these raw spots to decompose resulting in the death of the fish in a short time and the Indians assert that none of the incoming salmon ever get back to the ocean but die up around the Cache on the shallows. This statement can be easily believed as we saw large numbers of dead fish along the banks of the river below the shallows and attracted by this bait large num-

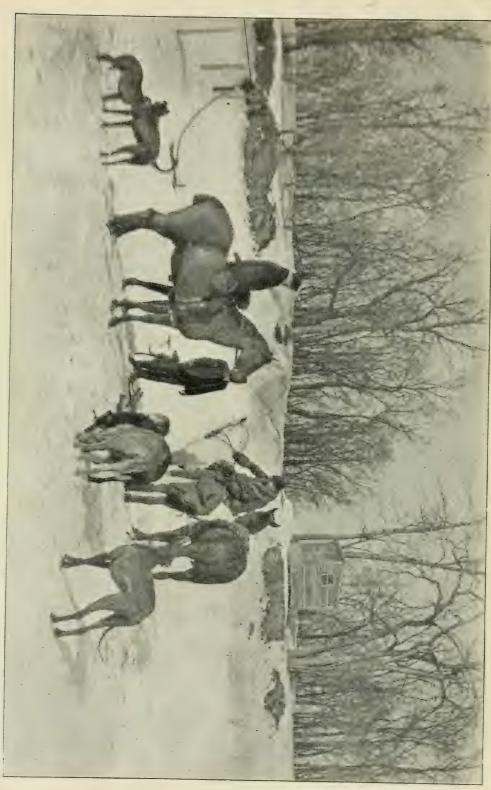
bers of bear come down to the river to feed on the carcases. The male salmon is easily distinguished by his size, flatter shape and his deep "salmon color" sides with a black stripe running down his back, while the female is a bit rounder in the body and of a deep grey color with a darker strip along the back. Its eggs are the size of buckshot and are red in color forming an irresistible to all kinds of fish. It is an exciting moment when one of these big come swimming slowly along and with spear poised you wait until the moment to strike has come, you lunge, feel the spear pass through and then the water is splashed about and churned into foam as you with difficulty drag your struggling prize to land. We kept up this sport until we had about twenty salmon, which we dressed, hung up and dried so that we might have a change of food on our journey south through British Columbia. The next day we said good-bye to our Indian friends and to the Cache and set out over the old Indian trail which leads south-east through the large cedar forests bordering on the Canoe River to the "Big Bend" of the Columbia.

Destruction of Wolves.

We would like to get information of the most effective ways of poisoning wolves. We know something of the matter and have done a little in that way ourselves. wolves, however, seem to be growing in wisdom faster than we do. To destroy wolves on the prairie is a pleasant occupation, easy, exciting, and pleasurable to a degree. In the northern woods the wolves have greater advantages, and it is exceedingly difficult to get a shot at him. have enjoyed one or two wolf hunts on the prairies, and we trust it may be our good fortune again to have the experience. In this connection the following account of a successful wolf hunt, taken from Winnipeg "Town Topics" may prove of interest to many readers:-"On a recent morning Messrs. Merrick, Barker, and Evans set. out on a wolf hunt. A few miles out they met Mr. Wilford Wallace, of Niverville, accompanied by four wolf hounds. Mr. Barker

had two, and so the pack numbered six. When about four hours from town a fine big prairie wolf was sighted and a rattling run of thirty minutes followed, the wolf doubling here and there in a vain effort to distance his fleet footed pursuers. As the quarry began to show signs of distress two of Mr. Wallace's hounds and one of Mr. Barker's rushed him, and in a few minutes all that was left of the wolf was his skin. Mr. Wallace's mare got a bad fall in a ditch hidden by snow, horse and rider sliding some distance together, over the frozen ground, but Mr. Wallace scarcely seemed to leave the saddle, getting his mare up and going again like a flash. Charlie Barker was just behind and came down at the same ditch. His fall was a little more severe, but it did not prevent him from being in at the death, to assist at the obsequies. The party afterwards returned to Winnipeg."

IN AT THE DEATH-WOLF HUNTING IN MANITOBA.



Our Medicine Bag.

With the passing of the winter, stories of exploits in the woods begin to come in. They are all told with much circumstantiality. From Bangor, (Me.) comes a tale of a youthful hunter who while out on a partridge shoot met a bull moose which showed fight, when the hunter of course was unprepared for the encounter. According to the story, however, the youth proved himself equal to the occasion. He had a double barrel shot gun with him, but no ball cartridges. He possessed a pocket knife, and found an old table fork in one of his pockets. He put these two weapons in the respective barrels of his gun on the top of shot cartridge, and then gave the moose the contents of both barrels. one in which the knife had been rammed burst, but the hunter himself escaped injury. Not so the moose. Either the knife or the fork (and it matters not which) struck a vital part, and accordingly a moose head, with an antler spread of 58 inches and carrying 16 points is proudly exhibited as a testimony to the deadliness of a knife and fork when shot from a gun, and not used in the ordinary civilised way.

A second moose story had perhaps better be given in the words of the "St. John Sun' in which it appears:- "One of the many moose stories floating about the country just now comes from the River Herbert district. It appears that a few days ago a party of young people went from that place on a snowshoe tramp. They had not gone very far when they came across a yard in which were two moose, one of them being a full grown bull. The snow at this place was six or seven feet deep, and the moose were unable to move about. Besides they seemed quite tame, so the male members of the party took the old bull and tied him to a tree, after which they all in turn climbed upon his back and had their pictures taken. While this was being done the horns of the moose fell off, it being the proper time of year for this to happen, and the animal presented such a peculiar appearance that he had to have his picture taken as well. After this the moose was released, but did

not seem at all inclined to go away. was perfectly at home among the young people, and during the time they spent in that district he became quite a pet. Then they hit upon another device. It is the custom in that part of the country, as elsewhere, to put tags upon cattle and calves before turning them out to pasture. A couple of these tags were procured and fastened to the two moose. There will be some interest in the River Herbert district next moose hunting season when the hunters carefully examine every animal killed to see if it bears the tag. The discarded antlers were carried home as souvenirs of the chase." What better evidence of the truth of this story can even the most skeptical require?

What is thought to be one of the best moose heads in the world is reported to belong to John Richardson, of Glenwood Springs. In his life time the animal was the leader of a large herd in Alaska, and it took a hunt of several days' duration before he was finally run down and killed by Frank Woods, of Copper River. The big bull weighed approximately 2,000 lbs. and the head and antlers when mounted weighed 275 lbs. The head measured seventy-two and a half inches from tip to tip without split or block. It is exactly as nature made it, and could be spread several inches by various devices.

A story of the shooting of an eagle comes from British Columbia. The crew of the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer Nakusp while passing through the Narrows on the Lower Arrow Lake saw an eagle perched near the top of a tree over 200 yards away from the vessel. The Captain armed with a .303 rifle fired at the great bird which immediately arose. The purser, with a 22 rifle fired almost simultaneously and the eagle dropped. Every member of the crew was interested in the shooting, and the Captain, as one of those most nearly concerned, had the steamer stopped, the crew as soon as possible scrambled ashore, and after a search they discovered the bird, about 150 yards from

the shore, and 300 from where it was shot. The bird showed fight, and coats had to be thrown over its head and wings before it could be transferred to the boat. Here no injury could be found, and it was ultimately agreed to have the bird stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist, who found a 22 calibre bullet embedded in the muscles of the left wing. This was proof that the bird, which was a fine specimen measuring over six feet from tip to tip, had fallen to the unerring aim of the purser and his 22.

Women have invaded many spheres of life which in days not far gone by were considered as sacred to man. An exceptional case, however, in which the female invasion is not greatly to be feared, is that of Mrs. Libbie Bigraff, who is reported to have made a success out of the business of trapping. Mrs. Bigraff resides in the Adirondack country, and having had the misfortune to lose her husband by death during the trapping season, she thought she would continue the work for the remainder of the season. Success attended her so well in her experiment that she has ever since continued the work, and it is said makes a very good living out of this unusual occupation for a woman. During one winter she came across a big black bear which having got his forepaw fast in a hunter's trap, had escaped from the clog of wood, and was making his way towards a swamp. We quote the remainder of the story:-"The big brute was wild with pain, and rearing upon his hind legs started towards the woman, brandishing the seventy-five lb. trap as though it had been a bracelet upon his great paw. Taking deliberate aim, Mrs. Bigraff sent a bullet through the brute's brain and he fell dead at her feet. Had she made a miss shot she would have been struck down by the great claw-armed paw before she could have fired a second shot."

Even when a man does a fool-hardy trick and displays personal bravery in the interests of humanity, we cannot altogether withhold commendation or admiration. A tame goose belonging to William Kemper, of Oxford, N.J., by some accident the other day got down to the bottom of an abandoned mine shaft 700 feet deep. To rescue

the bird, Lewis Albert, an engineer, had himself lowered down by a rope held at the other end by seven sturdy miners. He returned to the surface in safety, bearing the goose with him and restored it to its owner, and the crowd, which always collects in such cases, indulged in vociferous cheering for the man who had risked his life to save a goose.

At a time when forest destruction is by no means uncommon in Canada, despite the fact that timber values are increasing and are bound to increase, an experiment furnished by Dr. S. B. Caldwell, of Paducah, Ky., is well worth quoting as it shows that in addition to carrying on a national work it is also personally profitable:-"In 1847 I sold timber from a tract of land at \$1 per acre, the purchaser having the privilege of removing what he wanted and leaving what he did not want. He took the choice trees but left a considerable amount standing. In 1870 I sold the timber from the same tract, and got for it \$2 per tree. The purchaser removed an average of three trees per acre. In 1884 I sold the timber from the same tract for the third time, . and got for it as much as I had received at the second sale." Dr. Caldwell was sufficiently foresighted to allow no trees to be cut except those which he selected. He went about in the woods and picked out trees whose tops and general appearance showed they had passed their period of greatest vigor, and trees which interfered with promising young growth. His forest has been culled a number of times in the past thirty years, but so wisely has the cutting been done that today the land will average from 10,000 to 15,000 board feet per acre. This experiment shows how a shrewd far sighted man may even without technical advice secure good returns from his woodland without impairing its productive value.

Proposed amendments to the game laws are constantly coming before the members of the Provincial Parliaments of Canada. In British Columbia a measure is now before the House proposing to give a close time of six years to beaver; to further protect elk, which is said to be fast disappearing, and to appoint game wardens. At the same time a sugges-

tion is made in favour of setting apart a tract of land as a special game reserve. This is a further instance of the growth of public sentiment in favour of the protection of fish and game, and soon it will be possible to secure a fairly efficient system throughout the Dominion.

The Governor-General of Canada is said to be deeply interested in an organization in England having for its object the formation of rifle clubs. The idea is to familiarize men with the use of the rifle, and to secure for them such practice as will make them fairly good shots, without waiting for some public calamity to befall, and then rely upon men who know nothing of "the business end of a gun." His Excellency is credited with the wish to extend the movement to Canada. There is no doubt a wide field of usefulness for such an organization in Canada. The Canadian towns are growing, and with the constant influx of colonists, the Dominion, although not likely to fail in having a large proportion of men used to shooting and fairly good shots, can yet find plenty of room for improvement, and for extending the teaching of rifle shooting.

"Rod and Gun" has received inquiries from a large party of gentlemen whose work lies in India, and who are anxious to visit Canada for the purpose of hunting moose and caribou. Their idea is to spend three or four months in the woods. We would like correspondents to send us information of a reliable kind about this game, giving us the names of good guides, and the exact locality they can recommend for big game.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of a report by the Secretary of the Commission (Mr. Joseph Kalbfus) on bird life in Pennsylvania. It is printed under the title of "Save our Birds," an object with which we are in full sympathy, and from the little booklet we make the following quotation: "Six times to my certain knowledge quail have become almost extinct in Pennsylvania. Our legislation has saved it. But we must keep up the protection strictly, unflinchingly, persistently, and in spite of all manner of opposition, if we would not have them entirely killed out." Mr. Kalbfus

gives several ways of placing out quail so that they may be successfully reared. He also describes how poison can be used to destroy the enemies of quail, partridge, and rabbits, showing that it can be so placed that there will be no danger to dogs.

The good work goes on. Public opinion is being aroused to the necessity of protecting game. I am glad to see that the local people of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., have had a meeting with a view to perfecting a protective organization of this character, and appointed the following officers:-W. N. Sawyer, Honorary President; U. McFadden, President; J. Maug-Secretary - Treasurer; Councillor Knapp, Col. Elliott, and Mr. G. Rosebroom, committee. The Society will appoint wardens, who will take measures to protect both fish and game in the district. As the law is regularly broken in both particulars it is felt that it must be a matter of the near future for both forests and streams to be depleted if such courses are any longer tolerated. The police appear to have been stimulated by this action on the part of the public, and they recently found that J. R. Booth had in his possession in a shanty in the township of Awaries some moose and other heads, the animals having been killed out of season. The man was practically caught red-handed, and the police took possession of two or three heads, and pieces of carcass. Three charges were laid against the defendantshooting out of season, Sabbath breaking, and tampering with witnesses. Good for you, oh Soo, Ont.! Keep up the good work! You will receive the support of all sensible settlers in the community who know that these men are injuring them by wasting the resources of the country, and driving away those who come to Canada and spend their money freely on guides, teams, hotels, and the purchase of provisions.

We often come across examples more or less authentic of "English as she is wrote." The following however written by one of the Stoney Indians is an example of which many men with more pretensions might not be ashamed. The writer at least knows what he wants, and is per-

sistent in his efforts to make his correspondent understand it as well. We give the letter just as written:—"March 16th, 1905. Billy Bruester, Dear Sir, I will ask you about the watch that We left with you. Please let me know What you do with it. We wont that watch received soon. I hope you will sent it soon. You Remember the time We took the horses up to Banff last Spring. We wont it soon. Please tell me what you do with it. Your truly, John Bears Paw."

The protection of game is fast becoming a burning question not merely in Canada but throughout the Empire. An influential deputation recently waited upon the Colonial Secretary asking him "equally in the interests of science and sport" to schedule certain animals, and make it an offence to kill them anywhere. Some restrictions it was also urged should be placed upon the importation of cheap rifles and ammunition into South Africa and the Crown Colonies, and strict regulations adopted with respect to the sale of skins of wild game and undersized ivory. The Government was further requested to regularly collect returns of all game killed by sportsmen. "The game preserves should be as strictly protected as the National Park at Wyoming in the United States. There no shooting whatever is allowed with the result that the game is overflowing into all the surrounding country furnishing excellent legitimate sport." Mr. Lyttleton expressed sympathy with the objects of the deputation, and promised a full consideration of the points which had been laid before him.

In consequences of representations made at Ottawa to the effect that unless summer fishing (commercial fishing we suppose) is prohibited in a number of the smaller lakes of Manitoba they will be depleted of their supply of fish, which would result in much hardship to the settlers, the Governor-General in Council has ordered that "no fishing be allowed in Lakes Manitoba, St. Martin, Portage Bay, Water Hen, Dog, and Shoal from the first day of April to the 30th day of November of each year, both days inclusive."

A successful fox farm is said to be run about forty miles back from Bangor,

Maine. A portion of a tract of three hundred acres is enclosed by a wire fence ten feet high. It was found that the foxes can climb to that height, so that the top of the fence was turned in so that it projected inward about two feet and the plan proved an effective barrier. The foxes next tried to burrow out, but the owner dug a trench and filled it with stone, so that there is a stone wall underneath the fence for its entire length. The field is divided into several lots with a well-built kennel in each lot. In the summer the foxes remain in burrows, but at the first arrival of cold weather they take to the kennels. The foxes are of the somewhat rare blue variety, the six original ones of the stock having been brought from Alaska. There are now more than fifty in the farm. The fur from this variety of fox is much more valuable than from the common varieties. The care of the fox presents no special difficulty. They are fed about the same as dogs, and are even less particular than dogs in regard to the condition and variety of their diet. After remaining on the farm for a time they become partly tame, and are readily caught when needed.

A correspondent writes from Bristol (N. B.):-"We have a fine section of fishing and hunting country reached from here by taking train for twenty three miles. There is then a good wagon road, and teams are always ready to take parties in. Guides can be procured in advance for either fishing or hunting. Several parties have camps on the Miramichi. Last year about 25 or 30 sets of antlers came out this way, one set measuring sixty-eight inches. About July 20th the run of salmon come up the river. There is good trout fishing from June 1st until July 20th. Some parties come in this way and sail down the river and go out at Bonstown, N.B. I have myself hunted and fished in the district, and got some fine speckled trout and salmon."

The Northland Canoe Club has been formed, with headquarters at Desbarats, Ont. The club will be prepared to furnish canoes, guides and outfit of every kind to those wishing to fish the virgin lakes north of Desbarats, Ont., or to take the more extended trip into the trout waters near the

mother lakes of the Echo, Garden and Thessalon Rivers, which lakes are all found in one Township close to the Mississagua River.

The personnel of the club is everything that could be desired and "Rod and Gun" has much pleasure in recommending it as supplying a much needed want. Canada is short of trained guides. The training is, however, going on apace and such a contribution as will be offered by the Northland Canoe Club is warmly welcomed. It is formed much on the lines of the Keewaydin Club which will also operate with Desbarats as a terminus.

Mr. Joseph Reid, of collie fame, has donated the Canadian Collie Club trophy, which he won outright a few years ago, back to the club, to be held by them as a challenge cup. The trophy is a beautiful work of art and is valued at \$150. At a meeting of the club held in Montreal on the 22nd inst. the gift was accepted and a vote of thanks tendered Mr. Reid for his generosity. On motion of Mr. W. Ormiston Roy it was decided to call it "The Reid Challenge Trophy" to be awarded to the best American bred dog or bitch (collie) at the principal shows held in Canada. It was also decided to give a cup or medal to commemorate the win, which will be emblematic of the championship of Can-

The Coila Collie Kennels, Montreal, did a lot of winning at the American Collie Club's show in Boston last month. The Kennels had a string of eight dogs and won the open event with Ch. Balmoral Baron, beating Southport Sculptor, a dog imported specially by Samuel Untermeyer of New York, at a cost of \$3,500. The Kennels also won the team prize for the best four. Altogether the winnings amounted to over. \$150 in cash, 14 valuable cups, (including the Van Shaick Challenge Cup, emblematic of the collie championship of America), two medals and special in merchandise. Not bad for Canada.

Mr. C. G. Cowan's attention has been drawn to the new species of bear which has been discovered lately on the coast north of the Skeena river, British Columbia; it is a dwarf white bear. Mr. Kem-

ode, the curator of the Provincial museum, is at present trying to secure a good specimen. Mr. C. G. Cowan will stay off on his way north to Alaska and hunt for this bear. Our readers know Mr. Cowan by his interesting contributions to Rod and Gun.

A recent booklet issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway is one dealing with the resources and climate of Southern British Columbia. It is well got up, beautifully printed on good paper, and finely illustrated. In a general and popular way it gives a description of the country, its resources and the means by which the settler can make a home, and something more than a living for himself and family. The whole is accompanied by an excellent map, and Mr. J. S. Dennis, British Columbia Land Commissioner, at Calgary, offers to give detailed information upon any point dealt with in the book to all who may require it. The publication cught to do a good deal for the development of one of the most promising provinces in the Dominion.

Mr. T. E. Bambrick, of Ridout, Ont., sends us some interesting notes about the upper Mississagua country. He says:

"There are the finest of speckled trout at Nemegos which is called Nemegosenda on the Railway map. Nemegos is west of Winnebago. These trout weigh from one to four pounds. The trail to Pishkinogama Lake is by water with a few portages. The river is within one hundred yards of the Station. The map is wrong about the Ridout, which runs west on south side of track instead of east."

"There is a lake at Kinogama Siding, which is full of red pike, and is a very good place for bears. There are a few good places for deer near here. You can reach them by taking the hand-car in the morning with the section men."

"The Indians here do not speak a word of English. I have heard it said that there was good fishing near the lakes you mention south of Winnebago. There is even better trout fishing at Lake Como, a few miles west of Chapleau, than at Nemegos. There is lots of fish and good hunting at Pishkinogama."

Our readers who want good hunting will

do well to reach Winnebago about Oct. 13th and take the trail from there through the chain of lakes to Lake Pishkinogama, or to Flying Post, H.B.C. There is good duck-shooting up there. This is entirely off the beaten track and we do not think any white men have been there since 1867. Then about the end of October they could come back to Winnebago and start down the Mississagua. The climate is just suitable for the hunting season. The decrease in altitude and the distance one would make southward would keep one out of the danger of being frozen up before the end of the season.

The Hiawatha play will be given at Desbarats this year under better auspices than ever, but the play-season will be shorter. There will be only one other place in America where it will be given. It will not be taken to any of the cities, but it will be given on Father Marquette's old route across Michigan from Traverse Bay to Cheboygan, which was one of the most frequently used portages of the Ojibways and Ottawas as it saved a long detour round by the straits of Mackinaw. place selected is Yahwaygamug, or Round Lake near Petoskey. This always was considered in the old days the best hunting ground of the Ojibways. Today more summer tourists assemble there, perhaps, than anywhere else in America. The city of Petoskev is essentially a summer city. The great assembly of Bay View is near by, and countless other resorts are not far off,

in the woods and the waters of Michigan. The Petoskey people have gone to mcre trouble in the way of affording entertainment to their visitors than other cities; hence its great and growing popularity. The new historical Indian play of Michilimakinaw will be given on the site of the old Fort of that name, which is to be restored exactly as it was on the King's birthday, June 4th, 1763. The famous lacrosse match which figured in the Pontiac conspiracy will be played upon the same spot where it was played on that day by the descendants of the same Indians who took part then, while the British soldiers will look on dressed in the military fashion of the period. All the thrilling scenes will be re-enacted with great realism. We bespeak for this play a cordial welcome, and prophesy for it a large measure of success.

A splendid caterer has been secured for the Hiawatha Camp, Desbarats. Those canoeists and campers who are fond of good things to eat either before or after their trip northwards into the woods will find it at the Hiawatha Camp. Several new camps have now been finished at Desbarats, some to rent and some to be occupied by their owners. All are hidden in the woods, and so arranged as not to take away from the wildness of the place. Each camp has an average of fifteen hundred acres for grounds, so that there is no danger of our crowding. The love of the wild grows apace.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS OF SAV-AGE RIFLES.

We find a few Savage rifles are being offered by certain catalogue houses who are not customers of ours, at prices, which at a glance, seem cheaper than our regular schedule, but investigation shows that the rifles they are delivering have been altered since leaving the factory, including changing or obliterating the serial numbers, which are stamped on every genuine Savage rifle.

As it is impossible for us to ascertain to what extent these rifles have been used or altered and probably injured, we take this opportunity of advising the public that we assume no responsibility whatsoever for any rifles on which the serial number has been obliterated or changed in any way. For your own protection refuse to accept rifles tendered you as above described.

Your dealer can give you lowest prices on genuine Savage rifles which carry with them an honest guarantee. If your dealer won't accommodate you, write us direct.

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N. Y., U.S.A.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT



On March 17th at Larned, Kansas, an amateur standing at 20 yards shooting his Lefever ejector gun won high average over both professionals and amateurs. The Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N.Y., will send their 1905 catalogues free for the asking.

Messrs. R. & W. Kerr, of Montreal, have issued their summer catalogue of sporting goods. The publication is a very creditable one. Their tents and carrying bags are excellent, and they excel in their reels, and fishing tackle generally. They have long been known as the headquarters for golf supplies of every description.

One of the most complete Fishing Tackle catalogues ever issued is that of Clark,
Horrocks Co., of Utica, N. Y. The catalogue illustrates and describes the famous
fishing rods and tackle made by this concern, and all goods are priced at very low
figures. The catalogue contains 172 pages
and will be sent upon receipt of 6 cts. in
stamps by Clark, Horrocks Co., Utica,
N. Y.

In the advertisement of the Canadian Kodak Company in our April issue the cost of the Screen Focus Kodak was, by error, stated to be \$300. This should have read \$30, the selling price of these kodaks, which are being received with such general favor at the present time. It is an instrument which combines all the advantages of the Kodak Film System with ground glass focusing, instantly convertible into a compact plate camera, and mechanically and optically it is a perfect machine.

To sportsmen looking for suitable decorations for the walls of their dens, clubrooms or camps, we would call attention to the set of duck and goose shooting pictures in water color published by E. Hendrich of New York. The pictures,

nine in number, are something new in the line of sporting pictures. They are '6 in. x 20 in. in size, colored brilliantly in water color. The scenes portray exciting moments with ducks and geese over decoys and from sneak boats. Mention this magazine and he will send you free, sample half tone reproductions 5 in. x 7 in. Address, E. Hendrich, 218 East 18th street, New York, U. S. A.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

Mr. Thomas of Tampa, Fla., won every event and prize at the two days shoot held at Bellaire, Fla., March 15th and 16th. He not only won the cup offered for the high average for the entire tournament, but also won the championship of south Florida. This is the second time Mr. Thomas shot his Lefever gun. Lefever guns bound to give satisfaction. They cannot shoot loose and are so guaranteed and especially bored to give the least possible recoil and maxim penetration and most even distribution of shot. Send to the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, for one of their free catalogues, and mention Rod and Gun in Canada when so doing.

THE DUCHESS KNEW A GOOD THING WHEN SHE SAW IT.

The celebrated Duke and Duchess of Wanchester paid a visit to Detroit on the 10th of April to buy steel boats for use on the lakes of their Irish Estate. They came to Detroit to inspect the boats made by the Michigan Steel Boat Co. and, after being shown through the plant, left an order for two of the finest boats made by that company, to be sent to Tanderagee Castle, Tanderagee, Ireland. This speaks volumes for this boat industry, as the freight to Ireland amounts to nearly as much as the cost of the boats; but the practicability and absolute safety—because these boats are non-sinkable—struck the fancy of the busi-

ness-like duchess, and hence the order left with this Detroit Company.

The Hunter Arms Co. of Fulton, N. Y., have excelled in issuing their latest catalogue, thus giving the sportsmen something a little finer than they have ever seen before. It shows their full line of guns from \$740.00 list to \$25.00 net. Every grade is shown in the catalogue just as it really looks—the cuts all taken from photographs of the original guns—so that a man may know just what he can expect in a beautiful L. C. Smith gun.

A full description is given of their One-Trigger Mechanism which can be attached to any L. TC. Smith hammerless gun new or old. This is quite a departure in the gun line and is meeting with earnest approval.

Any sportsman may have one of these catalogues for the asking.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

We welcome to our advertising department the old established and well-known firm of the Allcock, Laight & Westwood Co., Limited, of Toronto, and Redditch, England, one of the oldest fishing tackle firms in the trade, and one of the largest manufacturing concerns of its kind, having been established in Redditch, England, in the year 1800, its extensive factory covering several acres and employing over 500 hands and shipping to all parts of the world. Allcock's stag brand goods fishing tackle are known to every follower of Isaac Walton. This firm has branch over the world, including houses all France, Australia, Austria and South Africa, as well as Toronto. The firm has received gold and silver medals and diplomas and special prizes from numberless exhibitions. Since the big Toronto fire, when their new warehouse was destroyed with all its contents, they have rebuilt on the old stand at 78 Bay street, a five-story warehouse of the most approved style and are now occupying it. Their new building is considered one of the best equipped fishing tackle establishments on this continent.

RAMBLER CLUB FORMED.

At a meeting attended by many of the prominent automobilists of New Haven, Connecticut, an automobile club has just been formed which marks an innovation in organizations of this character. The membership is confined to owners and operators of Rambler cars. So far as is known this is the only organization of motorists anywhere for which ownership of a certain make of machine is the chief question of eligibility. Officers pro tem were elected, and the club will at once be put upon a substantial footing. F. E. Bowers was elected temporary President. Mr. Bowers has recently rebuilt his single cylinder Rambler as a racer, and has a standing challenge to back it as the fastest single cylinder car in the city.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company have just shipped one of their big Rambler Surries to C. R. Mengel, a hardwood dealer in Louisville, Kentucky. This is the automobile chosen by the Louisville Automobile Club for President Roosevelt's use during his visit in that city, April 4, en route to the Rough Riders Re-union in Texas. asmuch as automobiles are to head a procession in the President's honor, this event will afford the first opportunity to identify the President with this new method of transportation, for while King Edward, King Alfonso and other foreign rulers are enthusiastic motorists, President Roosevelt seems not to have followed their example in this particular.

CAN BOYS BE TRUSTED WITH GUNS?

At a meeting of the Benedicts' Club in Philadelphia the other day, a heated discussion arose over the question of whether boys should be allowed to handle firearms. The argument was precipitated by one of the members, who owned a country residence, remarking that he would not trust his youngsters with guns. This brought an energetic looking member to his feet with the reply, "I can't say I agree with my friend . . . I wouldn't give a snap for a boy that couldn't be trusted with a gun. As for me, I want to see my boys grow up into men—responsible, clear-eyed and steady of nerve, and I don't believe there is

anything more potent to this end than to give a boy a good, reliable gun and turn him loose in the open country. I have three boys, ranging in years from 8 to 15, and each has his rifle and shotgun. The oldest has used his for five years and has not done any damage yet, and in that time, my acres have never required a scarecrow."

This point of view is on a line with the educational movement being carried on by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., Manufacturers of the famous Stevens Rifles, Shotguns and Pistols. We have just received a copy of their "Book on Firearms," which deals not only with Stevens Arms, but contains many valuable articles on various subjects of interest to lovers of shooting. We understand these people are charging nothing for the book, but send it to applicants upon receipt of four cents in stamps to cover postage.

A SIMPLE WAY OF CONVERTING A ROWBOAT INTO A LAUNCH.

The description given below is of a novel marine gasoline motor of a design that promises to make it possible for most every person of moderate means to enjoy the pleasures of power boating. The motor is of the two cycle type and its simplicity enables the manufacturers to produce it at nominal cost, and its power is claimed to be very great on account of the high speed, and its not being subject to the disadvantage of having an abnormal amount of piston travel. The bore is three inches and the stroke only 21 inches, and the advantage claimed by the maker in the short stroke is that more strokes per minute without additional piston travel, increases the power to a great extent. It is claimthat the latter part of the piston stroke is of very little benefit on any motor. In other words, the power is in the initial explosion or blow, and the oftener the piston can return for that impulse the greater will be the power.

The three port system is used, which does away entirely with valves and springs in the construction of this motor, which not only reduces the cost of production but makes it as nearly fool-proof as is possible. There are only three moving parts to this motor—the piston, connect-

ing rod, and crank shaft.

The motor is well water-jacketed. The shaft which carries the propeller wheel is only $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch, which makes it possible to use it through the stern post of any rowboat. The circulating pump is centrifugal and the shaft goes through the centre of it, and being below the water line is always primed.

The motor above mentioned weighs only $37\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and sells for \$1.00 per pound. At 750 R.P.M. this motor swings a 10-inch propeller with 10-inch pitch and develops nearly 2 H. P. This motor installed in a 15 foot rowboat has made 7 1-10 miles per hour over a measured course. They are now being placed on the market by the Detroit-Auto-Marine Company, 82 Congress St., East, Detroit, Mich.

The Malcolm Rifle Telescope Manufacturing Co. of Syracuse, N. Y., are in receipt of the following very flattering testimonial of their rifle telescopes:—

Vicksburg, Miss., Feb. 13, 1905.

Dear Sirs.—It is a pleasure to speak a good word for your rifle telescopes. I bought my first "scope" of Wm. Malcolm about seventeen years ago. This scope, with three others purchased for friends about the same time, have seen much service and given entire satisfaction. They are apparently as good today as when bought, with no repairs having been made.

The later scopes made by you, one of which I bought one year ago, are shorter, have a much larger field or view and appear to be equally as substantial. The increased field is a great improvement, as it enables the sportsman to get a quick aim and to follow moving game more readily. This feature should do away with the objection of some hunters, that the scope, as formerly made, cannot be handled efficiently on such game.

In most uses I consider the telescope sight much superior to the sights in common use. It is far more accurate as it eliminates guess work. The view is magnified and distinct; the whole object is visible and not a half or more concealed as with the common sight. The eye end being a half inch aperture, there is but the cross hair to bring into position, and the difficulty of aligning two sights on an object is practically dispensed with. With

these advantages the hunter, if attending strictly to business, can tell all the time where he is "at." Furthermore, with failing eye-sight, (and how few of us that grow old do not experience this?) the telescope sight is the only one that can be used with general success. It makes bad eyes good and good eyes better. As a field glass, it is often a great aid in searching in

cover for game. I use my scope a great deal that way. Even in the open it is often an aid. I am getting a little old myself, but, with your telescope and a pair of sound legs, I hope to continue for some years, my annual trips after wild turkeys,

> Yours truly, (Signed) W. L. POLK.

Rod and Gun's List of Guides.

We give below our first list of guides, and trust in future to make this a valuable feature of the Magazine. It is our intention to eliminate from this list the name of any guide whose name may be accidentally inserted and who may prove untrustworthy; and to admit to it only the names of those men who are of proved integrity, thus making it a worthy ambition on the part of any man to have his name registered in our list, and also to assure to sportsmen, as far as it is possible to do so, the capabilities and trustworthiness of the men whose names appear below:-

Banff (Alta.)—Brewster Bros. Bill Peyto.

Biscotasing, (Ont.)—A. Clement. Beaufort (N. B.)-Charles McEwan.

Ben Lee.

Hiram Biggar.

Blind River (Ont.)-Joe Saugeen.

Shemaghan, Sr. Shemaghan, Jr.

Burrows Lake (Thorncliffe, Ont)-Will Bur-

Clinton (B. C.)—J. W. Pearson.

Day Mills (Ont.)-William Harris, Jr. Desbarats (Ont.)-George Linklater.

Sam McClellan.

Cariboo Jack McLeod,

Rydal Bank.

John Reid.

Desbarats (Ont.)-Richardson. Shuttleworth.

H. Spurway, Portlock, P. O.

Field, (B. C.)-J. H. Martin and William Oak.

Fredericton, (N. B.)-Adam Moore. Glassville, (N. B.)-M. McKenzie.

Garden River (Ont.)-D. M. Roberts. Golden, (B. C.)-H. G. Low.

R. B. Prust.

H. B. Richardson.

Laggan (B. C.)-R. E. Campbell.

Maniwaki, (Que.)-Jocko McDougall. Dan Sweeney.

Mattawa, (Ont.)-Bernard Bastien, Ignace Bastien, Joseph Bastien, Paul Bernard, Matt. Bernard, Peter Brown, Francis Chevrier, jr., Joseph Clement, George Crawford, Ant. Colton, Alex. Dorion, Frank Dupius, Sam Dicaire, Sam Dubois, John Dubois, William Dufault, Joseph England, Joseph Ferris, John Ferris, Walter Ferris, Frank Green, John Green, John Jacko, W. C. Lehenp, Andrew Landon, Joseph Lavigne, Joseph Leclaire, Frank Leclaire, Frank Lamoureux, Fred Lamoureux, Leon Montreuil, Frank McCracken, Archie Millar, Louis Muskey, William William Moore, McKenzie. Moore, Joseph Moore, Joseph Parent, Benjamin Parent, Thomas Pierre, Baptiste Paquette, David Populace, Steve Rider, Hyacinthe Simon, Xavier Simon, Joseph Tenasco, Jacko Tickinonse, Sam Tongue, John Tongue, Thomas Turner, Sandy Turner, Joseph Turner.

Thessalon, Ont.-John J. Huston. The Desbarats-Mississagua route a specialty.

Timagami, (Ont.)-Friday the Indian, Bear Island.

Wharncliffe, (Ont.)-Robert Foster.



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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canceing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however. ROD AND GUN IN CANADA does not assume any responsibily for, or necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

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been reported to us for rent this season. The information we have will be cheerfully furnished to enquirers.

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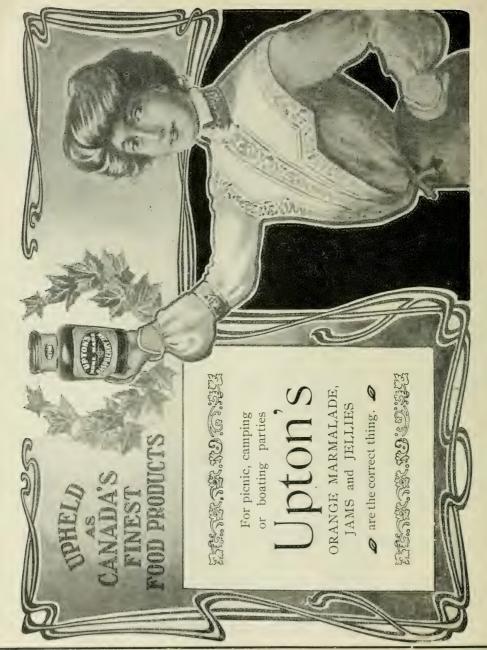
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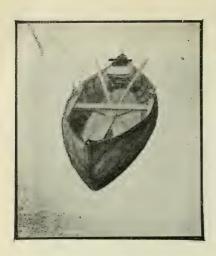
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THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.

Stanley Gun Club of Toronto Annual Tournament.

The programme for the Annual Tournament of the Stanley Gun Club has been issued, and is a very neat and interesting book of 80 pages. The shoot will be held at Toronto on May 17, 18 and 19, and it is confidently expected to prove the greatest ever held in Canada, and one of the best in America.

The Stanley Gun Club is one of the oldest clubs in the Dominion, and has done a



FIRST PRIZE.

Amateur High Average, Stanley Gun Club Tournament

great deal for the advancement of the art of shooting. Owing to the rapid growth of the city, it is compelled to seek new shooting grounds, and it is intended to erect on the new premises an elaborate club-house to accommodate the members and their friends. This building, when completed, will be the finest shooting club-house in Canada.

The tournament will be held at Exhibition Park, which has been placed at the

disposal of the club by the Corporation of the City of Toronto. The thanks of the club are extended to the public press and sporting journals for courtesies extended and a cordial invitation given to representatives thereof to be present, as well as to the public, ladies in particular. The



SECOND PRIZE. High Amateur Average, Stanley Gun Club Tournament

lawn and grand stand, in front of which the shooting will take place, have been placed at their disposal. The advertisers and donors of prizes are also cordially thanked for their assistance.

Shooting will commence at 9 a.m. each day; the competition is open to all amateurs the world over; professionals will

shoot for "targets only"; the rules of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association will govern; three sets of Bowron's traps will be used and his targets thrown; the "three yard limit" distance handicap will be used; and the handicap committee consists of Messrs. Harry D. Kirkover, Buffalo, N.Y.; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; D. McMackon, Highgate; Dr. J. E. Overholt, Hamilton; F. A. Heney, Ottawa; and J. H. Thompson, Toronto. Reduced rates have been secured from Buffalo and Detroit on all railways, of which full particulars are published.



FIRST PRIZE.

High Average. Third Day, Stanley Gun Club
Tournament.

The purses will be divided by the Rose system into four moneys, 7, 5, 3, and 2.

The programme for the first day consists of ten 20 target events, nine of which are guaranteed, entrance \$2.00, including birds. For the day's high average, the first prize is a Lefever ejector gun, presented by the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; and listed at \$95.00. This gun will be made to the order of the winner.

The second prize is a silver cup, donated by the Warren Sporting Goods Co., Toronto, valued at \$20.00.

The second day's programme is precisely the same as for the first day; but the high

average prizes consist of an Ithaca gun, made to the order of the winner,— and presented by the club, listing at \$70.00.

The second prize is a silver cup, valued at \$15.00, given by the club.

For the third day there are eight 20-target events, of which seven are guaranteed, and the "Stanley Gun Club Cup" event at 50 targets, entrance \$5.00; cup goes to the high gun, first money to second place, second money to third place, third money to fourth place, fourth money to fifth place and fifth money to sixth place; Rose system 7, 5, 4, 3, 2. This cup is a magnificent silver trophy, standing 30 inches high, and valued at \$100.00. It is given by a mem-



THE STANLEY GUN CLUB CUP.

ber of the club. The day's high average prizes consist of a solid sterling silver cup, valued at \$75.00, presented by Geo. H. Gooderham, Esq., Toronto, and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun, valued at \$25, offered by the club.

The total number of targets for the three days shoot is 610.

The trophies for high amateur averages for the Tournament are very valuable. The first prize consists of a Bell Piano, style "F," valued at \$500.00, manufactured by the Bell Piano and Organ Co., Limited, Guelph, Ont., and is unquestionably the most valuable premium ever put up at a similar tournament in America. This piano

is being presented by the Stanley Gun Club and the winner may have it in either a walnut, mahogany, or oak case. The second prize is a magnificent solid sterling silver loving cup, presented by L. C. A. Strother, Esq., Toronto, captain of the Rosedale Gun Club, and valued at \$75.00; while the third prize is a Marlin gun, given by the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., and valued at \$25.00.

To the resident of Toronto making high average in the Tournament, will be given a beautiful silver cigar cabinet, surmounted by a Setter on point. This has been generously donated by James D. Bailey, Esq., Jeweler, Toronto, and is worth \$15.00.

While the amateurs have been so remarkably well looked after, the professional shots, who are doing so much towards making tournaments a success (generally shooting for "'iargets only") have not been forgotten. The club has felt that the best shot should be fittingly rewarded for his skill; and will present to the expert standing highest in the Tournament a Diamond Medal, valued at \$100.00. This is somewhat of an innovation at Tournaments, and the action of the club should be highly appreciated by the contestants as well as by the manufacturers whom they represent, as the winning of the medal will be a great advertisement for the Company employing the winner, and it is hoped the trade will be unusually well represented.

The programme is certainly a most elaborate one; \$1,000 in cash is guaranteed; and \$1,015 is given in trophies. It is a further evidence of the advancement being made in Canada by the devotees of the gun. Since the formation of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association in 1901 gun clubs have sprung up all over the Dominion. In Toronto alone there are ten, and the membership is composed of many of the city's prominent residents. The Stanley Gun Club



Professional High Average, Stanley Gun Club. Tournament.

has a high reputation for the manner in which their tournaments are conducted, and a record attendance is looked for. No expense will be spared to make it a success. As the dates come immediately before the opening of the Ontario Jockey Club races at the Woodbine, competitors and visitors will be able to see the race for the historic King's Plate—the oldest centinuously run racing fixture in America—and may, if they so desire, come to Toronto on May 13th and remain until the 24th, the reduced railway rates covering this period.

The Committee having the management of the tournament in hand is composed of Messrs. Thomas A. Duff, Chairman; J. H. Thompson, President; Geo. M. Dunk, Vice-President; F. W. Martin, Secretary; Ald. Robert Fleming, Geo. W. McGill and Alex Dey, Secretary to Committee, 178 Mill Street, Toronto, from whom programmes may be secured upon application.



Toronto Traps.

CENTRAL GUN CLUB.

The Central Gun and Rod Club scores on Saturday, March 25th, were:—

No. 1 event, 10 targets—J. Crew 9, Beatty 7, Tippett 7, R. Crew 7, Goddard 6, W. Short 6, Bunker 6, Conkey 5, Joslin 5, A. Dowson 4.

No. 2 event, 10 targets—Joslin 7, Beatty 7, Tippett 6, J. Short 6, McDermott 5, J. Crew 5, W. Short 5, Bunker 5, Goddard 5, Douglas 2.

No. 3 event, 10 targets—Joslin 8, Conkey 8, Beatty 7, Goddard 6, Knox 4.

Spoon shoot, 20 targets, scratch—J. Crew 17, R. Crew 16, Conkey 13, Goddard 11, Dowson 10, McDermott 10, Tansley 10, J. Short 9, Douglas 7, W. Short 5.

18 yards-Beatty 15, Joslin 9.

19 yards-Bunker 10.

PARKDALE'S EXPERTS WON.

In the City Blue Rock League Parkdales won by an average of 17 to Nationals 15 2-3 on the Parkdale grounds April 1st. The score is as follows:—

Nationals—Harrison 20, O. Spanner 13, Turner 21, W. Spanner 17, Mulvey 17, Vivian 20, Ross 14, Wallace 11, Custerson 5, McDowell 21, D. Watson 9, Haverley 19, Grainger 14, Stubbs 13, Morgan 21. Total 235.

Parkdales—Maywood 16, Sanderson 12, Marsh 17, Carlisle 18, Fegan 19, Birch 15, Daley 15, Reid 19, A. Wolf 21, G. Thomas 18. Total 170.

STANLEY CLUB SHOOT.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds April 1st. In addition to the regular practice, the return match in the City Blue Rock League was shot between the Stanleys and Balmy Beach Gun Club. The day being fine, there was a large turnout of the members and friends of both clubs. The match was shot 17 men a side, and was won by the Stanleys by 59 birds. A strong north-east wind, blowing from behind and across the traps, caused the right quarter and straight away to dip sharply, and led the contestants—to overshoot their birds. The scores were—thus—lower than—they

would otherwise have been. The following is a summary of the shoot:—

Feam Match-25 Targets.

Stanleys.

Thompson 22, X. X. 18, McGill 25, Ingham 21, Herbert 15, Dunk 22, Rock 24, Martin 16, Hulme 18, Thomas 17, Green 22, Charles 20, Wilson 19, Fritz 15, Hogarth 18, Morshead 19, Dey 16, Total 327.

Balmy Beach.

J. A. Shaw 20, Booth 19, Ross 19, Casci 12, Seager 20, Ten Eyck 22, Smith 15, Adams 15, Hambly 14, Hunter 18, Pearsall 12, Lyonde 15, Draper 11, Pop Pearce 16, Davis 9. Total 268.

Events.	1	2	3	4	5
No. targets:	10	15	10	10	10
Thompson	9	12	7	7	
Casci	3	5		2	
Fritz	5		8		
J. G. Shaw	6	11			
W. Wilson	4	5			
George	4	7			
Buck	8			4	6
Dey	10	14			
X. X	8	12	7	8	4
Ingham	7	12	4		
Charles	9				9
Herbert	5	9	5	5	
Draper	3	12			
Rock	8	9	7	6	
J. A. Shaw·	7		6		
McGill	8	15	9	7	9
Davis	3				6
Moorshead	8		8		
Seager	6	7		7	
Ross	8	11			
Hunter	. '	7			
Martin	. (В			
Hulme : :	. !	9			
Hogarth		6			
Dunk		13	8		
Smith		8	5		
Ten Eyck		. 10			
Townson		8	7	7	
Adams		6		7	
Pop		4	6		
Pop			6		
Thomas				7	
Green					
Edgar					
C. Wilson				4	
Booth		. 8		5	

Hambly	 5	5	
C. Ross			
Pearce			
Hooey			
Hampton			
Edwards			
J. Seager			
- 1 10-110	 	_	

RIVERDALES BEAT BALMY BEACH.

On Saturday, April 8th, on the grounds of the Riverdale Gun Club, the home team won a schedule match of the City Blue Rock League series from the Balmy Beach Gun Club by the following score:

Riverdale—Best 23, Crewe 21, Hoey 20, Hare 20, Mollon 19, Jennings 18, Cashmore 17, Herons 16, Powell 15, Eakins 13. Total (10 men) 182.

Average 18.2.

Balmy Beach—G. J. Shaw 23, Pearce 20, Bcoth 20, Seagar 19, Casie 19, Hambly 19, Ten Eyck 19, Smith 18, J. A. Shaw 18, Draper 16, Adams 16, Lyonde 15, Pearsall 14, Ross 13, Mason 12, Henry 12. Total (16) 273. Average 17.

STANLEYS BEAT NATIONALS.

The return match in the City Blue Rock League, betweem the Stanleys and National Gun Clubs, was shot on the grounds of the latter April 8th, 15 men a side, at 25 targets per man. The day was fine, with a strong'westerly wind, which made shooting under difficulties. The ground of the Nationals faces the west, and what with the strong wind and the sun in the shooters' eyes, the wonder was any scores were made at all. After the match all retired to the Nationals club-room, where a most enjoyable time was spent. The following are the scores:

Stanleys—McGill 19, Ingham 16, Thompson 20, Hampton 11, Dunk 22, Buck 12, Martin 11, Herbert 15, Thomas 20, Fritz 18, Morshead 17, Townson 17, Rock 18, Dey 16, Wilson 15. Total 247.

Nationals—Vivian 20, Harrison 21, O. Spanner 12, W. Spanner 12, Waterworth 17, Turner 16, Habberly 18, C. Mougenel 11, McDowall 15, Morgan 16, Wallace 16, Ross 13, Patterson 14, G. Mougenel 14. Total 233.

TORONTO JUNCTION CLUB SHOOT

The Toronto Junction Club held its regular shoot April 19. Fred Stone, of the "Wizard of Oz" Company, was a guest, and made a capital record in the 25 bird competition, when he tied Phil Wakefield with a score of 22. The scores follow:—

Event No. 1 Summer handicap, 25 birds, class A—G. W. McGill 22, C. Kemp 21, C. Burgess 21, P. Wakefield 20, J. H. Thompson 19, W. Stevens 18, C. Turp 18, W. Wakefield 18, D. Walton 18, B. J. Taylor 17. Class B—W. J. Sheppard 18, J. Hardy 15, P. Ellis 15, F. Clayton 13, E. S. Hick 12, J. G. Wright 12, F. Clay 8, C. Zeiller 8, Dr. Hackett 8, E. Doof 8.

Event No. 2, 25 birds—P. Wakefield 22, F. Stone 22, G. W. McGill 21, W. Stevens 21, C. Turp 21, J. H. Thempson 20, W. Wakefield 17, E. F. Hick 16.



PARKDALE BEAT BALMY BEACH.

The final match of the City Blue Rock League series was shot on Saturday, April 15th, on the grounds of the Parkdale Gun Club, the home team winning from the Balmy Beach Gun Club. This victory ties the Parkdale Club with the Riverdales for second place in the league. The following is Saturday's score:—

Parkdale—Kent 22, Sanderson 22, Thomas 21, Maywood 20, Daley 19, Reid 19, Burch 18, Carlisle 17, A. Wolf 17, Fegan 15, Marsh 13. Total (11 men) 203. Average 18.4.

Balmy Beach—Booth 22, Smith 21, Seagar 21, Ten Eyck 21, Adams 20, Ross 19, Mason 18, J. G. Shaw 18, Draper 17, J. A. Shaw 17, Hambly 16, Lyonde 15, Casci 15, Marlowe 12, Pearce 12. Total (15 men) 264. Average 17.6.

STANLEY CLUB SHOOT.

The Stanley Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot on their grounds on Saturday, April 15th. The day was raw, with a stiff north wind, which made the birds rather shifty. In the spoon event, which was a handicap by extra birds to shoot at, proved very interesting. Mr. Dunk, from scratch, and Mr. Edkins, with 4 extra, tied with 24; in the shoot-off Mr. Dunk won. The following are the scores:—

Spoon shoot, 25 targets—Dunk (scratch) 24, Fritz (4) 14, Phillips (scratch) 17, Hulme (scratch) 20, Hirons (4) 16, Edkins (4) 24, Wilson (4) 17, Edwards (5) 17, Ely (4) 21, McGraw (6) 20, Martin (5) 15, Hooey (4) 22, Dey (scratch) 21, Green 20.

Dunk 7 8 ... 20 ...

8	10	7		7
8	8			
2	4	4		7
7				
8	4			
2		3		
7	8	5	15	4
7		6		8
	5			
6	6	8		
	6	4		5
	6	4		5
	7	6	20	7
		6	18	9
		5	18	
		7	20	7
	8 2 7 8 2 7 7 6	8 8 8 2 4 7 8 4 2 7 8 7 5 6 6 6 6 6 7	8 8 2 4 4 7 8 4 2 3 7 8 5 7 6 5 6 6 8 6 4 7 6 6 5	8 8 2 4 4 7 8 4 7 8 5 15 7 6 5 6 6 8 6 4 6 4 6 18 5 18

GOOD FRIDAY SHOOT.

A successful shoot took place on the National Gun Club grounds Good Friday. The scores were very good considering the weather. Mr. Dunk, of the Stanley Gun Club won the high average for the day's shoot. The scores are as follows:—

Shot	At.	Broke.
Harrison	130	110
Vivian		94
Williams	70	34
Thompson	105	90
P. Wakefield	130	109
Dunk	130	120



McGILL WON HANDICAP.

The annual 50-target event of the Stanley Gun Club for prizes took place on their grounds on Saturday, April 22nd. This event is a handicap, ranging from 1 to 15 extra birds to shoot at. Mr. McGill, with one extra, was high man with 48. This event is usually shot on Good Friday, but was postponed on account of the National Gun Club holding an open tourn ament on that day to allow as many members to attend as possible. The following is the result of the event with the number of extra birds in brackets:-Schofield (6) 32, Ingham (5) 43, McGraw (12) 26, Herbert (8) 45, Dunk (1) 41, Rock (1) 42, Hulme (1) 44, Hirons (8) 47, Hocey (8) 36, McGill (1) 48, Thompson (1) 42, Martin (12) 35, Mason (12) 40, Hampson (5) 38, Green (1) 46, Townson (8) 42, Morshead (6) 40, Ely (10) 39, Lucas (8) 38.



With the Gun Clubs

MONTREAL GUN CLUB.

The following are the scores of the Montreal Gun Club for Saturday, March 18th; President's Prize at 25 birds—McDuff 22, N. Candlish 22, Redman 21, Ewing 21, Kearney 21, Alexander 20, Landriault 19, Rainville 17, Dumont 14, Parsons 13.

Spoon Shoot at 25 birds—McDuff 22, Ewing 22, Alexander 22, N. Candlish 21, Rainville 21, Kearney 19, Redman 19, Elliott 17, Dumont 16, Parsons 16, Kenyon 15.

15 bird sweep-N. Candlish 14, Redman 14, Ewing 12, Kearney 12.

14, Ewing 13, McDuff 13, Kearney 13, 15 bird sweep—Redman 14, N. Candlish Rainville 11, Dumont 9, Kenyon 9.

15 bird sweep—Redman 15, Kearney 14, N. Candlish 10, Ewing 10.

The following are the scores for Saturday, March 25th, N. Candlish winning the spoon, and G. Dumont making the first win on the Hunter Arms Co.'s gold medal:—

Spoon shoot at 25 birds—N. Candlish 22, Kearney 22, Redman 22, Alexander 22, Dumont 22, Rainville 22, Ewing 21, McDuff 21, Wootton 20, Mitcheson 17, W. Candlish 17, Fox 16, Cheese 13, Elliott 11.

Hunter Arms Co.'s Gold Medal at 40 targets, 20 singles and 10 pairs of doubles:—Dumont 30, Rainville 28, N. Candlish 27, Kearney 26, Redman 25, W. Cand-

lish 25, Ewing 24, McDuff 21.

25 bird sweep—Ewing 22, Dumont 22, N. Candlish 21, McDuff 21, Kearney 21, Rainville 20, Alexander 20, Redman 20, Wootton 19, Fox 15, Cheese 14, Mitcheson 13, Elliott 12.

Following are the scores for April 1st. Ewing won the spoon, and Redman the club championship event, and the Hunter Arms Company's gold medal.

Spoon shoot at 25 birds—Ewing 23, Redman 20, Lark 20.

Club championship at 25 birds—Redman 22, Skadunks 22, Kenyon 22, Alexander 22.

Hunter Arms Company's gold medal, at 10 targets, 20 singles, and 10 pairs of doubles—Redman 30, Kaiser 29.

25 bird sweep-Kaiser 22, Redman 22.

15 bird sweep—Ewing 14, Redman 13, Kaiser 12.

Following are the results of the events held on the grounds of the Montreal Gun Club on April 8th, N. Candlish winning the third match for the gold medal, and McDuff winning the spoon:—

Spoon shoot, at 25 birds—McDuff 23, Ewing 21, N. Candlish 20, Rainville 19, Lark 19, Dumont 17, Redman 17.

25 birds, sweep—Redman 22, McDuff 22, N. Candlish 20, Ewing 20, Kaiser 20.

Ten birds, sweep—Ewing 9, McDuff 9, Kaiser 8, Rainville 7.

Hunter Arms Co.'s medal at 40 targets, 20 singles and 10 pairs of doubles—N. Candlish 28, Redman 27, Rainville 26, Lark 24, Kaiser 23.

15 birds, sweep—Ewing 14, McDuff 13, Kaiser 13, Redman 12.

10 birds, sweep—N. Candlish 8, Ewing 7, McDuff 7, Rainville 6.

Following are the results of the events held on the grounds of the Montreal Gun Club, April 15th, N. Candlish winning the spoon, McDuff winning the fourth match for the President's prize, and Kearney winning the fourth match for the Hunter Arms Company's gold medal.

Spoon shoot at 25 birds—N. Candlish 24, Dumont 23, Rainville 22, McDuff 22, Redman 21, Kearney 20, Kaiser 20, Alexander 19, Ewing 17, Kenyon 16, Cooke 13, D. Candlish 13, Angers 12, Casgrain 9, Elliott 7.

President's prize at 25 birds—McDuff 23, Alexander 23, Redman 22, Rainville 22, N. Candlish 22, Ewing 18, Kearney 18, Angers 8, Casgrain 8.

Hunter Arms Company's gold medal, at 40 targets, 20 singles and 10 pair of doubles—Kearney 32, Ewing 28, N. Candlish 27, Redman 25, Dumont 21.

15 bird sweep—Ewing 13, Dumont 13, Redman 13, Kearney 13, Kaiser 12, N. Candlish 11, Alexander 10, McDuff 9.

10 bird sweep-McDuff 10, Kaiser 9, Dumont 9, Ewing 9, Redman 6, Kearney 6.

COMMONIANO CHINA CLIMA

WESTMOUNT GUN CLUB, MONTREAL.

On the grounds of the Westmount Gun Club, the club competition was won by Mr. G. R. Boulter. As the wind was erratic, the shooting was not as good as usual. Following are the scores:

Events					
Targets	20 1	0 1	0 .	10	10
G. R. Boulter	16	4	8	5	4
Elliott	16	6	4	3	X
Hutchison		0		7	-
Lyall	15	4	2	4	5
Hansen	1.1	5	7	9	X
Galbraith	13	10	8	6	7
Routh	13	7	6	5	X
Lewis	12	9	8	7	6
Jeffreys	12	X	\mathbf{X}	3	6
Fisk	10	4	\mathbf{x}	4	5
Brown	11	5	\mathbf{X}	3	X
Parson	8	5	X	X	X
Wootton	X	X	6	6	5

40.00

INGLEWOOD GUN CLUB'S TOURNA-MENT.

Inglewood, Ont.

Editor Rod and Gun:—The annual tournament of the Inglewood Gun Club was held on April 7, with a very good attendance of shooters. This is a young club, composed of a few enthusiastic shots, who did all in their power to have their visitors enjoy themselves. The day was fine and the targets hard on account of the height to which they were thrown.

High average was won by Mr. Thomas Upton of Hamilton, Ont., second average went to Dr. Hunt of Hamilton, third high average to Mr. Thomas A. Duff of Toronto and fourth to Mr. J. H. Thompson of Toronto. Following are the scores:—

Shot	At. B	roke
Thomas Upton, Hamilton	100	92
Dr. Hunt, Hamilton	100	90
Thomas A. Duff, Toronto	100	89
J. H. Thompson, Toronto	100	88

P. Wakefield, Toronto	100	85
Dr. Wilson, Hamilton	150	81
G: B. Smith, Ayton	100	80
G. Thomas, Toronto	100	77
John McCague, Inglewood	100	76
Geo. W. McGill, Toronto	100	75
A. Kidd, Inglewood	,100	73
J. Kidd, Inglewood	100	-72
M. Rasberry, Hamilton	100	7.1
W. Roberts, Toronto	100	67
G. Kidd, Inglewood	100	67
Thomas Henry, Brampton	100	63
F. Pverholt, Hamilton	85	72
G. Vivian, Toronto	85	66
C. Harrison, Toronto	85	63
W. White, Snelgrove	85	56
A. Spanner, Toronto	85	54
Geo. M. Dunk, Toronto	85	52
J. Bennar, Hamilton	85	49
J. Dent, Inglewood	85	46
W. J. Campbell, Snelgrove	85	41
W. Smeaton, Inglewood	50	32
Geo. H. Cashmore, Toronto	40	23
Mr. James, Inglewood	40	25
C. Patterson, Inglewood	40	18
W. Elliott, Inglewood	25	16
J. Nunn, Inglewood	25	1.1
"Doc" Sheppard, Toronto	25	11
J. Dunliam, Hamilton	25	13
C. J. Peaker, Brampton	35	13
W. Beamish, Inglewood	25	12
J. Patterson, Inglewood	25	11
W. Friend, Hamilton	25	11
J. Duke, Inglewood	25	
В.	P. ROCI	Š.

COMING TOURNAMENTS.

May 17-19—Stanley Gun Club, Toronto. May 25-27—Montreal Gun Club, Montreal. June 1-2—Sportsmen's Gun Club, Ayton, Ont.

June 8-9—Springwood Gun Club, London, Ont.

June 17—Quebec Gun Club, Quebec, P.Q. July 1st—Sherbrooke Gun Club, Quebec, P. Q.

Aug. 16-18-Dominion Trap Shooting Association, Ottawa.

Sept. 4th.—Winnipeg Gun Club, Winnipeg, Man.



KOMOKA, (ONT.) GUN CLUB.

Komoka Gun Club has been organized recently and although the membership is small the club is on a firm basis, both as regards finances and sportsmanship and scores made that denote that the club has good shooting material in it. We give some of their recent scores:—

Scores Thursday, March 23rd.—W. T. Oliver 9, F. J. Rooks 9, F. Harrison 9, W. Oliver 6, C. Smith 2.

Scores Thursday, April 6th.—F. Harrison 9, J. Harrison 7, F. Rooks 6, C. Harrison 6, W. Oliver 5.

The following were the scores for Thursday, April 28th, the event being shot off in a drizzling rain:—

10 targets—F. Harrison 7, J. Harrison 7, W. Oliver 5, W. T. Oliver 9, F. Rooks 9, C. Harrison 5, W. Wesbrook 3, George Harrison 6.



HESPELER, ONT., GUN CLUB.

The Hespeler Gun Club held a meeting at the Commercial Hotel parlors and re-organized for the season of 1905, the following officers being elected: E. E. Bowman, President; O. B. Ellis, Vice-President; W. Brestwer, sec.-treas.; J. Wayper, field captain; G. Sacks, trap manager.

The club held its first shoot April 1st, when the following scores were made:—

Event 1, 10 .targets—J. Wayper 7, G. Sacks 6, E. E. Bowman 6, Ed. Burns 6, F. Jones 5, L. Gowring 5.

Event 2, 10 targets—J. Wayper 9, E. E. Bowman 9, G. Sacks 8, Ed. Burns 5, F. Jones 5.

Event 3, 10 targets—J. Wayper 10, G. Sacks 9, E. E. Bowman 6.

4000

SOURIS, MAN., GUN CLUB.

The third annual meeting of the Gun ('lub was held on Saturday evening. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:—

Patron—Jas. Argue, M. P. P. Hon.-President—Mayor Young. President—W. J. Merrell. Vice-President—J. A. Stirling.

Sec.-Treas.-H. Nesbitt. Captain-S. S. Smith.

The financial statement showed the club to be in good financial condition, there being a surplus of \$42.00 from last season to begin the new year with. The outlook too, is for a larger membership than ever, as greater interest is being manifested in the club.

Tuesdays and Fridays will be the evenings for practice, and the first shoot will take place on Arbor Day, the first Tuesday in May. J. H. Barttlett, the jeweller, will offer a Cup and four prizes for the highest aggregates in the season's shooting. The Club is also putting up two prizes for competition by B. Class shots for the highest aggregates under fifty per cent.

PASTIME GUN CLUB, STRATFORD, ONT.

William Buttershall, a gentleman who is recognized for his philanthrophy in various grants to the Hospital, the Humane Society, etc., has donated two acres of his property, in Stratford, on the Mornington, for sporting purposes. This is the same location on which a very successful three days' shooting tournament was held last Fall. The gift will be utilized for shooting purposes and football.

The Pastime Gun Club of Stratford has organized, with the following officers:—Hon. President, A. F. MacLaren, M. P.; President, D. D. Hay, jr.; Vice-President, A. W. Fisher; Secretary-Treasurer, Wm. Boles; Captain, J. Rutherford; Directors, Messrs. W. Gilliard, K. C. Turnbull, and T. Savage.

SPRINGWOOD GUN CLUB, LONDON, ONT.

The Springwood Gun Club held their annual Good Friday shoot on their club grounds. Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather there was a good attendance, and an enjoyable time was had:—Balkwill, shot at 70, scored 42; Johnson, shot at 20, scored 3; G. Bowman, shot at 40, scored 13; Parker, shot at 40, scored 20; Webb, shot at 90, scored 61; Brock, shot at 50, scored 21; Remington, shot at 50, scored 31; Bryce, shot at 50, scored 32; Macbeth, shot at 76, scored 49; Day, shot at 50, scored 33; J. Brown, shot at 36, scored 28; Bucke, shot at 29, scored 19; T. Brown, shot at 10, scored 4.

JORDAN STATION SCHOOL.

Winchester Gun club, of Jordan Station, Ont., held a very successful shoot on Good Friday afternoon, and although the weather was rough the scores in each event were good. The last two events were shot in a regular blizzard. The scores and events were as follows:

Event No. 1, 10 birds—H. W. Hunsberry 8, A. Heckadon 7, W. Casker 6, E. Fisher

5, J. Cline 4, J. Honsberger 3, F. Troup 3.

Events No. 2, 10 birds—H. W. Hunsberry 9, W. Casker 9, A. Hickadon 9, D. Price 6, J. Cline 5, F. Hotson 5, F. Troup 4, J. Honsberg 3.

Event No. 3, 10 birds—H. W. Hunsberry 9, A. May 9, W. Casker 9, E. Fisher 8, D. Goold 8, H. May 8, A. Heckadon 5, C.May 4.

Event No. 4, 10 birds—A. May 9, H. W. Hunsberry 8, E. Fisher 8, H. May 8.

Event No. 5, 6 birds—E. Fisher 6, A. Heckadon 5, W. Casker 5, H. W. Hunsberry 4, D. Goold 4, F. Troup 4, D. Price 4, F. Hotson 3, W. High 2.

SPRINGWOOD GUN CLUB, LONDON ONT.

The Club shoot on Wednesday, March 20, was well attended and some good scores made, as follows:

25-bird event—Reid 6, Avey 15, Fortnier 18, Mills 2, Glover 23, Arnott 15, Tillmann 21, White 17, Brown 16, Marsh 18, Simcox 22, Gurd 12, Beltz 7.

25-bird event—Glover 22, Tillmann 22, Arnott 19, Marsh 18, White 19, Nicholson 17, Fortnier 19, Brown 19.

The scores, April 1st:-

25-bird event—Glover 22, Day 21, Webb 21, Simcox 19, Armit 19, Lang 17.

25-bird Event—Bowman 11, Day 16, Webb 22, Remington 12, Bryce 14, Glover 20, Swift 16.

10 birds—Lang 6, Glover 9, Ferry 6, Day 9, Webb 4.

5 doubles Lang 6, Day 8, Webb 4, Glover 7.

The scores, April 8th:-

At 50 birds—Glover 42, Screaton 41, Day 39, Smoothy 37, Webb 34.

At 25 birds—Beeckon 19, Simcox 16, Joe 16, Remington 13.



HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

The regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun club's present series was held on Saturday afternoon, April 8th. The fifty match for the handsome Klein & Binkley diamond medal still leaves Dr. Wilson in the lead by a small margin, and great interest is shown in the final shoot, to be held on April 22. In B. class, first prize in the merchandise shoot went to Ben It with 40

straight for the day. W. Wark was second. The scores:—

Klein & Binkley medal, A class, 25 birds—Wilson 21, Hunter 21, Upton 20, Thomson 20, Frank 20, Ben It 20, Fletcher 19, Green 19, J. Cline 19, Bowron 18, J. Crooks 17, G. Cline 16, Horning 14.

B. class, 25 birds—Ben It 20, Dr. Johnston 17, Beattie 14, Ripley 14, Wark 14, Dunham 14, Rich 12, N. McFee 12, Mack 9, Merry 9, George 8, Monty 8, Oliver 5.

BEAMSVILLE TEAM DEFEATED.

Saturday afternoon, April 15th, was the occasion of a visit to the Hamilton club by the Beamsville Gun club, who came up about fifty strong. They proved themselves to be a very worthy opponent of the Hamilton crack shots, who only managed to win the 17-men team match by 40 birds. The visitors did remarkably well, especially when it is considered that they have been shooting but a very few months.

The match was shot over the new Expert trap, 25 birds each, at unknown angles, and the wind was hard from the east, in the faces of the shooters, which accounts for the scores being lower than usual.

The scores:-

and Frank third.

Hamilton—Thomson 22, Wilson 22, A. Smyth 21, Graham 22, Hunter 20, Wark 20, Frank 19, Cline 18, B. Smyth 18, Brigger 18, Dean 17, Ben It 17, Ripley 15, Upton 15, Dunham 15, Bowron 14, Coffin 14. Total 306.

Beamsville—Merritt 21, Russ 19, Zimmerman 19, Konkle 19, Boughner 18, H. Culp 17, Lavy 17, J. Culp 16, Vidal 16, Honsberger 16, High 16, Glover 14, Robinson 14, Tulloch 13, G. Culp 13, Prudholme 12, Karr 6. Total 266.

DR. "WILSON" WINS DIAMOND MEDAL

The final shoot of the winter series was held at the Hamilton Gun club grounds on Saturday afternoon, April 23rd. The event of greatest interest during the season just past was for the handsome diamond medal presented by the enterprising jewelers, Klein & Binkley, for the club championship. Dr. "Wilson" won with 134 out of 150 in the six shoots. Hunt was second

Capt. Spencer presented the medal to the club's crack shot, making a neat speech, to which the winner suitable replied, after

which refreshments were served in the club house.

In the B. class merchandise shoots, Geo. Dean and Perl Frend were the winners, after a very close race, in which there were five ties to shoot off. The day was perfect for shooting and some good scores were made.

Klein & Binkley trophy, 25 birds:-

A Class—Thomson 23, Hunter 22, Wilson 22, Hunt 22, J. Cline 20, Frank 18, Upton 18, Raspberry 18, G. Cline 18.

B Class—20 birds—Dean 16, Frend 15, Beatty 15, Moncrief 14, Johnson 14, Hodgson 13, Ripley 13, Dunham 13, Magill 12.

ST. HUBERT GUN CLUB TOURNA-MENT.

The St. Hubert's Gun Club of Ottawa held their annual tournament on Easter Monday. The Montreal Challenge Cup, which is held by St. Hubert's, was successfully defended against the Montreal Gun Club by 110 to 97 out of a possible 125.

The following is the score:-

	S	Shot At.	Broke
D.	J. Kearney	160	121
	H. Ewing		136
	A. Candlish		154
J.	T. Laurendeau	180	147
C.	Redman	180	157
J.	H. Rainville	180	136
W.	J. Johnstone	180	148
F.	A. Heney	180	152
G.	Easdale	180	130
C.	L. Panet	180	148
W.	L. Cameron	180	154
W.	Slaney	160	136
	W. Throop		79
	Merritt		27
	J. Booth		44
J.	M. Roberts	100	80
Ρ.	Trudeau	20	17
W.	J. Henry	120	80
I-J.	Viau	100	69
	N. Deslaurier		13
	O'Connor		59
	Graves		29

Merchandise Event.

1-W. L. Cameron, revolver, given by J. H. Meikle.

2-J. H. Rainville, knife, Graves Bros.

3-W. H. Ewing, box cigars, H O'Connor.

4-C. L. Panet, 150 Sovereign cartridges, Dominion Cartridge Co.

5-C. Redman, 150 Sovereign cartridges, Dominion Cartridge Co.

6—H. Viau, 2 bags shot, Montreal R. M. C.

7-G. Easdale, umbrella, C. Ross.

8-W. J. Johnstone, 2 bags shot, Montreal R.M.C.

9-F. A. Heney, carvers, J. P. & T. W. Esmonde.

10-W. J. Henry, 100 Sovereign cartridges, D.C.C.

11-N. Candlish, book on gun, W. W. Greener.

12—G. Graves, hand trap, Ketchum &

13-A. W. Throop, 100 cartridges, D.C.C. 14-J. T. Laurendeau, 1 bag shot, M. R. M. C.

15-D. J. Kearney, 1 bag shot, M.R.M.C.

16—F. Merritt, 1 bag shot, M.R.M.C. 17—C. J. Booth, 1 bag shot, M.R.M.C.

Montreal Challenge Cup.

Team shoot for Montreal Challenge Cup held by St. Hubert's Gun Club.

St. Hubert's—C. J. Panet 20, A. W. Throop 23, F. A. Heney 21, W. J. Johnstone 22, W. L. Cameron 24. Total 110.

Montreal—J.T. Laurendeau 24, N. Candlish 22, W. H. Ewing 23, D. Kearney 15, C. Redman 13. Total 97.



Ridgetown Tournament.

The first important tournament of the season of 1905 in Western Ontario was held at Ridgetown, Ont., April 20th and



THOS. UPTON, winner high average.

21st, on the grounds of the local club. The Club has new grounds leased and use the expert traps, set Sargeant system, facing in a northerly direction. They have a neat club house and are altogether well equipped for the shooting game. Some of the best trap shooters in Canada are members of

this Club and they always hold their own in any company.

The weather during the second day was very disagreeable. A very stiff wind at times amounting to a gale, blew across the traps making the flight of the targets very erratic. The Ridgetown boys believe in making the game as hard as they are likely to find it on any strange grounds and the rocks thrown during the tournament were "fast and furious." Combined with the unfavorable weather conditions it made straight scores about as rare as hen's teeth. Upton, Conover, H. Scane, F. Galbraith, Geo. Laing, R. Coffey and J. Scane were lucky ones in this respect.

High average prize of \$10.00 was won by Thos. Upton, Hamilton, who shot in good form, with 277 out of 315. Second average prize of \$7.00 was won by C. Scane, Ridgetown, with 270. Low average prize of \$3.00 was won by Robert Coffey, with 235.

The following are the scores:-

		FI	RST	T D	lΥ.					S	ECC	OND		Average				
Targets -	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	20-	315
Mallory	14	15	14	12	18	12	14	11	10	13	15	15	21	16	15	13	19-	247
Upton	1.5	17	15	15	17	1.1	14	1.1	15	18	19	17	21	15	17	17	17-	277

Conover	12	18	13	15	19	14	12	15	16	17	12	15	20	16	14	16	19—	253
Scane H	14	15	15	11	18	13	13	14	17	17	14	13	19	17	15	17	18-	260
Scane C	12	18	13	12	19	13	11	10	17	17	18	16	20	18	17	19	17—	270
Galbraith F	14	17	13	13	17	12	13	15	15	15	14	15	15	11	16	15	18—	235
McMackon	4	19	14	14	18	5	14	13	18	18	17	17	19	17	18	16	18-	259
Laing	13	16	12	15	17	15	9	13	19	14	16	14	20	14	14	17	18—	256
Coffey		16	14	13	18	12	15	11	11	13	11	12	21	13	16	14	16-	237
Glover								11	15	15.	17	18	19	12	15	19	15—	
Smith W. A	1.4	17	11	11	17	12	14	10	16	15	16	15	19	17	19	18	16	260
Tilman								10	13	8	15	13	14					
Tve								7	18	15	16	13		15	15	16	_	
Scane J	12	17	11	11	16	10	12	11	15	12	13	14	18	16	16	11	20-	238
Murray								6	12	10		11						
Haskell								8	9	7	5	9	12	6	3	7	· —	
Brien J								11	15	14		15						
Thorold	10	13	13	10	18	14	12		14	14		11	13					
McRitchie			12	10		12			14	13								
Agnew		16	12	12	11	14	12											
Moore J										12	16	18	19	14	15			
"Redpath"										15	14	14	21	15	15	10		
"Buckshot"										15	15	12	12	17	11	1i		
Aikins										13	13	15	16	15				
Gillings										10	6							
Gammage												10	17	10				
Bowden												15	45	10				
Gailbraith R													18		13	14		
Capt. Cotton	12	15	11															

NOTES.

During the shoot representatives of the old Ridgetown Gun Club, which had a glorious record in the old days, shot a round of 10 each and scored as follows: Mallory 8, Dan Leitch 9, C. Scane 9. H. Scane 9, W. Thorold 8.

Messrs. C. Eastlake, secretary-treasurer, and John Carr, vice-president, acted as cashiers and did their work efficiently. The Shogren system was used and proved very satisfactory.

J. Bent was official referee and A. Mc-Ritchie, scorer. They made no mistakes and gave every satisfaction.

F. Conover, Dupont representative, managed the shoot, shot a good race and had all the Dupont "fiends" in line.

"Copperhead" touched bottom twice, but otherwise shot a fine race.

The Dominion Cartridge Co.'s new "Sovereign" shell made its first appearance at this tournament and excited considerable interest. W. A. Smith, using this shell, loaded with Dupont powder, tied for third average. This shell is all right.

Harry Mallory, Manager Traders Bank, Drayton, was a welcome visitor at the shoot. He used his new Smith gun to good advantage, missing but 16 birds first day. May his genial smile never fade

Joseph E. Pepper, manufacturer of a fine fishing tackle, Rome, New York, advises us that the increased demand for his goods this season attests to their absolute merit and great popularity. He makes a specialty of Trout and Bass Flies which sell for 85 cents and \$1.00 per card respectively. He claims that his Flies are endorsed by the best fishermen in the land. Another

specialty of Mr. Pepper's is his "special" hooks for Bass, Pike, Perch and other fish selling for 17 cents each. Fishing Rods, various kinds of Ball Spinners, Weedless Spinner Bait, etc., etc., are also produced in the Pepper factory.

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Stray Pellets.

The feature of the weekly shoot of Central Gun and Rod Club, Toronto, April 15th, was the score of Mr. R. H. Crew in the spoon event, of 19 out of 20.

The editor of this department has had the opportunity of trying the new smokeless powder shell of The Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal, now being put on the market. The different grades are, we believe, equal in quality to the best foreign makes. The battery primer is strong and quick and the quality of the paper unsurpassed. Altogether we have no hesitation in recommending this new product to the shooting fraternity.

A meeting has been called by Mr. F. H. Conover, Leamington, Ont., the well-known Dupont representative, for the evening of May 17th, at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, for the purpose of organizing a society composed of Canadian trap-shooters, similar to that known as "Indians" in the States. It is hoped there will be a good attendance of the fraternity.

The Portage la Prairie, Man., gun club members held their first shoot of the season yesterday afternoon, when the following scores were made, out of a possible 20: Dr. Keele 16, W. N. Roxburgh 13, Fred Bailey 13, C. H. Weagant 12, Charles Fox 9, W. Kenneally 9, P. J. Harwood 8, J. McCowan 8, and J. W. Thomson 7. Quite a strong wind was blowing which greatly handicapped the shooters.

Springwood Gun Club, London, Ont., programme is to hand. The tournament, June 8th and 9th, calls for 175 targets in sweeps, and a 25 target 2-man team race first day, and 155 targets in sweeps, besides the merchandise and Montabello trophy events for second day. The Montabello trophy will represent the championship of Ontario and is presented by F. T. Trebilcock, Esq. High average prizes of \$7.00 and \$3.00 and a valuable gold medal, presented by Hon. C. S. Hyman, for professional high average, are some of the attractions. Some valuable merchandise prizes are on the list. Write B. W. Glover for a programme.

The Gilman & Barnes trophy, last won by Mr. R. R. Bennett of Pittsburg, Pa., at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 17, was presented to "Jack" Parker in 1890 by Gilman & Barnes, proprietors of the Hotel Des-Chree-Shos-Ka and was first shot for on Fighting Island that year. Those who have won the medal since then are: L. T. Duryea, Glencove, L. I., 1890; H. L. King Cincinnati, 1901; Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O., 1892; A. H. King, Pittsburg, 1893; Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, 1844; J. H. Bortel, River Rouge 1895; T. W. Lathem, Cleveland, 1896; Jake Klein, Detroit, 1897; R. D. Emslie, St. Thomas, Ont.; 1898; R. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont., 1899 and 1901; William Ellison, Nashville, Tenn., 1902; Frank Weatherhead, 1903; Alex. Tolsma, Detroit, 1904, and R. R. Bennett, Pittsburg, 1905.

The shooting for the Grand Prize of the Casino at Monte Carlo, the most conspicuous event of the trap-shooting world, resulted in the success of Signor Grasselli, who killed 19 straight, and won \$5,000. Signor Marconcini was second, with 18 out of 19, and Signor Uetrosini third, with 16 out of 17. Mr. Beresford and the Marquis of Villaviciosa, each with 15 out of 17, divided fourth money. Signor Grasselli, who won in 1902, has now placed his name on the marble tablets for the second time, and the Italians have made a record in securing the first three places. The Italians have now won eleven times, twelve victories scored by the against English

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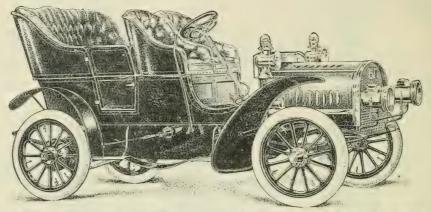
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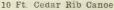
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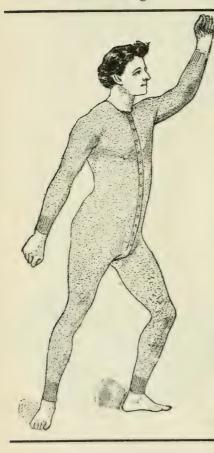
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I caught a bass in Yellow Creake weighing seven and one alf pounds and a total of nirty bass, all beauties, ith the "Dowagiac" with the "Dowagiac Minnow. I ama "Dow agiac" friend every Resp. yours, J. C. GAMBLE.

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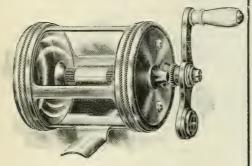


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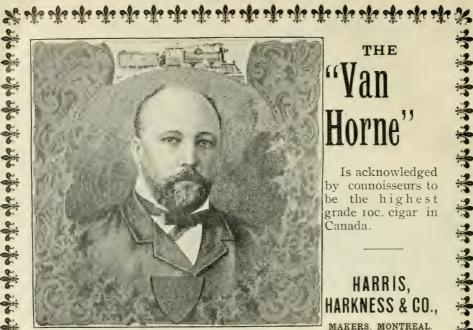
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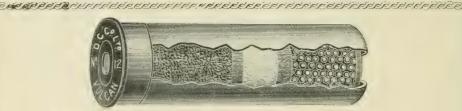
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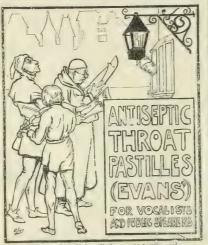
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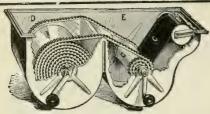
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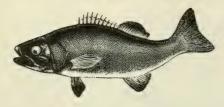
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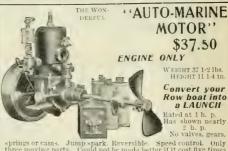
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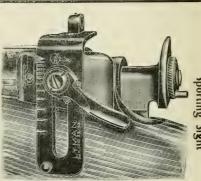
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